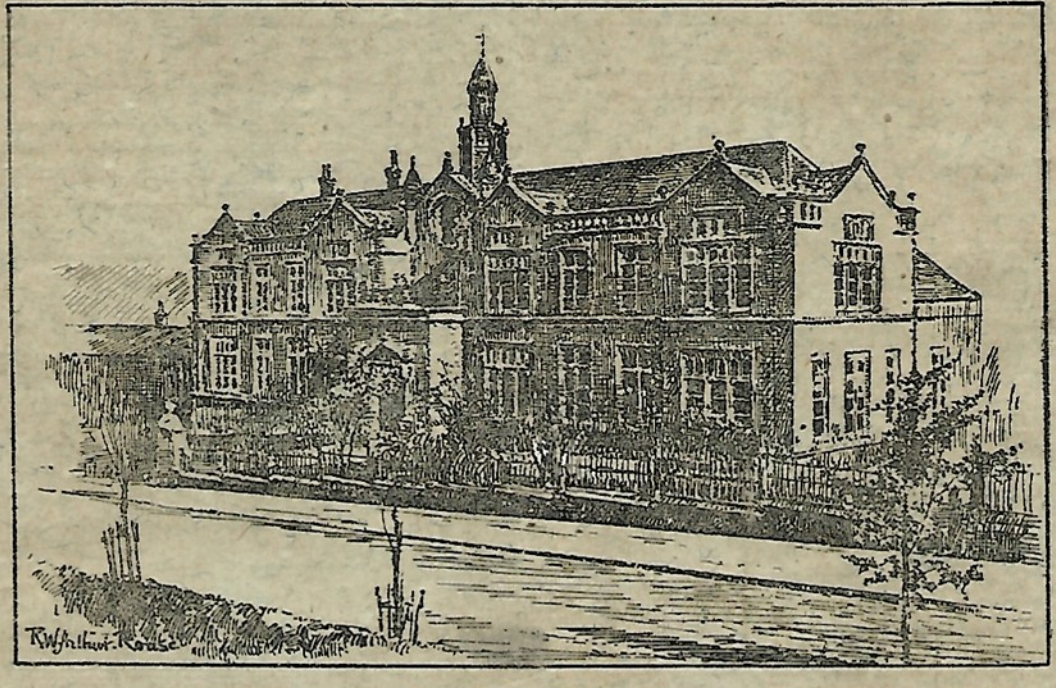
THE NEW HEATHEN.



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THE NEW HEATHEN.

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TO OUR READERS.

At the outset we must apologise for the number which did not appear last term. Again very heavy pressure of work has been responsible for our failure. Fortunately, however, this pressure, if it has robbed our readers of a number of the Magazine, has had one happy outcome. We refer, of course, to the success of our Treasurer, J. H. Spencer, who will take up residence at Queen's College, Oxford, next October. On another page will be found an appreciation of one of the Magazine's most enthusiastic supporters.

We also extend our heartiest congratulations to J. A. Edge, who has just succeeded in passing the final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Science, at the University of London. He is an old boy, who left us early in 1918 to help in the extinction of German submarines in the Mediterranean.

To come to less pleasant topics. The Magazine has always been produced under difficulties, mostly of a financial nature. Those difficulties are now multiplied by the illness of our Editor. We have always known him to be hard-working and long-suffering, but now his absence has made us realise still more clearly the magnitude of the task he has performed with such signal success. We hope that he will be able to be amongst us again before long, urging us and hustling us in his usual cheery way.

In addition, our pecuniary troubles still continue. To be quite candid, the finances of the Magazine are in a very bad state. We have struggled against adversity, relying on money from the sale of copies, from advertisers, and from donations from well-wishers, but we are still unable to make ends meet. We cannot increase our price on principle, and we cannot increase our advertising charges. We are therefore reluctantly constrained once more to appeal to the generosity of all those who have at heart the glorious cause of Youth and the furtherance of literary talent. If we were millionaires and had the choice of bestowing money either on Princess Mary or on "The New Heathen," we know which alternative would be ours. The Staff of the Magazine has been seriously considering going round Halifax disguised as a street band, in order to relieve our financial embarrassment. So, if, while you read this Magazine amid an environment of festive cheer, you hear outside the weird sound of combs and Jew's harps remember our fearful warning and repent before it is too late.

From motives of economy we are reluctantly compelled to reduce the size of the Magazine somewhat. We hope that this will only be a temporary measure, just a small backward step for a safer and more magnificent leap in the future.

However, it ill behoves us at this season of the year to end on this pessimistic note. So, with deep sincerity, we wish our readers the merriest of Yule-tides and the happiest of New Years.

MIS-ADVENTURES ROUND A BRIDGE A BECK, AND BRADSHAW.

By "One who has Mis-adventured."

Last autumn I found I must pay a visit to a certain village to the north of Halifax, called Bradshaw. Now, by reason of the danger to limb, and even life, incurred by travelling on Halifax tramways, I decided to go thither by train, entraining at North Bridge Station, via Holmfield.

I looked out a convenient train, that is one suitable to my time, and wended my way to North Bridge, one of Halifax's few bridges, which I had never crossed before, and never will cross again if I can help it. I had nothing but pleasant thoughts for this hitherto unvisited portion of Halifax, for I was told that the bridge actually crossed a stream that rises in Bradshaw. It has its source in a hill called "Swillill," from which I happily supposed it "swilled"—to use the vernacular—down through Bradshaw, on its way to the sea. How interesting! And how romantic!—as I recalled this on the Bridge—a noble bridge, wider even than some of our main thoroughfares; I said that then, but not now.

Eagerly I looked out for the stream, the ever-moving link with Bradshaw, and saw, instead of the clear flashing waters I had fondly imagined, horrible to relate—a bilious-coloured flow of mud-water. With a hoarse cry, changed into a choking cough for the benefit of the public, I lifed my eyes out of that foul stream, to throw them despondingly round on the grim, smoky buildings that thronged the slopes. They alighted on a station sunk away under the avalanche of buildings, and in a weak state I followed them.

Forgetting to book, forgetting everything except my disappointment in the sordid surroundings, which ten minutes before had in my thoughts been happily wrapt in sentimental greenery, and purity, I stumbled down several flights of stairs, and staggered to the edge of the platform. It was a single line, and at the other side a high wall reared its black flanks.

I was stupefied; for had I not seen the open platform of a station from the bridge, and now I could see no further than a hideous black wall! I turned to a porter standing near by, watching me with curiosity. Just then, a train roared in, and I gasped, "A train?" He nodded, suspicious of my idiocy; and I scrambled into the carriage he opened for me.

In a very short time—a few seconds, it seemed to me, for my brain was on the verge of blankness—it stopped, to the tune of "All change!" I bundled out, staggered up some stairs, to be confronted by a barrier and a ticket-collector.

As in a dream, I calmly handed him an ancient tram-ticket from the cuff of my coat—only to be ferociously hauled back, and the right sum demanded. I paid him the required twopence as I slowly returned to myself.

On reaching the outer air, the rude awakening came, and the familiar stench of waiting cabs and taxis assailed me. I was still in Halifax!—in fact I was at the Old Station!

A taxi-driver, seeing me about to faint, officiously handed me into his taxi. I gave him a ten-shilling note (I had money to burn, then!) and determined to attempt the journey again. "North Bridge Station," I wheezed, and he, for the sake of the note, obeyed.

I shut my eyes to everything, even to the possibility of reaching Bradshaw from Old Station. The driver courteously assisted me to the booking-office, but so fuddled was I that I nearly booked to Old Station again. "When is the train to Holmfield?" I said instead, and, being answered, "In a few minutes," I booked to that place.

All though that weary wait the station-master and porter hovered in my vicinity, being very suspicious as to whether I was in my right mind. But, with eyes tight closed I was endeavouring to re-compose myself. Then the bell signalled the train, and I opened my eyes with a sigh of relief. Through the grey haze of that autumn morning, I saw a choice pile of ruinous buildings, amongst which the sight of a poor laundry hurt me as much as anything else, the train steamed in, and at last I was on my way to Bradshaw.

To keep me from any imagery as to Bradshaw's appearance, so fatal in the case of the Bridge and stream, I pulled out a day old paper. To my horror, but not to my surprise, I read of the death by suicide of a man who had turled himself from North Bridge into the murky stream below. He was a man fallen on evil fortune, and a one-time resident of Bradshaw. No wonder! I thought—and at once dismissed the thought until I should see what the stream was like in Bradshaw.

As the train mounted to the clearer air, I revived, and looked forward to my visit with interest. I contemplated the pleasant green fields, and the clear brook winding down, and "swilling"—of course, this is the reason of its dirtiness at North Bridge—all evil and uncleanliness out of this pure mountail vilnafe. Again how romantic! How pat it fits in!

Alas! how many times now would I not take back those romantic thoughts since I have seen Bradshaw, and—I shudder!—the brook in its infancy! My disappointment knows no bounds, but my sorrow is greater.

Bradshaw is decidedly plain, with its semi-green fields, girt around with sombre walls, and its grim houses, all of a sameness, in drab-coloured stone. The hill's name, I found, is really Soil Hill—pronounced Swull-ill in the vernacular—and the brook creeps down one side of the valley in yellow, stagnant pools. The water is polluted by some iron or other to a vile yellow, instead of being sparkling in its clearness; and now I think I know why the unfortunate man committed suicide, because he saw all the ill-features—remember, it was autumn—of Bradshaw and its beck, reproduced ten-fold in the gloom of North Bridge.

I need hardly add that, at the risk of my life, I returned to Halifax by tram.

THE KING OF THE MILKY WAY.

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Heracles,
Of Greg., the wild left-hander, from whom the batsman flees.
Not I! Not I! Not I!
I sing not a song of the wild, wild West,
Nor with voice of a 3b-ite am blest;
I whisper a tale of no chilling ghost,
Nor of wayside inn and of fat-faced host;
I sing you no song of the spouting whale,
Nor of highwaymen and the Wainstalls mail.
No romance of blighted love I bring,
Nor cross, nor crown, nor cook, nor king;
My song is no song of a joyful sound,
Nor in it will tears of joy be found.
I bring no cure for a broken head,
Nor glass to make the nose look red.
Not I! Not I! Not I!
My song is a song of the silvery moon,
That smiles on the land, and laughs at the loon!
No feat of nights at "The Arms," I boast,
Fair, round-faced Luna is my toast—
The moon! where the Cyclops never die
(Since they never were born, I s'pose that's why!)
Where marrows grow as large as Zepps.,
And shoot from the nicks in the palace steps,
Where grapes hang down from a golden cord
And run with juice like a leaking Ford,
And, greatest of blessings! they have there no money,
But the streets on the moon flow with milk and honey,
And since all the people ride serpents or hogs,
The streets are a series of marshes and bogs.
And yet in my mind a grave doubt often lurks,
As to whether there are any sewage works.
I remember I once heard an old man say
That they swept it all into the Milky Way.
The man in the moon, I was told, had four daughters,
And so he divided the moon into quarters.
One quarter was swept, they said, each seventh day,
When the honeymoon changed to the milky way.
"So when the moon's yellow, she's full, now you know,
And when she's empty, she's new; be it so."
An old man once told me the weather was cold,
And told me in confidence that he was old;
For seven long summers he'd worked and he'd toiled,
'Neath seven summer suns he had frizzled and boiled,
But now, as he shivered with cold, cold, cold,
I felt what it was to be old, old, old—
And as I was talking I felt a great pain,
As though my whole body were splitting in twain.
My right foot stood still as if weighted with lead,
Whilst my left became lighter and leaped o'er my head.—
They afterwards said that a certain moon's quarter—
The one which was swept by the King's youngest daughter,
Was subject, alas! to the sun's great attraction,—
(A fact which afforded me great satisfaction!)
A second moon's quarter was just out of reach,

And I, just by luck, had put one foot on each,
But, what was more serious, one half of my brain
Had dropped, and refused to be drawn back again.
One day I walked into the torturing works,
And saw some small boys doing physical jerks.
One sinner was stood on his head, I perceived.
Forthwith in my brain—my half brain—I conceived
A wonderful notion. I went home to bed,
And practised until I could stand on my head.
I went to that ill-omened place in great haste,
Where, some months before, half my brain was displaced.
I stood on my head on the very same spot.
And back slid my cerebrum into the slot.

Some weeks after this I was taking a stroll,
When my pet Gorgonzola got out of control.
Now, one of the daughters of King Pott-ed-Tong,
Whose beard and moustaches were fifteen feet long,
Was taking a stroll with her pet spotted dog,
Which bellowed and buzzed like a ship in a fog.
She flew at my pet (not the princess, of course!)
And I whistled him off till my throat was quite hoarse.
They yelled, squealed, and squirmed, then they grappled and growled,
Then mine got a hold, and the spotted one howled.
The princess released him with Amazon grasp,
And said unkind things in a voice like a rasp,
" Whence came you," she asked, and where do you dwell? "
' I have," answered I, " a strange story to tell—
My name, gracious princess, is Julius Ceasar—
I came to the moon on a hot water geyser,
Which burst in the great public bath down at Rome.
The first earth-bound meteor shall take me back home.
If ever I go to be bathed any more,
I'll see the Xth Legion is sent on before.
Six months have I lived in this land of green cheese,
And have lived on bananas, milk, honey, and peas! "
I know not what prompted these wonderful lies,
For never on Rome had I planted my eyes.
I knew nought of Cæsar, (nor wished I to know),
Save what I had read "de bello Gallico."
The princess believed me. She thought me a god,
In fact she quite worshipped the ground that I trod.
She blushingly asked me to come see the king,
And begged me accept her large platinum ring.
And said that whenever I had any wish,
I'd simply to say to the ring "Smellovish!"
The palace was reached, but the gate was fast barred,
Whilst two Stilton cheeses were mounted on guard.
" Smell o' fish! Smellofish! with a vengeance! " I said,
" Though it smells more to me like a Stilton home fed."
The cheeses were chained, and we passed through the gates,
And found the old king reading proverbs and dates.
I looked in dismay at the chair he was sat in
And asked him in fear if he knew any Latin
The answer he gave was a regular freezer.
" Yes, yes," he replied. " The whole family read ' Cæsar.' "
My heart got entangled 'twixt two of my ribs—
The Princess would know I had been telling fibs.
Well, well, I must try to act up to my name,
I may as well try to keep on with the game.
" I'm Julius Cæsar! " I suddenly cried;
My bosom was swelling with innocent pride.
" You, Cæsar! " he cried, with a look at his daughter;
" I sees her," says I, with my eyes full of water.
" I know what you've come for," he said. " you're too late—
She's just been engaged to our great heavyweight.
" Most honoured of kings," I began, " I protest—— "

"You needn't," said he, "you may just
let it rest."
The princess was sobbing; she soaked the
whole floor.
"I shall never see you," she cried, any
more."
"Say not so," I murmured, then thought
of the ring.
I said, "Smell o' fish!" and, fiz! off went
the king.
Two more smells of fish, and the soldiers
both went,
Whilst over my princess I tearfully bent.
The shock was too great, and she fell in a
swoon,
And I was the King of the Silvery Moon.

