

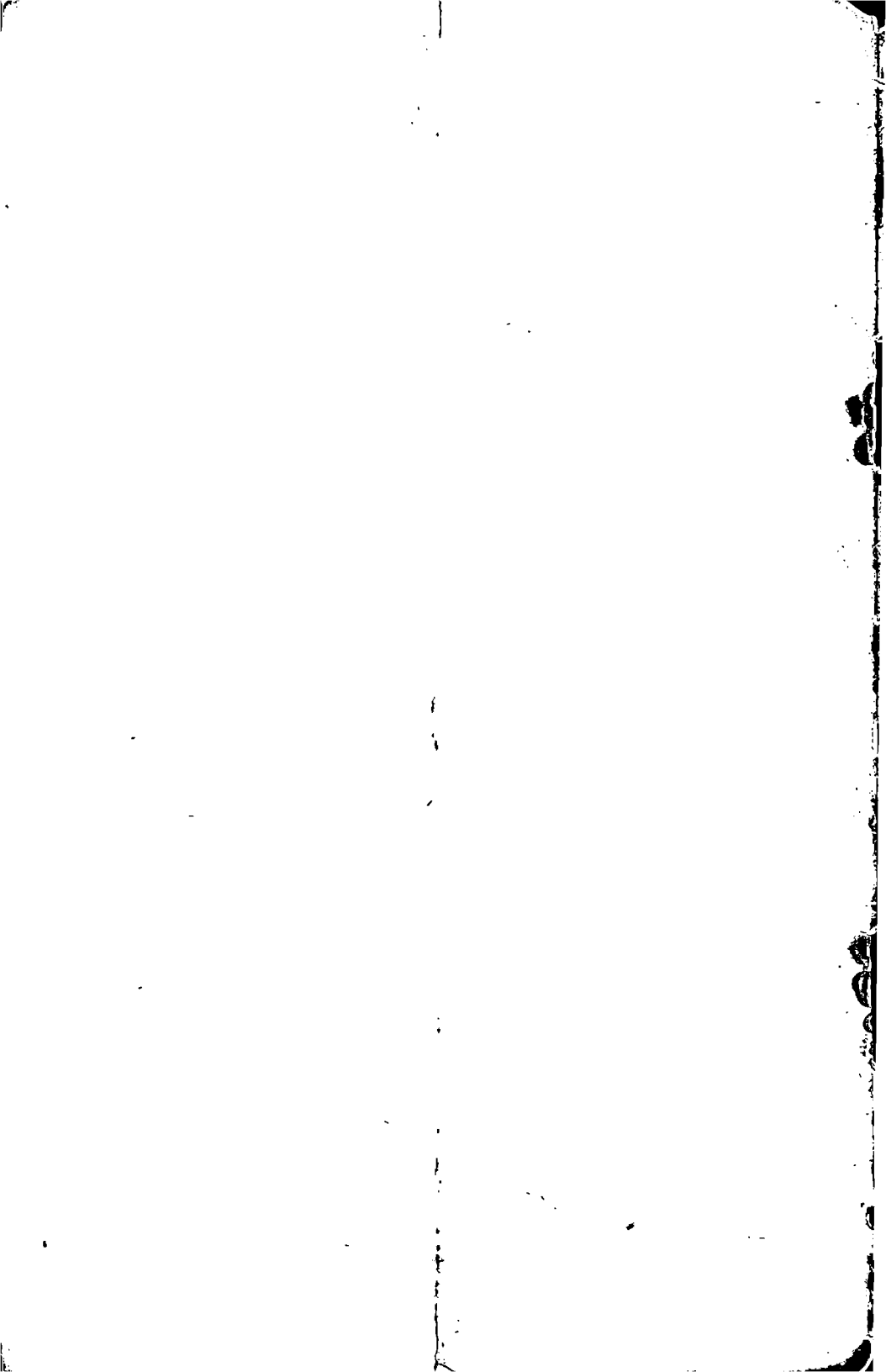
No. 26.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1917.

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SWISS & Co., PRINTERS, 111 AND 112 FORE STREET.
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THE DEVONPORT
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PRICE 6d.

Editors :

W. H. BOSWORTHICK AND R. F. E. COCK.

All communications should be addressed to:—"The Magazine Editors,
Devonport High School, Devonport."

EDITORIAL.

Once again we to the pen! May Fortune smile upon our second effort, as, to judge from the opinion of a correspondent from India, she did upon our first!

But our Editorial heart is not free from grief! The supply of new copy has been negligible. Where are the literary giants? Where are the embryo Stevensons? Are ye all enamoured of modesty? If so, away with the false jade! The magazine is a school institution, and it cannot continue without adequate support from the school.

