



MAGAZINE OF
HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL
HALIFAX.

: Winter Term :

DECEMBER, 1929.

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THE NEW HEATHEN.

HEATH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol VII. No. 3. (New Series) December, 1929.

Price 9d.

Term ends December 19th. 17 DEC 1929
Next Term begins January 14th. 17 DEC 1929

EDITORIAL.

Following on the Education Committee's determination to adapt the Secondary School to different uses, our numbers at Heath have been strengthened by the transfer of forty or fifty boys. The new boys who already had many friends here, were given a warm welcome and have already become thoroughly acclimatised.

The Scout Hut which has been erected in the lower playground is being fitted up by the Rovers, Scouts and Cubs. It will be a lasting reminder of Mr. Browning's devoted enthusiasm. The official opening will take place during the Christmas holidays, when Mr. Browning is coming up specially to perform the ceremony.

We welcome two new members of the staff, Mr. T. Knappe Smith, B.A., Cambridge, M.Sc. Manchester, and Mr. A. Bonham Edwards, of Christ's College, Cambridge.

The asphaltting of the path leading to the school gates, and the provision of an electric lamp over the door, have been welcome additions to the amenities of the school.

SUCSESSES AND DISTINCTIONS.

C. E. K. Scouller, Hastings Scholarship in Classics, Queen's College, Oxford.

A. N. Dakin, £5 prize prox. acc. Hastings Scholarship in Classics, Queen's College, Oxford.

A. B. North has represented Yorkshire at Rugby Football.

HIGHER CERTIFICATES.

Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board, in Classics—R. C. Barnes, Distinction in Ancient History and Greek.

C. E. K. Scouller—Distinction in Ancient History.

—A. N. Dakin. B. Sunderland.

Barnes was awarded a State Scholarship, and Scouller a Huddersfield Jubilee Scholarship on the result of the Examination.

Oxford Higher School Certificate in History and English—M. Healey.

Robinson has played in Yorkshire Trials at Rugby Football.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

(The Remove Form of eighteen boys was entered).

1st Class Honours—x*D. R. Mitchell, Distinction in English, Maths., and Greek.

x*G. R. Lewin, Distinction in English.

x*H. Pickles.

x*J. S. Brearley, Distinction in Maths.

2nd Class Honours—x*A. Wade.

3rd Class Honours—x*P. L. Daniel, x*R. Greenwood, C. Smith.

Passes—P. Dawson, C. E. Emmott, x*A. K. Hind, x*J. Ingham, N. Kirtley, A. Medley, F. Morton, J. O'Rourke, D. O. Wilkinson.

xExempted from London Matriculation.

*Exempted from Northern Universities Matriculation.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Full Foundation—G. W. Hanson (Honorary), L. Harkness, G. Denham, E. Harrison, H. Wolfenden.

Waterhouse—E. Hinchcliffe, P. Garside.

County Borough—W. Amos, J. G. Caunce, W. Ellis, T. Harkness, J. Kershaw, J. Kenyon, B. Marsh, C. Morley, T. Needham, G. Osborne, R. Radcliffe, G. Sadler, H. Waite, D. Wilcock, K. Riley.

PRIZE LIST.

VI. and REMOVE FORMS.—Reith Classical Prize, R. C. Barnes; French Prize, D. R. Mitchell; Science Prize (Mayor's Prize) C. E. Emmott; History and English Prize (Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, P.C.) G. R. Lewin.

REMOVE FORM.—1st Prize, D. R. Mitchell; 2nd Prize, G. R. Lewin; Special Prize, J. S. Brearley.

V. FORM.—1st Prize, D. F. Hudson; 2nd Prize, E. Mitchell.

IVa FORM.—1st Prize, A. E. Halliday, 2nd Prize, J. A. Grave; Drawing, W. A. Dawson.

IVb FORM.—1st Prize, G. Harrison, 2nd Prize, H. Eyre; Drawing, A. R. Ingham.

IVc. FORM.—1st Prize, K. Barber; 2nd Prize, E. Sykes; Drawing, B. Harwood.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY—Bronze Medal: H. S. Black, V. Murray, W. A. Dawson, E. L. G. Hall, R. Hainsworth, J. Holden, G. Middleton, D. Mitchell, C. Kirtley, F. Stringer.

R.L.S.S. AWARD OF MERIT—Silver Medal: 1st, H. Normington, 2nd J. G. B. Thomas, 3rd, D. G. Sutcliffe.

PROFICIENCY CERTIFICATE.—R. A. Ingram, G. W. Marsh, F. B. Gledhill, H. Eyre, L. Dawson, W. H. Greenwood, P. Hoyle, N. Healey.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE SHIELD.—Queen's (R. C. Barnes).

HOUSE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP (Challenge Cup given by Mrs. Byrde, 1929) Queen's (R. C. Barnes).

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

TRANSITUS.—1st Prize, M. Hollway, 2nd Prize, G. Brayshaw, Progress Prize (Special) K. Kendall.

II. FORM.—1st Prize, R. Leigh, 2nd Prize, S. Neaverson, Progress Prize (Special) C. Bates.

I. FORM.—1st Prize, K. Thomas, 2nd Prize, J. Normanton, Progress Prize (Special) H. T. M. Robertson.

JUNIOR HOUSE SHIELD.—Queen's (W. Walker).

SPEECH DAY.

(By permission of "Halifax Courier and Guardian").

Mr. Lewis Rhodes who occupied the chair, congratulated the headmaster and the staff on the excellent results obtained during the year. He mentioned the success of the committee which the Old Boys' Association had appointed, in helping to place boys leaving school in positions, and that the Chambers of Commerce had now taken the same idea up, in co-operating with headmasters of secondary schools for finding jobs for boys. That was a step in the right direction. The people of the West Riding, he proceeded, had a reputation for wanting full value for money spent, and he had heard several persons questioning the value that was being received for the millions spent yearly on education in this country. But it was, he urged, a very difficult matter to estimate education in terms of £ s. d., and he thought that Heath School was a typical example, showing that value for money in education was being given. He commended the formation and progress of the Old Boys' Association, and appealed to the boys of the school, who took a pride in it, to support that Association when they left school.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

Mr. Byrde, after drawing attention to the fine work which Mr. Whitley, the Governors' chairman, had embarked upon, said that last year he had given notice that he expected good results from the school this year, and that his expectations had not been disappointed. They had, during the year, sent three boys to Oxford, a science scholar, a history exhibitioner, and one with a high-

er certificate and grant. Two were already representing their societies at football, and incidentally, working as well. They had sent in four boys for the higher Certificate in Classics, all of whom had been successful. In all there were nine old Heath boys at Oxford and Cambridge. Greenwood's Benefaction, he continued, was performing its invaluable function of helping boys to stay at school in order to work for a scholarship to one of these universities.

The standard in the School Certificate had been very high, but there was a feeling amongst schoolmasters and many other sensible people that it was high time that the earning of a school certificate—already recognised as a certificate of a sound general education up to a certain age—should be unconditionally recognised as a matriculation qualification or as an entrance qualification to the professions.

Mr. Byrde then paid a tribute to the conscience and efficiency of the members of the staff who, he said, spared no effort or thought in preparation to render their lessons both effective and palatable. Their interest in the outside activities of the school was also invaluable to its welfare. They could but lament the loss of Mr. Browning, whose work for the Scouts in particular had been very fine, but no man was indispensable, however great his worth, and they must look to the future, not the past, and welcome the new members to the staff, Mr. B. Edwards and Mr. Knappe Smith.

In the realm of sport no less than in that of work, the school had enjoyed a most successful year. In cricket, football, swimming and fives there had been great interest and very considerable success. The Old Boys' Association, too, he was glad to know, were making great efforts to extend their activities and strengthen their membership. The Association had already done very good work, not only in sport, but in helping boys to find work on leaving school and rendering valuable assistance at the Filey Camp. It deserved all the support that could be given by masters, boys and parents.

Mr. Byrde recorded the deep sense of loss to the town and to the cause of education that Mr. Howard Clay's lamented and untimely death brought to everyone.

"Many of us keep thinking instinctively, when problems arise, 'What would Howard Clay, have said or thought of this' because we knew that what he said or thought was well considered and without fear or favour."

Speaking to the gathering after presenting the prizes, the High Master of S. Paul's School observed that education was a matter very much in the public mind at the present time, and added that it was obvious that in the next 20 or 30 years there were going to be probably more changes than there had been in any time during the last two or three hundred years. Not wishing to say anything which might appear to be a partisan statement there were things on which all agreed—one particular point of great importance was that it should be possible for any boy who showed that he really had ability to stay on after he had passed that stage of his education at which he usually matriculated or took the school certificate. Many boys, of course, were not specially suited for anything in the way of advanced work, but it was most important that those who were suited should be given an opportunity of going on.

Another point stressed by the speaker, which he said was not always realised as clearly as it should be, was that if it was the habit of boys generally to leave school at 16, and go into the professions or business and industrial careers, they had during the years from 16 onwards to occupy positions naturally at the bottom of the tree. If they stayed on during the years from 16 to 17 or 18½, not only would they be widening their knowledge, but in the great majority of cases would learn something of the art of leading others and of exercising some control over those who were younger than themselves.