—Aleph.

THE DAWN.

By J. A. Chess.

The wanderer moves mechanically along th road. His motion is not a simple walk —it is too steady; he glides along, but yet gives no suggestion of ghostliness. He seems disconnected from and indifferent to all his surroundings; it is only a coincidence that he is in surroundings at all; they are merely incidental, and entirely unnecessary to him. An unprejudiced observer could not tell in the dim light whether he is moving along the road, or the road is moving backwards beneath him.

For it is late on a summer's evening, the sort of evening when the atmosphere presses upon the body, and the body conveys the pressure to the brain, and to the very soul, till all life is a burden; when absolute stillness seems essential; but when there is an irresistible, overwhelming, impelling force ever driving you on in spite of yourself. That force is driving the wanderer to his fate; he is a mere cog in the machinery of the universe, driven by the omnipotent power of Destiny; just a vibration in the ether of space, continuing perforce in the direction given by the great and mysterious Source. His will refuses to work; it is paralysed by the Will, which draws him onward.

He is alone; not another being is within the reach of his senses. Yet he is not alone; he is surrounded by the Infinite, of which he is himself a remote part; but he is slowly and with monotonous regularity approaching the Centre.

The sun has set two hours ago. He still keeps on. The sky is not black; it has a dull leaden hue. At times it seems almost phosphorescent—the sign of a decaying world. The stars are still watching sadly, for one or two of the brightest can be seen just faintly gleaming; the rest are hidden by a shroud-like veil. Nature sympathises with her child; she will not pry too inquisitively upon him.

The sun has set. Still it is hot; and the wanderer continues. His cheeks are burning; he can feel they are hectic. His long hair hangs in wet strands, clinging clammily to his flesh. He cares not for physical discomfort; his senses are numbed, and Fate still drags him on.

At last he comes to the Bridge. Its parapet looms shadowy before him. So insignificant in the world! Man made it, but a greater Power decreed it. The wanderer now knows why. He is on the brink of the central vortex of lethal Infinity. The very atmosphere is in a state of strained suspense. All nature, all matter, seems to be waiting and holding its breath.

The wanderer leans over the parapet and looks down. His mind works, but he does not consciously think; his brain obeys the same relentless, centripetal Force that his body has done. Below him is a placid, monotously smooth sheet of water. He vaguely remembers that still waters run deep. This, then, is deep enough; for it appears perfectly motionless save for a few suggestive little eddies. It is only a few feet beneath him—an insignificant distance —negligible compared with the infinity of space, but it may mean everything.

Twenty yards ahead the water ceases to be smooth. The wanderer can see a white line and hear a constant rumble. Beyond is shaded blackness. With the roaring of the water there is another sound just beginning. A distant, low murmur of thunder.

Time ceases to be. The wanderer leans further over the parapet; his head and arms hang limp.

There is a form in the water, the placid water. It moves slowly towards the line of white, so slowly that it seems it will never reach it. The form looks like that of a wanderer, and it glides with a steady motion, so steady that it might be still, and the white, restless line moving towards it. At last the line and the form meet; for an instant the white line is broken in the centre and then joins up again. The Infinite has claimed its own.

Just then comes a brilliant flash of lightning; the weir is eclipsed in the dazzling light, and its rumbling drowned in a terrific

peal of thunder. The Storm has arrived. The wanderer awakes from his trance; but the vision of his floating spirit haunts him. Should he follow the vision, as Fate has decreed?

Another, brighter flash!

The spell is broken; the tension relieved. The wanderer lifts himself up and thinks freely. Why should he obey Fate? He is one of the happiest men in the world. He has no care to beset him, no wife to worry him, no friends to prove untrue. No one can rob him, no property ties him down to one place. He is free to go where he likes, without anybody troubling about him or flattering him. Truly his life is a pleasant thing, fit for an immortal hero. No mundane trifles can bother him; he has not even to decide what he shall have for breakfast—for there will be no breakfast.

He stretches himself, and continues up the Hill. He walks now, does not stand still, and let the road pass beneath him. He has realised that his lot is enviable, and life has become sweet again. Besides, he has cheated Fate.

The Bridge is passed and left behind.

At the top of the Hill he stands still and gazes before him at the rising Sun. The Storm has passed, and with it the oppression. No longer is he flushed and hectic; instead, his face is covered with a rosy glow of comfortable warmth.

It is a good omen.

Time starts again.

The wanderer strides forward over the Hill, into the sunlight and the Future.

A WORK OF HEART.

A Play with a Future.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

(Straight to the Newmarket.)

ACT I.

Scene I.

(The scene is laid in the London office of a firm of publishers. Joseph Binding, the head of the firm, is seated in a swivel chair at a roll-topped desk. It is 10-30 a.m., and he has just arrived, and to all appeaances is very busy with the morning mail. We may look round the room in which he is seated, without fear of disturbing him, for, truth to tell, he is somewhat deaf.

Numerous pictures, a calendar, and a telephone directory adorn the walls, and five upholstered and comfortable-looking chairs are placed at irregular intervals on a costly Brussels carpet. In the exact centre of the room is the desk at which Mr. Binding is seated.

It is not very easy at first sight to assimilate the salient features of Joseph Binding, Esq. In fact, if we may divulge the secret, he was rather—well, portly. On a closer inspection we find that he is short, thick-set, a man of about middle age, short-sighted, and inclined to be irritable at the least provocation. His chief characteristic appears to be his faculty for deluding people that he is a hard-working man. In fact, he had almost come to believe it himself. At this moment a knock interrupts our meditation. Binding takes no notice. Another knock. Binding works on. A series of knocks. Binding looks up. Continuous knocking. Binding rises wrathfully to open the door. Then enters unbidden a being. We say being, because at first sight we are unable to perceive that the object is a man. The first impression which is conveyed to the mind is that of an outraged colour scheme. In addition to his unkempt hair and beard, which threaten shortly totally to obscure his face, he is remarkable for a green waistcoat, surmounted by a white collar and crimson tie, and a pair of large-check blue and brown tweed trousers. He comes forward impetuously, and wrings Binding's hand warmly. The latter is at a los to account for this demonstration of friendship, and appears somewhat annoyed.

Bind. (testily): Well, sir?

The Man: Pardon this unwarranted interruption, I beg of you, my dear sir, but so convinced am I that the matter on which I have called to see you brooks no delay, that I hope you will not find it too difficult to pardon me!

Bind: Well, and what is the matter, Mr. —er—pardon me?

The Man (eagerly): Lamb, sir, Lamb, added to which, as a Christian name, I was, through the unaccountable caprice of my god-parents, called Bar. I often reflect for hours at a time on this circumstance, but I confess that as yet I am at a loss to account for their motives in giving me this name. Bar Lamb!—hardly euphonious, what? Ha, ha, ha!

Bind.: Really, Mr. Lamb, I have not a

great deal of time to spare, and if you would waste no time in coming——

Lamb: Certainly, certainly. I quite appreciate your position as head of a family. Now I, wisely, in my own opinion, have never embarked on the frail barque of matrimony, and consequently, I——

Bind.: I believe you said you have some IMPORTANT business to transact with me?

Lamb (nervously): Business? That is—oh, er,—yes. Quite so, my dear sir, er—er—in fact, quite so (precipitately) I have brought a play.

Bind. (going to the desk as if to resume work): In that case, Mr.—er—Mutton—

Lamb: Lamb, sir Lamb!

Bind.: I beg your pardon, Mr.—er—Lamb. As I was saying, I don't think I can accept your play at the present time.

Lamb (dismayed): But, sir, I thought that I should have no difficulty in disposing of my work. I do not demand hard terms, for, to speak the truth, I am in need of money. And then, apart from pecuniary considerations, reflect on the loss your refusal will mean to the playgoers of this country. They will be deprived altogether of a play which I honestly consider a masterpiece of its kind.

Bind (who is clearly bored): Have you worked any of the latest ragtime into it? We must have opportunity for at least three popular songs. I should suggest——

Lamb (horrified): Ragtime, sir? No, certainly not! Why, I'd have you know, sir, that I am, I honestly believe, a serious rival to the immortal bard of Avon! Ragtime? No, sir, my play is destined to rank among the paragons of English literature.

Bind. (quickly): In that case your play is no good to us, Mr.—er, er, er—Pork!

Lamb: Lamb, sir, Lamb!

Bind.: Quite right. I beg your pardon, Mr. Lamb. Good morning, Mr.—er—er—Lamb.

Lamb: But, sir—my play. Do you persist in your refusal? Surely you are not going to let slip such a work as I have produced without even a reading?

(No answer.)

—(resignedly) Well, sir, you will have cause to rue it! Alas, what hours have I wasted! What useless labour on my heroic couplets!

Bind.: What's that?

Lamb: I was just regretting the time I have spent in the production of this play—on my heroic couplets.

Bind: Is your play written in heroic couplets?

Lamb: Certainly, sir.

Bind.: Of course that alters the whole matter. Why did you not tell me this at first? So much unnecessary pain would have been avoided. (Takes out his watch). Unfortunately, I have not a great deal of time to spare for it, but if we commence straight away, we might have it acted.

(A nod from Lamb.)

Bind.: Well, then, to work. Would you mind summoning the charwoman, the janitor, and as many attendants from down below as you will require. My idea is to assign the several parts in your play to them so that it may be acted forthwith. I consider that acting a play gives one a much better idea of its worth than merely reading it. Are you agreeable? (Nod from Lamb.) Let us hurry, then, Mr.—er, er—Veal!

Lamb: Lamb, sir, Lamb!

Bind.: Oh, yes. I beg your pardon, Mr. Lamb.

(Curtain.)

* * * * *

Act II.:

(The scene is still in the interior of the office of Joseph Binding. The office has been altered to fit the requirements of the play, which is to be enacted therein. That is, the office has been made to represent the interior of the drawing-room of an English suburban villa. Muslin curtains drape the French windows, through which enter the rays of a fierce December sun. Numerous chairs and a settee are seen ranged about the room. A large table occupies the centre of the large room, which is scented with the smell of decayed oranges. In the centre of the table stands a vase filled with spring onions. On the walls are numerous portraits of individuals whose bodies are hunched up so as to occupy the least space possible, in the true Leverhulme fashion. On the left is a front door. On the right another door. At the table is the Heroine, carefully arranging the spring onions. She starts guiltily at the approach of footsteps. The curtain rises just before the entrance of the Hero.)

Heroine: O don't don't say, dear, you've

some great leave to take,
Swear you will not leave me, swear it for my sake!

Hero: Hell! It is impossible that I should-n't go—
O don't, I do beseech thee, try to tempt me so.
For I must cross the foam,
And a mighty fortune bring back home.
And so, my dear beloved one, kiss me ere we part,
Oh, let me hold thee closer, yet closer to my heart.

Heroine: Well, if you must, you must, dear,
There's no denying that,
But such very hard work will, I fear,
Reduce some of your fat!

Hero: I will endure it, for thy sake, yea, and more beside,
If in the end I may be sure of having thee as bride!

Heroine: As proof of my fidelity, I extract from this vase,
This spring onion, to give to you, although it is my ma's.
I give it altogether, yes, every bit for you!

Hero: I see you are a good 'un, a good 'un, thro, and thro.
So now, so long, my loved one, the darling of my heart—
I'm glad this farewell's over, for my own part.

(They kiss each other, and part. —Exit the Hero, masticating the spring onion to the tune of "Yankee-Doodle." In an agony of despair, the Heroine throws herself on the floor, but, finding it rather uncomfortable, rises, and throws herself with increased vehemence on the sofa. This evidently is very much to her taste, for she lies there moaning. The curtain-raiser then draws a veil over her sufferings.)

* * * * *

Scene II.:

(We are now introduced into a log-hut, simple and rustic in appearance, in the Canadian wilds. A fireplace holds the dying embers of a log-fire. Cooking utensils, a cupboard, a table, a chair, and the Hero are scatered about the room. The wind is moaning without, and the hero within. He is evidently depressed, but his face lights up as the door opens. Enter three cowboys in evening dress.)

Hero: Let us at once to business. Bring out a pack of cards!

1st Cowboy: I think that I shall win to-night. What do you say, pards?

2nd Cowboy: Come quickly, let me deal them. I'm itching to begin.

1st Cowboy (shuffling cards): Not just yet my hearty, pray remove your fin!

(The cards are dealt; the Hero at first plays haphazardly, and wins continuously. He concentrates on the game, and begins to lose. At last, when they have cleared him out, the cowboys rise, and after bidding an affectionate adieu, depart. Nobody being present, the Hero then begins to soliloquise.)

Hero: Oh, my sainted ancestors! What a fool I've been,
And as for those horrid cowboys, I think they're awfully mean.
I don't like this country, to that I'll truly swear,
And if there was anyone looking I'd start to tear my hair,
And so to my beloved one I will myself betake,
For this wretched kind of life, well, it takes the blooming cake!

(Accordingly the Hero packs up his worldly posessions in his kit-bag, and prepares to depart. Exit the Hero, to the tune of "When Johnny comes marching home.")

* * * * *

Scene II.:

(The scene is laid in an old and dirty garret. The only furniture of this room consists of two rickety chairs, and one decrepit table. The monotony of the dirty, unwashed walls of the room is relieved only by an even-dirtier window. The only access to the room is through a creaking door on right. It is evident to the most casual observer that it is uninhabited, even the ordinary kitchen utensils being lacking. Enter the Heroine, panting, through door, but greatly altered since we last saw her. Her clothes are in rags, and a handkerchief is tied round her head. She appears in great distress.)

