



MAGAZINE OF  
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
HALIFAX.

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Winter Term :: 1924.

Every Term :: 9d.



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# THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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## THE NEW HEATHEN.

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Annual subscription (for three numbers, post free), three shillings.

Contributions, written in ink, on one side of the paper only, should be addressed to the Editor, or to the Assistant-Editor, J. E. Coghlin; subscriptions, advertisements, etc., to the Treasurer, L. W. Hanson.

The Editor will be glad to receive notes and news relating to Old Boys in all parts of the world, in order that by this means Old Boys may be kept in touch with each other, and with the School.

Back numbers of "The New Heathen" can usually be obtained on application to the Treasurer.

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## EDITORIAL.

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This number of the "New Heathen" is produced under the (more or less) guiding hands of a new Editor, the third in its short existence. The trepidation the Editor feels at his inferiority to his predecessors is allayed by the knowledge that they have established the Magazine on a basis firm enough to survive even his inexperienced fumbings.

A glance through past Editorials has shown us that the remarks we wish to make are traditional, but they are—none the less—worth making once again. First of all, a Magazine has two sources of income—advertisements and subscriptions. The first is attended to by our efficient Treas-

urer. With regard to the second, the Editor feels sure that there are still many present boys and many old boys who are failing to combine duty with pleasure by supporting the Magazine. We are not the organ of any sectional interest. Most of our contributions ought to appeal to the juvenile mind between ten and ninety. Nor is it only for the original literary efforts which it publishes that the Magazine is worthy of support. If only as a chronicle of School activities, it ought to be welcomed by everyone who has any interest in the life of which he is, or has been, a part.

Secondly, with regard to contributions. The Editor was agreeably surprised both at the number and the quality of the pieces submitted to him, but he would like to remind his contributors that there are other fields of literature besides humour. There seems to be a morbid horror of taking oneself seriously, almost like the fear of being called 'swot,' felt by would-be industrious but weak-minded boys. The Editor realises that humour is a saving grace, but he is heretical enough to believe that a little intellectual priggishness at sixteen or seventeen can do a healthy boy no harm, and rash enough to assert that scarcely anyone ever achieved originality who had not, towards the end of his school-life, puzzled about, and perhaps thought, he had a solution to the many maladies of the universe.

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## SCHOOL NOTES.

\*\*\*

We are losing, at the end of this term, Mr. Martin and Mr. Somers. Tribute is paid to Mr. Martin elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Somers has been with us as Chief



Mathematical Master for over two years, during which time his thoroughness and geniality have guided many grateful feet over the "Asses' Bridge." We wish him good fortune at Cheltenham.

In place of Mr. Hardie and Mr. Watling we welcome Mr. Marshall, of Baliol College, and Mr. L. Corney, of St. John's College, Oxford.

The Editor is delighted to publish a review of our dramatic entertainment, written by Mr. E. F. Watling, his predecessor, who is now at King Edward VII. School, Sheffield.

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### J. P. MARTIN.

\*\*\*

In our last issue we bade farewell to Mr. Hardie. Mr. Martin, the last of the Old Guard, who retires this term, has had a long and varied association with the School. Coming from Aberystwyth Grammar School in 1891, Mr. Martin played a great part in organisation in the last decade of the century. 'The Old Boys' Club, recently taking a new lease of life—had Mr. Martin for one of its founders. In 1898 the Tercentenary celebrations, one of the chief results of which was the foundation of the library, owed its success very largely to Mr. Martin's labours as secretary. Mr. Martin, in his long tenure of the office of Sports Master, saw the change from Rugger to Soccer, the beginnings of the House system and the acquisition of Kensington Rd. Moreover, until recently, Mr. Martin organised the annual entertainments; during the war was treasurer of the School's War Savings Association, and collected all the information for the School War Memorial.

Such a record of extra-academic activity it would be hard to equal. Mr. Martin has earned the gratitude of all Heathens. His quaint Cumberlandisms, his unrivalled knowledge of Old Boys—he is a walking address-book—(to say nothing of his gown) will be greatly missed. May he live long to enjoy his period of retirement.

—A. R. Jacobs.

\*\*\*\*\*

### "J. P.,"

#### An Appreciation.

\*\*\*

I hope he will forgive me for placing on record how we of the 1888-91 period affectionately referred to him as between ourselves! I believe I am right in saying that Heath, was his first and consequently his only, School as a Master, and, if I am right in this, I must have been one of his first "trials"—I certainly was, and still am, one of his most faithful admirers and friends. "J.P." had, and still has, all the qualities which make for confidence and affection as between Master and boy—geniality, firmness tempered by fairness, and, above all, a profound knowledge of and sympathy with the boy's point of view. My recollections of "impositions" (I confess I am in ignorance as to whether the modern boy is aware of the meaning of this word) are not of the pleasantest, but one's distaste whilst "doing" the requisite "lines" set by "J.P." was tempered by the thought that they were in all probability richly deserved, for he was reluctant to punish, and seldom made a mistake in this respect.

I, as a keen member of the Football XV. and also Captain of the Cricket XI., have the happiest of recollections of him, for in my time he was the Master who "kept an eye" on the games. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of the lessons he taught us on the playing field: in the forefront of these was his desire to make us good winners, but better losers. His never failing attendance at matches, and the encouragement his cheery presence afforded the teams is not likely to be ever forgotten by those of us who had the good fortune to be associated with him.

In his approaching retirement "J.P." brings to a close a long and honourable association with the School we all love, and into his well-deserved retirement he will carry with him the affectionate remembrances and good wishes of the many hundreds of Halifax boys who have had the privilege of passing through his hands. Heath School loses a most excellent Master, but retains, I feel sure, a staunch summed up as follows:—

"A day for toil, an hour for sport,  
But for a friend is life too short."

—L. Storey.



## OUR OXFORD LETTER.

Hertford College, Oxford,  
5th December, 1924.

Dear Sir,—

Once more it is my ungrateful duty to delineate the failings of my fellow-Heathens in Oxford. Where the mass of material is so large, the task of your Oxford Correspondent must be difficult chiefly from the necessity of selection and compression.

We welcomed, at the beginning of this term, C. Wilson and T. W. Coghlin; now we no longer dream of such a thing. Both these have taken the obvious course of returning to their native heath at the latest possible date. Coghlin's excuse is purely frivolous—to wit Divinity Moderations. Wilson has more solid grounds. It appears that, owing to some oversight on the part of the Balliol authorities, he has attained only the ridiculously low average of three papers a week by way of Collections. His tutor accordingly proposed that he should tarry in Oxford over the week-end, and perform Collekkers. Wilson, of course, replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure, and that he could scarcely find words to express his appreciation of what the College was doing for him. It is this readiness to meet the wishes of its fosterlings that has made Balliol what it is.

I regret to say that Spencer has this term revealed a strain of brutal athleticism which hitherto he had successfully concealed. In the dim recesses of Queen's, guarded by haunted stairways and his evil reputation from outside interference, he wallows in the gross delights of ping-pong. It is said, however, that he still occasionally works. A most sinister circumstance in connection with his work—one which I am reluctant to reveal—is the fact that the never stays long in the same labs. A latent sense of decency seems to assert itself in the powers that be, after he has disported himself for a while in any particular lab. First he was at Queen's, then he was cast forth to Balliol; after that he became an habitue of the Botanical Gardens, where he was engaged on the synthetic production of geraniums; and finally he wandered to Jagers, where even the blue litmus blushes at his presence.

To proceed to J. G. Coghlin—I am glad to say that he has given up his disreputable intimacy with the Proctors. I believe he found them expensive pets, and that he has substituted theatricals. What exact part he takes in the Teddie Hall dramatic efforts I have never completely fathomed: I rather think he loiters round the stage-door, or something of that sort.

He has also taken to walking with great vigour. He thinks nothing of a twenty-mile walk, and still less of doubling the distance afterwards. He preserves, nevertheless, his old vigour at games, undiminished by gout, smoker's heart, and housemaid's knee.

This has been an uneventful term—a fact which, doubtless, is largely to be ascribed to the pretty continuous downpour of rain. There have been no further architectural improvements made in the Martyrs' Memorial.

Three of us observed with pleasure that the present generation at Heath has followed such excellent precedent in the matter of the Hastings. The one Heathen who in recent years has gone to Queen's, has, unfortunately, been taken as a representative sample.—Yours, etc.,

H. P. Jacobs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Owing to the failure of our Cambridge correspondent, we are unable to print the usual Cambridge letter.

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## ONE MORE.

\*\*\*

O Cyril, comrade mine, we two have blown  
Together through some rough, tempestuous seas  
Of years and masters, impots., cane, to groan—  
Wilt pass me now the blotting, if you please?

Now is the end, which to all mortal things  
Is fated, almost come; at last, dear Cy,  
Old Time can spread once more his hoary wings,  
No longer need we ask him not to fly!



For, after all, my Cyril, here below,  
Beginning is but prelude to the end,  
And what's between, a meagre hour or so  
Of torture and internal pain, old friend.

We've passed a many troubles in our time,  
And a few fleeting pleasures by the way;  
We've overcome fully many an arduous  
climb,  
We've blundered oftentimes through a  
gloomy day.

Perchance we've plenty evils still to bear,  
Perchance there is in front a host of woes,  
But pass the blotting, Cy, from over there,  
At least we've finished one more Latin  
prose. —Jasper.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FUGIT.

(A Fantasy.)

\*\*\*

Dusk had fallen over Skircoat Green.  
Round the field the yellow gaslamps were  
beginning to twinkle, and the goal-posts  
were rapidly growing dimmer. St. Jude's  
chimed half-past five with tuneless resignation.

I locked the door of the pavilion and  
turned to go, with thoughts of tea shining  
like a guiding-light of my life within my  
mind. I tinkled the dainty little keys upon  
their ring, and was about to turn my steps  
homewards when a footstep sounded be-  
hind me.

I turned. An old man stood before me,  
the chill night breeze was whistling  
through his snowy beard. He leant upon  
a stick. I greeted him in surprise; it  
was not often that anyone beside the actual  
players came to the field.

"Good evening," he wheezed, "which  
way are you going?"

"Across the Moor," I said.

"I'll go with you," quoth he. "Across  
the Run, I suppose?"

I begged his pardon.

"Across the Monkey Run, I said," he  
made reply. "You know what I mean,  
I suppose?"

I did not.

"Why," he quavered, "when I went to  
Heath"—I suppressed my surprise—"we  
called the road across the Moor the Mon-  
key Run. But, as Virgil says, 'Eheu  
Fugaces,' I suppose—I still know my  
Classics."

I remarked that it would be some time  
since he had learnt them. He did not  
hear me.

"The times we used to have!" he  
trebled. "Aye, the times—the times!—  
You know what Detention is, I should  
think?" he leered.

I said I had heard of the archaic insti-  
tution. "What! No Detention now?"  
he cried. "No Detention. . . if I can't  
realise it. . . a school without detention.  
. . . . . to think of it once more. . . The  
hall, the long scarred desks, the disorderly  
forms, the gurgling of the yellow gas-flames  
—aye, that was Detention! And the long  
rows of boys, scribbling for dear life, the  
scratching of their pens, and the stately  
tread of the master. . . and then suddenly  
a rush, a stampede into the room, the  
master standing aghast at a host of inky  
kids. I can hear him now, 'The reason  
you boys are late?' and their treble-  
chorused reply, 'Please, sir, Mr. Cowman's  
been keeping us in!' 'I can't help Mr.  
Cowman. Boys should be in their places  
when I come into the room. Boys must  
do me some lines.' Then their dismayed  
and sullen faces as they slunk to their  
places—silence, then the scratching pens  
again. Aye, that was Detention. . . .  
the times we had!"