THE POWER OF LEADING.

One of the things which everybody was agreed upon was that it was essential in the modern world that there should be plenty of boys who had the power of leading others, because whatever kind of work was taken up in the world there had to be some leading spirits. They above all should be produced by the schools, both the new schools which had sprung up in such numbers in recent years, and those old schools

which had a longer tradition of service to the country behind them, such as Heath School possessed.

One hundred years ago England led the world in all matters connected with industry and manufacture, but now she was no longer in possession of a start, a start obtained because probably she was one of the first countries that made any use of coal or of iron. Now other countries had started manufactures, and held a very much larger share of the total products of the world than they did even 20 years ago.

YORKSHIRE LEADING THE WAY.

As a people we had always prided ourselves on certain qualities, and in the possession of those qualities there was no doubt that Yorkshire had led the way, qualities of grit and commonsense and being hard-headed and understanding the meaning of facts. What was going to be a great need in the next 100 years was that as much use should be made of the brain power of the country as 100 years ago was made of the natural resources, because it was becoming more and more evident that it was largely due to brain power that one nation rose to a high and important position as compared with another. We could not afford to waste our brain power. History had shown that some of the greatest men in this and other countries and in all ages had risen from the ranks, and one need which was clear in the future was that there was going to be a very much greater opportunity than in the past for the genius, for the inventor, for the man who was going to exercise a wise influence over the lives of his fellow creatures to rise to any position.

BRAIN IMPORTANCE.

That development of brains could only be brought about by the process of education carried on in the schools. A good many of our friends, rivals and competitors in foreign countries realised the importance of brain power, and at any moment during 24 hours in practically every civilised country there were men engaged in thinking our inventions, discoveries, new processes and means of bringing about improvements and changes in civilisation and in life which were going to make an enormous difference to the history of the civilised world. The world was a smaller place

to live in than it was even ten years ago, and a very great deal smaller than it was 100 years ago. We could not cut ourselves off from the other countries and other peoples as we used to do in what some people called the good old days. If we were going to hold our own with the great world outside, we had got to mobilise and develop our brain power. The way to do that was to give every encouragement to all boys who had promise of real intellectual power to develop that power, and that could only be done by them staying on at school beyond the stage at which the majority of boys were entering the business and industrial world. But we had not only got to consider the people who had first class brains. There were the great majority who had not, by nature of things, and whilst they were at school they could learn in a tremendous number of ways the things that would be useful to them on leaving school, things which would enable them to look upon the problems of the world when they went out into it, from a clear, unprejudiced, unbiassed point of view. If we could keep up those sound, solid British qualities which were drilled into us at school times, this country would have little to fear. And it was such a school as Heath, which combined an old tradition with the modern spirit, which had a unique opportunity of producing a steady stream of young Englishmen who would make the history of this country in the future as glorious as it had been in the past—(applause).

Coun. P. N. Whitley proposed the vote of thanks to Mr. Bell and all who had made the evening so successful.

Mr. Horsley seconded, and the resolution was warmly carried, following which Mr. Bell briefly replied.

The boys gave several choruses and part-songs during the evening.

OXFORD LETTER.

Trinity College,
Oxford.
28/11/29.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Your invitation unfortunately found me deep in religious meditation, but on realising its exact nature I came abruptly to

earth and. I am afraid, made several remarks not quite in harmony with the above mood. "Divers" come three times a year. I am hoping that once will be quite sufficient for me. Four hundred other miserable sinners are also paying for their previous shameful ignorance of the gospel according to those four celebrities, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and the Acts of those persons, generally termed Apostles. Within a week I shall know the worst, after proceeding to that charming building which dominates the lower end of High Street. Very unfortunately, any æsthetic pleasure which might be derived from the external and internal aspect of the erection is rather dimmed by the association of ideas. The examination schools does not assume a rosy hue when viewed by a man in the throes of the Monday morning feeling.

Away with such ghastly thoughts, we must live as well as work.

Again the Sunday papers were resplendent with headlines, "Varsity Rags on the Fifth," and other doings of the "wasted" youth at the 'Varsities. I am afraid that in this, we were rather eclipsed by Cambridge, where the accounts given conjure up visions of hordes of struggling Undergrads, being hauled before those who sit in judgment over them and frantic proctors ascending to the heavens, securely attached to sky-rockets. In Oxford, as usual, the much-abused Fire Brigade, whose presence appears to be essential to the success of any rag, were attracted to the salvation of the charred remains of a diminutive automobile from which all internal organs had been removed. Life would lose its savour and if the salt hath its savour wherewith . . . (I must humbly beg your pardon. I fear that my religious zeal is carrying me too far). Still, as I was observing, life would lose one of its great attractions if the papers did not regard Oxford as a cross between a lunatic asylum and a nursery for the future Olympic game champions. These phases are present, but it should be remembered that there are other things and other types of persons.

At present, our rugger hopes are dazlingly bright and Oxford is said to possess one of the best sides, fielded for many years. At any rate, ask Blackheath who have made our visions infinitely more pleasant by triumphing over Cambridge.

Bessey and Healey are flourishing, although their digs, in the wilderness annoy one extremely when searching at about 9-30 on a dark cold night. Bessey is playing regularly for the Teddy Hall first soccer XI, while Healey primarily oscillated between Soccer and Rugger and once even sampled the river. I don't know whether his first experience thereon was very enjoyable, but I have not since heard him express any wish to repeat the venture. He has now, I believe, settled down to soccer and work occasionally.

I would like most sincerely to congratulate Scouller on his success in the Hastings.

Well, the miraculous rapidity with which the two ends of a term approach the dimensions of a point and the close proximity of Divers., found me absolutely unprepared for this literary venture and so, please overlook the scrappiness of this letter and attribute it to the state of the table on which I am writing.

With all good wishes for the success of the rugger and the progress of the school,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

S. BAIRSTOW.

—o—

SCHOOL HOUSE.

It is rather unfortunate that these notes must be written before any of our impending Rugger and Fives' matches are played, so that there is little to speak of, unless it is to bewail our performances last season. On the whole, however, we did not put up a bad show. In the swimming contest we were only a few points behind Queens; and when it is considered that one of our best swimmers was unable to be present, we may feel gratified that we ran them so closely.

This term the Fives and Rugger competitions are to be decided. None of the Fives Four are in School House, but we have a number of useful players, who with practice ought to furnish a good opposition to the more experienced Heath and Queens' teams. I appeal to all Fives' players in School House to practise the game as much as they can; there is no reason why we should not produce good players if the players themselves are willing to take the trouble.

Last year, with a team depleted by injuries, we lost the Rugger championship to Queens by a point. This year we must win it. We have a number of forwards, and our pack should be the best of the House teams; but our backs are by no means satisfactory, indeed we shall have some difficulty in finding a three-quarter line at all. However, if everyone tries his best, and no one can do more, there is no reason to despair.

We should like to extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers to School House. Let them remember that in a few year's time they will be representing their House in the competitions, and that our future success will depend upon their efforts now. But we have no doubt that everyone will do his utmost to maintain School House as the best House in the School.

C. E. K. Scouller.

HEATH HOUSE.

When the last notes appeared we had not yet played School at cricket in the final House match. Since we had previously beaten Queens rather easily, and Queens had beaten School we were expected to come off victorious, and thus become cock House at cricket. Our hopes were sadly dashed, however. Heath batted first and compiled the moderate total of 51, of which the chief contributors were Cockcroft (19) and Mitchell (14). School, largely thanks to a fine innings by Normanton passed our total with 3 wickets standing. Thus each of the Houses had won one match.

Several of our stalwarts left at the end of the term, including Murgatroyd and Butler, and our strength this season is not too great. However in the draw for the new boys we were fortunate enough to obtain Eastwood who has already proved his worth to the 1st XV, and several promising youngsters, so that the outlook for the future is slightly more rosy.

A House meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Rigg, in order to elect captains of the various teams. Cockcroft remained captain of the rugger team and Mitchell was elected vice-captain. The same two were elected captain and vice-captain respectively of cricket. Daniel was made captain of Fives. All were elected unanimously. Some of the younger boys failed

to turn up at this meeting; will they therefore note these elections and turn up in full force next time?

So far this term we have had one Rugger match against Queen's. We hardly expected to triumph over the formidable team which Queen's can put in the field but we hoped to put up a good show. Heath pressed from the kick-off and for a time held their own but eventually Queen's broke away and scored. About this time Mitchell received an injury and for the rest of the game was hobbling about doing the best he could. Queens scored three more tries before the interval, one of which was converted, so that at half time Heath were 14 points in arrears. In the second half Queens over-ran our side, and when time was called had scored 37 points. We replied with a good try scored by Cockcroft. There is no need to be disheartened by this result for we gave a plucky display against a much superior side. Outstanding players on our side were Cockcroft, Eastwood, Daniel, Mitchell and Holden, but promising displays were given by some of the youngsters, so that there is ground for hope that we shall do much better against School.

We have not yet played any Fives' matches so that it is hard to say what our chances are. In any case the Four will do their best and perhaps avenge our Rugger defeat. We would however, like more boys to turn up at House matches of any description and give our side more vocal encouragement.

QUEEN'S HOUSE.