Heroine: God be praised, I've dodged him successfully at length,
Although, indeed, it seems to have exhausted my strength!
Alas, for my——

(Enter the villain, in black velvet dress, and horns, with tail of a different hue. His face appears the more forbidding by reason of a Charlie Chaplin moustache.)

Villain: Now, I guess I've got you. You'll not elude me now.

Heroine: If you approach another step, I'll raise such an awful row!

Villian: Pray, don't take the trouble, for it will be in vain.

The door is bolted, as you see. I'll bolt it yet again.

(Enter the Hero, unseen through the window. He has the air of a man who is resolved to put his foot down with a heavy hand. To look the more imposing he stands on one of the rickety chairs. It collapses under his weight, and he rolls on the floor. The other two occupants of the room turn round in alarm at the sound of his fall, whereupon the Hero raises himself to his full height, draws his sword, and slackens his belt.)

Hero: Hold, then, you villain, and prepare to meet your doom.

And why do I, my bride-to-be, find you in this room?

Heroine: That wretch contrived to carry me away from my home——

Hero:: How happily, then, have I arrived from across the foam!

(Stabs villain.)

There, there, 'tis done: I've stabbed him to the heart;

And now, my dear, there is no cause why you and I should part.

(They embrace.)

Curtain.

WHEN?

By "Erb."

Chapter I.:

I shall never forget the terible experience I underwent at the death of my friend, Profesor Chantley, and, although it occurred two years ago, every detail is as clear before my eyes as though it happened yesterday. The drugs which he discovered, and which incidentally cost him his life, would have revolutionised man's existence beyond the dreams of the wildest imagination. Indeed, we cannot in any way realise how absolutely different, and as far as I can see, improved, the life of mankind would have been. Every day I wonder with mingled feelings of fear and hope whether some other scientist hitherto unknown, will perpetuate his name throughout the ages by the re-discovery of those wonderful drugs. And yet, perhaps, the world is not yet ready for them, and perhaps it was for this reason that my friend was not allowed to publish his discoveries. Be that how it may, the composition of these drugs is inextricably hidden in the safest of all places —the memory of a dead man.

* * * * *

One morning I received a letter from my friend, which asked me to call and see him that night, adding that he had made an important discovery. Accordingly I set out about seven o'clock. Half an hour's brisk walk brought me to his house, and he received me immediately into his laboratory.

"I have made the greatest discovery of modern times," he began, when our salutations were over.

"Why, have you discovered the elixir of life?" I cried, in jest, for I was always rather sceptical about the utility of science, although I was greatly attached to the Professor, and he was grateful to me for having saved his life on one occasion.

"No, not exactly," he replied, "but it will nevertheless greatly improve the genral conditions of human existence.

"How?" I asked.

"Well, I have discovered a compound, which, when drunk, will give to the mind an accelerated impression of the actions of the body. Just as certain other drugs, opium, for instance, stupefy the body and direct the action of the mind to producing fantastic ideas, so this will affect it in another way. Its action is due to——

"Please, do not give me a scientific lecture," I interrupted, "you know I could never understand it."

"But it is really so simple," he said. Among his other failures, the Professor suffered from the lack of a sense of humour; and he viewed me with pity and perhaps a little contempt, for my scientific ignorance, and thought I ought to be glad to have the opportunity of picking up the words of wisdom that fell from his lips.

"Nevertheless, I absolutely refuse to hear it," I answered. "But what are you going to do? When are you going to publish it?"

"I have discovered only half so far," he said. "What I require now is the opposite—something that, to put it vulgarly, 'makes time go slow.' I have taken a small dose of the other drug, and I find that its action, so far from diminishing, actually increases as time goes on. I do not know what will eventually happen. It seems to be about a fortnight since I took the draught, while my assistant declares it

is is quite a month. Unless I can discover the antidote quickly, something serious may happen to me. I think I am on the right track, but I cannot be absolutely sure."

After more conversation we parted, and I promised to call on him some evening during the following week, to see how he was progressing.

During my walk home I tried to visualise the world as it would be if these two new drugs could be used freely without fear of harm; but its stupendous possibilities could only be realised when it was universally applied.

Chapter III.

During the next few days I was too occupied with my own private business to give much attention to the professor's discovery; and it was not till late in the week that I found myself at liberty for an evening. I can remember distinctly every little detail of what happened that night—my walk to the house, and all that the Professor said and did in his room.

It was November, and the illuminations of the City were just beginning to convert the streets into a blaze of light, and the cinemas and theatres to attract the people from the wet and mud of the thoroughfares. The house of my friend was in one of those dark, silent squares, where every footfall of a passer-by seems a desecration. The distant roar of the city sounded confusedly round about, but in the immediate neighbourhood there was no sound. The gas lamps threw circles of light on the ground, and showed wet stones and pools of water. In the sky an effulgence was diffused from the countles unseen lights, whichever way I turned, but above me there was an inky darkness.

My knock was answered by the old housekeeper, who formed the Professor's only household. She was well acquainted with me on account of my frequent visits.

"The Professor's in the laboratory, sir," she said, "and he told me not to admit anyone, but I suppose you're an exception, sir. You know the way, sir."

I proceeded along the dark passage that led to the laboratory, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a weak voice.

I entered, and found him bending over some experiment, busying himself with various apparatus, which I knew nothing about. He motioned me to a seat, and continued his work in silence. I knew him well enough not to interrupt, and had an opportunity of examining the room. I had been in it many times before, it is true, but to-night it seemed especially gloomy. It was illuminated by a single shaded reading lamp, which threw its light on the Professor and his experiment, and left the rest of the room in semi-darkness. He preferred to work like this, and never had any other illumination at night. Certainly the long, acid-stained benches, the countless bottles and other apparatus, the long shelves of text and reference books, all half hidden in th gloom, with fantastic shadows shown on them and the walls, were not calculated to inspire gladness of heart.

To-night, as I have said, the room seemed extraordinarily gloomy. Perhaps it was the change from the solitariness of the crowded streets to the companionship of this place of shadows, where one could imagine everything, that produced this effect.

The professor aroused me from my reverie and shook my hand heartily.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," he said, "but I think I have discovered the other compound. When this mixture is cool I shall drink it, and note what happens. I have made it fairly strong, so that if it does not act in about a quarter of an hour, I shall know it will be a failure."

He poured the stuff out—it was dark brown in colour—and drank it at a gulp; then he rinsed the vessel out with care, and took out his watch and placed it on a bench. It was a quarter-past seven.

"Is it difficult to make or dear in price?" I asked.

"No," he said, "it can be made quite easily, though the materials are rather difficult to obtain. I had barely enough to-night, and have drunk up every drop I made."

"What effect did the other stuff have on you?" I asked. "Did you feel any physical pain or anything?"

"Yes," he said. "It affected my head, and it seemed almost like an ordinary headache. I expect this will do the same—if it acts, that is."

We waited in silence for some time. Twenty-seven— twenty-eight— twenty-nine past. Then the clocks of the city chimed out in chorus, one overlapping the other, and when the last echo died away, there was

silence again.

Twenty-nine minutes to eight—twenty-eight—twenty-seven.

"Time seems to go slowly," he said. "Hasn't the watch stopped?"

I compared it with mine.

"No," I said, "it's just twenty-six to."

Again silence. I remember my thoughts began to run on trivial matters. I noticed the shape of the professor's shadow on the wall; it was enlarged immensely and appeared like a giant.

"It seems a long time," said Chantley again.

I did not answer; but then a thought flashed upon me. *It's [illegible] might [illegible]*

Twenty-four minutes to eight.

"It ought not to be long now."

"But it may be acting now," I cried.

"No, I feel no pain, no difference. Only it seems to be a long time."

A pause. Then I repeated—

"But don't you see that it may be acting?"

"No, it can't be."

Twenty minutes to eight. Chantley's forehead was covered with perspiration.

"I'm afraid it's no use," he said, with the air of a man whose hopes are suddenly dashed to the ground. "I still feel nothing."

"But it may act without you knowing it," I said. "You say you feel nothing, but time seems to pass slowly. Well, the suggestion is evident."

"Do you think so? Well,—perhaps—but I am afraid not," he replied, leaning back in his chair.

"Don't you feel well?" I inquired.

"No, not quite."

"It may be the drug!"

"Oh, no; that would have affected my head—if it had acted."

His face was ghastly, and my knowledge of medicine told me that the suspense and apparent failure of the experiment on which he had placed so much reliance, and through which he hoped to become famous, was affecting his already weak heart. I hastened to reassure him by reiterating my former statement that the drug was really acting—a statement concerning which I myself was very doubtful.

"But it must be acting," I said. "What other effect did you suppose it would have had if it had acted?"

"I am almost sure it would have affected my head. I think I should have felt something."

"But you do feel something. You feel time go more slowly. That's what it ought to do."

"No, no." He tried to stand up, but sank down exhausted.

"My heart——" he began.

I felt it; it was going like a steam hammer.

"Keep quiet," I enjoined. "Have you any brandy?"

He pointed feebly to the other end of the room. I saw in the darkness what looked like a decanter. I hastened to fetch it. I had nearly reached it when I heard a cry.

"It's acting, it's acting! I feel it!" rose his shrill voice. "Take down the formula, quick! I'm going! Quick!"

I rushed back and seized a pencil and paper that were lying on an adjacent bench.

"Yes?" I said.

"20 ccs Alpha-leucyl. . . . My God!" he cried, and fell back *dead!*

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN WHO WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

By A. Chopkinson.

The "Daily Gasser" had been frightfully short of copy during the last five or six days, and being rather fed up of giving the names of all the prize-winners at village flower-shows and third-class golf tournaments, my editor suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of an interview with Count Rolli-Polli, the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, and the coolest crook in Europe even when the temperature is 101 degrees in the shade.

As I could only expect, as I was born on a Friday with a soup-ladle in my mouth, I was dropped on to risk my life and Sunday togs in what was most probably a wild-goose chase, to get butter out of a stone. Any way, I donned my concussion helmet and rib-protectors (my own invention, 7s. 6d. at any fishmonger's, tobacconist's, or retail coal merchant's) and rode in the firm's delivery Ford as far as No. 13, Thirteenth Street, next to the Bank, where Count Rolli Polli hung out, with a view to breaking the Bank of England. Of course everyone knows that there isn't enough space there to fill one of those pocket money-boxes, but Count Rolli-Polli breaks banks for the

glamour of it, and not for filthy lucre.

Simultaneously knocking the bell and ringing the knocker, I stood in a cold sweat and a state of mild trepidation on the top step. The door opened after a while, and a tall man with green side-whiskers and a mortar-board, "en deguisement," peered out through scarlet-tinted spectacles.

"Vot eez eet vot you vant? Who are you, and vere do you come from?" he asked, at a hundred a minute.

Offering him a weed from my case, I explained my mission, and heaving a sigh of relief into the four corners of the hall, he wrung my hand. (It didn't need it, as it was quite dry!)

"I thought you vas zee private detective," he apologised, removing his disguises, "you haf zee intelligent face, so."

Of course I pride myself on being something in that line, and just at the moment I noticed that the Count was a singularly handsome man. His nose revealed pimples, and a nice curly green scar from ear to chin gave a pleasing effect—in fact, his face would extract a penny out of the hard-heartedest city gent. going.

Ushering me into his sitting-room, he motioned me to take a seat on a soap-box, while he himself sat on a pepper-castor. To my great surprise he did not wait to be pressed, but described at great length his epoch-making deed at that queen of watering places, Monte Carlo. (They water the milk and the whisky there!) I will only describe his adventure briefly, as I had only my cuffs to jot it down on.

"My vater, he was zee Albanian-Chinese, while my mother she vas zee Egyptian cigarette maker in Constantinople," began the Count. "I was born in an English ship in Nicaraguan vaters, and not knowing vat I vas, I decided to be a crook. I spent zee first seven years since I vas started, as zee guest of zee King of Shermany—in zee state prison; but ven I vas let loose did I forsake my profeshun? No! In quick succession I vas break into the Louvre, stole away zee treasury of Spain, and bankrupted Roumania and Montenegro, and I vast invest all in zee Engleesh syndicate vich ran away with it."

Here the Count wiped away a furtive tear, and I dabbled my optics in soulful sympathy. I'd had ten bob on Tishy myself.

"Vell," continued the Count, "I finally drifted to Monte Carlo, and earned my living at zee Casino—as a window cleaner, and after I 'ad seen zee fat croupiers skinning zee fool--zee pauvres Anglais monsieur I make up my mind to break zee bank. Von night," he said tensely, "armed only with a toothpick and a hod, I stole into zee room, and vorking feverishment for twenty-three mineets, I broke open zee bank and ran away mit a string of Ciro pearls, a packet of Voodbines, and 2 francs 50. But I vos make zee name for myself."

"I vos not seek zee money. I vos chased all over France by zee police, who, finding me too good for zem, gave me zee free passage into England, vere, they said, they eat their own children. And," he said in italics, "here I vos!"

"Never!" I said, admiringly, "you don't look it!"

A few minutes later, the Count ushered me out, and embraced me for fifteen long minutes on the doorstep, during which time quite a crowd collected out of curiosity, and all kinds of back alleys. Releasing me, the Count whipped off my hat, and handed it round, and was able that night to feast on fish and chips on the proceeds, while I got a free pass to the Alhambra for my labours. But of course I don't report for filthy lucre. I do it for the love of the thing.

POOR YOUNG JOE;

Or, The Boy Who Carried Two Telegrams.

His post was in the Post Office,
  His work was sure, tho' low;
He was a sewer-man's only son;
  His name was Little Joe.
Arrayed in buttons, brass and bright,
  He found a humble niche;
By day he carried telegrams,
  By night ate chips and fish.
Alas, the turns of Fortune's wheel!
  Joe did no work, until
One day he went two messages!
  The word went round to kill. . . . .
He came into the Office-door
  Without a trace of woe;
His mates sprang out upon him . . . and
  No more of Poor Young Joe.
But when the Christmas-tide draws on,
  And the ruddy fires glow,
Upon the Office steps there strides
  The Ghost of Poor Young Joe!

—Teague.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(In the approved style of our blood-and-thunder authors.)