"And Gym. too," he muttered. "Aye,  
Gym. I can see them now—the rows of  
boys in their vests and their pants, and  
Little Jo, too! Aye, he was a man, w  
Jo! The jokes he made! And the times  
he made them! "Don't stand there!"  
he would say, 'or you'll be catching cold,  
and then I'll be getting a note—"Dear Mr.  
C—s, please excuse Johnnie from Gym.  
to-day, he has a bad cold!" . . . And then  
the maniac marches we used to perform,  
round and round again. I can see him  
now—his solid four foot ten of brawn and  
bone, and hear him say 'All out of step  
except you, aren't they?' or 'Now, now,  
this isn't a fancy dress ball!' or 'What's  
wrong with your pants? You can pull 'em  
up when they're round your ankles!' What  
a jester! I can remember the day of all



days for him, Speech Day, when after a few well-spoken words, he led out his trained band to perform upon the lawn. Aye, the ripple of clapping, and the thud of pump on turf—it all comes back to me. And he, the monarch of all he surveyed, clad in his blazer of the brazen buttons, and his immaculate flannels, jerking out his words of command, until his own eccentric method of dismissal, 'Class, with a jump and a handclap, DIS-MISS!' Then the cakes and lemonade that never turned up! . . . Great days, aye! Great days!"

"And when we stayed to kick a ball about after Detention, and dusk fell, and the full moon was high before we went away. Then the row at School next day about the ball! Those were the incidents of every day!

"The Sixth Form! I remember them; they were men then. They strolled about the School, they whistled, they sang, they did anything but work. In summer, we, who sweated at what was, after all, pure waste of time, in our form rooms—we could hear them at the net on the lawn—the full crack of the willows, and the raucous laughter!

"And the football matches, when the referee turned up half-an-hour late, and the ball still later, while we shivered in threadbare jerseys—I remember them,—and the wind blowing a gale down the field. Then the Sports Master had only one duty—to refuse to pay the team's fares. Aye, but he did it conscientiously!

" 'This change, it do keep on,' as Bert Smallways said. . . . but no Detention. . . ." he mumbled on, then stopped suddenly.

"But," said I "did you——"

The rain had begun to sweep down across the Moor; it struck my face as I turned to ask my question.

But my companion had gone!"

I sighed, and continued on my way.

—Jasper.

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## OUR POLICE COURT NEWS.

\*\*\*

(By our Special Reporter.)

Before Mr. Justice Cockroft. After a few minor cases had been summarily dealt

with, a coloured man was brought into the dock. This proved to be C. J. Collinge, of "Rough Lea," generally known as Kypot or Cyril. He was accused of being drunk and disorderly in charge of a bicycle in Free School Lane on Monday afternoon, the 8th ult. Prisoner presented a very sorry appearance, which was not improved by the fact that he was without collar, and his neck had a grimy appearance. He was received with boos.

P.C. Oglin stated that on Monday afternoon he was on his beat when he saw a crowd collected round prisoner, who was on the floor entangled in his bicycle. He was quite incapable of getting up, and was swearing volubly. His breath smelt strongly of spirits, and prisoner resisted on being taken into custody.

Dr. Eastwood, prison doctor, stated that he examined accused and put him through various tests. He was unable to walk along a straight line, and repeatedly fell over his own feet. In the word test, when asked to pronounce "Political licence," prisoner murmured something unintelligible, which sounded like "Economics." When asked to repeat "Debating Society," he pronounced "Chess" in a loud voice. In his opinion prisoner was totally drunk, and a danger to the public.

For the defence, J. Lawrence, labourer, of no fixed abode, stated that he was bosom friend of prisoner. He stated that prisoner was very queer in his habits. On Monday afternoons especially he had not full control over his faculties, and behaved as if he was not properly "compos mentis." He also stated that he was addicted to eating large quantities of cheap raisins, which doubtless had a deleterious effect on his constitution. In fact, raisins sent him into a deep slumber, from which he could not be awakened.

Mr. Justice Cockroft: "Case of raisin' the dead, eh?"

Laughter at this stage was so prolonged that the court had to be cleared before the case could be proceeded with.

Prisoner himself stated that he had signed the pledge, and had never touched anything stronger than ginger beer. He admitted, however, that he was generally



regarded as a queer customer. This concluded the defence.

Mr. Justice Cockroft, pronouncing sentence, said that as this was only prisoner's third appearance, he would dismiss the case against him for being drunk. He would, however, fine prisoner the sum of £1 for using bad language. Furthermore, he recommended that the prisoner should be confined in a mental home.

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\*\* The two stories, "Omnia Vincit," and "Mr. Wagge," are both the words of divers hands. The editor wonders if any of his readers will be able to detect discrepancies.

### OMNIA VINCIT . . . .

\*\*\*

#### Chapter One.

#### The Serenade.

It was a winter's night, and the frost was already sparkling on the roads. The ponds were ice-covered, and the gas-lamps showed clearly through the crisp air.

Half-past ten was sounding from St. Jude's clock, when a young man might have been observed striding across the Moor. He might have been, but probably he was not, for the simple reason that there was no one there to observe him.

This young man was clad in a well-cut suit and a bowler hat; he carried a bundle of some sort under his arm. He was puffing vigorously at a glowing cigarette, and the crisp grass crackled under his jaunty steps.

He held a slanting course across the Moor until he reached the neighbourhood of Skircoat Green. Here his steps became less jaunty, and his upright frame began to assume a furtive aspect. Instead of walking boldly along, he huddled close to the wall and kept as far as possible in its shadow.

His footsteps sounded loud and clear in the still night air until suddenly he stopped outside the gates of a large detached house. Softly he tried the lock, and finding it immovable, swarmed quickly and stealthily

over, not, however, without tearing his elegant trousers on one of the spikes which surmounted it. An exclamation, brief, but to the point, escaped him, and he slid rapidly to the ground.

He did not pause to survey the extent of the damages, but softly crunched his way up the gravel drive, keeping to the shelter of overhanging rhododendron bushes as he did so. He soon arrived at the strip of lawn which lay in front of the house, and as he did so, the moon, which had hitherto been veiled in clouds, sailed into the open sky.

It revealed to the intruder the red brick of the house, showing here and there beneath the matted ivy which climbed over it, and the double row of windows. It was the latter which seemed to interest him most, and for some moments he surveyed them carefully, with a scrutinising eye on those of the first storey. Then he selected one, and walked across the frosty lawn until he stood beneath it.

With a lordly gesture, he threw away the stump of his cigarette, which, till now, he had managed to keep in his mouth; then, with reverential awe, he drew off the covering of brown paper which had enfolded his bundle. A loving smile creased his face as he gazed upon the contents. . . . It was a concertina.

The young man heaved a pensive sigh, and drew forth his instrument with a dramatic gesture. It emitted a despairing wail. Then he played a few soft bars, and lifted up a thin tenor voice—

"Loved one, the moon is bright,  
Darling, her silver ray  
Turns now our trysted night  
Into a fairy day.  
Darling, come down to me,  
Here where I sing below,  
Loved one, I wait for thee,  
Come down, 'tis time to go."

He ceased, and heard the grating of the window above as it opened. Then, as the intruder raised his bowler, a large bald shining head projected in the moonlight.

"Much as I regret this untimely interruption, my esteemed and romantic troubadour, permit me to express a doubt as to whether you are not wasting your sweetness on the desert air," quoth the head.



A smile illumined the young man's face.

"Ah, good sir," quoth he, "I fear indeed you speak too truly. And since you have been so kind, perhaps you will inform me which is your daughter's window."

"My good, well-meaning young friend," replied the head, "I am sure I would be only too delighted to do so, but——"

"Ah, sir, why not?"

"Unfortunately, as I was saying, sir, I have no daughter."

The young man's face fell.

"That is indeed a drawback," he remarked, "but such a night as this for serenades cannot be wasted. Perhaps you will be good enough to point me out some fair young damsel's window!"

A grin spread over the face surmounted by the hairless head.

"I'll be with you in a minute," came the reply, and with that two pyjama-clad legs came into view over the window-sill.

Next moment the bald headed man stood at the foot of the ivy, dusting his hands.

The young man gazed at him in silence. Then, "Which way?" said he.

The other seized him by the arm.

"Come!" he said.

They crunched together down the drive.

## Chapter 2:

### "Cherchez la femme."

It is a curious fact that it did not at first seem in any way extraordinary to our romantic young friend that he should be walking down the drive of a strange house with a man whom he had never seen before, nor yet that his guide should be so inadequately attired: but when they reached the gate the remembrance of his own misfortune led him to fear lest in the climb some greater calamity should befall his pyjama-clad friend. The bald-headed man, however, who had not abandoned his grip on the young man's arm, led him along a narrow, grass-covered pathway to the left until they came to a little wooden gate. This was unlocked, and as they passed into the street the young man resumed his ecstatic speculations on the

prospects of a second and more fruitful serenade.

In the distance the last car rattled on its way to town.

Aroused by its din from his pleasant contemplation, the young man awoke to more substantial facts. The unconventionality of his position came upon him with such suddenness that he started violently. The concertina gave out a protesting shriek as his grip tightened. He noticed that his arm was growing numb under the fierce embrace of the bald-headed man's podgy fingers. He wriggled it tentatively. The man's benignant beam became intensified, and his grasp grew painfully powerful.

The young man's thoughts now became occupied with the consequences of his rash escapade. If the events of that night became known, he would, at the best, become an object of ridicule for some time to come.

... What was that huge shadow moving round the bend in the road? A policeman?

His heart sank to the very toes of his patent-leather shoes.

The colossal shadow passed on, and with a heavy sigh of relief he realised that it was caused by a little cloud passing over the moon. Then fear seized him again.

"I say," he said to the bald man, "Where are we going?"

The other looked at him with a childlike expression of wonder. "Why," he said, "to a fair young damsel's window. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the young man. "but——"

"Ah, you're a gay young dog," interrupted his companion, "I was like you myself when I was young!"

Before the young man had time to speak again, he was dragged into a near-by gateway. The bald man put his finger to his lips and listened intently. The young man followed suit. Slow, uncertain footsteps were borne to his ear on the cool night breeze. Someone far down the road was approaching.

The young man's knees began to perform uncontrollable oscillatory motions: he shivered with cold, and trembled with fear: he held his concertina as if it were a red-hot coal, lest it should emit another unbidden note.



The fat man, on the other hand, seemed to have a cool mind, and, despite the scantiness of his clothing, a warm body: only his enormous chest moved in time with his deep, regular breathing. As the footsteps drew nearer, two different treads might have been distinguished. Indeed, it is possible that more might have been distinguished had there been more than two people there.

At last the footsteps stopped outside the gate. The two adventurers in their hiding place could not see who it was who had brought their journey to such an abrupt end, but they listened to the conversation of the intruders, carried on in two high-pitched feminine voices. It appeared that the two women were returning from some social event, and were discussing their fellow-guests, their clothes, and the supper. The young man's limbs became cramped, but his companion had not moved, but still the conversation went on.

Twelve o'clock boomed from a neighbouring church-clock.

"Midnight!" shrieked one of the voices outside. "I must go."