At the beginning of the term we were sorry to see that two Queen's members of long standing had left. Thomas and D. Sutcliffe, as holders of the Silver Medal, have helped Queens to victory in the Swimming contests and have also represented the House at Rugby and Cricket. We welcome, however several newcomers from the Secondary School, of whom Clark has already distinguished himself upon the Rugby field.

On July 29th, at the end of last term, we obtained first place in the Swimming contest, beating School by 90 points to 85. This victory was especially gratifying as we had thought that School had a slightly stronger team. We must thank Thomas, who excelled in both the swim-

ming and diving events and obtained almost half the Queen's points. By this contest we assured our winning of the House Trophy, for we had previously won the Rugby and Fives' Competitions, tied in the Cricket, and come second in the Sports and Gym. contest.

But no member of the House must rest on these laurels. We must strive to do even better this year than last.

This term we have only taken part in one House event, the Rugby match with Heath. This we won easily by 37 points to 3, in spite of the absence of Hainsworth and Balmforth in the forwards. We must expect to receive stronger resistance from School, but we have every hope of defeating them if we can field our strongest strongest team. The House Fives' competition will not take place until the end of this term.

We must again offer our hearty thanks to our Housemaster, Mr. Phoenix, for the zeal and enthusiasm which he always shows in every branch of House activity.

R. C. Barnes.

AN ODE TO A BAD EGG (i.e. TISHY).

There is a boy in oure forme
Whose face is lik a badde storme,
And eeke person woulde thinke
He hadde taken unto Drinke,
If they should see his face,
Which is without a signe of grace.
His face is yellow and Y—Wanne,
His heade lookes like a panne—
His legges have a nice curve
Which makes him walke with a swerve.
His nose is redde, his ye graye,
For this boye is a dogge gaye;
But you will thinke he is a boye
Who likes to playe with a toye;
This is not so as yowe will see—
He is a man, or so thinks he.
If more yow woulde like to knowe
Come see him at "Ye Yorkshire Showe."
For yowe will find himme in a penne,
Among ye sheepes and a henne,
For all ye people like to see
A funny sight for a pennie.

TISHY THE MAN.

If you should ever see a boy
With hair so lank and face so coy,
You'd know that you a boy had seen

Whose age is very near sixteen;
And who is just matriculate
And has a thinly haired Pate.
His spectacles spoil his fine face;
His legs would fail him in a race;
And in a beauty competition,
I fear he would obtain derision.

—o—

Oh! heart beat not so quick, for who cares now?—

The world is lost in sin, and no one knows
What may betide when we have taken our way

With weary, lagging footsteps to that Home
Of those who have, as we, for ever striven
Heavenwards.

What pain! What sorrow and indeed what loss!

What joy! What recompense for life on earth!

We cannot guess at what will be our lot
When we have left this harsh revolting earth.

And sought with hope the heavens, and ever striven
Heavenwards.

A black oblivion! a fearsome night!
Or palaces and wondrous cities bright!
When we shall die and we have breathed our last

Who knows what we may see, or hear, or do?

We can but drift along and ever strive
Heavenwards.

Why do we suffering mortals on this earth
Bear our hard yoke, nor 'gainst our fates revolt?

Why do not all we human beings rise
Against the oppression of the tyrant gods?
But we just carry out their whims and strive

Heavenwards.

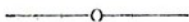
And yet why melancholy now my soul?
Thou shoud'st rejoice, for now the trees
send forth

Their vernal shoots, and flowers are bright
and gay,

And close-cropp'd lawns reflect the sun's
bright ray,

And everything in nature seems to strive
Heavenwards.

When we shall yield our mortal breath to
 God,
 And render up our soul to Him who died,
 Then we shall find that blessed rest of
 those
 Who in their life their God have loved and
 feared,
 And after weary strife on earth have risen
 Heavenwards.



The buzzer is the thing that rings the knell
 Of all my hopes of missing school that day.
 I run, my undone homework in my bag,
 And vainly hope that HE will not turn up.
 A hope which dies as HE comes into
 prayers.

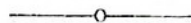
I rush upstairs and vainly try to do
 That which I should have learnt or done
 before.

I set to work, but CAVE! stops my task,
 It's "Walker do it twice for Wednesday."
 N. Walker.

THE TRAGEDY OF LESLIE, by Deeby.

Attend all ye who list to hear my melan-
 choly story,
 Of Leslie and his motor-bike, his new Cal-
 thorpe Ivory.
 O'er hill and dale that fateful day he'd
 rode full many a mile,
 And now, at eventide, he was returning
 home in style.
 The sun behind the distant hill had dimmed
 his fiery beams,
 Said Leslie to his mighty heart. "Phoebus
 hath bunked, it seems;
 Methinks the time for lighting up is nigh,
 and so here goes!"
 The switch he turns but O alas! no beam
 of brightness shows.
 "A murrain on it!" Leslie cries, "something
 has gone -a-bust,"
 But still he presses on his way, raising a
 cloud of dust.
 Foolhardy one! he little thinks what peril
 is in sight
 For him who after lighting-up time, rides
 without a light.
 Then through a little town he goes at a
 tremendous pace,
 When suddenly a burly form looms up
 before his face.
 He swerves, jams on his brakes, then
 skids: his Ivory Calthorpe roars
 Along the road: poor Leslie leaves the
 saddle; far he soars,

Then hits the road with a resounding thud:
 that burly cop.
 Comes forward and with mighty voice,
 gives vent to one word "STOP."
 Leslie obligingly obeys; then from the road
 arises,
 Regains his bike, turns to the cop . . .
 but surely that suffices
 Of such an episode. So let it be enough
 to say
 That poor old Leslie had to shove his bike
 the rest of the way.
 But o'er the sequel of our Leslie's adven-
 ture the veil
 I mercifully draw: and here endeth my
 doleful tale.



THE WEAPON.

It was in the early days of Gaston's re-
 markable career as a detective that the
 Bartle Hill mystery attracted public atten-
 tion to his powers, and as it completely
 baffled everyone by its apparent simplicity
 it may be worth while to set the facts down.
 Five years after being naturalized, André
 Gaston, who, though of ample private
 means had already had some practice in
 independent criminal investigation, was
 called upon by Inspector Gates of the C.I.D.
 for assistance in a simple blackmail case.

"Henry Archer is the man" said the in-
 spector, "of Bartle Hill, a remote suburb
 in North London. For years we've known
 him as a blackmailer, without having defi-
 nite proofs. Three months ago we got
 these proofs, and since then, without his
 suspecting anything, we have laid our plans.
 You civilians have no idea of the lengths to
 which we go before claiming our prey.
 Three months ago most men would have
 been satisfied. From then till now his
 house has been ceaselessly watched, whilst
 we made our arrangements. By inter-
 ception of his mail we became thoroughly
 conversant with his business; we know that
 there are many of his victims whom he
 has never seen. We wish you, if you are
 willing, to acquaint yourself with the facts
 concerning one of these people, which we
 can supply, to call upon Archer and im-
 personate his victim, and thus to obtain
 the incriminating evidence which will be
 so valuable to the prosecution. I, of course,
 shall back you up. Are you willing?"

Gaston stroked his sleek black beard and nodded.

"Yes, I'm quite willing to take it on. After all, you know," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "one must have a hobby."

"All the same" said Gates, drawing out some papers from his pocket, "I don't envy you it."

They drew up their chairs to the table, and so they sat, forming plans of action, far into the night.

* * * * *

Shortly after twelve o'clock the following day, Gaston leaned with folded arms against a gatepost just outside the suburb of Bartle Hill, which is little more than a village. Above his head tall chestnut trees met to conceal the blue sky and shelter mortals from the blazing heat. That Bartle Hill, itself part of the metropolis, should be on the other side of yond coppice thought Gaston, was almost unbelievable. Strolling along between the hedges, as innocently as a country gentleman, came his co-plotter the inspector. The two proceeded in a leisurely fashion to Archer's house, a solitary building which the inspector soon pointed out to Gaston through the trees. On approaching nearer it was seen that the gardens which surrounded it glowed with a bewildering wealth of flowers of every kind.

They ascended the slope up to Archer's garden gate and it was agreed that the inspector should wait at the bottom of the garden, concealed from view by the trees, and should keep a smart watch on the window of the right hand front room which was Archer's study. Gates watched Gaston walk up to the front door and ring the bell. After an interval he rang it again. Then he strolled over to the study window. After looking in he turned and ran wildly down the lawn to where Gates was. For the first time in his career Gaston had come face to face with murder, and it wasn't pleasant.

"He's dead . . . lying dead, in his fire-place," he panted, "come up, quick"

"It can't have been done long" said the amazed inspector as they hurried towards the house. "His charwoman leaves about noon, so he's only been alone since then."

To their surprise the door was unlocked and they both rushed into the man's study.

Henry Archer lay on the hearthrug with his forehead broken open on the corner of the fender.

An overturned chair lay near his feet and in his hand was an automatic pistol. A large safe, with a key in the lock stood open and ransacked by the wall. In through the windows poured the golden sunlight of a summer noon on to the bloodstained carpet where lay the sprawling corpse, like some hideous mistake of Nature.