By K.L.E.

It was in the local knock-out competition. The score stood at 99—100, with Harry Stead in play. He ran out a good winner with a break of 52 unfinished, and thus defeated his malicious rival, Hermon Maxwell. Hermon scowled on Harry with a look full of bitter hatred, and muttered under his breath something which everybody heard, but could not interpret, but which meant, "Revenge is sweet!"

A week elapsed before the next round took place. Harry was drawn with a crack player, John Roberts. Play began in very poor style, each player seeming to play for safety misses rather than big breaks. After half an hour the scores were 64—49, with Harry losing, chiefly owing to a 25-break of his opponent's. Harry seemed to improve at this stage, and the score was 85—99, Harry's lucky number, when a telegram was brought for Harry.

It was worded, "Come at once. Mother ill.—Father."

Harry's play went from bad to worse; he missed all the easiest of shots, and John Roberts eventually won, 150 (in play)—126. If Harry had looked round when he went out, he would have seen Hermon Maxwell's face, radiant with a venomous smile, and he afterwards celebrated the event by treating his friends to a lime juice and soda at the bar, anything stronger bing barred to him on account of his complexion. His friends were very contemptuous, and said so quite plainly. "Jolly good of you, old man. What's been happening?" Maxwell, now oblivious to his surroundings or his audience, muttered, "Ha, ha! he losht!" which remark he delivered with a ghostly cackle.

Harry arrived home flushed with hurrying, and pale with anxiety. He rushed up to his father, and kissed him fervently on the brow, and then. . . then for the first time since his entry, he saw his mother darning his football stockings in the chair by the window. He collapsed helpless and limp into the nearest chair, and called loudly for water.

When he recovered under the healing influences of a bucket of cold water, he told the tale to his astonished and thoroughly frightened parents. They expressed their thoughts on the matter in terms which would have taken first prize at the Non Swearers' Oath Committee, "O gladiola fuchia!" "O narcissus japonica!" The only immediate effect was to drive Harry to take refuge with the Bible behind the flour bin.

When their anger had somewhat subsided and their tongues become twisted beyond all recognition, they took solace in looking out of the window at the glistening rain-drops, muttering from time to time, "O dandelion geraniums!" "O stocks and asters!" and such similar phrases, introducing a multitudinous number of flowers, both bulbous and otherwise, according to the power and sense of the word implied.

Harry, coming from his place of refuge during a temporary lapse, made for the door and, snatching up his straw hat, went outside into the glorious sunshine, hoping to find some inspiration in the sight of his sodden and useless hat. He made his way to the house of Hermon Maxwell to ask his advice about the matter. Maxwell, seated in the window-bottom, smelling at the onions growing on the window panes, seeing Harry approaching, bolted inside and bolting the door and his bread at the same time, stuffed his bolster in the key-hole and his handkerchief in the letter-box. After these precautions, he went out of the back-door and to the railway station, where he booked to Dotty-ville.

Seated in the train, he shivered like a leaf at even the thought of Harry's angelic face coming like a black, scowling spectre down the street. He had determined not to return, and he never did, for at the next station he got out and went back. Harry, arriving at Hermon Maxwell's front gate, changed his mind, and went to the billiard hall, and, going up to the bar, drank 25 neat whiskeys and 17 brandies—for drink gives relief from care—after which he played Inman, who happened to be there, watching a game of patience played by Smith, assisted by Newman, and won him quite easily.

After hitting Inman's ball seven times in succession in mistake for his own, he went home at 11-30, and cut his throat on the boot scraper outside his mother's door, after six vain attempts with his tie-pin.

TABLEAU.

By Guglielmo.

Scene—a room, in which
Reposes
Pa; all red with booze
His nose is.
Enter—smiling youth
with posies;
Then a dimpled maid,
Whose hose is
Silken—cheeks like
Blushing roses,—
Ma comes in behind,
And closes
The door.

Youth begins to fidget,—
Knows his
Time has come, and trembling,
Blows his
Nose,—turns redder than
His posies,
Stammers—and—in short,
Proposes—
Says, his father's sure
And so's his
Mother, that true love's
All roses,
And—er—!
Ma looks daggers, and
Opposes.
Pa, obsessed with beer,
Composes
His be-sodden'd wits,
And dozes,
Murmuring softly,
"Holy Moses!"
Maiden whimpers; youth
Supposes
He had best retire,
And loses
All control. . . . .

Grabs his gloves and hat,
And throws his
Posies on the floor,
And shows his
Wisdom by remarking,
"Those's
Yours, miss, good-bye!" Mamma
Grows as
Red as fire, while Pa
Still dozes
On.—Youth exit;
—Tableau closes.

Alas!

LOVE AT LAST.

I

The day that our story begins, sorrow had not scrupled to assail even the mighty and valorous monarch of Lackadaisicalania, who had reigned for so many years in victory and honour under the name of Pomposus the Umpteenth, surnamed the Fiery-footed. At breakfast his taster had fallen down dead, poisoned by a piece of dangerous bacon. Later, the Court Jester had met something about not being able to afford a Ford. On examining the files of the "Police News," it was discovered that 792 cases of justifiable homicide had taken place in the last three years as a result of his pun. So the Court Jester, without even a pair of goloshes or a bottle of Milton to defend him against dungeon damp, was awaiting his trial on a charge of attempted suicide. Meanwhile the Prime Minister, as his most effective substitute, might be seen furtively cramming a "Book of Jests" at intervals.

Pomposus was reposing his manly form upon a couch, while the deep tones of an organ (of the mouth variety) soothed his tortured soul, when Dandileonus, the Lord High Wheeler of the Bath-chair, entered.

"Your Majesty," he said, with a pretty curtsey, "the Ambassador of Lackadaisicalania demands immediate audience."

"Oh, tell him to go to the devil!"

"Yes, your Majesty," and Dandileonus began to withdraw.

"On second thoughts don't," shouted the King, with sudden energy. "Tell him to come in."

Dandileonus withdrew, and ushered in the Ambassador of the great and puissant sovereign of Lackadaisicalania. This official was resplendent in a silk neck-tie and corduroy breeches. He made a low obeisance before Pomposus.

"Well, sir, and what is your will?" said the King.

"Sire," answered the Lackadaisicalanian "I have come hither with all speed to convey to you the earnest desire which the Princess Arannita entertains of returning home shortly."

"Ah," said Pomposus, with an ingratiating smile, "and does the Lackadaisicalanian Venus intend to return to her adoring country as the bride, or at least the betrothed, of my beloved Archibald?"

"Sire," replied the envoy, briefly, "she does not."

Pomposus swore a fearful oath, which may not be repeated here.

"And is this decision of hers irrevocable?" he exclaimed.

"Absolutely, your Majesty."

"What!" cried the indignant ruler, "you dare to tell me that—the ruin of my dearest schemes."

"Sire," answered the Ambassador, with a slight bow, "the prospect of incurring your august displeasure is less dreadful to me than the exertion involved in telling a lie."

"But," exclaimed Pomposus, "my scheme would have united the Royal Houses of Lackadaisicalania and Retchidania by the dearest of personal ties, and assured the blessings of perpetual peace to two great nations!"

"It is said," responded the envoy, "that even relations by marriage occasionally quarrel. Mothers-in-law, for example, are proverbial causes of strife. I do not speak, however, from personal knowledge, as I am not married; danger and adventure have never possessed any attractions for me."

"What reasons, my lord," asked Pomposus in a calmer manner, "has the princess given for her decision?"

The Ambassador seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, your Majesty," he said, after clearing his throat, "she—er, er—has—er—seen the prince"——here further throat-trouble seemed to supervene.

"And do you," inquired Pomposus, with some heat, "suggest that to be a sufficient reason for refusing the heir of Retchidania?"

"Ah, no," exclaimed the Ambassador, somewhat eagerly, "she agrees with me that the atmospherical conditions of Retchidania leave nothing to be desired. In fact out of the thirty days of her visit, it has rained continuously during no more than eighteen——"

At this point the King interrupted him with the request that he should not make a fool of himself. Seeing that there was no possibility of persuading Pomposus to leave off his inconvenient questioning, the Ambassador surveyed him with a look of lamb-like innocence in his eyes.

"Without any further unseasonable and whiskered jests," said the King, "tell me the truth. What does the fair princess Araminta think of the future King of the Retchidanians?"

"Sire," the envoy made answer, "she thinks he has missed his natural sphere in life."

"And what did she think he should have been?" asked the King.

"Either a burglar or a highwayman," answered the Lackadaisicalanian.

"Indeed!" said the King, somewhat nettled. "And why did she select such disagreeable vocations as Archibald's natural sphere?"

"Your Majesty is probably aware," answered the other, "that burglars and highwaymen generally conduct their operations—er, er—masked."

The King was most indignant.

"It is perhaps scarcely likely to ease the situation," he said, "but I cannot refrain from observing that the Princess herself would be satisfying the claims, not only of piety, but of humanity, were she to take the veil."

The Ambassador grinned feebly in a conciliatory manner, and the King went on. "However, you may bear this message to the Princess, that I will consent to her departure on the fifth day from now. Nathless, I trust that in the meantime she will revise her decision."

"Your Majesty has my thanks," said the Ambassador, and bowed himself out.

II.

In the afternoon, an old witch, who resided a few miles from the King's castle, was ushered into the royal presence. She made a profound obeisance before King Pomposus, who eyed her keenly.

"So you have come," he said. "Well, I have important business to discuss with you."

"Will there be any money for me, in the matter?" asked the old hag.

"Cartloads," said the King.

The witch rubbed her bony hands, and answered, "Speak on, fair sir; the poor old witch hearkens."

"Listen, then," said Pomposus. "It has been the dearest wish of my life, and the greatest end of my policy to secure the alliance of the Lackadaisicalanians, and to hand on to my son Archibald a kingdom strengthened by a Lackadaisicalanian marriage. In other words, I want Archibald to marry the Princess Araminta, the eldest daughter of the King of Lackadaisicalania. But my designs have been frustrated by the

whim of a girl, for Araminta objects. Therefore, you must brew her a potion—a love-philtre, which shall make her withdraw her objections to my politic scheme."

"And when do you want this love-philtre?"

"As soon as possible—certainly within a hundred hours."

"Then I'll bring it round to-morrow morning. That means I shall want time-and-a-half for the night-shifts."

"Good, then. You must put it in Araminta's goblet of wine, that she takes before she rises. And look here—none of your ca' canny. I shall pay you by results. So don't try to swindle me with a second-rate potion, whose effect works off in a fortnight."

"No, no," croaked the hag, as she shuffled out. "I'll make such a strong one that the effect will never wear off unless the beloved smite the lover over the face with a leek." And she went out.

A moment later she re-appeared, and cackled. "By the way, tell Prince Archibald to take care he is the first man to see Araminta after she has drunk the potion. Anyone who drinks it falls in love with the first person of the opposite sex he or she happens to meet."

III.:

It was the custom of King Pomposus to take a constitutional every suitable morning in his garden before breakfast. Next morning, therefore, he was doing after his wont, when the Queen came and joined him.

"Pomposus, dear," she said, "the cook's given notice. Won't you see her about it?"

"Er—possibly—after breakfast."

"Now," said the Queen, "do it immediately. After breakfast you'd say that you preferred to wait a little longer still."

"Well, then," said Pomposus, "I'll go straight away."

But as soon as the King was within the castle, he began to feel a horrible sinking feeling. The hero of a hundred fights leaned against a wall, took a deep breath, gulped, saw that his sword was in working condition, and started out again towards the kitchen. On the way he saw a tray upon a small table. It was Araminta's tray. The servant had left it a moment while she went to fetch the customary dog-biscuit. The King, however, did not know for whom the flagon was intended, and drained it to the dregs, in order to steady his nerves. Then he went on his way to the kitchen once more.

Within the kitchen was the cook, a portly dame, engaged in frying the morning sausage. Her back was turned to the King. Suddenly the monarch's aspect changed. The furtive expression left his countenance and was succeeded by one of moony abstraction, which in turn gave place to a languishing smile. With a stealthy step he approached the cook, and then suddenly cast his arms about her neck, and imprinted an osculatory salutation upon her mediæval cheek.

With a yell of astonishment and terror, the cook turned upon Pomposus, grabbed hold of the frying-pan, and brought that useful article into violent contact with her sovereign's head. The blow brought Pomposus to his knee.

"Lady! adorable one! have mercy!" he exclaimed. "Of what crime have I been guilty save that, worthless as I am, I have dared to imprint upon thy incomparable cheek the outward expression of the love with which I burn?"

"How dare you!" gasped the outraged domestic. "And me the mother of fifteen! I'll murder you!"

"Better to die by thy hand than to live without thy love!" exclaimed the amorous swain, and, springing to his feet he made as though to embrace the amazonian object of his devotion. Once more the frying-pan descended, and Pomposus collapsed.

But with indefatigable ardour the ruler of Retchidania continued to press his suit. The cook fled before him, and in the pursuit Pomposus tripped over his sword, and brought over a table laden with crockery. Nevertheless, Pomposus caught her at last, cast his arms about two-fifths of the way round her waist, and was preparing despite her loud remonstrances, to repeat his offence, when the Queen, atracted by the incredible tumult, appeared in the kitchen doorway. The good lady was naturally somewhat surprised to see her lord in such an attitude, but surprise did not act as a deterrent upon immediate action. With rapid strides she traversed the kitchen to the hooks whereon the various instruments of the culinary trade were hung, seized the rolling-pin, came up behind Pomposus, and smote that monarch a fearful blow. The cook extricated herself from his embraces

and cowered back into a corner.

Pomposus struggled to his feet, and the Queen laid a restraining hand upon her infatuated spouse.

"What does this mean, Pomposus?" she inquired, in tones that would have given a polar-bear double pneumonia.

Pomposus surveyed her without affection.

"Woman," he said, "I love thee not. She only," pointing to the cook, "is the mistress of my affections."

With that he made another dash for his adored, who, in pure self-defence, snatched up the nearest weapon, which happened to be a leek, and struck Pomposus in the face with it. The King halted; the fire died out of his eyes; he stared round the kitchen, passed his hand once or twice over his forehead, then, seeing the Queen, he reeled towards her, and offered his arm, which she took with an air of noble forgiveness. Together they left the kitchen, and as they went Pomposus could be heard saying, "I was only trying to persuade her to stay."