A daintily-gloved hand grasped the top of the door. The young man, terrified at the prospect of imminent discovery, again gripped convulsively the concertina under his arm. The much-abused instrument uttered a low moan, and the woman sprang back, and clutched shrieking to the neck of her friend.

The two men determined simultaneously to make a bolt for safety. As soon as they got out of the gate, however, they stopped, gazing in dismay at the women; one of them was short and buxom, the other tall and angular. The former, on seeing the young musician, screamed "Freddy!" and fainted. The other muttered "Henry!" and advanced menacingly on the fat man. . . .

### Chapter 3:

#### In the toils.

"I—I say, you know, my name's not Henry, and, anyway, who are you?"

Her look of resolution turned to one of endearment as she held out her arms as if to embrace him.

"Henry, darling, why did you leave me? All the world over have I searched for you, in vain. Won't you come back to me?"

The fat man's bald pate glistened with perspiration; he sagged at the knees. He looked supplicatingly in the direction of the musician, who was gaping at the prostrate fat woman, and felt the long arms of the tall lady encircling his neck.

He shrieked and struggled, but the arms only held him the tighter. Suddenly the expression of his face changed; a look of smile. "Look, look," he hissed, "your low cunning came over it; his eyes narrowed, and his lips curved into a diabolic friend has fainted; she will die if we do not help her."

The tall lady looked at him contemptuously, "Oh, Henry, don't you know me better than that?" She kept her hold on him with one hand, and dragged him to where the buxom woman was lying. She gave her one glance, and, "I know what will revive her," she said, turning to the would-be musician, "Play us a tune." The musician started at her voice, gulped, hitched up his lower-jaw, which seemed to sag at the slightest provocation, and began. . . . That was as far as he got, for at the best of times a concertina is not melodious, nor was Freddy in the first rank as a musician. Add to this the fact that the boy's nerves were in shreds, his ganglions quivering, and his hands blue with cold, and you will arrive at some remote idea of the fearsome noise which aroused the buxom woman.

She sat up, and with difficulty stood upright.

"Freddy," she murmured, "my own dear Freddy! Freddy, Freddy, why don't you answer me?"

"Th—th—there must be some mistake. I don't know you."

"You don't know me!!! " Her voice rose to a scream. "I'll teach you to say you don't know me. I'll scratch your eyes out!"

She advanced threateningly, and poor Freddy retreated and tottered straight into the arms of the tall woman.



"Now I have you, both of you, you villains! I'll teach you——"

"Now, then, wot's all this, hey? Wot's all the 'ullabaloo about, hey?"

A husky voice broke in rudely, and the quartet turned to see a burly constable flashing his lamp on them.

"Come on, don't stare at me as if I was a blinkin' ghost. Don't yer know you're a-disturbin' of the peace? What's the idea, hey? Wot are you doin' in them py-jamas in the public streets, hey?" He turned to poor Henry, who, as the angular woman let go her hold on him, tottered, and slowly subsided on to the pavement, whence he slowly slid into the gutter.

The constable stabbed an accusing finger at Henry.

"You been drinkin'," he said, firmly and reprovably.

"I?" exclaimed the hapless Henry. "Why, I've been a teetotaller all my life. You insult me, sir!"

"You been drinkn'," reiterated the policeman, and a gleam of inspiration illuminated his stolid countenance.

"Else why should you be 'ere at this time o' morning, in them things?"

Poor Henry gasped. The tall woman murmured "Socrates!"

The constable turned to Freddy, "You been drinkin', too!" His glance swept round the group: "You all been drinkin'," he asserted, sternly.

Freddy's eyes were bulging in a glassy stare; his face was a beautiful, pale green colour, when suddenly his eyes bulged more and more. He had an idea, a very rare occurrence to Freddy!

Would the constable accept a cigarette? He had heard of such things happening. The fellow's face looked fairly honest, but after all "handsome is as handsome does." But perhaps he didn't smoke! However, he could only try him.

He took out his cigarette-case, and selected one with elaborate care. "Do you smoke, officer?" he asked, ingratiatingly offering him the case.

"Are you a-tryin' to bribe me?"

"No! no! wouldn't think of it. No harm in offering a friend a fag, is there?"

"Don't presume to conterdick me, you're a-tryin' to bribe me, you are—and wot's more, you're comin' with me—you're all comin' with me. A-disturbin' of the peace at this time o' mornin'."

He blew a loud blast on his whistle, and produced a pair of handcuffs. He fastened the unresisting men together by their wrists, and, as another policeman came up, consigned the two women to his care.

The party set off, leaving Freddy's bowler on the pavement.

#### Chapter 4:

#### Retribution!

The six trudged wearily down the road in silence. The policemen seemed angered at being disturbed on their beat. The two women were crying a little. Freddy was gloomy. His one idea had failed miserably, and only made their position worse. He was trying to think, but the thoughts wouldn't come. Henry was completely deranged. The encounter with the women had damped his ardour. The advent of the police had absolutely bowled him over. At first he walked soberly. Then he began to realise that his clothing was hardly suitable in the cold weather. The snow was beginning to fall.

He began to shiver. He sneezed, he coughed. He began to shiver and sneeze and cough all at the same time. The policemen grew alarmed.

"'Ere," said the first in a blustering tone, "What's the game?" Henry's answer was another bout of sneezing.

"Blimey!" exclaimed the second cop, "we're a-goin' to 'ave a dead man on our 'ands hif we're not careful."

It was clear that they were inwardly disturbed. The path of duty bade them take Henry to the lock-up at whatever cost. On the other hand, if he went on like this, they were liable to be accused of homicide. After a short conversation, they communicated their plans to the prisoners.



"We've decided," said No. 1, "that the ladies and me will go right on to the station, while Bill 'ere sees this poorly gent. 'ome and then fetches the other along with 'im."

The party accordingly split up. "Bill," with Henry and Freddy, retraced their steps and finally arrived at the house. An acute observer would have noticed that Henry's cold had steadily become better. At the gate of the house he was only sneezing spasmodically, and had stopped shivering. The policeman saw him into the house, relieved him of the handcuffs; told him to let this be a lesson to him, and finally slunk off with the disconsolate Freddy.

Inside the House, Henry became almost joyful.

"What a damned fix to be in!" he muttered, "Still I got out of it nicely. I half deceived her, and took the bobbies in completely."

As Freddy trudged down the path, he fancied he heard Henry singing in the bathroom. He himself was far from singing. The man who had got him into this fix had left him in the lurch. The policeman proved inexorable. When Freddy told him he was a magistrate's son, he laughed in his face, and wrote it down in his notebook. When he begged for mercy, he kicked him. They were fast approaching the police-station when a brain-wave struck Freddy hard.

"I—I say, officer," he faltered, pointing to a glow in the sky, "I think there's a fire over there. Don't you think you'd better investigate?"

The officer tapped his own head, and gave Freddy's a good smack.

"Are you so far gone that you've forgotten it's November 5th?" he growled. "That there's a bonfire!"

Freddy sighed. They were outside the police-station. He resolved to make a bold bid for safety. With a sinuous bound he leapt away from the officer, and turned to flee. Alas! He didn't see the banana skin left by some careless pedestrian. The floor rose up to meet him, and he remembered no more. . . .

When he awoke, he was horrified to find himself in a cell. His head hurt horribly, and the nightmare of the serenade loomed large before him. He turned over on the straw bed, and slept again.

The other policeman, as we have said, was conducting the ladies to the station. He was walking along in silence, stolidly regarding the pavement. They also did not speak, but the twitching of their shoulders and the sobs to which they gave vent at regular intervals showed that they felt their position keenly.

"'Ere, I say, what's that?" suddenly ejaculated the peeler.

Low moanings were audible, proceeding, as it seemed, from a house on the other side of the street.

The constable resolved to investigate the matter.

"You two stay 'ere a mo', while I see what's up," he exclaimed.

He dashed across the street, and through the door of the house. The ladies waited obediently. The low moaning ceased, but was succeeded, not by silence, but by an uproar. In a minute the constable dashed out. His helmet was banged down over his eyes. His left eye was fast becoming closed up. His uniform looked as if he had been sweeping the streets. His breath came in short gasps.

"This is no place for women," he puffed. "You two 'ad better get 'ome as fast as yer legs can carry yer. Never mind about going to the station. I'll not say anything."

He held out his hand significantly. The angular one pressed a note into his hand.

"Thank yer kindly, mum," he gasped. "Get 'ome quick."

The women, now that they were free, regained their composure, and as they walked home began to discuss the night's proceedings.

"Wait till I get hold of him," said the tall one. "I'll teach him to leave his wife and take her money. Fancy pretending not to know me. Oh, he's a wily bird, is my hubby, but he met his match in me."



He's caught a rare cold now, and it will perhaps teach him what a good wife I was to him."

Then she turned to the other. "Who was that young fellow with him?" she queried. "He's an innocent lad he's got hold of, I'll be bound."

"Well, I'm not so certain who it was," replied the buxom one. At first I was certain it was my brother, but now I'm convinced it couldn't have been. I might have known that Freddy doesn't play the concertina."

Then they relapsed into silence and hurried home to meet the dawn.

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### HOW THE HEATHEN GOT HIS STRIPES!

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(With apologies to R. Kipling.)

Once upon a time, when all the little Heathens were gathered together at a place called a School, where much learning was taught by the Wise Ones, the Great Lord among them all called a council from among the Little Lords. For the Great Lord had got an idea. "Our children," spake he, "should wear a distinguishing mark from all other infants who do not belong to this School; let us discuss upon it." And so forthwith the Wise Ones thought, and they spake their thoughts aloud among themselves.

For word had been brought from a man to the Great Lord that a certain child had broken his greenhouse window and squashed a much-treasured tomato, his whole year's crop, and so he (the owner) was terribly irate, and demanded the blood of the being aforementioned, and believing the being to be a child from Heath, which was the name of the great gathering of Heathens, he had requested the Great Lord to seek among his infants, and drag forth the culprit, and forthwith castigate him with a mane, which was the name given to an instrument made of bamboo, which caused extreme pain when applied at the right time, and in the proper place.

But the Great Lord had thought within himself: "Now, why should it be a child who is under my care?" (for there were

many, many others loose in the world). And so he had decided that there should be some mark of distinction between the Heathens and others, and the mark took the form of two stripes down each side of the head, of a vivid, striking colour, called at that time "Bright Yaller."

And so now the poor little Heathens must not break greenhouse windows and destroy the fruit therein, or make use of bad manners, for they know that they will be perceived by the two stripes on their brains(?) and will lose their next Merit, that being the popular form of punishment among the Wise Ones. . . . And that is how the Heathen got his stripes! —R.S.

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### THE DRIVER OF No. 2904.

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Locomotive No. 2904 slowly drew out of the station at which she had been standing for some time, her great boiler constantly giving a small hiss as a spot of snow fell upon its heated sides. On the footplate Harry Cummings was stoking in the coal, shovelful by shovelful, whilst the driver, George White, was gently moving the regulator over, a notch at a time, keeping a watchful eye upon the steam gauge meanwhile.

The shining rails stretched ahead until they were lost to sight amid the whirling snow-flakes. The driver remarked that it was a rough night, indeed, and screwing up his eyes, he leant over the side of the cab, for the observation glasses were already snowed up.

But it took more than a snowstorm to deter the largest locomotive in the North British Railway Company from its duty, and she rushed on into tunnels, over viaducts, through little country stations, and between great passes, with her string of carriages behind, containing passengers, some sleeping and some awake.