Still the blast of War rings in our ears. Still we hear the clashing of sword upon sword, and the boom of gun answering gun. But, amidst the din of battle, another sound is heard. It is the shout of Victory. No, it is not the sound which proclaims the end of the battle, but it is the shout of men who see the stubborn battle-line of the foe at last beginning to waver. Victory is within our grasp. Let us "stiffen our sinews" to maintain the position we have won.

The War is touching the School at more points than ever. The country's demand for more and more men has suddenly brought us face to face with a serious depletion of the Staff. Now is the

test of our resilience! Now, when our barque is struggling with adverse winds, is the trial of masts and cordage. Let courage rise with danger. We have weathered many storms before, we will weather this. Difficulties conquered make life worth living. *Sic itur ad astra.*

RES DIVERSAE.

We regret to announce that owing to the vast increase in the cost of production, this number of the magazine is not so large as it would otherwise have been.

* * * *

Great credit is due to Miss Whyte, who has spared neither time nor energy to put our War Loan Fund on a sound footing.

* * * *

We are pleased to see that so many have made investments in the Certificates. For pupils to have subscribed £250 in less than a fortnight is truly laudable.

* * * *

Ivor Goff, an old Sixth-Former, passed 34th in a recent examination for Established Clerk to Surveyor of Taxes. This is almost the only Civil Service Examination now open.

* * * *

We have also to record the success of P. Blowey and H. Grant, who obtained 4th and 10th places respectively in the November Sandhurst list. They have both secured King's Cadetships.

* * * *

Our Staff has been re-inforced this term by Mr. R. Ferraro, and Mr. Cox.

* * * *

We are pleased to note that a respectable number of the Upper School have recently "taken counsel" and joined the Cadet Corps.

* * * *

The VI.th much regret the departure of E. G. Williams, who, having reached Military age, is now in the 4th Yeomanry Cyclist Battalion.

* * * *

We should like to mention that last term's "breaking-up Concert" was, in our opinion, a decided success, despite the decline (temporary, we hope) of musical talent in the School.

Congratulations to L. Budge on obtaining First Class Honours with eight distinctions in the recent Cambridge Local Examination, thereby winning the Holmes prize.

* * * * *

It was with regret we learnt that there was to be no Prize Distribution this February, there being, forsooth, no prizes to distribute. Patriotism forbids demur at this war-time economy.

But although the Plymouth Education Authority did not see their way to making the usual grant for Prizes this year, their worthy Chairman, Alderman Littleton, did not withhold his bounty. And on February 3rd A. S. Collier, the Headmaster's nominee, was the happy recipient of Five Pound Treasury Notes at the hand of Alderman Littleton. The proceedings were informal, but none the less welcome. The donor was heartily thanked. He will be interested to know that Collier promptly invested the Exhibition in the purchase of War Savings Certificates.

* * * * *

Devonport High School attained its majority in January last. Twenty-one years is not, it is true, a great length of time in the life of a School ; but it is long enough for some of the old boys to have "made good." If the preceding paragraph meet the eye of an old D.H.S.-ian who feels able to follow Alderman Littleton's example of contributing an annual prize or exhibition, we trust he will communicate with the Headmaster. It is impossible to express the full effect of such an annual gift. It links the donor to the School by a double chain of memory and gratitude. Like a sister virtue it blesses him who gives and him who takes.

PRAEFECTI VALETE.

We record the departure of the following Prefects :—

- E. G. WILLIAMS—Entered School September, 1911 ; became Prefect, April, 1916 ; Sergeant of Cadet Corps, September, 1916 ; Committeeman, Debating Society, April, 1916.
- H. D. GRANT—Entered School, September, 1911 ; became Prefect, April, 1916.
- I. W. GOFF—Entered School, September, 1913 ; became Prefect, September, 1916.
- P. BLOWEY—Entered School, September, 1914 ; became Prefect, September, 1916.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of Office holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS—T. H. Martin (Senior Prefect), L. Budge, W. H. Bosworthick, R. F. E. Cock, H. J. M. Westlake, R. Oliver, C. A. Oakley, and W. Major.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE—Masters and Prefects.

1ST XI.—Captain : H. J. M. Westlake.

2ND XI.—Captain : L. Budge.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—" Gilbert," H. Westlake ; " Grenville," W. H. Bosworthick ; " Drake," A. Thomas ; " Raleigh," T. H. Martin.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—Committee : T. H. Martin (Chairman), W. H. Bosworthick, R. F. E. Cock (Hon. Sec.), and H. J. M. Westlake.

D.H.S. TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS—Scoutmaster : Mr. R. Ferraro.

D.H.S. CADET CORPS—Officer Commanding, Lieut. H. Ferraro ; Sec.-Lieut., W. H. Bosworthick ; C.S.M., H. Westlake.