IV.:

Scarcely had the Queen succeeded in getting her erring husband safely withing the banquetting hall, than suddenly a rushing sound was heard. This was followed by a terrific convulsion that seemed to shake the castle from top to bottom. The hall rocked like a ship in a storm; the tables were overset; the Queen fell upon her knees and offered up a fervent prayer for deliverance; while Pomposus himself, who had managed to seize hold of a pillar, enter tained serious doubts as to his sobriety, and thanked his stars that the castle was not jery-built.

It was long ere the place had resumed its normal stability. The Queen rose trembling from her knes; Pomposus picked up a couple of chairs, and they sat down and stared at each other.

Suddenly there was a sound of shouting heard, and next moment Dandileonus rushed into the hall with a wild and startled appearance. He stared round, saw the King, dashed towards him, fell upon his knees (his own, that is to say, not the King's), and exclaimed:—

"Sir, the Princes Araminta has disappeared!"

"Disappeared!" yelled the King. "What do you mean, Dandileonus?"

"Your Majesty," answered the Lord High Wheeler of the Bath Chair, "the Princess has vanished—whither I know not!"

"'Do you know what you are saying?" bellowed the King. "Are you aware that this may involve international complications? Where is the Lackadaisicalanian Ambassador?"

"I will go find him, your Majesty," said Dandileonus, and disappeared at the double. Presently he returned—alone.

"Sire," he said, "the Ambassador is drunk."

"Drunk!" cried the King, joyfully. "then go and put him to bed, swathe him in bandages, and when he recovers tell him that he has had a dangerous accident, and is incapable of transacting business. That will do away with the dangerous necessity of telling him that the Princess is gone."

Just as Dandileonus was about to execute these commands, the wizened form of the old witch appeared. She crept furtively along the wall, eyeing the King warily.

"Oh, while you are about it, Dandileonus," said Pomposus, "you will kindly take that bag of bones and hang her."

Now the witch was not aware of the kitchen episode, so she thought herself the victim of injustice.

"Your Majesty," she cried, "your royal word is pledged. You promised to pay me by results, and I assure you that the disappearance of the Princess has nothing to do with the potion."

"I'm keeping my word absolutely," said Pomposus, grimly. "Only the high price of fuel prevents your being burnt."

Dandileonus, summoning up his courage and the nearest guards, dragged the witch out, but returned in a few minutes.

"Sire," he said, "as it is washing-day, all the cordage in the castle is used up."

"In that case, put her in a dungeon," said the King, "and then deal with the Ambassador."

As Dandileonus went out at one door, there entered by another no less a person than Prince Archibald, the heir to the Retchidanian throne. His Royal Highness was distinguished by the beautiful colour scheme he presented. His hair was a vivid auburn, and of the door-mat variety; one eye was pink and, the other green; his nose the colour of tinned salmon; and his teeth of a pearly whiteness, which revealed the virtues of chewing-gum. He was, it is true, bow-legged in one of his lower limbs,

but as he was knock-kneed in the other, the result was gracefully symmetrical. Thus it will be seen that the Prince Archibald was a youth capable of inspiring the warmest affection in the heart of any maiden except the fastidious Araminta

"My son," cried his fond father, "your future bride has disappeared."

"Yes," said Archibald, in a slightly worried manner, "I saw her go with the dragon, but hadn't time to ask her why she was going."

"The dragon!" yelped Pomposus. "Do you mean to say that a dragon has carried her off?"

"Yes," answered Archibald. "I was hanging about waiting to see her, according to your instructions, when that convulsion seized the place. At first I thought it must be the furniture removers at work, but at last I ran on to the ramparts, and just saw the dragon spreading his wings for flight, with Araminta on his back."

"And what did you do then, Archibald?" exclaimed his mother, expecting to hear of some valiant, if unavailing, feat of arms

"I waved my hat to her," said the gallant youth, modestly.

"Look here, it's preposterous! It's a case for the police!" cried his father.

"No, Pomposus," said the Queen, "let's put an advertisement in all the papers: "Lost, a Princess, answers to the name of Araminta; when last seen was in company of dragon called '—what did you say was the dragon's name, Archibald?"

"I don't know, mother. He wasn't very communicative."

"No," said Pomposus, "we must do this in proper style—send out the heralds calling for a champion to seek out and fight this dragon. I'll have that done this morning. Then we'll call a Cabinet meeting in the afternoon to consider applications."

V.:

At two in the afternoon, Pomposus with his two sons and his chief Ministers, sat in council. Then Sir Robert Smylie and Sir Francis de Hodges were announced as desiring audience.

"Ah, applicants, evidently," said the King, "show them in."

Two knights, sheathd in armour from top to toe, entered the council chamber, and bowed as much as their boiler-plating would allow.

"Your Majesty," said one, "I am Sir Robert Smylie, and my companion is Sir Francis de Hodges. We are the delegates of the Trade Union of Knights Errant, and have called to discuss the terms on which we shall allow our members to rescue the Princess Araminta."

"Ah," said Pomposus, "Proceed, Sir Knight."

"Your Majesty is probably not unaware," said Sir Robert, "that we have always looked with favour on piece-work. No work, no pay, is our motto. The rate fixed from time immemorial as the just remuneration of labour expended in rescuing a princess from a dragon is the half of a kingdom."

The King gasped. "What kingdom?" he asked. "Mine or the Lackadaisicalanian?"

"I suspect, sire, that it will be yours," said Sir Francis de Hodges.

Now, Archibald's younger brother hated him, and wanted to have the kingdom instead of him. So a wicked thought came into his head. He sprang to his feet and addressed the Council.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "in the interests of economy and of the political unity of Retchidania, I propose that Archibald slay the dragon."

An outburst of applause greeted this patriotic proposal, for lots of people wanted to get rid of Archibald. Thus pressed to undertake the valiant feat of arms, the Prince did not refuse, and amidst terrific shouts of approval he swore an oath that he would not touch water until he had fought with the dragon. Sir Francis de Hodges rushed up to the youthful hero, shook him by the hand, and insisted on making him a present of a small handbook, entitled "The Principles of Knight Errantry: Simply Explained for Beginners. Price 2d."

VI.:

Towards the end of the afternoon, Prince Archibald started on his fateful expedition. In the meantime he had made his will and received the good-wishes of everybody.

"How does one kill a dragon?" he asked the Secretary for War. "Put salt on its tail?"

"Turn a hose-pipe on it first, I believe," was the answer, "and then close hand to hand."

The Court Physician offered to provide Archibald with pills which never failed to

kill; the Prime Minister gave him a volume of his speeches with which to lull a dragon to sleep; the Court Musician urged him to employ a gramophone; and the Armourer provided him with a sword that would cut anything but a piece of war-bread. Crowds of people pressed him for his autograph, and he had to make innumerable speeches.

At last he was ready, and clad in complete armour. Pomposus, who had been in a bad temper the whole time, sentenced a soldier to six months' C.B. for observing how well the Prince looked with his visor down. Finally the Queen came, and brought her darling a tape measure with which to ascertain the dimensions of the slaughtered monster.

Escorted by numerous admirers, the Prince proceeded to the gates of the capital. After a little speech-making and mutual expressions of admiration, he and his attendant crowd parted. As the great gates clashed to behind him, and the cheering grew faint in the distance, Prince Archibald felt that his quest was really begun.

As he had not the faintest idea where to look for the dragon, Archibald let his horse have pretty much its own way. Presently however, he looked round and saw a hoary old man by the side of the road. He seemed the typical informant of a knight-errant, so the Prince turned and spoke to him.

"Good fellow," he said, "canst tell aught of the dragon? Is't hereabouts or no?"

"Why, noble sir," said the ancient man. "'tis but behind yon clump of trees."

Archibald was aghast. Was his adventure to come to a head so soon? Nevertheless, with a beating heart, he rode up to the edge of the clump signified, dismounted, tied his horse to a tree branch, and crept cautiously round the edge of the grove.

Beyond the clump of trees was a pretty little old-world hostelry, on whose front was a board, bearing in large letters the legend: "ST. GEORGE AND DRAGON INN."

Archibald heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. All at once he became conscious of an intolerable thirst.

VII.:

Next morning, Archibald tarried at a cobbler's shop, and was fitted with a pair of seven-league boots, by means of which he conveyed himself and his horse after many misadventures, beyond the Retchidanian frontier before evening. In a field just over the border, he was obliged to halt, as a nail was playing havoc with his foot. He sat down and took the boots off, after which he sat for a time admiring the variegated hues and redolence of the various flowers which decorated the greensward—cornflowers, wallflowers, and cauliflowers.

His meditations were interrupted by the advent of a mail-clad knight, who came across the field towards the Retchidanian prince.

"Sir knight," said the new-comer to Archibald, "saw you not yon writing?" and he pointed with his lance towards a notice-board which our hero had not seen.

Archibald walked up to the notice, expecting the familiar, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," but instead he saw:

"Notice.—Knights-Errant not allowed in except under proper control."

"Sir," said Archibald, "'tis an ungracious and unknightly rule."

"Necessary, though," said the stranger. "The last specimen which I allowed to enter was love-sick, and did nothing but sing, which frightened the game away, and make daisy-chains, which used up the flowers. So, Sir Knight, I challenge you to mortal combat."

Archibald, without a word, leaped into the saddle, and made ready. The two champions hurtled together, with a terrific crash. The knight-challenger smote Archibald clear out of the saddle and dislocated his left shoulder, while our hero knocked his antagonist's false teeth down his throat. Ah! those were fierce, cruel times!

Archibald regained his feet, rushed at his foe, and, while he was still in doubt whether or no to swallow his false teeth, swept him from the saddle. Out flashed the truest steel in Retchidania—the sword which would cut anything but war-bread. But the fallen man exclaimed between coughs:

"Withhold, fair sir" (it must be remembered that Archibald had not yet raised his visor), "thou wert but a recreant to slay me thus defenceless and distressed."

"I thought you challenged me to mortal combat?" said the victor.

"A slip of the tongue—a slip of the tongue," said the fallen champion, "not to mention the slip of the teeth."

Archibald suffered his vanquished foe to rise. "Sir knight," he said, "when you feel better, we will resume our amicable discussion."

The stranger made a wry face, but answered, "I accept your courteous offer, noble sir, but will you fill up the cup of my gratitude by bringing me a drink of water from yonder well?"

The chivalrous Archibald went to the well indicated by his opponent, and filled his helmet with water. When he came back, the knight had vanished; so had the seven-league boots.

"His cup of gratitude must have had a hole in it somewhere," muttered Archibald.

VIII.:

After this Archibald made his way on horseback in the normal manner, but in no particular direction. As he had spent most of his money on the seven-eague boots, he had now some difficulty in obtaining hospitality. The only thing he could do was to annex the country in convenient portions, and claim royal rights of entertainment. Accordingly his path might be traced by the long line of public-houses which he had annexed to Retchidania.

On the second day of his journeying in this manner, he at last obtained information about a dragon which was the terror of the neighbourhood, and had carried off a princess recently. Accordingly, Archibald went on the road they had indicated, till at last he came to the edge of a howling wilderness. There he met a countryman, and asked for further directions. The man led him to the top of a piece of rising ground, and Archibald, looking through the dusk, saw on the far horizon a fiery glow.

"Hello," said the prince, "is that a blast furnace?"

"Nay!" said the man, "it comes from the dragon's nostrils!"

"What!" said our hero, "is the dragon addicted to the excessive use of alcohol?"

"Nay, nay, sir knight," said the tactless yokel, "knights-errant are his staple diet."

Archibald groaned and annexed the nearest publichouse.

Late at night, the heroic prince began his journey across the blasted heath, which surrounded the dragon's den. He was fighting drunk, and several times burst into song. Nearer and nearer he seemed to the monster's fiery jaws: and the nearer he got the less distant he seemed to be. After a time the atmosphere grew warmer, and the vegetation thinner; there was as little moss on the boulders as there is on a politician. At last Archibald was hard at hand, so that he could see the monster's ferocious, greedy eyes glaring at him, and feel its stinking breath.

"I wish," said Archibald with a hiccup, "that the brute would keep off onions."

Then he shouted his war-cry, and drove his spurs into his horse's side. The animal bounded forward towards the dragon, whose vast jaws opened wide to receive the charge. Archibald couched his lance.

But his heroic intention of pinning the dragon to the ground was frustrated by the behaviour of his faithles steed, which came to an abrupt halt. Archibald spurred him on once more, but the poor beast shied, and threw his unhappy rider to the ground.

The Prince sprang to his feet. Already the dragon was beginning to take a kind of post-prandial interest in him, while his horse had fled away. With great presence of mind, Archibald, despite his armour, swarmed up a dead tree and perched on a branch. Nearer and nearer drew the baleful jaws of the dragon, till they gaped up at Archibald from the foot of the tree. Our hero had climbed up and up out of harm's way.

At last he established himself upon a dry and leafless branch of the huge tree. The dragon, fortunately, had injured one of his wing joints when he collided with the ramparts of the castle. He was now feeling the full effects of his injury, so that he could not fly or raise himself up. This gave Archibald a great advantage, and the Prince, when he saw he was not directly attacked, began to congratulate himself on his good fortune, when all of a sudden the lifeless bough gave way.

Down, down, down!—no, Archibald did not wake up in bed! He fell right into the dragon's jaws!!!

IX.:

Next morning, a peasant arrived in the nearest village, and informed the population that the detested dragon was dead. The people turned out, and viewed the corpse. It lay on its back with a peaceful smile on its face, quite dead. Great was the joy of the beholders.

A post-mortem examination revealed the presence in the stomach of a large foreign body, which the doctor certified to be the cause of death. On extraction, the said foreign body was discovered to be a knight clad in complete armour. With the help of a tin-opener, Archibald was extracted, unconscious, but alive.

Meanwhile, other villagers had proceeded to the cave where the dragon kept his collection of captive princesses. The Lackadaisicalanian Araminta, lately labelled and entered in the books under the debit account, was easily found. She was led forth from the prison, and when she recognised the well-known lineaments of her lover, her ancient aversion was swallowed up in admiration of his successful valour and unconquerable fidelity. She sank down beside his prostrate form, murmuring incoherent words of love in Esperanto. . . . .