There was the sound of footsteps coming up the gravel path and the next minute a large policeman was in their midst.

"Well sirs, what's all—oh, my life!" He had caught sight of Henry Archer. "I saw you bursting in here," said he "and I thought it was a bit queer."

Gates explained who he was and the constable produced pencil and notebook.

"What do you make of it, Gaston?" asked the inspector.

Gaston shook his head doubtfully.

"It looks," said Gates, "as though he was making for some intruder with this pistol and stumbled over the chair."

"The intruder would be the man who rifled the safe, then?"

"Undoubtedly."

Whilst the policeman rang up a doctor, Gaston was carefully studying the corpse, but without laying hands on it.

"An eccentric old gentleman," he observed after a time.

"Oh?"

"Look how he holds this pistol."

"Yes. Still, I don't see how that helps us."

"Look at the wound on his forehead. I'll swear that that was done with our old friend the 'blunt instrument.' The corner of the fender certainly doesn't answer to that."

"It would have to be a heavy fall" said Gates "to smash his head open like that. But what about this safe?"

"The key is in the lock."

"And it has fingerprints on it."

That's very fortunate. You wouldn't expect a criminal to make such a blunder."

"Beware of false trails," said Gaston sagaciously. "Hello. Here's the doctor. He's been quick."

On turning over the corpse and examining it the doctor announced that the man had only been dead about ten minutes.

The inspector pulled out his watch. "We've been here ten minutes at least. That means that the intruder was in the house when we came."

"If there was an intruder" said Gaston.

"What do you mean?"

"There's no proof of one, really. If he was killed by a fall, which is doubtful, there may have been no second person."

The inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"But the pistol, the wound and the rifled safe" he went on "seem to suggest one."

"Probably one or his victims," said Gates. "But we must examine the safe."

This they did at great length.

* * * * *

An hour later, as Gaston and the inspector walked into Bartle Hill, Gaston asked casually; "What sort of a reputation had Archer in the neighbourhood?"

"Abominable. Burgled the Burtons-house and got two years for it."

"Burglary! After compromising papers, no doubt?"

"Precisely."

"Who are the Burtons?"

"Mrs. Burton is Dr. Finch's daughter,—he's the one you saw at Archer's."

"When was this?"

"Nearly four years ago."

"I see."

There was a note in Gaston's voice which made the inspector wonder what exactly he had seen.

As they journeyed back to town both sat in silence, reviewing the facts of the case.

The inspector's meditations, clear and precise, led him safely up to a point, whence all evidence seemed to vanish into thin air.

Gaston, who had been casting about in his mind for any circumstance which would point to any particular individual, had come up against a similar brick wall. There was still the clue of the safe-key. The fingerprints on it would probably indicate someone known to the police. Meanwhile, one could only deal with the slender evidence which was already certain.

As for the wound on Archer's head, that had not been caused by his falling on the fender. So much was obvious. Secondly there had seemed to be something very unusual about the pistol in the dead man's hand. What it was Gaston could not quite decide, but it was unnatural. Archer had been killed, then, by some unknown means, and had been placed so as to give the appearance of an accidental fall. The murderer had then found the key, wherever it was, and undone the safe, abstracting the papers which incriminated himself. Yet he had left the key in the safe and the pistol in Archer's hand. Everything pointed to his being one of Archer's victims. Did anyone concerned in the affair seem likely to have been in the man's clutches? The charwoman, interviewed by Gates had expressed great surprise, but beyond disgust at losing a job had shown no sorrow at her employer's death. When she left the house at about ten minutes to twelve Archer had been working in his study, where he was found dead. The little doctor was implicated in the matter in a roundabout way; and it had struck Gaston as suspicious that he should have answered the summons so promptly. Of definite evidence against him however, there was none, and the doctor's physique hardly suggested that he had dealt the blow which killed Archer. His son-in-law, Russell Burton of whom Gaston had heard, occurred to him as being more the type of man.

The question of the criminal's escape was a difficulty. Both back and front doors led on to the lane and the fugitive would have been seen by the policeman had he emerged into the lane or garden. At the back of the house was a high wall which it was possible for an agile person to scale, but there were no traces in the flower-beds of any such action.

His mind went back to what Gates had said about the burglary. There seemed little enough connection between the two crimes, and yet—. A new and more fruitful line of thought had occurred to Gaston, and it kept him occupied until he reached his destination.

* * * * *

The following morning, early, the inspector called upon Gaston, and his brow was ruffled.

"The fingerprints on the key have been identified."

"Well, who was the robber?"

"The late Henry Archer."

"Good Heavens! It really is he that is dead, I suppose?"

"Oh yes. Prints identical with those of the late lamented."

"This is getting weird; we must think it over."

After perhaps about two minutes and a half Gaston spoke again.

"The murderer carried no firearms, then?"

"Eh? How do you make that out?"

"Well, Archer presumably didn't hear the man coming or his first thought would have been to lock the safe. Therefore he was taken by surprise. An armed man who surprises his victim doesn't let him get at his gun. Therefore he wasn't armed."

"I see. How does that help us?"

"Merely as an additional piece of evidence."

"Can you provide any more of this armchair evidence? It may be useful."

"The criminal was an extremely smart fellow—nearly too smart for us. Just think of his presence of mind. It was a bare matter of seconds between his killing Archer and our arrival. Yet he ransacked the safe and found, presumably what he wanted; he saw us coming and conceived the idea of disposing the corpse as we found it; did so and was clean out of sight before we entered the house. That, I think is almost a record, and now I want you to do me a favour. I want to do a test with regard to the strength of arm required for that blow. Can you get me a

heavy constable—like the one at Bartle Hill for instance? There's the telephone in the corner."

When Gates had finished speaking, he turned again to Gaston remarking;

"Gregory, that's his name, will be up in ten minutes, as he isn't on his beat. Then you can begin. By the way, why were you inquiring at the Station yesterday. Jeffries tells me you called about the men's beats. I could get you anyone you wanted if you asked me. Did you get what you were after?"

"Yes, I found Gregory would be available at this time if we needed him. You see he has all the facts in his notebook and won't need things explaining. Moreover he's a useful man for the test I want to carry out."

"I see. What is it you want to do?"

"I can't tell you just yet. But there's one thing I'd like to ask you. Did you notice anything unusual about the pistol in Archer's hand—the way it was held I mean?"

"I can't remember doing so."

"I can, but I don't know what it was." He put his hand to his forehead. "I believe I do, though! It had been put there by someone else, after he was dead."

"Then the murderer had a pistol after all."

"Yes, and my little theory falls through."

"Can you piece the crime together?"

"I think I can. The criminal surprises Archer whilst he is working and makes him put his hands up. He searches him for the key and, keeping him covered, makes him open the safe. Hence the fingerprints. Then he saw us coming, killed Archer with the butt of the pistol, not daring to shoot him lest he should attract our attention. Having put Archer as we saw him with the pistol in his hand he rifled the safe and made off by the back door."

"But how? What means of escape was there?"

"That's the ingenious part of it. He walked round to the bottom of the garden, as we went into Archer's study, and then walked back up the path"—

"What?"

"—And walked in and started taking notes."

"Good Heavens! Gregory?"

"Precisely."

"But what put you on his track?"

"I first suspected him because he was so near the house. Then you mentioned the burglary at Burtons'. Now policemen are not infrequently connected with burglaries. Dr. Finch was also concerned, remotely, but he couldn't have killed Archer himself: he was too small. I then made enquiries at Bartle Hill police station, and found that the Burtons' house was on the same beat as Archer's, i.e. Gregory's, and that at the time of the burglary Gregory was on night duty. That seemed to point to friend Gregory. Supposing Gregory was Archer's accomplice and had been bribed to let him burgle the house; when Archer was caught, he evidently kept silent about Gregory, in order to blackmail him. This seemed to fit very well with the facts. We can only suppose that Archer had threatened to expose Gregory and so met his death."

"What about the rifling of the safe?"

"Probably to suggest a robbery and divert suspicion. You see I didn't want to tell you why I went to the police station for fear of throwing suspicion on the wrong man; and I'm glad Jeffries didn't tell you the details either, or you might have guessed. I suppose you've realized that the test I talked about was all bunkum."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I couldn't fit the 'blunt instrument' into the scheme at all, until I found it was the pistol. I noticed that Gregory's clothes had no bulge where it might have been hidden and he hardly had time to hide it outside. I meant to ask Gregory a few doors led on to the lane, and the fugitive trip him up if he were guilty."

"Do you consider you have sufficient evidence?"

"I do now. Look at the clock. It's nearly a quarter of an hour since you rang up. It's my fault if he's realised what we're after."

Gregory never came.

PET VACUUMS FOR SALE.

The other day as I was settling down, being alone, to enjoy a quiet afternoon, I was roused by the violent ringing of the front door bell.

"Whrrrrrrr."

I roused myself and hastened to the door, there to find a young man with the steely glint of determination in his eye.

"Good afternoon sir," was his greeting, and as he spoke he advanced a step, "I represent the firm of a Hop—Skip-and-a-Jump patent Vacuum cleaners." This time he got on to the door-mat. "I have come to give you a demonstration." Now he hung up his hat. "Which carpet would you like to be cleaned?" He advanced menacingly.