An hour later the train was still picking its way through mountains and valleys. The snow had stopped, and nothing was to be seen except the 2904's glaring headlight, which pierced the inky blackness with a sharp beam.

Suddenly, however, the driver's hand fell off the regulator, and with a low moan he collapsed on to the footplate.



Harry Cummings shook him roughly, but no sound came from the man's lips.

At first the stoker was in a quandary as to what to do; it was clear that the driver had had a fit of some description, and required medical attention, and so Harry pushed the regulator back to the first notch, applied the brakes, and opened the steam valves.

A second later a pair of grimy hands clutched his neck and pulled him back. A hoarse cackle of triumph issued from his attacker's throat, and in a flash the stoker realised that the driver had gone mad, and would probably wreck the train. With a smart twist he wrenched himself from the maniac's embrace, and faced him.

With a little scream of rage, the driver rushed at him with a heavy spanner clutched in his hand. Crack! It came down with terrible force upon the young stoker's shoulder, and he fell back upon the coals, sick and dizzy with pain.

Then, with another demoniacal laugh, the madman turned round, released the brakes, opened the throttle to its utmost extent, and stoked in the coal for all he was worth. In a little while the train was rushing along at a fearful rate, swaying from side to side, and the rattle of the pistons sounding like thunder. Then into Harry Cummings' numbed brain flashed the thought—

"The Belloc Bend!"—the curve which turned almost at right angles round a sharp pass! At the present speed he felt sure that the train could never round the bend. And he could do nothing! Oh! the agonies that he suffered then! For his whole body was numb and devoid of feeling. Just two feet away was the brake-rod—so near and yet so far. It seemed to be laughing at him, mocking him! Then in the distance he saw the bend. Nearer and nearer the engine crept. Then—round she swung, with her great wheels screeching and thundering—they were round!

Ahead he could see the fair-sized station through which they were to pass, and then the long ascent upon which the locomotive would stop for want of coal. But—Oh, horror of horrors! the signal was against

them!! The light gleamed red, and the way was blocked!

Terror lent the stoker strength, and, picking up a lump of coal, he hurled it at the maniac. It caught him square on the head, and he disappeared into the darkness with an unearthly scream. Summoning all his remaining vitality, Harry Cummings screwed down the brakes, switched off the power, and opened the steam valves once again. The locked wheels skidded on the greasy lines, and so the stoker opened the sand box, and let it trickle on to the rails. By the gleam of 2904's headlights he could see the line of heavy cattle-trucks which was obstructing the line. Gradually the engine slowed down, and finally came to a stop—five yards from destruction.  
—R.S.

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## IMPRESSIONS OF THE LIBRARY AND ITS DENIZENS.

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By Bassanio.

The chief thing which struck me on entering this portion of the School was the general sense of comfort, rest, and order, as compared with its next-door neighbour, from which I had just come after an ejecting expedition. The second thing which struck me was a book hurled by some hidden ape, and the mirage of order formed in my mind was suddenly dispersed. Seeing a large pair of boot soles on the far end of the table, I made my way behind them and caught sight of a large volume of "Punch," behind which again was some semblance of a human face.

Attempting to force a conversation on the owner of this, as the only visible human in the room, I was interrupted by a sound of rushing footsteps on the corridor, and a bull-like bellow of "I bags the leather!" Almost instantaneously a couple of long legs entered, followed by the body of the chief-librarian. "Out of it, Fred!" he yelled, tipping up the "Punch," feet, face, their owner, and the chair, and proceeded to settle his huge frame in the latter.

Chancing to glance upwards, I saw a face grinning down on me from the top of the bookshelves, and the mystery of the hurled



missiles was explained. "Now, Chas," yelled the intruder, "come off that. This is a library, not a monkey-house." With an agile spring, perfected through years of practice, Chas. vaulted lightly on to the table, thence to the floor, and with a fleet scurry, aided by roars from my neighbour, vanished through the door.

Meanwhile Fred, hemmed in by this gentleman's feet at the sides, and a goodly lexicon at the far end, was grovelling under the library table. Ignoring him, I proceeded in conversation with his oppressor. "Pray, sir, how many volumes have you in this library?"

"My name, sir," he said, "is Larry, and as a librarian of over twelve months' standing, I may safely venture to affirm that there is at the present time in this library a sum total of 2,043 books. There are, moreover, 1,978 volumes now on loan to members of the School at a charge of 1d. per lifetime. Presuming that you are a reporter for that esteemed journal, 'The New Heathen,' I will give a short account of the Library, and all things thereto pertaining."—(this all in one breath)—"In the first place, know that this leather-seated chair in which I now sit, is, by the ancient rights and customs of chief librarians, to be occupied by nobody but myself under penalty of ejection from the library or a dust-bath under the table."—(Hence I presume Fred's floundering.)—"Secondly, this room is, first and foremost, the Library—last of all is it a happy hunting-ground for Fourth Formers. The chief object of the institution is to provide books for students of History and the housing of the same (students, not books!) during their free periods. As recreations we have table cricket, spiritual seances, including table-rappings and raisings, football, and obstacle races. The reason for the bare appearance of the shelves is no due to lack of books to fill them, but to the extraordinary avidity of the younger element for borrowing books and not returning them."

Here I interrupted him, while he gained breath. "Before we conclude the interview," I said, "might I inquire as to the 'status quo' of the financial basis of the library?"

"We are at present," he replied, "in pocket to the extent of £5 16s. 1½d., with

ultimate hopes of extorting another 1d. fine for overdue books from a youth in V.a. We are also hoping to obtain £x for Mr. J——'s share in the organisation of the School Concert. With these resources we hope to pay off some of the £32 debt which we have unfortunately incurred in the past three years. Would you be so good as to pass me 'Select Charters Illustrative of English Constitutional History,' by Stubbs, from the third shelf there please?"

Taking the hint, bewildered, I followed Chas.'s example, and made an exit, tucking tenderly in my breast pocket a sheaf of notes.

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## THE SCHOLAR.

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By R.T.S.

There was a little fellow in the days of long ago,  
Who illuminated sentences with "re" and "quid pro quo,"  
And though everybody else he knew had many passing crazes,  
He never could get over his queer taste for ancient phrases.  
Now when his loving spouse was in an awkward mood, to curb her,  
The only thing he needed was an "aipsis-sima verba!"  
And this most canine Latin was enough, for village folk,  
To coax the village butcher to lend out the village moke.  
And when the village schoolmaster set him a classic poser,  
He would answer at great length, and say "Now this is quite 'sub rosa.'"  
Now when he went a-visiting the mentally deficient,  
"The hoi polloi's education," he would say "is insufficient."  
And before the harassed inmate had recovered from the stock,  
He'd complete the devastation with "In fact it's quite 'ad hoc!'"  
And solely through this habit and resultant reputation,  
He became a member of Parliament and helped to rule the nation.  
So when he failed to vote aright, or praise the voter's kiddies,  
An appropriate 'nem. con.' would soon restore his 'bona-fides.'



## AN INTERVIEW WITH HOUSEMAN.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

It is a well-known fact that Houseman emerges from his lair in the lower regions at about half-past four, with a bucket, shovel, and brush, to tidy up some of the mess which schoolboys are reputed to make in their form-rooms. Accordingly I took up a position in the Third Form-room at four-thirty, and awaited events.

In a few minutes I heard a prolonged clattering and an asthmatical wheezing, which proceeded from the corridor. He was coming.

I smoothed my hair, re-arranged my tie, and licked my pencil. I was prepared for anything except what followed.

The door opened, slowly but remorselessly. . . .

If the reader has ventured to read Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," he will be able to form some idea of the figure which was framed in the doorway.

He dropped his bucket and shovel, and brandished his brush: "What are you a-doin' of in this room?" he bellowed. "Don't you know it's nearly five o'clock? Get out of 'ere or I'll report yer ter mister Byrde!! Get on, out yer gets!"

I was somewhat dismayed by this outburst. "Er—I say, don't you know—I'm not a boy—er—I mean to say I'm—"

"I don't care what yer are. I'm not goin' ter 'ave yer in 'ere. I've got ter clean this room up terday, and I wants my tea some time."

"But I've come to interview you for the Magazine."

"Wot magerzine? I don't know o' no magerzine. I 'aven't no time ter waste talkin' ter young rips like you."

"But you can get on with your work at the same time, my man."

I regretted saying this afterwards, for he immediately began to sweep. Now there is sweeping and sweeping. Some people sweep with energy, others with method. Houseman belongs rather to the latter class. He is not one of your rushing, impetuous sweepers. He believes that if a job is

worth doing, it is worth doing slowly. But if he is slow he is undoubtedly sure. The dust began to rise.

"Er—what are your political views, Mr. Houseman?" I began in an oily, ingratiating tone. The dust rose higher.

"I'm a Socialist, I am; none o' yer blinkin' Conservatists fer me. I'm a Socialist, I am!" The dust was perceptibly thicker.

"And—er—about merit holidays; do you think the boys should be deprived of them?"

"Yus! young rosters like them didn't ought ter 'ave no 'olidays! If I 'ad my way young — like them wouldn't —"

His voice, raucous and penetrating though it was, could not pierce the blanket of dust which enveloped him. I fled. At last I knew the reason for his wheezing.

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## IMPRESSIONS.

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The flick'ring lamplight sheds a murky ray  
On huddled forms around a table bare,  
List'ning with sad and martyred mien  
To ghostly whispers hoarsely coming forth  
Of "quid pro quo," or murmured "hai polloi."

From mouth of one who lies at table's head.  
Black is his hair, dishevelled and un-combed,

A source of endless joy to younger boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly when long he had addressed them  
On one unfortunate his eye with baleful glare,  
Glow'ringly lights, and in compelling voice  
Bids him sum up—

And he with wild,  
With hopeless terrified look, longs in his heart  
For that one single thing that can redeem him—

But lo! the halls resound and echo loud  
With ghastly, hideous, screeching, clanging din,  
And he once more is saved!

—Ille Tum.

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## THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

\* \* \* \* \*

Who were the two "rough-looking beggars" observed slinking through Halifax on a certain October evening?

\* \* \* \* \*

If the hunting remains as good as ever, Akela?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who got lost in Dewsbury market?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who remembers the last Merit Holiday?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who made a name, but marred his trousers? —

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether the janitor thinks the Orchestra a good substitute for a lullaby?

\* \* \* \* \*

What exactly does the ridiculous word 'chate' mean?

\* \* \* \* \*

If it is derived from the Italian 'chatti'?

\* \* \* \* \*

What its meaning is, if any?

\* \* \* \* \*

If the daily conduct of the Band of Hope Member for Heath is always strictly consistent with HER principles?

If she is already in strict training for the Soiree?

If the Chess Club believes that its home (the Sixth Form Room) is its Castle?  
What else to put in this column?

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## NOCTURNAL ADVENTURES OF MR. WAGGE.

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### 1.—Mr. Wagge turns Burglar.

For the tenth time Mr. Wagge's literary masterpiece had been rejected, and the author was plunged into the depths of despair. He had staked his all on this one throw, and the stamps had been in vain. After mature reflection, the author arrived at the conclusion that he must either obtain money or starve. This latter prospect proved somewhat disquieting: Man

is something more than a 'politikon zoon,' and in order to live, he must eat. Money then must be forthcoming, he decided, for to eat one must have food, and to procure food one must have money. The mental effort required to arrive at this conclusion was considerable, and placed a severe strain on his overwrought brain.