It is needless to add anything further; to say that the couple returned to the Retchidanian Court as affianced lovers; that Archibald's wicked younger brother caught typhoid fever out of jealousy; that the lovers were united in marriage amidst the acclamations of two kingdoms; that the nuptials were distinguished by the usual insincerities; that Pomposus made a magnicent feast; and that everyone pretended to be happy—even the people of whom Pomposus had borrowed the money to cover the expenses. All this the reader can guess for himself.

SO HERE ENDS THE NOBLE ROMANCE OF ARCHIBALD AND ARAMINTA.

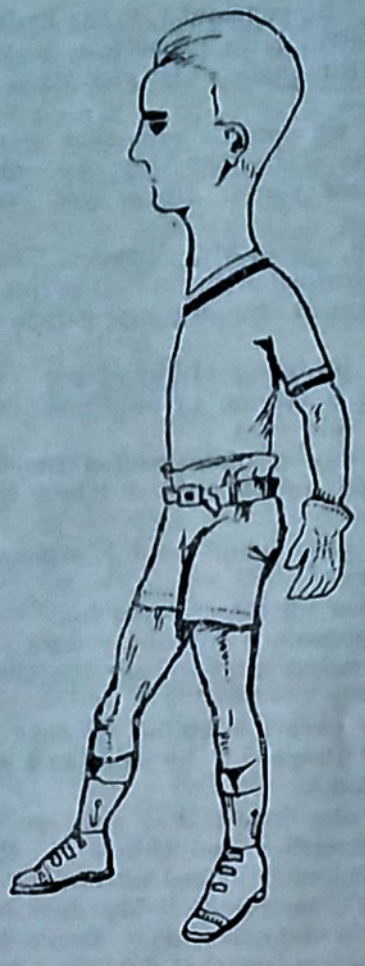
H.P.J.

OUR CELEBRITIES.
III.—J. H. SPENCER.

By " Tatcho."

To glean some details of the redoubtable object of this interview, we first of all buried our nose in " Who's Who." Herewith we append, with due awe and ceremony, the result of our investigations:— " Spencer, J.H., entered H.G.S. 1914; Secretary of War Savings Association, 1918; Treasurer of Debating Society, 1919-20-21; Captain of School Fives Four, 1920-21; Head of Science and Maths. Department and Junior Prefect. Recreations: Butterflies, billiards, and Clara Butt."

Having kissed " Who's Who " good-bye, we sped lightly up the stairs, and into the dire precincts of the Laboratory. We opened a Stink Cupboard. As we expected, we found Mr. Spencer curled up inside, inhaling the healthful fumes of chlorine. Noticing that his face bore a peculiarly beatific expression, we approached him with confidence.



Bravo! John Herbert

" Excuse us," we said, " but—— "

There was a sudden explosion. Mr. Spencer had sat back on a retort filled with gas.

" As I thought," he said, "it supports combustion."

" Yes," we said, gazing at tongues of flame making their way up the chimney, " we shouldn't be surprised if it did."

" Mind you," he went on, looking at us gravely, " Soluble albumin would exercise no considerable effect upon the precipitated tituration of potassium ferrocyanide suboxide, partly because the carbo-hydrate from gaseous laevulose will rotate a ray of polarised light 200 millimetres long, partly because the specific rotatory power of the torrefacted dextrin is such as to be almost negligible even at a temperature of 158 deg. Fahrenheit."

" That has been our opinion since childhood," we said.

"Of course," he continued, "the hydration of the dextrin is in proportion to the evaporation of the glucose and vice-versa to n terms."

"Strange," we said, "how that never stuck us before. By the way, we came here to interview you. Have you any objection?"

"None at all," said Mr. Spencer. "Proceed." He drained a beaker of sulphuretted magnesium at one gulp and wiped his lips.

"You are a professor of chemistry" we said, gazing at a stream of sulphuric acid trickling down his coat.

"Shall we say a disinterested investigator?" he said, modestly. "There is a difference."

"I suppose your whole soul is wrapped up in chemistry?"

"You make a mistake," said he, "you mean my subconscious sublunary aura."

"We meant what you said all the time. Pardon us."

Mr. Spencer gave a dignified gesture of toleration. "Proceed," he said, in tones of condescension."

"We have also heard that you are interested in butterflies and things of that kind." Mr. Spencer looked affronted.

"Interested!" he cried. "My dear Mr. Tatchó, I am a connoisseur. Don't forget to tell your readers that I know a butterfly, from the end of its petella to the subtratum of its capillary pigmentation."

"We will," said we, as we jotted as much down as we could remember in the best shorthand at our command.

"High finance has been one of your principal hobbies," we continued, glancing at our notes. "Now, do you think the value of the Russian rouble will rise?"

"Ah," said Mr. Spencer, puckering his bulging forehead. "That depends upon three contingencies. First the condition of Umptiwalden-Straffeski——"

Here we cut Mr. Spencer short.

"Ah, yes, that's what the 'Morning Post' said, isn't it?" we said.

Mr. Spencer drew together his Mephistophelean eyebrows into the hideous exaggeration of a frown.

"That's what I say, and have always said," he tombed. "As for the 'Morning Post'—phsha!" He snapped his bony fingers.

"Just so," we said, and snapped our own fingers, "but, to pass on to trivialities. What is your favourite athletic diversion?"

"Harpooning butterflies," was Mr. Spencer's laconic reply.

"And after that?"

"Fives," answered Mr. Spencer; "I am considered extremely nimble, agile, and fairy-like when I perform the requisite evolutions in that four-walled construction known as a fives-court. But even here I manage to preserve my dignity and the stiffness of the spinal column, as befits a scientific student and a gentleman."

"Is it possible that the two are reconcilable?" we said, in the innocence of our heart. At this juncture we noticed Mr. Spencer's hand move towards a large retort, so we bade our host a hasty "Goodbye!" and sped lightly to the more civilised regions of the School.

Cheerio, John 'Erbert! the Disciple of Law and Order, the Apostle of Water-tight Compartments! May your upright shadow never diminish, not even by the ten-thousandth part of a millimetre! May your tutelary planet ever bestow its best favours upon you, as it waltzes round the solar system in parabolic curves. Here's to your health in good H_2O — 3 (cham.)!

And as we see you on your knees in rapt adoration of Einstein, with a halo round his head composed of the impalpable mistiness of Exact Knowledge, may we realise that even Science produced Great Men.

"Out of the chemi-lab. came forth stench: out of the stench came forth John 'Erb!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By K.L.E.

The following are the very interesting minutes of the "Anti Semi-Independent Coalition Lib.-Lab. Conservative Union of Working Capitalists in Upton on Downing. Mass., U.Say-So."

"A Preliminary Meeting of the enthusiastic men, women, and children constituting the lesser portion of the population of Upton was held in the belfry of the Wesleyan Chapel on November 31st, 1901. The chair was taken by the local coal magnate, Mr. O. I. L. Wood. Mr. Smith proposed and Mr. S. Mythe seconded that the society should be called "The Anti-Semi-Indepen-

dent Coalition Lib. Lab. Conservative Union of Working Capitalists in Upton-on-Downing, Mass., U.Say.So." This proposal, as culminating from such a master-mind as Mr. Smith's, he being the local crossing-sweeper, could be met with no serious amendments, and was forthwith adopted as stated. Mr. Smith now proposed, and Mr. S. Oap seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr. S. Mythe. Mr. S. Mythe moved, as an amendment, a vote of thanks to Mr. Smith, which Mr. F. Ord seconded. The Chairman, however, settled the matter which aroused much rival enthusiasm, by saying that as neither gentleman concerned deserved or expected any thanks, the motion fell through.

The next business was to elect a president. Mr. O. I. L. Wood was proposed, but as no seconder was forthcoming, the proposal fell through. Mr. C. O. Munist was now proposed and seconded, and as no other nomination was proposed, he was unanimously, with few dissensions, elected to the noble and honourable office of president.

Mr. O. I. L. Wood now suggested that four vice-presidents should be elected. After much discussion two were agreed upon, and two nominations were at once made. Both these worthy men, Mr. B. Ox and Mr. S. U. Gar, were elected unanimously by a large majority.

The Secretary was the next office to be filled, after much discussion as to whether it would be advisable to elect a treasurer as a separate official or not. After much discussion it was decided that as the duties of the two offices were so heavy and required so little thought or exhaustive leg exercises, it would not be worth while to elect two officers whose duties could be done by six women, when one was enough. The proposer of this scheme was therefore good enough to propose himself as a prospective candidate, and he, Mr. F. Lour, was eventually elected by a large majority with an opposition of 49 per cent.

The meeting was now opened for any proposals of reform that members required to submit. Mr. S. Oap proposed that there should be an entrance fee of three shillings; there was no seconder. Mr. B. Ox proposed a vote of censure on Mr. S. Oap for his ignorance of the creed of the Working Capitalists, who never in any way take money from anybody. He ought to know, he added, that the expenses of any work performed on behalf of the Union would have to be paid of of the gentleman's own pocket. His vote of censure met with hearty approval, but as no seconder was forthcoming it fell through the chair at the same time as Mr. B. Ox.

No other matters being raised, it was proposed that the meeting should be herewith closed. This proposition being approved of, everyone departed at the early hour of 10-45 p.m.

(Signed) Mr. F. Lour, hon. sec.
Mr. O. I. L. Wood, chairman.

The second meeting of the society was held on December 25th, 1900, Mr. S. U. Gar, in the absence of Messrs. C. O. Munist, and B. Ox, was in the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. Mr. F. Ord proposed their adoption as read. Mr. S. Oap seconded. Mr. Smith proposed that the words "noble and honourable" immediately preceding "office of President," be deleetd. No seconder was forthcoming. The question was put to the vote, and the minutes passed as read. Mr. S. Mythe proposed and Mr. O. I. L. Wood seconded, that the local Anti-Liberal Rate Payers' Society should be approached with a view to amalgamation. The proposition met with overwhelming disapproval, but was passed unanimously. Mr. S. Mythe was deputed to see to the matter.

Mr. S. Mythe then proposed that as the Anti-Liberal Rate Payers were entirely opposed to the views held by their society, the matter ought to be dropped. Mr. S. Mythe was therefore dropped, on the floor.

Mr. O. I. L. Wood proposed that the illumination of the room should be increased. This proposition met with great approval, and Messrs. B. Eer, G. In, W. Hiskey, A. Lee, and B. R. Andy were stood upon a table in the middle of the room, so that their glowing noses might not be hidden under a bushel, but shed light upon the proceedings.

Mr. S. Mythe proposed that members who came more than one second before the time appointed for the commencement of the meeting, should pay to themselves, as it was against their views as Working Capitalists to accept money, a fine of not more than one farthing, and not less than one rouble. Also that members who arrived more than haf an hour after the commence

ment of the meeting should receive a voluntary gift of ten thousand roubles, to be paid by themselves, according to the creed of the society.

Mr. C. U. Rants now proposed that a cat be kept on the premises to catch any unsuspecting mice, so that the poor of Upton might not go unfed. Mr. M. Ilk seconded. The Chairman then asked Mr. C. U. Rants if he had any suitable candidate to propose. Mr. C. U. Rants said that he thought Mr. D. O. G. B. Iscuit would be quite suitable. Mr. P. E. T. M. Ouse seconded. Mr. D. O. G. B. Iscuit was elected unanimously, with few dissensions.

At this point Mr. D. O. G. B. Iscuit was seen to look at Mr. C. U. Rants with a look full of honour and admiration, and he also promised to reward him in the courts to the extent of 6,000,000 roubles.

Mr. O. I. L. Wood now asked Mr. W. Hiskey if he knew Ophelia, the honourable and illuminating gentleman replied that he didn't, whereupon Mr. O. I. L. Wood said "O feel your pockets for a bottle." The meeting herewith ended at the collapse of all members except all those who didn't.

(Signed) Mr. F. Lour, hon. sec.
Mr. S. U. Gar, chaiman.

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The third meeting of the society was held on February 30th, 1906, with Mr. F. Lour in the chair, in the absence of the president and vice-presidents. Mr. B. Oy proposed the adoption of the minutes as read, but as there was no seconder, the proposition fell through. Mr. B. Oy, as being the only member present, then asked the Chairman if he could account for the absence of the other members. The Chairman said that a rival society had been formed, which had an entrance fee of two guineas, and that all the members were probably to be found there.

The meeting closed with the arrival of Mr. F. Ool, and the society wound up its magnificent career by the collapse of the Chairman's chair.

(Signed) Mr. B. Oy, act. hon. sec.
In the decease of Mr. F. Lour.
Mr. F. Ool, chairman.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(To the Editor, "The New Heathen.")

Dear Sir,—As a staunch player of tennis, may I put forward the proposal that Tennis—at this school, at any rate—should be played all the year round. "Mais oui!" as Mdlle. Lenglen would say, "I fullee approve of eet." What could be more exhilarating on a day when the thermometer registers ten degrees of frost, than a game of Tennis? It is far more exciting than Football, and one has a far greater share in the game. Imagine four players arrayed in flannels (incidentallly matching the sparkling snow on the ground) playing the game of their lives! If goloshes were worn instead of tennis shoes I see no objection whatsoever. Do you, Mr. Editor?—Yours faithfully, "Ardent."

P.S.—I should like to hear other readers' views, as I cannot wait "till de n"ext magazine. Excuse the pun.—"A."

(The answer to the question is in the affirmative. We do not excuse the pun, and our Sporting Editor is not exactly puny.—Ed.)

(To the Editor, "The New Heathen.")

Sir,—I have read with interest Cycliste's letter in your last issue, in which he advocates the formating of a cycling club. This interesting effusion provided me with an idea which I flatter myself is of no mean order. Why can we not form a Scooter Club for the juniors and prefects? It would give the members an affection for naturalism, and at the same time be beneficial in giving all the members of the School who watch them a sense of humour. I would like to hear your readers' views upon the subject, and remain, in suspense (though not devoid of suspenders).—Yours,

'Scuta Vertens."

(We advise you to get a good start, and be the first "scooter," before the prefects get on your track.—Ed.)

INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANCIENTS.

IV.—Vergil.