"Um—er—yes—no. Er-please come this way," I gulped.

In a few moments he had produced a fearsome-looking article, and after kicking it, coaxing it, and pressing it for some time, it gave a low whirr, then a piercing shriek, then proceeded to destroy the carpets, curtains, furniture, and everything else within reach.

After it had fed to its heart's content on the best carpet for a while, it was silenced by a kick, and the showman began to search himself.

"Very sorry," he said, "I haven't any loose change with me. Could you lend me a shilling?"

Dubiously, I regarded the vacuum for a fraction of time, but, seeing how fierce it looked and ready to defend its master, I produced the required coin. This was carelessly thrown on the carpet (or the remains thereof), and promptly offered as sacrifice to the fearsome vacuum. "Here, but I say—," was my indignant protest.

"Now you see," said the showman serenely, "this is the only vacuum with enough suction to do that," and he patted the nozzle of the vacuum like some good animal, which has displayed its tricks.

"And a good job," thought I, picturing hundreds of pet vacuums going up and down the country, devouring the shillings of innocent householders.

"Ah," said the keeper brightly, "your tie-pin." And in another moment he had

removed it, and it was lying on the sacrificial stone. Then the terrible vacuum advanced and the tie-pin beat a hasty retreat under the sideboard. But the vacuum was not to be foiled and promptly gave chase.

The next few minutes were very exciting. Under the sideboard, under the couch, into the fireplace and out again raced the tie-pin with vacuum after it, puffing and blowing, whirring and whistling, shrieking and screaming, while the demonstrator, red in the face, urged his pet to greater efforts. After three minutes of ineffable joy, in which I saw the sportsman with the gadget go down on his knees, and, joy of joys, soil his trousers, the tie-pin surrendered and was eagerly devoured.

Still the vacuum did not seem satisfied, and, as the demonstrator advanced again, I backed away hastily, as I imagined myself, pulled limb from limb, first the back-stud, then the front, then the jacket, and so on, and so on, to feed this ravenous monster.

"And now," said the proud vacuum-tamer, "what about it?"

"What about what?" I replied, still slightly dazed.

"Well, won't you buy one?" he asked, brightly.

"What! Keep one of those things, and feed it on hearth-rugs, shillings, and tie-pins?" I gasped feebly. "Why, I'd be broke inside a week. No, my man, go and try it on Bostock and Wombwell's, but not on me." And with that I turned, resolutely and strode from the room.

I heard a baffled cry of rage behind me, whether from the vacuum or its keeper, I do not know, but soon afterwards the front door slammed, and I have never seen the sportsman, the gadget, my shilling or my tie-pin from that day to this.

A.

POISON.

A Drama in One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cyprian K. Enfield, an American.
Antoine Du Gaston, a Frenchman.
James Merville.
Denvers, the Hotel proprietor.
Dr. Whitfield.

A Barman.

Detective Inspector Dickson.

(Scene: A Hotel Bar).

Enfield, Du Gaston, Merville, drinking.
Barman in attendance.

Enfield: Cocktail for me, Alfred.

Barman: Yessir!

Du G.: And I, Alfred.

Barman: Cert'nly sir! (Turns round and mixes drinks) (Enter Denvers).

Denvers: (Aghast) Shocking, gentlemen, shocking!

Merville (turning) What is?

Denvers: Dr. Whitfield's new poison has been stolen. By someone in the hotel! What will become of us?

Du G.: Mon Dieu! But I cannot stay here with a criminal at large. I will go at once! (Exit).

Denvers: (distracted). Oh, this has ruined me I knew it would. (Rushes after Du G.) (Enfield and Merville rush after him).

Barman: (Staring aghast). What are we coming to!

(Sits down behind counter and drinks the cocktails put out for E. and Du G.) Enter Dr. Whitfield gazing wildly about him.

Dr. W.: (Sitting in chair). It's gone, (he sobs, buries his head in his hands).

Barman: (Brightly, rising, wiping his lips) Cocktail sir?

Dr. W. (Groaning) I am ruined. I staked my all on it, succeeded, and now—failure. And if an ignorant person gets hold of it,—I dare not think of it! (Re-enter Merville).

Merville: Where on earth has Du Gaston got to? (Sees doctor, and starts). Hello, doc! This business will have upset you old chap, eh? Never mind. (Claps him on the shoulder).

Dr. W. (Looking up, and talking distractedly). I say, Merville no ignorant person has it, have they? Say 'no,' Merville, say 'no'!

Merville: I wish I could doc! But why are you so anxious that no ignorant person should get it? What is the secret of your poison?"

Dr. W.: Well, you see, if injected, it is a cure for cancer, but if drunk, it is a deadly poison.

Merville: (Slowly) Oh, I see.
(Re-enter Enfield).

Enfield: That Froggy's up an' down like a scalded rat. (Imitates) "Hein! but I must get out of this, I must, I must, I cannot stay in a den of thieves."

Whitfield: (Suddenly) He's the thief! Don't you see! Why is he so anxious to get out of it? We must stop him! (Dashes from room).

Enfield: Stars and stripes, Merville, he's right! (Exit Merville and Enfield).

Barman: (Who has stared aghast all the time). Aw Heavens. A'n't Froggies hopeless, (stares with interest, off, in direction taken by the others).

I'd give a lot to know what's going on up there. (Du Gaston's voice heard, off, protesting). (Enter Enfield and Merville dragging Du G. between them, followed by Denver and Whitfield, the former, fussy, the latter triumphant).

Dr. W.: And now, my fine fellow.

Barman: (approvingly) Tha's the stuff to give 'im.

Denver: (sharply) Be quiet Alfred.

Barman: Yessir! (Leans over counter, an interested spectator).

Dr. W.: Will you send for the police, Mr. Denver, please?

Denver: But my reputation, gentlemen!

Enfield: Never mind, we're not going to ruin you. Send for the police.

Denver: Very well. (Exit).

Dr. W.: Where's the poison, quick!

Du G. (Excitedly) But I do not know. How can I? Let me go, I say.

Enfield: O, stow' it. Why were you in such a big hurry to clear out, huh? Don't look like that.

Du G.: But, but—but I cannot remain in a house of thieves and robbers, and—and—

Merville: Well, then, let's hear your theory as to whom the thief was.

Du G.: I have none. (Flaring up) Let me go, I say.

Enfield: (Struggling with him). Steady, Steady.

Barman: That's right, Treat 'im rough, sir! (Boxing in dumb show) Sock 'im, good an' 'ard, sir!

Denver: (entering. Angrily) Alfred!

Barman: Sorry sir! Bit excited, like; wi' there 'ere gents fighting. (Subsides).

Merville: Well! Are the police on the way?

Denver: (shrugging) For all I know.
(Du Gaston rises suddenly and dashes out).

Merville: Stop him! (All rush after Du Gaston, including Alfred).
(Sounds of struggling without. Du Gaston is dragged in again. They throw him into a chair).

Du G.: (moaning) O malheureux homme, O malheureux homme. (Enter Det. Insp. Dickson).

D.I.D. Well, gentlemen, I'm Dickson from Scotland Yard. (All turn).
(Du Gaston, rises, rushes to him and, kneeling, throws his arms round his knee).

Du G.: Save me! Save me!

D.I.D. (puzzled) What on earth—

Merville: (roughly) Get up, Du Gaston! You see, Inspector, we were questioning this man, because he attempted to rush away from the hotel as soon as the poison was stolen, and he seems to think that he's arrested.

D.I.D.: H'm I see. Well, let's hear the story.

Enfield: Waal, I don't know that there's anything to tell, Dickson. Merville's told about all we know. Ye see, we were just stood round the bar, Merville, Du Gaston, and I, and in dashed Denver to tell us that the poison had gone. Then off dashed Du Gaston, saying he could not stop. Doc. Whitfield spotted that he might be the thief, so we collared him. That's about all eh? (turns to the others).

Dr. Whit.: Yes, yes, that's right.

Du G.: But I have it not, I tell you, I know nothing of it. Let me go, I say.

D.I.D.: You're all right, as yet. Don't get flustered. Now please all remain here, while I go to Whitfield's room.

By the way, Doctor, was the poison just stolen about twenty minutes ago, when Denver came down here to tell the others?

Dr. Whit.: Well, I missed it just then, but there's no indication when it was taken, for I haven't looked for it since last night.

D.I.D.: Oh, well that's not much use is it? Never mind, I'll examine your room if you don't mind, Doctor. And all see that no one gets away, or it will be worse for you all. (Calls over his shoulder) and I don't exclude the barman. (Exit).

Enfield: Well, I don't see that there's much that we can do now. (Seating himself). I'll have a Bass, Alfred.

Barman: Right-ho, sir.
(Du Gaston shrinks into a corner).
(Merville starts to smoke. Whitfield sits moodily).

Denvers: I'll just have to see about some arrangements. I shan't be long.
(Exit).

Merville: Come on, Du Gaston, don't sulk, we're all under suspicion as much as you. We'll just have to wait.
(All are silent for a few minutes).
(Re-enter Dickson).

Dickson: And now that I can't find anything there, I'll go and examine your rooms. I shan't be long, you look like a lot of lost sheep, so you may come with me if you care to.