However, it had this result: that after a close study of the dying embers of the fire, the would-be litterateur was struck with an idea. He would steal. Burglars were not all of the type of Bill Sykes; indeed at the present time burglary had become quite a genteel profession. The possibility of capture deterred him for a while; but he at length overcame this obstacle by the thought that it was better to be maintained in prison at his Majesty's expense than to starve. The idea of burglary made an irresistible appeal to him as an effective means of satisfying his material needs.

It was now 12-30 p.m.—lunch for most people; but this did not interfere with his acquired the habit of foregoing that meal preparations, as he had of late acquired the habit of foregoing that meal for the sake of economy. So he first collected all his books on Sherlock Holmes and devoted to them an afternoon's intense study. Having read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the whole lot, he next turned his thoughts upon the subject of disguise. He wisely steered clear of face-painting, false beards, wigs, and the like, contenting himself with the simplest of disguises—a mask. Such was his innocence that any special implements never occurred to him. He merely armed himself with a bar of iron about a foot long. So, on the stroke of twelve, Mr. Wagge issued from his domicile, mentally and physically equipped for the purpose.

Not having formed any definite plans, he wended his way down the first lane that offered itself. His whole air was one of exaggerated self-possession: he stamped heavily down the road, and made a doleful attempt to whistle a gay tune. But when some belated pedestrian called out a cheery "good-night," the literary burglar spun round in the direction of the voice, ceased his unmelodious whistling, and gripped his crowbar convulsively. His ardour had now cooled considerably, but



the dictates of hunger held him to his course.

After ten minutes' walk a large detached house met his gaze, and as there was no light in any of the rooms, Mr. Wagge chose this as the scene of his operations. He listened cautiously for fully half a minute, and then began to scale the gate—a feat which occupied at least five minutes, for he was of middle age, and long unaccustomed to acts of his kind. Incidentally, his trousers suffered rather severely in a contest with a spike, and just as he was dropping an imprecation he lost his foothold, and accomplished the rest of the journey in a graceful somersault. When the irate gentleman had assumed a perpendicular position, he happened to lean against the gate. He was at once precipitated into the roadway, for the gate had not been fastened at all—a discovery which caused him to break into voluble maledictions. However, Mr. Wagge traversed the remaining distance which separated him from the house, without accident of any kind.

But he was now in a quandary, for the difficulty of effecting an entry he had hitherto blandly ignored. After having circumnavigated the building, by great good fortune, as he thought, he discovered a window of which the catch had been accidentally left unfastened. It was indeed, fortunate that he could thus dispense with the services of his atrocious crowbar. If it had been necessary for his unskilled hands to use a weapon such as that, the noise would have waked the dead. Yet again fortune favoured him; he gained admission with a minimum of sound, though with a maximum of effort. His electric torch revealed a small room, which, after a moment's examination he concluded was a scullery. Beyond the doorway a long passage confronted him, and at the end another room. With extreme caution Mr. Wagge traversed the intervening space of the scullery, and with stealthy tread embarked on his course down the passage. The room he now entered was to him a temporary haven of rest; for a time, at least, he had reached the desired spot. For three days he had been living on rations, and, though not by nature a gourmand, he almost leapt for joy. The smell which assailed his nostrils informed him that he

was undoubtedly in the kitchen. His first act was to place the iron bar on the table, and then to open all the cupboards in search of the choicest dainties. His eyes gleamed as the torch revealed to him first one delicacy and then another. Soon the table groaned under its heavy burden of toothsome dainties, and Mr. Wagge for the first time in years sat down to a magnificent repast, the best meal of his life, he afterwards declared.

At any rate, probably owing to his gastronomical feats, he fell into a light slumber, out of which he was suddenly awakened by the sensation of some object brushing his face. Mr. Wagge's round form became rigid, and an eerie sensation played among the roots of his hair. For twenty seconds he remained thus. Then, springing out of his chair with an agility surprising for one of his age and rotundity, he seized the torch lying on the table, and flashed its rays on all the objects in the vicinity of his chair.

After a moment's search he was successful in finding the cause of his fright—an inoffensive cat. The amateur burglar was so exasperated that he directed a kick with unwonted savageness at this harmless specimen of the feline species. Fortunately for the cat, the blow did not connect, and Mr. Wagge resumed his seat, dabbing his bald pate with a huge scarlet handkerchief.

He had not been seated five minutes, however, and his fears were only partially allayed, when he observed a dim figure stalking along the passage towards him. He attempted to switch on his torch, but the battery had given out. Then a cold sweat broke out on his forehead, for he perceived the apparition was shrouded in white from head to foot. . .

## 2.—The House of Mystery.

The ghostly apparition moved nearer and nearer to the quaking Wagge. A thousand fears passed through his befuddled brain. He longed to be miles away from the place. Why had he come, after all? By this time the figure was half-way down the long passage. He stealthily moved backwards. Suddenly his foot descended on a loose floor-board, which creaked with a sound like a



pistol-shot to the apprehensive brain of the intruder.

This seemed to clear his thoughts to some extent, and he had the presence of mind to bolt under the table. After a lapse of about twenty seconds, every one of which seemed like an hour to the unfortunate wretch, the door opened slowly—ever so slowly—then two outstretched hands appeared, then two arms, and finally the figure, glistening white in the gloom. The eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, immovably gazing towards the table. Wagge thought his last moments had come. Perspiration poured down his face, but somehow—he knew not how—he followed the movements of the dread apparition the whole while. Now it was so close to him that he could have touched it. . . . Creak! Wagge quivered like one with an ague, and this incident entirely deprived him of all courage he possessed. He collapsed in a swoon. . . .

When he came to his sense, he lay there some moments before he remembered where he was. Then he leapt from beneath the table in dire dread, but resolving to make a desperate bid for freedom. To his utterable relief, the figure had vanished. He sat down and pondered upon his experience. Was it worth while continuing his exploration of the house at the risk of again meeting the spectre, or should he make off with the greatest speed? Finally he decided to make an attempt at acquiring some booty, for, after all (he thought) such things only appear once in a night. He therefore picked up his crowbar and torch and cautiously crept out of the room.

About half-way down the passage he saw a half-open door. Peering cautiously through, he saw a large entrance hall, and opposite him a broad flight of stairs. He stealthily crossed the hall, and crept up the stairs to the landing above. To his surprise a door opposite the top of the stairs stood wide open, revealing a richly furnished and ornamented bedroom. On the dressing-table, glittering in the light of the waning moon, he saw two rings set with most brilliant diamonds and rubies. He stealthily crept towards the open door, and peered inside.

The bed was empty, but the sheets were tumbled and disturbed as if someone had been sleeping there, but had left the bed during the night. But he transferred all his attention to the jewellery, and on close inspection found, in addition to the rings, a gold brooch set with pearls, a wristlet watch, and a magnificent rope of pearls, measuring at least twenty-four inches.

Congratulating himself on his good fortune, he hastily, with trembling hands, stuffed these valuables into his pocket. greatly excited, he looked round for more plunder, and his eye lighted on a pair of silver hairbrushes and a silver-backed comb. These he deposited in the inside pocket of his jacket, and was about to make away with his ill-gotten gains, when he heard a slow, measured step on the stair. He was bathed in cold perspiration, and he felt his hair slowly rising on end.

Was it again the dread spectre? He sank down in the little corner at the side of the dressing table, a quivering, quaking mass. The footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and Wragge cowered down in his hiding place. With ever-increasing horror he realised that they were making for the door of the room in which he was hiding. Resigning himself to the inevitable, he abandoned himself to his fate. The figure now appearing to the unfortunate Wagge the very personification of the grim spectre of death, entered the room.

His nerves, frayed to rags by his terrifying experiences, Wagge was about to scream for help, but forbore, and watched the figure in amazed and petrified silence. For it was creeping into the bed! Now it had drawn the sheets about it, and the glassy eyes were closing. With a sense of unutterable relief he realised that the "ghost" was nothing more than a somnambulist!

With feelings impossible to describe, he staggered from the room. This last experience had robbed him of all the courage he possessed, although it had come to a reassuring end, and he decided to dash away with all speed from this terrible house. With this intent in mind he blundered downstairs towards the door in the passage. In his haste he completely forgot any obstacle he might encounter, and in crossing the shadowy hall, he blundered



against a small light object, over which however, he tripped and fell. Next moment all around him there sounded most appalling crashes, echoing and re-echoing throughout the length and breadth of the house. He had upset an occasionable table piled with china and glass ornaments!

### 3.—Mr. Wagge recovers his self-composure.

This time Mr. Wagge did not entirely lose his presence of mind, for he managed to hide behind some curtains which shut off one corner of the room. The noise made by the upsetting of the table had sounded like a cannonade to his overwrought senses. He felt sure that the household would be roused, and whilst he sucked his hand, which had been cut by a splinter from a broken vase, he tried to think out a plan of campaign.

Five minutes passed, all remained quiet, and his hopes rose. Slowly he stole from his hiding-place, and felt his way across the floor. He made but slow progress, for the room was dark as pitch, and he had no matches, whilst his torch was useless. He regained the corridor just as a nearby clock chimed the hour. He must hurry, but he had not the slightest idea of the way to the open window. The first door down the corridor was locked. He tried every door there was in that part of the building—all were locked. Climbing a flight of stairs, he tested the doors there with no better success. This was getting annoying.

He wandered down a side passage into another wing of the building. Every door he came to was locked. Going through various passages, he became hopelessly lost. Finally he was attracted to a room at the end of the corridor by the smell of tobacco smoke, which hung round like a cloud. He hesitated to take hold of the door-knob, but, after turning it, he found that the door opened inwards.

Cautiously he entered the room. In the grate a few coals were fitfully blazing, throwing weird shadows round the room. Mr. Wagge heaved a sigh of relief as he closed the door behind him. He had not taken a couple of steps, however, before he pulled up suddenly. His hair stood on end, and eyes opened wide with terror,

for there across the room was a fine specimen of an African lion.

Once more he performed his diving act, but he jumped up again quickly, for he had settled on an alligator. Then, as he glanced round the room he realised that it was a kind of study, combined with a private museum. He sank into a chair, and tried to pull himself together; perhaps he would have felt better if he hadn't eaten so much. The silver-backed hair-brush had slipped into an uncomfortable position, so he removed it, and placed it on the table.

In doing so, he noticed a box of cigars. He took one, and lit it from a spill. Under the soothing influence of tobacco he began to feel more like himself. He took out his ill-gotten gains and examined them near the fire, which he had replenished, and as he did so, he felt something which crinkled beneath his waistcoat. It was his latest literary effort. He took out the manuscript copy, and turned it over thoughtfully and his eye was full of meaning as he glanced towards the fireplace. But no, it was not so bad after all, so he carefully replaced it, and once more stuffed his booty into his coat-pockets. Heaving the stump of the cigar into the fire, he stood up, for day would soon be breaking, and he was still in the building. There was no window in the room, but a second door led to another chamber. Through this door went Mr. Wagge. The inner room was entirely in darkness, for no light reached it from the fire in the other. As Mr. Wagge moved slowly forward he felt instinctively the presence of a second person, and suddenly the room was flooded with light, and a cheery voice bade him to take a seat.

### 4.—An Interesting Invention.

Never had Mr. Wagge been so taken aback. The room in which he found himself was fitted as a laboratory. On a bench which extended round the walls were various instruments used in scientific research. The most noticeable object, however, was a peculiar frame resembling a camera obscura, which was connected to a switch-board, and a case which reminded one of a wireless set. Seated before this piece of apparatus was the person who had called



upon our hero to take a seat. He looked a good-natured sort of chap, of middle age, although his hair was almost white, and he wore a pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, with thick lenses.