As all who read the last issue of the Mag. will know, Mr. F. C. Strickland, who hitherto had conducted these interviews, was afflicted with a rather modern disease called "taking the count." This arose through contact with two bulky and dusty

voumes of the orations of Cicero, hurled by that worthy himself. After this terrible experience he vowed that he would never again interview an ancient.

The Editor of this rag, being at a loss how to fill up all those empty pages, and not wishing to lose good copy, sent our pugilistic secretary (turn to page 1, if you don't know him) for me. Taking me by the scruff of the neck, he carried me to the Editor's den, and there left me to his chief's tender mercies (?). His first words as abrupt as a busy Editor can make them, "Go—interview Vergil—don't come back till you've done it." With this he dismised me. Imagine my feelings?!?!

Now you know all, so let's to it.

The next morning I wandered wearily to the city where brave Horatius kept the bridge, and for which he swam the foaming Tiber. Inquiring my way in the correct Latin dialect, I was directed to a large palace on the Palatine Hill.

There I saw my old pal reeling off Latin Iambics forty a minute, to a crowded auditorium. When he had finished the Georgies, seeing the crowd rushing away, much as the audience at Thrum Hall does, I walked up and put the following question to him:

"Tibi-ne est nomen Vergilius?"

This I followed up keenly with "If so, I have been sent by that flourishing journal, 'The New Heathen,' to interview you?"

"I am of that name," he replied, subdued by the famous name.

Whilst I pulled out my pencil and shorthand note-book, I asked—

"How many spondulicks did Augustus give you for each time you mentioned 'At Pius Aeneas,' in the Aeneid?"

"I reject that insinuation with the just scorn it deserves," he replied, showing his 5ft. 4ins. to their best advantage, "The State only presented me with this house and the sum of 10,000 sestertii as a small remuneration for the services I performed for it—a paltry reward."

"Can you keep a secret?" he added abruptly.

On my swearing eternal silence, he remarked 'a voix basse," "Whilst I was walking on the Appian Way to my office in the Forum, I saw 15 crows on the left and 4 rooks on the right. This prophesied something good for me, so I went to consult the Sibylline books. By a judicious tip to the keepers, I was allowed a glimpe at the Book of the Portents, and I discovered—but you can have three guesses."

"These were my attempts:—

(1) "A fish and chip supper."—Answer negative.

(2) "A bottle of Old Scotch."—"No such luck!"

(3) "Found a rich uncle on his deathbed."

"Quite right—jolly good guess. When the fortune arrives, I'm having a pea-an'-pie supper. Can you come?"

"I shall be delighted," I answered in my best Parliamentary manuer. I always did like pea and pie suppers!

Then I asked: "You seem to know a lot about Hell. Was it a personal visit or purely guesswork, in the 6th Book of the Aeneid?"

"I beg your pardon!" he replied, with his back as stiff as that of an angry cat, "It is the invention of a master mind!"

"Quite so," I said, to soothe his proud, hot spirit. "How's the missus and the kids?"

"My friend," he said, in a solemn voice, "I will tell a tale to thee. Don't weep at the finish of it."

"Once, many years ago, there was a certain person called Vergil. He was inexperienced in the sins and follies of the world, so—but this will express it to a T-square:—

In Rome there was a young boy,
Who once loved a maiden so coy,
She pinched all his screw,
He took 'Mountain Dew,'
And drowned all his love in its joy.

Now you know my reason for perpetual bachelorhood.'"

"Oh, well, in that case you have my deepest sympathy. But time's up. Cheerio sonny. Keep smiling till that supper."

I arrived in Halifax still more weary, but the Editor's smile warmed the cockles of my heart, and I felt repaid for my labour.

—A Seedy Bee.

FROM THE UNIVERSITIES.

Oxford Letter.

Worcester College,
Oxford, 7.12.21.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I hope I may be forgiven for this very tardy redemption of my pledge to you;

only through fear that it would be redeemed too late by any further delay, am I constrained to write to-night—the vigil, or fast, or eve, or whatever it would be called in religious circles, of the Titanic struggle of the 'Varsities on the Rugger field. It is through no fear that the issue my be unfavourable to Oxford that I anticipate it, but it would be foolish to be dogmatic before the event; such things still lie at the knees of the gods.

The term has gone quickly, without any great events worthy of report. Our first excitement was a fire, in which the whole of the town and University alike was deeply interested; a brilliant flare lit up the sky for miles around; but the fine spectacle could not compensate for the tragedy it involved. It was a **brewery** fire, and words of complaint rose loud unto the heavens that such a fate should overcome so much potential beer! I think the fire brigade cannot have grasped the seriousness of the situation, or they would doubtless have risen above their usual sluggishness and been spurred on to doughty deeds of heroism in so noble a cause. Our last excitement was a Pogo race, but alas! Cambridge were before us, and it affords no subject for scriblerous rapture!

I have found interest in other amusements also, having lately taken to the game of "musical chairs"—that variety in which there is only one chair and nobody wants it, although it is enticing in its luxurious comfort. The villain of the piece attacks the unfortunate player with miniature crowbars and electrified javelins, until he's had enough; then the victim buys him off, at a fair price—but it is worth it when you have the toothache!

I am glad the School has gained the distinction of a Hastings Exhibition; heartiest congratulations to Spencer, to whose appearance at Queen's next Michaelmas, I am now looking forward. I trust there will be others also to accompany him up here, while one, of perverted or degenerate taste, makes his way to Cambridge! Bereft of Thompson and Jacobs I feel a lonely Heathen, for Riley, in his new post of honour, is rendered totally invisible.

I hope all is prosperity at the School, and the Magazine flourishing according to its wont.

Yours always, A.D.

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Cambridge Letter.

Magdalene College,
Cambridge,
Michaelmas Term, '21.

Dear Sir,—This year there has been one topic of outstanding interest in Cambridge. It is a topic which has been worn so threadbare by the London Press, that I should hesitate to revive it were it not for the extremely idiotic way in which it has been treated. I refer, of course, to the question of women and degrees. You will remember the violent attack of hysteria which induced such a comparatively sane paper as the "Daily Chronicle" to reproduce the outpourings of Miss Jane Harrison—outpourings which were, more or less, typical of the tone of the entire Press.

What happened exactly was that the Senate very foolishly fixed the day of the vote in the middle of term. Naturally this was heralded by everyone as a glorious chance for a rag—but a thoroughly good-natured rag. At 8 p.m. it was announced to a goodly concourse of humanity assembled outside the Senate House that the vote had gone against the admission of women; and one of the dons was fool enough to add, "Now go and tell Newnham!" The result was a procession to Newnham—one of the ladies' colleges—which resulted in some horse-play, in which some bronze entrance-gates were damaged.

Terrific excitement in the London morning papers! "Howling Gang of Undergraduates. Deliberately Tear Down Memorial Gates!" etc. The damage was estimated at £700; but, worse than that, was the fact that the impression was given that the whole thing had been done out of deliberate spite. If I were not afraid of wasting your valuable space, I could fill pages with the really funny things which were said. Do you know, Mr. Editor, that undergraduates were giving coppers to urchins to shout "Down with Newnham!" It must be so, because Miss Harrison saw it happen? And this is only typical of yards and yards of similar tosh. Believe me, sir, even the priceless humour of the "New Heathen" would have paled into the most insipid platitude beside it.

As a matter of fact, I never met anyone who had known that there were any memorial gates in Newnham at all! Better still, the damage sank to £400 when the first flush of excitement had passed, and was

finally placed by an expert at £50! Against the Newnham people themselves we have no grumble: they were quite splendid about it all through. But we do object to being branded throughout the country as a set of hooligans because of this thoroughly good-tempered, though perhaps very foolish, occurrence, by a set of people who know nothing whatever about the psychology of a rag. And, in conclusion, lest I should be thought to be setting forth excuses to ease my own conscience, let me add that I myself took no part in these events.

Other things have happened, of course; but I am afraid I have no space left to describe them. I must just tell you of a tremendous meeting on Spiritualism, at which Sir A. Conan-Doyle was down to speak. It was billed all over the town as being organised by the Anglo-American Psychical Society, and invitations were sent to all the "big noises" of the town and 'Varsity. Alas! for the gullibility of human nature! Sir Arthur failed to materialise, and a vast audience had to wend its way homewards as a collection of sadder but wiser individuals. And now, sir, cheerio! —Yours very sincerely, C. B. Kay.

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Leeds Letter.

The University, Leeds.

Dear Mr. Editor,— The term here is nearly over, and during this time, one or two worthy events have happened. Unhappily, a Dental has not much spare time, and even his half-day must be spent working. However, along with the Medicals, we Dentals decided to stop work for a day, and have a little diversion by way of a Rag. To begin with, it took the form of the usual march round, to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ, a few combs, and a good many drums (not to mention yells). Tarzan and his Ape had a gay time, especially with the police. Some of the Leeds unemployed had a counter-demonstration in City Square, and the orator (?) made cutting remarks about the "circus." A policeman asked the offender to move on, but the ape, from the top of a monument, called down in a pitiful voice, "Don't touch him; he's my brother." The aim of the Rag was to collect for the "Boots for the Bairns Fund" and when our demonstration was over, we all took up our respective positions, and managed to collect £400. I did a tour of the shops, and in the course of my tramp I went into more milliners and dressmakers' shops than I have ever been in in my life before (and I hope I never go into as many again)!

The Christmas Vac. will soon be here, but University holidays don't apply to Dentals, and so we manage to have four days. People will have toothache, so we must work.

Occasionally, I see our old friend, S. Lord, and a time or two I have tracked him down to the Fives Courts, where he was showing his prowess to a crowd of wondering first-year Medicals!

I am looking forward to receiving my copy of "The Heathen," just to know that everything is going along swimmingly at H.G.S.

All the old Heathens here were very pleased to hear of J. H. Spencer's success in the Hastings exam., and send their hearty congratulations.

Yours very sincerely,
J. L. PEEL.

FOOTBALL NOTES.
For the First and Second Teams.

By the Secretary.

After two or three succesful practice matches, the season opened with a sequence of three away matches for the First Team and three home matches for the Second.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Huddersfield College, a.—The first team played a magnificent game, undoubtedly the best game ever played against Huddersfield. Up to 15 minutes from time we were winning by 2 goals to nil. The College, however, thinking they were going to lose, an event which has never yet happened, made a superhuman effort, and bustled our backs off their hitherto unimpeachable game, scoring their three goals in a few minutes. The result was L. 2—3.

Rastrick Grammar, a.—This game was also of a very high standard. Rastrick possesed an excellent pair of backs, who defeated all the efforts of the Heath forward line. But in the second half, with Heath playing down the slope, one of the backs mis-kicked under great pressure of the dashing centre-forward, and left-inside, for the last-named player to score. The result was W. 1—0.

Almondbury Grammar, a. — The most noteworthy feature, the more so because of its entire absence at our home matches, was the fact that there were one hundred spectators who did not play football amongst themselves, but cheered and otherwise aroused their favourites to still greater efforts. The Almondbury forwards were too fast for our slow backs. The backs must learn to kick first time, not let the ball bounce and then lose it. The margin between the two scores is only so great because of the home team's magnificent goal-keeper, who saved his side times without number. The result was L. 1—8.

Halifax Secondary, h.—The result of this game was never in doubt. Heath were predominant the whole of the game, and the the final result was, W. 6—2.

Belle Vue Secondary, h.—A remarkable feature of this game was a goal scored by our right-half from inside his own half, a powerful, irresistible, dropping-shot. Our two wing men showed too much inclination to wander into the centre of the field; indeed, at times, the left-winger seemed to be playing centre-forward. The climatic conditions were simply abominable—a continual downpour of icy water. The result was, L. 3—7.

Rishworth Grammar, a.— At half-time the score was 5—1 in favour of Heath, but in the second-half Rishworth, encouraged by the shouts of their well-nigh frantic masters and confreres, scored three goals; through the inane antipathy of our goal-keeper for running out even under the greatest provocation. Our goal-keeper also attempted to emulate a N.U. scrum.-half, and creep furtively through the legs of the hardy hill-toppers. T he result was, W. 8—4.

Sowerby Bridge, a.—This game was as usual of a very ding-dong nature. Both sides scored two goals. Heath, as usual, scored through charging the goal-keeper. This is a tradition made in the dim past, and it always seems to be maintained. The Heath goal-keeper, a new one, played a very good game, and made good at the first attempt. The result was D. 2—2.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Huddersfield College, h.—This was the first match of our second team, which is quite a new institution. The goalkeeper and backs were good, but the forwards were very weak, both individually and combined. Our captain scored our only goal, the other being scored by the opposing full-back. The result was, L. 2—3.

Rastrick Grammar, h.—This was a very poor game from the point of view of good football. Although our team was slightly changed, there are still one or two profitable alterations which could be made. The result was, W. 3—1.

Almondbury Grammar, h.—The team was again changed, but Heath failed miserably in all departments, and lost badly, —nearly as badly as the first team. The result was, L. 1—6.

Halifax Secondary, a.— A very monotonous game, relieved only by the humorous antics of the home goalie, who endeavoured to play Rugby, and also vied with members of the canine tribe in grovelling. From one of these escapades a free kick was taken. Our player kicked both the ball and the goal-keeper into the net. The result was, W. 2—0.

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The players who have played in the First Team this season are:—
Goal-keepers: Veitch, Hopkinson.
Full-backs: Coghlin, Nettleship, Radcliffe, and Blackmore.
Half-backs: Thomas, Dalzell, Strickland.
Forwards: Sunderland, Culpan, Taylor, Wilson, Wade, and Brookes.

The players who have played in the Second Team this season are:—
Goal-keeper: Hopkinson.
Full-backs: Thirnbeck, Blackmore, Emmett.
Half-backs: Granger, Ross, Gledhill, Evans.
Forwards: Sunderland, Donohoe, Culpan, Walker, Lingard, Compton, Turner.

A full individual report will be found in our next issue.

THE WRITINGS OF OBI GUM, ITSTUKPHAST!

Compiled by F. C. Strickland.

I remember, I remember—ha, yes!—I remember the Great Benefit Match played on Troy Lane Rugby field, the benefits thus derived to go to Pluto.

These were the teams: Cicero; Achilles, Demosthenes (capt.), Artaxerxes, Cæsar; Æneas and Creon; Ajax, Hector, Diomedes Milo of Crotona, Orion, and Horatius.