Enfield: I'm coming.

Merville: So am I.
(All rise and follow Dickson).

Barman: 'Ere, don't leave me out. (Runs after them).

Denvers: (off) Go back, Alfred.

Barman: (off) A'right, a'right (Re-enters grumbling). (Sits down behind bar and waits).

Barman: (disgruntled). Huh, there's nothin' doin' 'ere I'll go 'ave a talk wi' Susie. (Exit again) (Re-enter Du Gaston).

Du Gaston: Par Dieu, he found nothing in my room. Voilà, Alfred! (Sees no one at bar). Alfred! (louder).
(Re-enter Denvers).

Denvers: Were you calling for Alfred, sir?

Du Gaston: I was.

Denvers: Has he gone? Very well I shall dismiss him. For the present, I'll pour your drink sir.

(Goes behind bar. Pulls something from his pocket, unseen by Du Gaston, opens an empty Bass bottle and puts in it. Clinking of glass heard. He drops it, with a crash).
(A dark liquid is seen flowing on the floor).

Du Gaston: (turning) Ciel, what is done?

Denvers: (staring in dismay). My work is undone. The poison is wasted.

Du Gaston (starting). Then you are the thief. Diable!

Denvers: (recovering) No, no. I was wandering a little. This matter has upset me somewhat.

Du Gaston; But it is the poison. (Raises his voice) Help! the thief! (Rushes at Denvers). (Sound of running feet heard).

Denvers: Curse you. (Pulls a gun, and fires twice. Du Gaston drops).
(Denvers rushes for exit taken by Alfred. Enter Alfred as Denvers rushes out. They collide, and fall over together).

Du Gaston: (gasping) Hold zat man, Alfred, hold—(Dies).

Barman: Blimey! (Seizes Denvers and holds him). Come on, gents.
(Enter Dickson, Enfield, Merville, and Whitfield through other door. (running)).

Dickson: Hold him, Alfred. Good man. (Looks at the prisoner). Yes, Denvers is the man all right.

Whitfield: My poison. All over the floor. Collect it quick! (Gets a glass, goes down on his knees, and scoops it up).

Dickson: (to Merville and Enfield). See to Du Gaston.

Merville: (turning) Great Heavens!
(He and Enfield bend down).

Enfield: It's too late, we can only get him away.

(Dickson grasps Denvers and lifts him. Suddenly Denvers shoots out his arm, snatches the glass from Whitefield, and drinks).

Denvers: (Faintly). I win, Dickson.
(Collapses) (All stare at him).

CURTAIN SLOWLY.

WITH APOLOGIES TO "WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW."

Down in yon classroom, cold and gray,
Where Horace lies and Cato.
I heard a scholar sighing say,
"I wish I knew my Plato."
"Plato's care," he tears his hair,
And utters curses many.
But Plato has to finished be,
Before I have food—any.
O, gentle comrade, sitting near,
Who, with me, this yoke beareth,
Draw forth thy watch, and tell me clear,
Whither the small hand fareth.
O, tell our master to descent,
And glance o'er our translation
To see if he the work will rend
Or give his approbation.
The master came, with his long beard.
(His fingers thin and features weak.
Tore up the work, 'twas not enough,
For them, poor souls, who'd done much
Greek.
The margins on't were wide and broad,
The alterations many,
The version was not true, alack.
(Fiction, mostly; facts, not any.
But now 'tis gone, it was all wrong,
The tyrant heard their weeping.
"You'll write it out again" quoth he,
"When righteous boys are sleeping."
Yesteen, they all were full of joy,
To-night they're full of sorrow.
For all that live-long winter night,
They "swotted" for the morrow.
O passed ye by that formroom door?
Saw you their pens all working?
You could have sworn by anything,
These lads had renounced shirking.
They toiled for hours and hours and hours
And used up reams of paper.
The master passed their work that day.
And set them all a-caper.

A. Wade.

DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS.

That night we had been discussing the outlook and characters of some of the world's greatest men, and the same night I dreamed—an ordinary sort of dream—that some of our subjects were revisiting me, and discussing, in my humble bedroom, and with the greatest ease, a theory which has, in its time, troubled the minds of many a philosopher, namely, to what end was the world heading.

Virgil opened the discussion by propounding the theory that at some future dates the Gods of insolent Greece and haughty Rome, would return to earth and hold a general Assize, at which the lowest sentence would be no "farthing damages and costs," but eternal perdition. He was warming to his theme, with many a protracted simile, when Wyclif, who had been holding his peace only out of awe for such a great person, jumped angrily out of his chair and began a vehement counter-attack of which the general idea was, that affairs would take quite an opposite course, for all Heathens and believers in Pagan gods would be the ones to be "sent along the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. The God in whom he believed was the only God, and mythical deities such as Aphrodite or Venus, or Athene, or Minerva, could never have possibly entered with their beauty competitions, and mortal sons and daughters. This God would never make a fool of himself like that.

He was interrupted in the midst of this narrow exposition by a very gale of argument, which very soon developed into a series of private quarrels, in which everybody who had a view about anything was airing it. I saw old Homer, peering about in the dim firelight, arguing fiercely with nobody, and proving conclusively that he was neither a woman nor a twofold being. I saw Attila arguing fiercely with John Knox about militarism, and Galan trying to find someone who could explain to him what a stethoscope was, and Newton enquiring about the 4th dimension. Socrates had drawn round him a whole circle of listeners, as mixed a crew as you could find at any ceremony (and at the time it never struck me that my little two-by-four bedroom could not possibly contain them all). However, we drew him out, and made him give us a few of his views on the question.

He said that both Virgil and Wyclif were wrong, because it wasn't a question of creed, but of practicing whatever creed one held. He had just proceeded to his favourite topic, the immortality of the soul, when Charles Lamb stuttered out a fatuous riddle about "soles" and "souls." This turned the meeting into a Bedlam, somebody's toga caught fire—everything flared up—I suffered agonies,—was this the end of the world, and all these people, ghosts, laughing at my pain (for, being ghosts, they had no feelings)?—had I followed my creed?—and then, as always happens in an interesting dream, I burst out of my sleep.

G. R. Lewin.

Fortunate youths of the twentieth century
Daily indulge in their divers delights,
Kindly provided by thoughtful authorities,
(Solely for keeping them busy at nights)
They have diversions like English and History,

Greek, too, and Latin, and German and French,
Physics, Mechanics, and Chemistry also,—
not

Wholly devoid of an odour (or stench).
With these advantages showered upon them, and

When they are offered such devious paths,
Why in the name of the Hall and Knight's
Algebra

Should an intelligent fellow do Matis?
Maybe a few are entranced by Arithmetic
Some may succumb to Geometry's lure.
Some may think Algebra really desirable.

All of which stuff I could never endure.
Euclid, begone! for you merely embarrass
us,

Hence from our sight, for you fail to
amuse;
Yea, though the squares on the other two
sides may be

Just like the square on the hypotenuse.
We are no superimposers of triangles,
Such-acrobatics are not in our line.

Give us a plain-dealing Latin hexameter,
Bid us translate it, and that's where we
shine. (Oh, is it!—Ed.)

Many there are who in human perversity
Classical benefits utterly spurn.
Choosing to grapple with comfortless
cal-
culi,

Thinking, no doubt, they're more easy
to learn.

Pray, what would Homer have said, had
he known of it?

What would Vergilius say to their tricks?
Surely 'he'd plunge them with righteous
resentment,

Down in the dirtiest depths of the Styx.
Woe unto ye who are skilled in Arithmetic!

Woe to the learned in lore that is bad!
May they declare when their reason re-
turns to them:

"We took not Classics, O would that we
had!"

W.R.N.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(With apologies to Charles Lamb).

Reader, in thy passage from the Infirmary down the hill to the tram to secure a seat for Causeway Foot or Skircoat Green or some other suburban retreat, didst thou never notice a melancholy, handsome stone edifice to the right—where Free School Lane abuts on Heath Road? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent green portals, which, when open wide, disclose to view its stately interior, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out after the hours of nine and two have struck each day.

This is a seat of learning,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of masters and pupils is here—the quick pulse of the desire for knowledge. Here may be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; form-rooms peopled with young seekers after learning, and their instructors; the still more sacred interior or the masters' room, with venerable faces of the staff—governors seated in form on solemn days (to discuss weighty scholastic problems) at long worm-eaten tables: the walls hung with pictures of bygone football teams! The long corridors decorated with fire-extinguishers, whose substance might defy any, short of the last conflagration.

Such is Heath Grammar School, at least such it was when I knew it.

The very boys which I remember had a very different air from those in schools that I have had to do with since. They partook of the very genius of the place.

They were mostly (for in those days they did not receive superfluous spending-money) bachelors or divorced.

The bell-ringer at that time was one W. de, an inhabitant of West End. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy and sensible man at the bottom. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his aristo-phanes all the forenoon, methinks I see his rosy countenance clearing up a little over his lunch in the dinner hour.

A fellow sufferer of W's and in charge of the fives' gloves, was James B. He had the blue blood of a nobleman's son and the face of a cherub. His intellect was of the deepest order and his ability to translate Virgil was astounding.