It was not until he had repeated the request that Mr. Wagge regained his self-composure once more, and realised where he was. Still feeling slightly dazed, he docilely complied. The other, who introduced himself as Professor W. K. Greenoch, began severely to cross-question Mr. Wagge on personal matters, and after learning his history, was soon on good terms with him. Mr. Wagge found himself completely under the influence of the Professor, and looking very shame-faced, he pulled out the stolen goods, and set them beside the latter, whilst he confessed his guilt.

"Yes," said the Professor, after taking a revolver from his pocket with the remark that it was no longer needed. "Yes. I know all about your movements in my house, and as for the valuables, which were placed so as to attract your notice, well, I suppose you have heard of Bullworth's?" At this point he laughed heartily. "You have, I understand, devoted a considerable amount of study to electricity during your course at the Higher School?"

Mr. Wagge assented. (He had told the Professor his early history and aspirations, as well as his later failures.)

"Well, look here," he said, and turning to the apparatus before him, he switched on the electric current, and adjusted various knobs. Immediately an image of the road in front of the house appeared on the ground glass plate. Mr. Wagge was able to distinguish various objects, and he recognised a Ford car, which went rattling past. After turning a few more dials, the gateway and wall were thrown into strong relief. z

"You understand how I saw you enter the grounds," said Prof. Greenoch, as he proceeded to concentrate the view of the apparatus on the different parts of the house where Mr. Wagge had wandered. In the dim light of the kitchen he saw the remains of his repast. In the hall nothing could be distinguished, but the Professor indicated a horn or wireless "loud speak-

er," by means of which he had followed the movements by sound alone (hence the rattling of the "car" just before). In the room where Mr. Wagge had observed the somnambulist's return, a young man was reading, whilst on the bed behind him was a white garment.

"I thought I would test your nerves before I met you," explained the Professor. "The young man is my son."

There was silence for a few moments, and then the Professor asked for an opinion of his invention. Mr. Wagge, who was keenly interested in it, gave a highly flattering reply. The Professor then invited Mr. Wagge to assist him in producing and improving the apparatus. The latter was only too glad to leave his literary toil.

"The book which I have written," he added, "and which I was on the point of burning in the next room, is really quite good, and fit for publication. I will leave it with you in the hope that you will derive a certain amount of enjoyment from it."

"Very well," said the other. "I am going to bed until noon, but I will scan through it before I switch the light out."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Mr. Wagge, elated by his good fortune, walked down the drive, he turned and looked towards the Professor's study, conscious that Prof. Greenoch might be watching his every action. As he watched, the light went out in the laboratory, but he saw a sudden flicker of light through the window, as if someone had made the fire excessively large. In a couple of minutes darkness reigned supreme in that part of the building, and Mr. Wagge turned into the highway (with a puzzled look on his face) just as the first streaks of dawn were appearing in the sky.

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## THE GOALKEEPER.

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By O.L.

The few spectators gather in a ring,  
And wonder if 'tis true to say  
How well he clears the ball away  
From shots which flash in with a "ping."  
Goal-keeping seems to be a simple thing



A-lounging while the backs in midfield stay,  
 When to him dressed in smart array,  
 Fortunes of war for long no work do bring:  
 But now he starts, his eye now flashes most,  
 A tricky forward from afar  
 Veers goalward like a shooting star—  
 He must by deeds fulfil each braggart boast,  
 Dive down to turn it round the post,  
 Or spring to tip it high above the bar.

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### THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

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Though some time had elapsed since the last appearance of the School at Clare Hall, our recollections of "Ali Baba" prepared us for a good turn-out by the junior School, and we were not disappointed. "The Emperor's Clothes" was absolutely the right play for the purpose—a traditional fairy-tale, but sufficiently unfamiliar to keep the audience interested in the plot alone, quite apart from all the other attractive things about it. And if the play was well chosen, the casting of the parts showed equal cunning: add to this the ingenious and eye-delighting array of costumes, which none can produce better than the mothers of Heath Junior School boys (acting under inspiration); and season the whole with the bubbling enthusiasm of the actors themselves: and you have the "mixture as before," though as fresh as ever.

Byrde and N. Walker, as the crafty and impudent 'impostors,' were a continual delight, and played with really extraordinary intelligence and self-confidence, from their first stealthy entrance to their final ecstatic embrace, the triumph of villainy was complete, making even the distressing end of the story, when the innocent child (G. Dyson: most bewitching) was haled to the dungeon by the gentleman with the murderous-looking battle-axe (McWilliams Henry, representing the Imperial Army) for the crime of perspicacity.

R. Booth, as the Emperor, with only an occasional moment of first-night-ishness, cleverly accomplished the difficult feat of maintaining his imperial dignity while clad for the most part in a shirt 'et praeterea'—well, very little. His costume, when he wore one, was particularly successful, and his exit was much regretted. His royal

consort (R. Whiteley) made an imposing entrance in the first scene, and settled happily into the picture as a dutiful spouse, bearing with fortitude the publicity of the royal procession, sustained, perhaps by the comforting thought that at any rate she had put out a clean shirt for his Majesty that morning. She was escorted by two pages, whose black costumes and royal banners were perhaps the most successful of the pictorial effects.

Helliwell, as the Prime Minister, was properly important, and if he was now and then a little uncertain of his movements—well, most Prime Ministers are. The several members of his Cabinet were a little difficult to identify, but all were picturesque, and those that had anything to say said it with effect; only one, perhaps it was the Secretary of State for Coats, in an appropriately imposing costume, was too busy to say anything.

Nor must we forget the "crowd" (both on and off stage) who were the making of the final scene, ably led by W. Walker (in a particularly well-designed costume). Here also Garside was good as an "ancient," attended by K. Henderson, whose name somehow slipped out of the programme, while Stead made an excellent job of the irate "mother."

We seem to have said nothing spiteful or contentious so far, so we had better make a few "odorous comparisons," just to pretend we are being critical. This play was better than last year's in the respects already indicated, but its disadvantage was that there were rather a number of minor characters who didn't always know what to do with themselves, and the result was just a little bit clumsy in places; the emperor's audience chamber grew over-crowded, and several of the Ministers of State seemed at a loose end. The scenic arrangements were remarkably effective, and reflect great credit upon the labours of what must have been a most efficient company of scene shifters. The second interval was perhaps a wee bit too long—but there—this is not Drury Lane!

"The Rivals" was an ambitious effort, and proved, one fears, rather a more difficult problem than may have been anticipated. It opened promisingly, lapsed



occasionally in the middle, and warmed up again towards the end. The chief difficulty was, of course, the old question of how to squeeze the play into about half the time it was intended to occupy. A certain amount of chopping was inevitable, but one cannot help feeling that the producer (poor chap) had rather handicapped his team by setting so many of the scenes in the Street in Bath (or Seville, or Padua or somewhere) instead of indoors, where Sheridan put them. The scenic effect was excellent—quite a triumph, considering the limitations of that particular stage; but it had the disadvantage of keeping the actors continually on their hind-legs, a position which invariably finds out the weakness of your cast, particularly in scenes where there is more dialogue than action. In fact, there was throughout a curious lack of action, and most of the cast were visibly longing for a chance to do something.

But we have said the worst. Our old friends kept the ball rolling with their accustomed skill. Thomas had Mrs. Malaprop well in hand, and coaxed most, if not quite all, of the appropriate laughs out of the audience. Shore was a lively Bob Acres, and would have done justice to a fuller allowance of his part, the earlier stages of which had to be supplied by the imagination or memory of the audience. J. E. Coghlin looked pleasantly paternal as Sir Anthony, and must have worn several holes in the stage-boards with his paternal stick. As the two young ladies, Artist and Bessey were, we think, new to the game, but started with distinct advantages of voice and appearance; they probably played with greater confidence on the second and third nights. In the part of Lucy, Davenport took the place of Sawdon, and if, as was probably the case, he was called up at short notice, he deserves congratulation.

Chambers was evidently deeply in love; Eastwood was a dignified, if somewhat mild, Sir Lucius; Walker 'walked on' as Faulkland; Smalley, Lockwood, and Birch as the several menials, did all that was required of them; Birch, in particular, as David, made a convincing picture out of a small part, and added to the gaiety of several scenes, but the other two had not much scope for their particular style of talent.

This is the second time the Senior School has put on a 'shortened version,' and each time the man with the blue pencil has been unmercifully heckled; but as it has been a different man each time, both are still alive. Perhaps next time it would be worth while to find, at all costs, a play which can be presented complete; they are to be found, in one act or more. The only alternative would be to make separate occasions of the senior and junior shows, when the former, at any rate, could attempt a full-length play.

The musical interludes were, as usual, worthy of more attention than they got, but it seems that the audience's powers of concentration are limited. At any rate, the orchestra was really a school orchestra, and is to be congratulated on its contribution to the entertainment.

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## CHESS NOTES.

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By En Passant.

Up to the present moment the season has been very successful. Our membership has increased to almost double its former number, and has now reached the unprecedented total of 14. We have now, with the addition of private sets to those belonging to the club men for all to play. As there is no subscription, the club is not handicapped by financial worries.

The increase in membership has been effected in the main by the admission of "young blood" from the Upper Fifth: it appears that the chief obstacle to the joining of these "young bloods" had been the excessive amount of home-work with which they were burdened; this obstacle was recently removed, with the result mentioned above.

Of the three masters who are, nominally, members, two, Mr. Somers and Mr. Comfort, have already attended, and holding that belief which is inherent in all chess players—that faith can remove mountains—we confidently expect Mr. Phoenix's arrival before the end of term; at any rate he is still coming, though handicapped by the periodical persistence of a private pupil. Mr. Comfort has suggested a match



with Sowerby Bridge Secondary School, which, we hope, will materialise in the near future.

After writing the above, it was with deep regret that I heard of the imminent departure of Mr. Somers. His play, often brilliant to the point of recklessness, has demonstrated to the more advanced members the value of judicious sacrifice to obtain an attacking position.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. Houseman, who, though lacking sufficient enthusiasm for the game to allow us to meet weekly, has several times toiled up the stairs to admit us on "non-debate" nights.

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### LITERARY SOCIETY.

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This session has been by far the most successful that the Society has ever had. This is due to the fact that no social gatherings have been held, and the several members of the Society have been able to continue work, unrestrained, and unhampered by any outside interference. No feeble papers have been given, and no pointless discussion has been raised. Each member has read as he liked, and the improvement caused by this policy of "Laissez-faire" has been evidence both in the fluency of the speeches at the Debating Society, and by the improved style of the essays. Furthermore, the Society has monetary gains to record. There have been no subscriptions, nor have members worn down their footgear in tramping to supper to other members' houses. It is only to be hoped that this policy will be continued.

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### H.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The officers for this term are:—Chairman, Mr. Corney; secretary, L. W. Hanson; treasurer, J. E. Coghlin; committee, R. Birch, F. Cockcroft, J. G. Jackson. The society has held four debates this term. The first, on the motion that "the present system of education is a ghastly failure," was, needless to say, carried with enthusiasm. The unfortunate victim in the chair was observed to writhe helplessly at the

telling homethrusts delivered by speaker after speaker.