And also:—Xenophon; Yearchais, Mithridates, Perseus and Cyrus; Pompey and Phocion (capt.); Coriolanus, Hannibal, Vercingetorix, Ulysses, Tissaphernes, and Crassus. Æsculapius was the ambulance man, and Thucydides, of the "Tyrian Purple," and Herodotus, of the "Sidonian Pink," duly reported the match. Zeus, of Olympus, refereed.

At 2-30 by my clepsydra, Milo of Crotona kicked off, and Mithridates fielding the ball, started a passing movement, but when the ball got to Tigranes, Hannibal seized him by the neck and bowled him into touch. The scrum being formed, Milo happened to sneeze, and he was the only man left standing up! Creon snapped at the ball, throwing it out to Æneas, who passed to Demosthenes, who, having dodged three men, was seized by Xenophon.

After a lot of kicking, Cyrus seized the ball, and, dodging Cæsar, had almost got past his brother Artaxerxes, when Artaxerxes put out his leg. Cyrus shot head over heels, and was carried off.

Some very blood-curdling remarks were passed on Artaxerxes, but Zeus, who had been watching Juno on the grandstand, did not perceive anything. The next incident was a clever run through by Pompey, who had only Cæsar to beat. But Cæsar grabbed him low, swung him round his head, and sent him flying. Pompey hit the posts, and Æsculapius came on, but poor old Pompey was beyond his aid.

Cicero came tearing up, and made a frightful oration against Cæsar, and was duly sent off for obscene language.

Then Ulysses, Vercingetorix, and Crassus made one of their famous forward rushes, and poor Artaxerxes was swept over and left a mangled mass on the ground, while Ulysses scored. Perseus failed to convert.

A regrettable incident took place, when Vercingetorix was ordered off for striking Cæsar, who was carried off. By this time both teams were getting a bit snarly, and Tissaphernes, without a tremor of guilt, deliberately tripped up Achilles, and kicked him twice, but Milo, who was behind, hit him on the nose.

This put the tin lid on it; both teams rose in their wrath and smote each other. Zeus, perceiving that things weren't going well, went up aloft in a cloud of smoke.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Since the issue of our last number, we have received news of the folowing distinctions of Old Boys, to all of whom we give our very heartiest congratulations:—

G. C. Riley, B.Sc. (by thesis), Assistant to Waynflete Profesor of Chemistry, Oxford.

A. R. Jacobs, 2nd Class Honours, Final School of Modern History, Oxford.

C. B. Kay, 2nd Class Honours in the Classical Tripos (pt. 1), Cambridge.

E. T. Coates, Indian Civil Service.

W. D. Lees and **A. Harrop,** Intermediate Civil Service.

G. D. Fleming, M.B. with honours, House Surgeon at Leeds.

P. G. E. Jolley and **D. G. Mackay,** 3rd M.B. Exam.

R. S. V. Marshall, 4th M.B. Exam.

E. C. Cox and **C. E. Fox,** appointed by Lord Chancellor Panel Referees for Yorkshire.

H. Mitchell, Associate of Society of Actuaries.

A. Hunter, 2nd year Honours, Classics, Durham University.

H. Dilworth, 1st year Monours, Mathematics, Durham University.

H. H. Shepley, County Major Scholarship, West Riding.

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Term began on September 15th, with our numbers once again increased, and our strength renewed for another year.

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At the end of last term, we gave our parting blessings to Mr. Collins and Mr. Harrison.

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Also to J. L. Peel and S. L. Lord, who are now studying Dentistry and Medicine respectively—and we hope respectfully— at Leeds University.

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Our congratulations are due to H. Wadsworth on his success in the London Matriculation examination.

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The Gymnastic work has now been taken over, along with the other athletics, by Mr. Garret.

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At the begining of term we welcomed Mr. H. G. Rhodes, from New College, Oxford, who came to lead us in the thorny paths of English and History. It is with regret

that we have, in the same paragraph, to bid him good-bye, after only one term in our midst.

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In his stead we hope, next term, to welcome A. R. Jacobs, one of our Old Boys, whose succeses at Oxford we have already noted. We trust he will find the New Heathen no tamer than the Old.

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On November 17th we were honoured by a visit from the Chairman of our Governors, the Speaker of the House of Commons. The School was not backward in showing its appreciation, even by assembling ten minutes before the usual time.

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Next term is to be made memorable by a concert to be held at the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Theatre, Clare Hall. We must perforce keep our readers in suspense as to details, but are assured by the promoters of a good programme. So make a note of the dates, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 16th, 17th, and 18th.

THE LOST WORLD; or PARADISE REGAINED.

By A. Chopkinson.

I had a hazy idea that something was, in vulgar parlance, "up," but I could not get away from the fact that I was not where I was before I was when I found I wasn't when I was when I was last where I was—no, dash it!—but, you understand, don't you, if you've ever "met a few old-friendsh dontcherknow at the club, ol' dear."

Well, to get back to business. The last time I was in the world of sound healthy mortals was when I was alone in my library, engrossed in Professor Ivan Ivanoff's treatise, which you are all thoroughly acquainted with, "The Spirit World; or Chats with a Whisky-Bogey."

I had got to the 3rd line of the 7th column of the 8th page of the 9th chapter, when suddenly—well, here I was, lying in some six-foot grass umpteen miles from nowhere off the highroad. I felt my pockets no, I had not been robbed!—I tasted my breath—no, I was not drunk!—no, dash it, I never am, course not. Who suggested it, nasty man!

Then, while I was gearing up the cog-wheels of my mental apparatus, I felt a cold shiver run down my back as a blast of hot breath nearly peeled my skin off. My blood stood on end, and my hair ran cold, as I turned and gazed into the bloodshot eyes of some fierce monster. Ah, I had fixed him! It was a full-grown iguanadon, and I comforted myself with the thought that it was not carnivorous, but an octogenarian, or a vegetarian, or something. Anyway, the beastly reptile began browsing off my hair and beard,but not liking the lubricating, bolted off, foaming at the mouth.

Re-assembling myself, I pulled myself together, I got up and walked—straight into a stegosaurus, which was engaged in a rough and tumble for the best five lives out of nine—with a six-horned dinoceras, and turning, I did the hundred in four seconds under record time,and pulled up as I turned a corner, into a (pack—herd—flock—shoal) of glyptodons, which had just overpowered a brontosaurus and was wallowing about in gore, which I first mistook for ink, as it was yellow. Sidling off, I made my way through a wood, but catching sight of a swatherium darted off at a tangent into the clutches of a machairodus, which, to my surprise, instead of filing a hollow tooth with me, lead me genthly but firmly down a well-worn track into an open glade.

Here the sight which met my gaze nearly knocked it out, for, seated or sprawling on huge rocks were a whole galaxy of prehistoric animals, including pterodactyls, archaegosauri, mastodons, ichthyosauri, dinosaurs, megalosauri, ceteosauri, plesiosauri, and a sprinkling of mammoths and ten foot gorillas.

My captor, the machairodus, leading me into the midst, took his place on a rock, strewn with bones, which I noticed were marked with the stamp of Belle Vue Museum (a cheese rampant). My surprise was redoubled when a moth-eaten ecteosaurus addressed me fluently in Latin, with which, as Mr. Hardie can bear witness, I am fully conversant.

The climax was reached when the biggest archaegosaurus sugested that I should stand the drinks, and I thinking of the vats required to wet the copious pouch of any one of them, demurred. They insisted. I protested They threatened I resisted! They sprang at me! I—fell out of the arm-chair, and nearly flattened the knob at the corner of the fender! My hair has since regained its normal colour!

SHAKESPEARE; or, LLOYD GEORGE.

By K.L.E.

"Come on, Hamlet!" shouted the call-boy.

Hamlet came on attired in his new pyjamas. The crowded gods hissed loudly—the object of their hissing was the call-boy, who, somehow or other, had got pushed on to the stage. He made a hurried exit, aided by Hamlet's boot. Once behind the scenes, he was passed from hand to hand, so to speak, but really from foot to foot, and finally on to the street. The sack! Yes, the sack!

Yes, he knew where it was, amongst the coals, full of rags and bones. So he wended his weary way towards his domiciliary abode, and, taking off his boots, put his slippers on his gaudily bedecked feet, resplendant in purple socks. He went to bed at 10-30 p.m., and woke up next morning covered with a cold sweat, having passed through a Midsummer Night's Dream. He went round the theatres next morning, but nobody would take him on. However, let us abandon the call-boy, as he has nothing to do with the story, and return to Hamlet.

When the play was over, he went home, singing gaily "All's well that ends well." After he had partaken of refreshment, he went into his study, and taking out his grease paints, proceeded to disfigure his face beyond all recognition, and until he was an exact double of Lloyd George. He went down-stairs in an attitude depicting serious mental inability, and his face clouded with a look of profound reflection. He spoke seriously to his wife about the colour of the wall-paper, the first time he had spoken seriously in twenty-five years, on anything except extinct jokes, which were to him an abortion, and the worst possible form of torture.

Going into the street, he graciously allowed a policeman, commonly known as the arm of the law, to hold open the door of a taxi. He rewarded him with a short summary of his views on "Should Policemen wear big boots or should they carry a walking-stick?" The taxi rolled quietly down the dark, cheerless lane in the heart of London, the moon shone through the verdant, atticed vaults with a power altogether new, although there was an eclipse due within ten minutes, during which the sun would obliterate the moon, presumably with a wet blanket.

Lloyd George (alias Hamlet, alias Smith, alias Evans) jumped out of the taxi before it stopped, leaving a halfpenny on the seat for the fare, and went back home.

Next morning the papers contained startling headlines: "Lloyd George Confides in a Policeman!" "Lloyd George Swindles a Taxi Driver!" "Lloyd George vies with Bottomley in Swindling!" and many other illuminating phrases. Hamlet, reading his breakfast, ate the papers with a smile on his face, which caused him to swallow a mouthful of hot cocoa and choke violently.

Part II. :

The Tempest, or Lord Nelson.

The next night, our practical joker went quietly down the Strand in his stocking-feet, with his boots in his hand, and after sending all the policemen away to call the fire brigade, he mounted Nelson's Column, and, taking a hammer from his waistcoat pocket, he knocked the statue off its pins, so to speak, and taking out his grease paints, proceeded to make himself just like the honourable gentleman just now destroyed. At last he was right, and he took his place on the pedestal Next day London was amazed. Lord Nelson stood gloriously on his column, surveying all the world with a smile on his face, his boots in his hand, and his digits to his nasal. It is useless for me to say what happened. Our friend Hamlet met his death, all the world now knows, in the following manner. A great storm arose, and he was blown from his precarious position, and dashed to pieces on the ground below.

LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.

The Society has had a highly successful session. The first meeting took the form of a reading. We read with much relish Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure." There was a good attendance, all active members being present; they are Spencer, Jacobs, Brookes, Taylor, Wilson, A.E., and Wilson, C. The comments on Arnold Bennett were not altogether flattering, and the members are to be admired for their powers of destructive criticism. Mr. Bennett was effectually squashed out of all recognition.

The next meeting was also in the form of a reading, John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" being read. This work was subjected to rather more friendly criticism, and in all ways more enjoyed. Mr. Jenkins is to be commended on his beautiful nasal sounds, made in imitation of the Americans.

Our last meeting was quite a novel affair, and one might say that it was the most successful meeting the society has ever had. Each member read a short story of his own composition; I will not quote them, as they all appear in this Magazine There was no criticism: the work was of too high a standard to be adversely criticised, but each story evoked a storm of applause, especially the piece entitled "Love at Last," written by the Secretary.

Altogether the Society has had a most successful season, and we are all looking forward eagerly to the next session, which commences next term. Application for membership must be made to the secretary (H. P. Jacobs). Each new member is required to give a paper on some work or author, but the length is not fixed. "Be not afraid!"

DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES.

The session commenced with a humorous and more or less frivolous subject, "This house deprecates the excessive welcome given to film stars in this country." All the old stagers were present, excepting only J. G. Coghlin, R. Thomas, and E. R. Brookes. There was a good turn-up of new members and Old Boys. Mr. T. W. Coghlin proposed with his usual wit and candour; he regretted that Mr. Chaplin had forsaken humour for pathos. He gave several examples of the imbecility of public personages, mentioning those young ladies of subtle charm and marvellous agility who succeeded in kissing him (Mr. Chaplin, not T. W. Coghlin—"Worse luck!" we hear him say), and the P.M. for forsaking Ireland in order to grovel at the feet of a money-grubbing, automatic puppet. Mr. Chaplin was effectually sat upon.

The second meeting was of a more serious nature: "In the opinion of this House the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is detrimental to the best interests of this country.. We had a very good debate about America and Australia, England being a sort of by-product or looker-on, so to speak. But as no one knew much about the subject, the debate was rather apt to wander. The motion was lost by a very narrow margin, owing to the influence of certain influential capitalists in the Society, who saw their best schemes going wrong.

A Parliamentary debate was decided upon for the third meeting, and a Bill for the Better Goevrnment of Halifax was put forward. There were many hostile amendments, and many biting comments on the sanitation, tramways, gasworks, and streets of this honuorable city, but the Bill was thrown out, severely mutilated, by a large majority.

As the municipal election of this town had just taken place, we also decided to hold a similar meeting. We had seven candidates, who represented respectively Band of Hope, Liberal, Labour, Conservative, Co-operative, Independent, and Ex-Service Men. The successful candidates were: Band of Hope, Independent, and Liberal. We had a very humorous ten minutes with the Band of Hope candidate, who showed visible signs of recent inebriation; indeed his language often belied his sobriety.

At the last meeting up to going to Press, the House was regaled by a number of impromptu speeches; many members expressed the opinion that this was the best debate of the sort yet held. The subjects ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime—from Einstein to a discussion of the relative merits of jam and marmalade. A remarkable feature was that all the members present spoke at least once.

This session has been a very successful one from the point of view of oratory. The new Remove members, to whom we accord a hearty welcome, have quickly made good. We congratulate them upon their rapid assimilation of the principles of the Society, and feel that after a little more practice, they will be quite capable of sustaining the highest traditions of the Society.

STOP PRESS.

Heartiest congratulations to R. Thomas on winning an Open Classical Scholarship at Magdalene College, Cambridge.