Of quite a different stamp was P.B.D. He neither had blue blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. Yet P. B. was not without his hobby. Fives relieved his vacant hours. His five suite of official rooms in St. — Road, resounded, during the term, to the merry voices of his co-brethren of the quill, when he invited them to pass the evening with him.

Whom next shall we summon before us? Can I forget the L. W—n, the polished (?) man of letters? Who ever left thy presence without some quirk that left a sting.

A little less facetious was fine, rattling, rattleheaded A. K. H—d. He was descended from the famous H—d's of W—t—h—se St. But, besides his family pretensions A. K. was an engaging fellow and played the violin gloriously.

C. Smith.

UNFORTUNATE?

My uncle is a master at one of our most reticent public schools and of course every story he tells me is the strict truth. So true are they indeed that they are usually never out of the ordinary. To prove this I quote here one of his feeblest anecdotes.

My headmaster, Mr. O'Gorman (he begins) is an Irishman and proud of it. He never loses the chance of talking about his native country, of the strongest men and fairest women. At one time he had to choose from the ranks of these unfortunate B.A.'s and M.A.'s who were unemployed, a gentleman to fill the post of Billiards-Master in Chief. Having chosen same, he arranged to give a small dinner to his staff

at the commencement of term. The staff turned up in full force and of course, after some time their honoured headmaster began to talk of Ireland. His talking was heartily received: everyone laughed at the right point (for these were stories heard for the 'nth time): But Mr. O'Gorman noticed that the latest addition to his staff was looking morosely into his glass.

"What's the reason for this morbidity Mr. Asterisk" he queried.

"Well sir, if you don't mind my saying so, I was wondering if you would mind if I looked at the roof of your mouth."

Mr. O'Gorman at that moment undoubtedly wondered for the sanity of the fellow.

"For," continued the new master, "all true Irishmen, whether on account of the bog-water they drink or the black potatoes they eat, have black roofs to their mouths."

To cut a long story short, in a few minutes everyone was gazing into Mr. O'Gorman's mouth. "A little wider." "Just a bit more." "Bring a candle." In the end it was ascertained that the headmaster's mouth was only black where it had been burned by the candle. Then the young addition gave a whoop of joy. "There it is. There it is," he cried. In his excitement, alas, he gave a jerk to his senior's nose as he was trying to open his jaws further.

Some minutes later the party broke up.

A week or so afterwards, Mr. O' Gorman wrote to the gentleman who had recommended the irreverent young man, to say that he was disappointed greatly, and related the regrettable incident. He received a reply saying, "He bet me five pounds he'd pull your nose in the first term. You silly ass."

And very nice, too!

—Whimsical William.

J. W. Granger was free. He had escaped from Dartmoor after nearly strangling a warder, and all London seethed with excitement. There was one man in that city for whom Granger's escape held a deep menace. Well might Henry Cleveland shiver with fear when he read the papers. Granger had been imprisoned on

his evidence, for once they had been accomplices in crime. They it was who had stolen Lady Dinsmore's pearls worth £40,000, and Cleveland had planned and plotted and been successful in bringing about the other's imprisonment, whilst he himself took both shares of the pearls and went to reside at 65, Park Lane.

Cleveland applied for police protection on Granger's escape and Constable Hibbs was posted outside the house after dark with orders to keep his eye open for suspicious characters. He was on duty for the second time when he noticed a small, dark man dressed in shabby clothes hanging about the lane. The constable accosted him and enquired his business. The man gave a sickly smile and replied that he was a detective.

"Where's your badge?" demanded Hibbs. "I haven't got it with me," the man muttered, and turned abruptly to disappear into the gloom before the constable could raise a hand to prevent him. Hibbs reported the incident, and was told to arrest the man if he saw him in Park Lane again.

Two days later the same mysterious man climbed over the wall of No. 65, Park Lane, without being noticed by the policeman. He made his way cautiously to the window of a room on the ground floor, where the light streamed through an opening between the curtains. He peered through the aperture at the figure of Henry Cleveland seated straight opposite at the dining table, sipping a glass of wine. Then the shabbily clothed gentleman carefully tried the window, as if searching for a means of access. Smiling with satisfaction he left the precincts of Park Lane for his unprepossessing lodgings, again escaping the eyes of the policeman on duty.

Another week passed by uneventfully, after which Cleveland began to receive mysterious warnings from the man whom he had betrayed. He worked himself into such a panic that he paid a visit to Scotland Yard and acquired the services of Detective Inspector Williams, just come over to England from the Canadian C.I.D. with a great reputation.

As Williams left Cleveland's house during the following week he was recalled by the startled cries of the butler. On enter-

ing the dining-room he perceived Cleveland huddled in his chair opposite an open window, with a bullet through his heart.

Immediately he got through on the phone to his chief.

"Come up at once sir" he entreated, "Cleveland's been murdered." Then he proceeded to examine the lawn in front of the open French windows, by means of his electric torch. He returned to the dining room to find his chief and two other detectives already there. Hibbs was fetched, but he had seen nobody. Then they began a systematic search of the room, and after an hour sat down baffled to discuss the problem.

"It seems extremely doubtful to me that we shall find him again," said the chief, "for he was a master at the art of disguise."

He had barely finished speaking when the door behind them began to open slowly and noiselessly. The unpleasant face of the small, dark man, next appeared round it. In his hand he held an ugly automatic pistol, which he jammed into the nape of Williams' neck. "Put up your hands," he commanded.

Williams obeyed, and whilst one of the detectives snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, the chief began to search him, discovering a revolver in one of his pockets.

"Permit me to explain," said the chief, after he had finished. "This gentlemen," he indicated the small man (with a gesture) "is Detective Inspector Grant of the C.I.D. You may have been able to bluff Cleveland with your disguise, Mr. Granger but I am afraid that we have been a little too clever for you. You owe your discovery to the fact that the body of the real Detective Inspector Williams was found in the Thames. You took advantage of the fact that we had never seen Williams, to pose as him. After the body was found and secretly identified by a fellow passenger of Williams, we put Grant on to watch you."

"Then those footprints on the lawn were yours?" Granger asked Grant.

"Precisely" agreed the other, "I followed you here and reached the window just as you shot Cleveland, which means, Granger, that we have enough evidence on which to hang you."

LIMERICKS.

A farmer who hailed from Bologna,
Had a daughter whose name was Savonia,
If the men tried to court her,
Said the farmer "you oughter
Go back, or I'll set the lull on yer."

H. Pitchforth, IVa. 2.

There was an old man of Quebec,
Who went and sat down in a beek,
He then caught a cold,
Said "I'm not very old,
But I've got my new pants on "Oh Heck!"

D. Redman, IVa. 2.

There was a young man of Amoy,
The waiters shocked at the Savoy,
"Some nice bread and dripping,"
Said he, "would be ripping,
Bring me that and a nice saveley."

G. O'Keefe, IVa. 2.

There was a young man of Mount Pellon,
Who died after eating a melon,
Said his sisters and brother,
And father and mother,
It was bought in the time of Magellan.

F. Jackson, IVa. 2.

There was a young man of West Vale,
Who tripped over a chap's whitewash pail,
And in it he fell,
As the folk like to tell,
Of the mysterious ghost of West Vale.

L. W. Kitchen, IVa. 2.

 ROYER NOTES.

Here we again begin our Autumn activities, camps are gone and we have only the memories of pleasant open-air weekends left. The final camp of the season was a wonderful Rover gathering, which, Dr. Griffin being present, was held in the form of a Rover Moot in Mr. McCrea's field at Warley where there were many Rovers from various parts of Yorkshire, and at which many varied and interesting topics were discussed. On the Saturday evening we had a jolly camp fire, which was not damped even by the rain, and where lusty Yorkshire voices were roused until hoarse.

Sunday was a little more kind to us, as it was fine, though cold, and Communion was taken by Rovers who desired. Then came breakfast, a welcome meal, after which we marched to St. Hilda's School

Rooms, owing to the inclement weather, for the first session. After this session we returned to camp and prepared dinner. In the afternoon we seated ourselves in a circle ready for the next discussion. The sun was now trying to beam upon us, but it was a poor attempt as we had to revert to overcoats and blankets for warmth. The Session was an interesting discussion on the Rover Leader, and after the customary thanks, and promises to come again, our jolly weekend came to a close.

Camps over, we now turned to our New Club Room in the School Grounds, where there was much work to be done. Electricity to put in, boarding, creosoting, and painting. So we started on the lights and in quick time, thanks to our electrician, we soon had a light, which enabled us to carry on our work in the evenings. Now came the scouts in overalls of all shapes and sizes with their paint-pots to do their bit, and well they did it too, nearly painting out the windows and floor, but we didn't mind this as we thought it would do the wood good. Yet in spite of all these misapplied extras, the place began to look a credit to our skill as decorative painters, with its two-colour scheme. We Rovers did our little bit as well as we could, because most of us are doing our work in other troops as Scoutmasters or Assistants and unfortunately they could not be in two places at once. Anyway we managed, and by Half Term our little residence for the future was nearly ready for opening.

We now left the Club Room and devoted our attention to our Annual Rover dance, which meant our putting our backs into reducing our stock of tickets, and which was needless to say quite successfully done. The dance was as usual an enjoyable function.