The General Election provided the society with the subject of its second debate. A variety of causes were championed, with little understanding, but great fervour. The success of the evening was won by Birch, who advocated the claims of the Band of Hope with such missionary fervour and such a copious array of statistics from America that the society brought him in at head of the poll.

At our third debate, P. Walker moved that "the present century" is insipid compared with the centuries which have preceded it. His staccato periods were very effective whenever they were audible, and he kept to the point admirably. Mr. Eastwood reproved Walker's atavistic desires and warned the society against being deluded by him into believing that blood-thirstiness and vigour were the same thing. Other members were less to the point. Heaton especially wandered off into the theory that Victorian doors were built wide in order to allow crinolines to pass through. —The motion was lost.

The last debate of term was impromptu. It was chiefly remarkable for learned argument between Cockcroft and M. Eastwood as to the number of notes that could be produced by a Grecian three-stringed lyre, plucked by the finger. Cockcroft also made a valiant but vain attempt to support the Halifax trams, which Heaton picturesquely if inaccurately described as "sliding coffins downhill," and "large sledges with iron rollers."

On the whole, the society has had a successful session. Although the attendances have not been as large as they ought to be, most of those who did come were ready to expound their views. The speeches varied a great deal in quality, but while we had no real oratory, there was a fairly good level of eloquence. Some members should remember that this is not an essay society, and that two minutes of our own views are worth twenty of someone else's. Next to our devoted secretary and treasurer, the mainstays of the society have been Cockcroft, M. Eastwood, Heaton, and Birch, who, each in his different vein, have at times amused and interested the society.

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## FOOTBALL NOTES.

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## First Eleven.

Up to the time of writing, the season has been fairly successful, and the prospect seems very hopeful. We have so far played 8, won 6, and lost 2; goals for, 40, against 21. The high scoring has been a feature of all the games.

We had only five colours left from last season, but the newcomers have shown very good form. Lawrence, in goal, has been a distinct "find," while Shore has been consistent and thorough at centre-half. Bessey, Tipple, Kendall, Robinson, and Hey have developed very well indeed.

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## Heath 6, Old Boys 4.

The School were without Chambers, and Mr. Corney, for the Old Boys, was injured in the opening minutes. The School forwards, an experimental line, combined much better than was anticipated, and the team as a whole played well together. Nevertheless, the game was rather scrappy, although the shooting on both sides was very accurate.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Heath 5, Rishworth 0.

For this match, as Beswick had suffered a severe strain, Walker (P.) was brought from inside left to right-half. This weakened the forward line, although Green made a creditable debut. We would have won by a greater margin had the forwards not shown a tendency to hold on to the ball too long before shooting. The defence, to which Chambers had returned, was very good on the whole, though perhaps inclined to over-kick the forwards.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Heath 5, Sowerby Bridge 2.

At Sowerby Bridge. The Heath team was unchanged, and after being a goal down at half-time, overplayed the home team afterwards. The half-backs still over-kicked a little, but showed a distinct improvement on their previous display. Chambers played a great game at left back. A large crowd of Sowerby partisans watched the match from a neighbouring height.

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## Heath 5, Old Almonburiens 1.

At Kensington. Shoesmith, an Old Boy, was introduced at right-half for this game, and Walker (P.) returned to the forwards. The forward play was consequently very much improved, and showed much sting, which had been lacking in previous games. The match was quite the best we had had for some time.

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## Heath 3, Wheelwright G.S. 7.

At Dewsbury. The ground was several inches deep in slime, and hardly playable, particularly as a persistent downpour fell during the game, and had done for several days before. Heath were overplayed by a quicker team before half-time, and were losing 1-5. A splendid fight was made in the second half, and Wheelwright had, if anything, the worst of it.

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## Heath 1, Rastrick G.S. 4.

At Kensington. Heath were without Chambers and Bessey. Lord and Kendall were brought in as wing halves, and Robinson as outside-left. Jackson played right-back, and gave a good show in an unaccustomed position. The wing halves were rather unsteady and nervous. Rastrick were rather lucky to win by so many as three goals, although they were in the first half a better combination.

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## Heath 11, Halifax Secondary 3.

At Kensington. This match, the local Derby was played in a cold rainstorm. The forward line had been re-arranged, Jackson coming in as centre, while Bessey appeared at left-half. The improvement in the team's play was marvellous, and Jackson was a striking success. He shot wonderfully with the greasy ball, and scored six goals.

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## Heath 4, Halifax Technical 0.

At Kensington. Heath were unchanged, but the forward line displayed an inclination to individualism, and missed some chances. Jackson, without many opportunities, played a bustling game, and scored two of our goals. A large (comparatively) crowd was present, but gave no vocal support.



At the end of term we shall be losing Jackson, who seems to have settled down so well in the centre-forward position. Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Garrett for the interest and insight which he has shown particularly in regard to the re-arrangement of the team, which has brought about so great an improvement. We earnestly hope that it will bring us victory against Wheelwright, whom we have never yet beaten.

### Second Eleven.

The Second XI. have not been very successful so far this season, having played 4, drawn 1, and lost 2; goals for 8, against 12. In their first match they lost at home to Wheelwright, when they were weakened by the absence of Lord. At Rastrick they were unlucky to lose by a single goal, and played a better game than in their previous match. Against Halifax Technical they lost 3—4, after holding a lead of two goals. Over-confidence allowed the Technical to equalise and then to win. They drew with Halifax Secondary, and were unlucky not to win, as they were rather the better team. Next term will probably be more successful, and we possess many promising players, who lack at present that confidence which make all the difference between failure and success.

### The Players.

#### \*Coghlin (Capt.).

Right back. A powerful kick and safe defender. The most improved man in the team. Rather too lenient as captain, but experience is altering that. Places his kicks with great judgment.

#### \*Walker, P. (vice-capt.).

Inside left. A good forward with extensive experience in an inside position: shoots well, but rather inclined to be too greedy at times.

#### \*Chambers.

Left back: very sound. A great kick with either foot. Has partnered the captain with marked success. This pair bid fair to outdo the Radcliffe-Gledhill partnership.

#### \*Jackson.

Centre forward. Has at last found his correct position. A terrific shot with both feet, and does not worry about position before shooting. Quite "a thorn in the flesh" to the opposing defence.

#### \*Walker, E.

Inside right. A steady, consistent player. Possesses dash and shoots well. Might use his weight more.

#### Shores.

Centre-half. A very much improved player. Gets better as the season advances. Feeds his forwards well, and shoots where opportunity arises. Uses his weight well.

#### Lawrence.

Goal. The find of the season. Although he has not had much to do, has given some really good displays.

#### Bessey.

Left half. Plays a very scientific game, and passes well. Might do better if he used both his boot and his weight more.

#### Tipple.

Outside right. Though on the small side plays a hustling game. Is fast; his footwork and passing improve every game.

#### Kendall.

Right half. Passes well and tackles thoroughly. Should follow up the forwards more. Should develop into a first-class half.

#### Robinson.

Outside left. Fast, and very tricky. Inclined to be selfish, but is growing out of it; sometimes combines well with his inside.

#### Hey.

Outside right. Plays a bustling game, and is very fast. Footwork improving. Has played some good games: possesses thrust.

\* Colours.

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### CUB NOTES.

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Just a small space, please, Mr. Editor, for a few howls from us.



We are still large and lifelike, and if you care to see us on any Monday or Wednesday at 6 p.m., you can see for yourself what a hard, though very jolly, thing it is to be a really "cubby" Wolf Cub.

We were chosen this term to give a "show" to a pack which was starting in the Boothtown district. So we went on the car, and when we did find the place, went in and spent a happy evening with our brother Cubs. We were able to show them a thing or two, and in return they were able to teach us how even very, very poor boys can become very, very good Cubs, which is a good lesson, for Akela thinks that we have (some of us, anyhow), too easy a time, and that a few real hard knocks of fortune would do us good! However, we were pleased to amuse them, and we all came home in the car together, having done a very jolly "good turn." Perhaps that was why the conductor didn't seem to come up for the tickets!!!

We've recruits, and they're all Tenderpads now: soon they will be 1st Star Cubs, and then they may begin to talk, but not before.

Mr. Lister has very kindly come to talk to us about First Aid, and we all hope to snaffle that badge before the end of term.

Councils have been frequent, and, of course, full of wisdom. Berwick has left us, and so has Hanson, the latter to join the Scouts. So we've had to choose new sixers, and if you want to know their names well, look on the Natices Board.

No more this time, except to remind you all of your EXTRA Christmas good turn! And to wish you all a jolly time.

Akela.

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### SCOUT NOTES.

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On re-assembling this term, we found that P.L. Nettleton and Second Ingham had left School, but not, however, the Troop, for which we are no little thankful. It is a great compliment, we feel, that fellows are sufficiently keen on the Troop to wish to remain members, after leaving School. Scouts Emmott and D. Smith have, however, found it necessary to

leave us, and their places have been filled up by Scouts Daniel and K. Hanson, late Senior Sixer of the Wolf Cubs' Pack, to whom we look for great things.

We welcomed very wholeheartedly the advent of Mr. Marshall as A.S.M. Now perhaps the S.M.-D.C.M. will lose that worried look, take a few "easys," and so return once again to that truly Kruschen sprightliness which at one time characterised him!

We came back full of Wembley reminiscences: these we have in concrete form in the shape of a very representative photograph collection, and of the article, from our special Wembley correspondent, to be found in this issue of the School Magazine, to say nothing of the entries in the Troop Log Book. So we shall be able to browse contentedly for many a year to come.

This term opened well. Enthusiastic meetings and fine weather combined to give a real fillip to the Troop's activities. We had a perfectly splendid game, combining tracking, map-reading, and general scoutcraft on Norland Moor, early in the term, ending up with tea (a la charcoal, it is true, but very good even so!) after which we had our photos taken by the S.M. with his new camera.

Wanted to Know: Did the shutter click? Time will prove.

In the second place, the spell of comparatively fine weather made it possible for us to make a really serious effort at hiking. Our first was a grand success. Crimsworth Dene was our objective, and, having left civilisation behind—an argument we had with a cross-grained boor just above Pecket Well confirms this statement—we hiked over "moor and fen, or cragg and torrent," till we came to the Dene, where we found a few tattered and fragmentary remains of what had been Harry Taffy's tent.

The wood was wet, the winds were contrary, and the fires would not behave, but we did cook a respectable meal, although the "chips" didn't come off, and had to be reverently buried—it being Sunday! We walked 23 miles that day, and thoroughly enjoyed it all. The weather has prevented any further experiences of the same kind



save one, and that proved very damping to the spirits of those concerned.

Our club-room has taken on a new lease of life; it has been completely covered (i.e. the floor with linoleum); new pictures hang upon the walls; six carpet-chairs (not new!), and two easy chairs stand around. Two card tables complete the furniture, which is now quite respectable, and makes the room fit to use as a "club." This event happens on Friday evenings, and appears to be appreciated by the users. The latest addition to the club is the "canteen" (wet and dry) and this also has been voted a howling success.

The Troop Headquarters was thrown open to the general public on Speech day, and was thronged with visitors, to our great delight, and—we fear—to their discomfort on the steps! But we were very glad to see so many parents and friends taking an active interest in the troop.

We were very glad to form a Guard of Honour for the Speaker of the House of Commons, who inspected the Troop and Pack, and spoke to some of us as we lined the entrance hall.