 WOLF CUBS.

The Cub Pack is certainly flourishing this term. Great enthusiasm is the keynote of the Friday evening Pack parades, and every member of the Pack is "Doing his best" to make it a really good one. There are three Sixes, and the Sixers are M. Holloway, K. C. Kendall and J. Lewin. Four new Cubs have taken the promise this term: R. Leigh, G. Byrde, J. Robertson and J. Normanton; and we hear that

others may be looked for later. The boys we want are those who are prepared to give up some of their spare time to Cubbing—who are willing to learn, and to help others to learn—who are ready to stick to it, and not "chuck it," as soon as anything else comes along, and chief of all, who will do their best to keep the Cub Laws. We hope that there will be more boys who will want to join us next term in the Wolf Cub Pack and we will look forward to having them and helping them to have a good time as Cubs. But we think that they ought to know right away that there is a type of boy we don't want in the Cub Pack, for two reasons—(1) He won't enjoy himself; (2) He will prevent us enjoying ourselves.

At present most of us are learning to pass the First Star Test, and so get our eyes open for good hunting when the time comes.

On Saturday, October 23rd, the Cub Football XI. played a combined XI. composed of boys in IVb. 2 and Ia. whom they beat by 2 goals to 1. It was perhaps rather a lucky win but it will doubtless give them more confidence for sterner battles to come.

The team was: G. Byrde; M. Hollway (capt.) G. Greenwood; D. Ingram, K. C. Kendall, J. Robertson; K. Thomas, P. Feather, J. Lewin, S. Feather and Atkinson.

HEATH OLD BOYS R.U.

It is gratifying to note the increased membership of the Rugby Club. In 1928 they started with fourteen players, and now in 1929 they are running two teams with 50 members.

It is pleasing to the Old Boys to note the interest a few of the School Boys take in this section, a few of them having actually participated in A team fixtures. The Old Boys' Rugby Club wish that all Heath Boys on leaving school and desirous of continuing with their Rugby Football play, would consult Mr. W. Winspear Sawdon, 17, Commercial Street, and let him know what positions they have played in at School, weight etc.

The 1st XV. have so far had a very successful season, having played 9, and won 9, with points 232 against 37. This season, being members of the Yorkshire Rugby Football Union they will participate in the Yorkshire Cup and meet Elland in the first round. Let us wish them every success in this first venture into first-class Rugby Football. Don't forget Heathens—the Old Boys want you!!!!

CRICKET.

The following matches were played last season after the magazine had gone to press.

School v. Halifax Technical College.

Away: on July 5th.

This match resulted in a run-away victory for the school by an innings and 90 runs. Healey and Barnes made a long stand which was enlivened by Healey's long hits. Normington 4, Murgatroyd, 5, Mitchell 0 Healey(11) 15, Barnes 38, Butler 1, Healey (I) not out, 58, Brearley 3, Cockcroft 0, Ingham not out 7, Extras 14. Total 145 for 9 Innings declared.

Bowling Averages:—1st Innings: Brearley 6 for 19. Healey (I) 3 for 9,

2nd Innings: Brearley 7 for 8, Healey(I) 0 for 5. Normington 3 for 11.

School v. Halifax New School.

Home: July 10th.

The return match with the New School brought the School another victory.

Normington 3, Murgatroyd 0, Mitchell 40, Healey(II) 20, Barnes 19 not out, Butler 5, Brearley not out 8. Extras 4. Total for 5 wickets 104.

Bowling Averages:—Brearley 2 for 13. Butler 0 for 2. Normington 6 for 10.

Heath won by 5 wickets.

School v. Hipperholme G.S.

Away: on July 13th.

We added to our list of victories by defeating Hipperholme by 8 wickets. The batting of Normington and Murgatroyd almost led us to hope for a 10 wickets victory. They put up a splendid first wicket stand.

Normington 15, Murgatroyd 26, Mitchell 8, Healey (II) 10. Extras 5. Total, 64.

Bowling Averages:—Brearley 6 for 26. Healey (I) 4 for 27.

School v. Halifax Secondary School.

Home: July 29th.

The last match with the Halifax Secondary School ended in a rather surprising victory for the school, considering our heavy defeat at Thrum Hall. Heath won by 5 wickets. The Secondary collapsed, and the following knocked the runs off.

Normington 6, Murgatroyd 5, Mitchell 3, Healey (II) 2, Healey (I) 0, Barnes not out 5, Butler not out 3.

Bowling Averages:—Brearley 1 for '9. Healey (I) 7 for 10.

FINAL RESULT.

P.	W.	L.	D.
14	...	9	...
3	...	2	...

RUGBY NOTES.

As many of our players left during the holidays it was thought, at the beginning of the season, that we should not be very successful this year. However several second team players have come into the side and these along with new boys have helped us to get a very creditable team together.

We opened our season away from home against our old rivals Rishworth and we were fully confident of avenging ourselves for last season's defeat. However, after having scored first through Scouller we were eventually beaten 9—3. It was evident from this game that the team had not yet settled down and lacked practice. Our forwards held their own in the loose but were beaten in the scrums and the backs showed lack of cohesion although individually they were the equals of the Rishworth backs.

After this reverse we got down to solid training and determined that we should do better against Bradford G.S. 2nd XV. the following week. In this we were not disappointed and after having a lead of ten points at the interval we finished up winners by 27—3. For the School, tries were scored by Kirtley (2) Healey (2) Ingham, Barnes and Clarke. The Bradford for-

wards were much heavier and taller than our own but they did not appear to have as much idea of the game as the School forwards. The School backs were much better than Bradford's and the centres, Kirtley and Ingham played brilliantly. For this match a new full-back, Brear, was tried, but he did not prove as great a success as was expected.

Our third match of the season was at Keighley, against the Grammar School. Last season we were beaten at Keighley by 62 points, and so, after our brilliant display against Bradford we were hoping to reduce his score greatly even if we could not win. When we arrived at the ground a game seemed impossible owing to the state of the field which was flooded in one half. However we decided to play so after a hard game we were beaten by 11—0. Our forwards played magnificently and completely checked the heavier Keighley forwards. It was a pity that we were without three of our regular forwards, Barnes, Scouller and Hainsworth, and had these been present we should have given the Keighley team a harder game still.

At Wakefield we again hoped to reduce last season's score since we were beaten by 40 points. After our successful venture at Keighley we were almost confident of gaining a victory. We justified this confidence by winning 9—3, after a poor game. Our forwards were not up to their usual standard nor were the backs and although Kirtley and Ingham (2) scored good tries, the victory was nothing to be proud of.

These are all the games that have been played as yet but considering our performances against Keighley, Bradford and Wakefield, we are contemplating several victories in the remaining part of the season.

FIVES.

A noticeable and pleasurable feature of this term has been a greatly increased enthusiasm for Fives. We actually notice boys of the Fourth and Fifth Forms, putting in half-an-hour's practice at Fives after 4-15 p.m. on these rare occasions when they are not detained for a few minutes extra study of the Classics. This is only as it should be. And we look forward

to the day when the School will be able to turn out as good a Four as the Old Boys..

There has only been one school match this term. This was played with Mirfield College of the Resurrection, on October 9th, at Heath. As three of our last year's Four had left we viewed this fixture with some trepidation and hoped that Mirfield had a weaker four than last year. Imagine our consternation when the Mirfield Four arrived, including three of last year's team and a fourth gentleman, who, they maintained, was infinitely better than his counterfriend of the last match! "Joe" of the Mirfield First Pair, needless to say, hit as hard as ever with his left hand, and

we did not win a game against him and his partner. In the end we were beaten by 3 games to 9.

Scores:—1st Pair (Barnes and Brearley) v. Mirfield 1st; 7-15, 8-15, 10-15.

1st Pair v. Mirfield 2nd: 18-16, 11-15, 15-11.

2nd Pair (Hanson and Daniel) v. Mirfield 2nd; 7-15, 7-15, 15-8.

2nd Pair v. Mirfield 1st: 1-15, 2-15, 4-15.
Result: Heath 3 games, Mirfield 9 games.

Next term we play the return match with Mirfield, two matches with Leeds University "A" and two with Crossley and Porter.

R.C.B.

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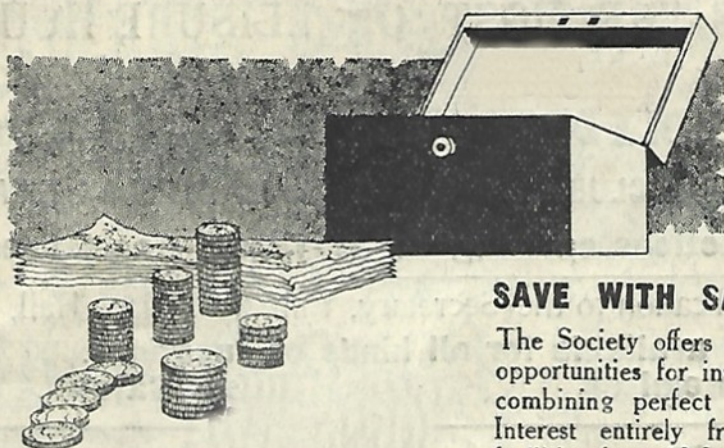
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