We have been well represented in public functions: At the Y.M.C.A. on the occasion of the presenting of the Bronze Cross for Gallantry to one of the Y.M. Troop and also at the ceremonial occasion known as Mayor's Sunday. P.L.'s Aske, Stafford (R. H.), Stafford (E. H.), and 2nd Smith (S.) then held up the reputation of our Troop very splendidly—and if there was a smarter four amongst the Halifax Scouts present, we should like to see it.

At the moment we are busy completing our First-Class Badge work, after which we hope to win some all-round cords.

There is just a suspicion of something lacking in one or two of our members. It shouldn't ever be necessary for the Court of Honour to "carpet" anybody, but sometimes it becomes so, and a sharp lesson may not come amiss. Keep the flag flying, you fellows; don't let the ship founder for the want of your effort. Rather try to think that it's just your particular effort which is keeping her up, and the results will more than justify the supposition.

So with a pleasant look backwards, and an even more pleasant glance towards the

future—in which looms largely the Christmas Party, we hope to hold on Monday, the 15th—we wish you all the compliments of the season.

Merry Christmas, and Good Hunting!

Akela....

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WEMBLEY, AUGUST, 1924.

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"Come up and I will show you a thing."

So whispered the Hebrew spy to his waiting comrades below, and so spoke His Grace the Archbishop of York to the Scouts of the Empire, in the Stadium, on that memorable Sunday, which none of us present, I hope, will ever forget.

Wembley! The Imperial Jamboree! The material expressions of two great ideas, connected intimately by the fact that each, in its essence, is Imperial: to us, the 2nd Halifax Troop, must have come that call—so we too went up, saw the thing, and our hearts wondered.

And yet it is but three months since we had a long and learned discussion as to how and where the Troop should spend its Summer Camp: one said this, another said that, and, when all the hot air had been let out of the room, two real suggestions remained—a seaside camp and Wembley. What an issue hung on that decision, and yet, strange as it now seems in the light of after-experience, the voting was equal, and the Chairman gave his casting vote in favour of Wembley. Thus it was decreed, and that by one single vote, that we should go to London.

But oh, the preparation—those lists of kit required, and that iniquitous Wembley Bank! Those new bags, badges, and shirts which nearly let us down; those irksome arrangements concerning tents, food tickets, and the like! But such small obstacles were gaily brushed aside and forgotten as the 9-35 train steamed out of Halifax Station, to the accompaniment of yells, cheers, and waving of arms to those fair and other ones left upon the platform. Unlucky wights, doomed to spend their days in smoky "town."



So began our Great Adventure for 1924, in the sunlight. The journey was uneventful save for the long walks up and down the corridors; the expeditions to the ginger pop shop, some of which were, alas! dismally unproductive, and the reading of papers—by the way, who bought the magazine with the pretty girl in bathing costume depicted on the front page?

King's Cross arrived, or rather we arrived there, in amazingly good time, and so we humped our kitbags, strode along the platform, dived into the bowels of the earth, and along a very long subway to the Metro. Station, and on to Baker Street. Here, having changed again, we played a game called "Sardines". Somehow, we did fit into the Wembley train, well prepared with shoehorns to assist in the disembarking process, and came to Wembley safe and sound, but very hot, dirty, and somewhat fatigued.

Here we were met by that Trojan of Trojans, our County Commissioner, Col. Leslie. He shepherded us into our camp, and having drawn tents, we made haste to pitch them, for by that time we were beginning to be very suspicious of the weather. Our site was easily the worst in camp: our comments were few but terse; our consolation was that as someone had to camp there, and as our county was Yorkshire; "Y" being the last useful letter in the alphabet, we might as well be useful in stopping up a gap. So we did, and the site wasn't so bad, after all.

Having pitched tents, unpacked, and washed, we were quite ready for tea. Meals were served in huge marquees, and each camp section—we were of the Yellow "Push"—had its own (alleged) place for dining. But, with charming disdain of all rules and regulations, it became the practice of most troops to get into just which empty, or partially empty, tent happened to be nearest. This was bad, and of course the good order of the camp suffered thereby; so did our tempers and stomachs, for though we, the most law-abiding troop in the camp—always stuck to rule when we could, we frequently got turned out of our own tent by another section getting in first, and so dined many times in strange company—once with the Ulster-ites—oh dear! Once with the Kent-

ites—there the S.M. had a polite quarrel with a very noisy Commissioner—and once, nay many times, with some persons from Bedfordshire. Mere persons! But very persistent! The result of all this quite good-humoured, though exasperating scrapping was that when the rain fell—and it did!—the approaches to the tents, and the insides of the tents themselves—were transformed from green grass to stinking—I use the word advisedly!—black mud: ankle deep. That really was rather a drawback, but the food was so jolly good, and there was so much of it, that we would forget the perils and passages of arms passed through, and enjoy our food in comparative comfort!

Of the camp itself little need be said. Indeed of some of our near neighbours, the least said the better. Echos of "Mister Townley" will ring in our ears for many moons to come, and Heath Scouts may well be bucked at the way they behaved with regard to simple little matters such as "A Scout obeys orders!" However, 13,000 boys want a good deal of looking after, and apart from the "Lights out" and "Rouse" and "Late leave" rules, the camp was reasonably good. There were rest tents for the Scouters, canteen tents for the Scouts. A "Scout Headquarters" tent combining equipment, and "The Scout," plus the Editor, completed the amusement part, while behind our lines and those of the Scotties, stretched a great recreation ground, which, however, some of us never explored.

We were within ten minutes of the Exhibition grounds, to which we repaired on certain days, sometimes as private individuals, at others as performers at the Jamboree, for we took our share in a very thrilling display of Scouts of the Empire. This consisted of a grand entry and procession in county contingents, right round the track of the mighty Stadium, to the strains of the Leighton Buzzard Band. Simple, but thrilling in its simplicity, as band after band of staff-bearing Scouts emerges in column of eight, and tramps round the arena to the stirring music. The music ceases suddenly, three beats of a drum, and the masses of khaki-clad boys face inwards, standing stock still. Then a trumpet rings out clear, and with one accord the still blocks of youth galvanise into life as they



rush wildly and with loud shouts towards the Chief Scout in the centre, and there bend the knee. Softly come the strains of "God save the King," sung quietly by 13,000 sons of the Empire. Louder and louder swells the melody. The boys are rising from their knees, and in a last triumphant pæan, erect and at the salute, they sing "God save the King." The Chief Scout: he calls for three cheers for the King—which cheers roll round the Stadium, while thousands of hats leap skywards, borne aloft on the ends of the staves. The band plays again, and instantly the khaki mass turns about, makes for the various exits, and the rally is over.

Of the Exhibition itself, little may be said—it must be seen to be understood: its conception is so vast—the "far flung parts of Empire" are there, but in such profusion that it is difficult to do them justice. Night-time is a joy: a dream of multi-coloured lamps, or crimson, blue, green, and gold shadows on trees and rippling water, while, serene in her cold beauty, the Palace of India stands bathed in pale green light, clearly outlined against the dark night sky.

In the Stadium we witnessed many items of the Jamboree, which made us not a little proud of our brotherhood, and moreover we saw parts of the Pageant of Empire. Surely such colour, such a vast stage, such wonderful profusion of incident were never witnessed before. As a spectacle it was unique: as a historical education it was wonderful; as a dramatic work it was magnificent, and without doubt is epoch making.

Finally, our service on the Sunday was most uplifting, and quite worth the long and tedious round-about march, with many halts, both to and from the Stadium. But the vast arena was packed; the seating accommodation was taxed to the limit, but the ingenious "loud speaker" arrangements enabled us to hear all.

And we nearly missed all this—just by one vote did we secure it—aye, and more besides. What about the journey back—our afternoon at the diverting and mysterious Maskelynes; our journey in the train, and the dinner on board! That dinner! What mental questions ran riot! Should

we use knife, fork, or fingers for the savoury? What was that golden liquid, gleaming palely, with many, many winking bubbles, that the S.M. and Mr. Phoenix seemed so partial to? Too soon came Doncaster, and the "change" back into the Halifax coach.

And so came the end. Dim, dusky Halifax—a halting train: a hurried disembarking and sorting out of kitbags; a quick but cheery dismissal, and a melting away by taxi, car, or shanks' pony of a very jolly crowd, who, I think, did smile and did whistle under difficulties: who played the game from the first, and who, by reason of those two facts had a really good time.

Good old Wembley; good old Jamboree;  
good old Everything, and good old Us, for  
We are jolly good fellows.  
We are jolly good fellows,  
For we are jolly good fellows,  
Which nobody can deny!

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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To the Editor of the "New Heathen."

Sir,—I am taking the opportunity so kindly given to us, mere members of the "Unwashed Millions," of using your journal, just the most famous organ of our public, renowned for its fair criticism and the full statement of facts. As a martyr I have thus far suffered in silence what, after several sessions of many hours in succession of painful thought, entirely devoted to this sole subject, I have sorrowfully decided, to gross mismanagement. I refer to that crying shame, the Library! For two years now, so it seems, at least, the authorities in charge of that most important institution have been chiefly noteworthy for a disastrous taste in the choice of its new volumes, disastrous especially in its effects. Once upon a time, long, long before your time, dear sir, in the dim aeons of the past, ours was a well-balanced library. Each section of the literature of our noble tongue was represented in a proportion worthy of its merits. Now, alas! all merits such as this have long departed, and with them, I regret to say, sir, many others. All tastes were provided for; no one's was allowed to dominate the rest. Now, alas! 'tis far from so. Where'er one stirs, one's path



is barred by huge heaps of Henty's, and Percy F.'s; yea, verily, rows upon rows of them. But this is not the worst feature of the case, I am afraid, sir. Those were suited to someone's taste, these I am to mention are loved by none. Of late one has had pressed upon one the musty tomes of history and its pertaining novels. Moreover, the number of these is legion. This in itself is bad enough—methinks I hear fretful cries of "Too bad, far, far too bad!" Yet it is my painful duty to announce still further evil. If there were only complete sets of Wodehouse, Leacock, and other modern authors, the situation would be to some extent relieved. Alas! even this consolation is denied us luckless ones, whose taste is for lighter literature.

Such is the woeful tale it is my wish you should make known—that this so great a wrong may thus obtain redress.

Yours sincerely,

"The Worm that has Turned."

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To the Editor of the "New Heathen."

Sir,—The lack of development in the biceps of my little son, I feel sure, is due to insufficiency of exercise in the way of physical drill. Now, in my younger days, there was an institution amongst ourselves called "punny-drill," whose chief movements were carried out in the Gym. I should be very much obliged if you would inform me whether this institution is still in existence. If so, would you kindly enroll Fred for each of its functions?—Yours truly,

"Paterfamilias."

P.S.—Fred does not seem to encourage such a system, but pray do not be influenced by his childish whims.

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To the Editor of the "New Heathen."

Dear Sir,—I would like to call your attention to the disgraceful state of the Library. The Library should be, first and foremost a library, but on my visits to it I find it more resembles a lumber room. Not only are classical books strewn over the place, but nether garments, school bags and leaflets find their way into this abode of the gods. The paper basket until recently used to resemble a spittoon, and clouds of

dust arise when anyone enters the room. The books are in a tattered, and in many cases a grimy condition. They are totally unarranged, for Marco Polo's travels are next to a volume of Eric. The poetry section is scandalously neglected. What are we coming to?—Yours pessimistically,

"Librarius."

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## DECEASED.

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1863- —R. M. Stansfeld.

1889-94—Dr. Morton.

1899-1905—J. H. Hanson.

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