 FOOTBALL SEASON, 1916-1917.

It must be confessed that we opened our football season last September with considerable misgivings. Even at the end of last winter we seemed to be at the point of exhausting all our effective reserves, and the task of building up a new First Eleven did not fill one with enthusiasm, while the formation of a capable Second Eleven seemed at first out of the question. Still, we resolved to persevere and do our utmost to carry through the usual programme. Our pessimistic outlook has not been altogether justified. An examination of the records of both Elevens will suffice to show the efforts of the players have not been in vain, and that on the whole the season can be described as a fairly successful one.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in arranging matches for the First Eleven. The list of matches with School teams has been curtailed by prohibitive railway fares, while War demands have led to the break-up of many of our former opponents. The gaps have been filled by matches with small units of soldiers and marines ; in these games our boys have always been outweighed, but they have provided fairly even games. Perhaps the best criticism of the First Eleven would be to say that some players, by reason of superior weight and pace, are too good for the rest, with the result that there has often been a certain lack of balance about its displays. Yet an effort has been made by all players to do their best for the School, and one cannot but pay a tribute to the work

of Westlake, who, as Captain, has striven hard for the success of his team.

The Second Eleven has managed to achieve quite creditable results. On one occasion it was able to deputise successfully for the Firsts at Tavistock against the Grammar School, in a memorable match, played on a snow-covered ground exposed to a raging east wind. On three Wednesdays we have turned out a Junior Eleven (under 14), but lack of suitable matches forced us to abandon this excellent means of stimulating lower School football.

The matches in the House Competition are much in arrears, but it is to be hoped that the usual number can be played. "Raleigh" and "Gilbert" are strong, while "Drake" and "Grenville" are rather weak, so that the most interesting games are those between the first two and the last two. Form matches have been played as usual, and along with the House matches have provided opportunities for much needed practice. These internal contests ought to bring out a far greater number of new players. Owing to years of indifference many boys approach the end of their School life before discovering an aptitude for the game, and it is then they regretfully realize the unwisdom of having neglected opportunities of earlier training.

Full Colours have been awarded to Bate, Hanley, Smale, and Yeal, and Half-Colours to Collier, Goff, Mitchell, Oakley, Pryor, Treays, Usher and Watson.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Matches played 17 ; Won 8 ; Lost 6 ; Drawn 3.
Goals for 62 ; Goals against 49.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result</i>
Sep. 30	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Home	9-5
Oct. 7	" Old Boys "	Home	6-2
" 14	Hoe Grammar School	Home	6-1
" 21	Kingsbridge Grammar School	Home	5-5
" 28	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School...	Away	1-4
Nov. 4	East Surrey Regt. Band	Home	0-0
" 18	C.M. Drawing Office Apprentices	Home	6-1
" 25	R.M. Band (<i>Impregnable</i>)	Home	1-1
" 29	Kingsbridge Grammar School	Away	2-5
Dec. 2	Tavistock Grammar School	Home	12-1
" 9	C.M. Drawing Office Apprentices	Away	4-0
Jan. 13	" Old Boys "	Home	2-3
Feb. 3	East Surrey Regt. Signallers	Home	3-1
" 10	C.M. Drawing Office Apprentices	Home	1-12
" 17	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School...	Away	2-0
" 24	R.M. Band (<i>Impregnable</i>)	Home	0-4
Mar. 3	East Surrey Regt. Signallers	Home	2-4

SECOND ELEVEN.

Matches played 13 ; Won 8 ; Lost 4 ; Drawn 1.
Goals for 45 ; Goals against 36.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result</i>
Oct. 7	Peverell Private School Home	2-6
" 14	Mutley Grammar School Away	7-1
" 21	St. Boniface's College Home	3-3
" 28	Peverell Private School Home	3-2
Nov. 4	Mutley Grammar School Home	8-0
" 11	Junior Technical School Home	1-3
" 18	St. Boniface's College Away	3-1
" 25	Tothill School, Plymouth Home	8-0
Dec. 2	Junior Technical School Away	3-12
Jan. 27	Tavistock Grammar School Away	2-0
Feb. 3	St. Boniface's College Away	2-1
" 24	St. Boniface's College Away	0-5
Mar. 3	Hoe Grammar School Away	3-2

 FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

WESTLAKE (Captain).—A left back who combines weight with phenomenal pace ; tackles well, and tries to force his forwards on ; the mainstay of the team.

YEAL.—A sturdy player who has always shown fearlessness in tackling, but has now cultivated sound judgment as well ; has played good games throughout the season.

MARTIN.—A good centre half, at times rather ponderous in his movements, and somewhat slow in tackling ; always tries to set his forwards going. His fine headwork is often a feature of the game.

BATE.—Lacks stature, but makes up for this by excellent play. Shows skill in anticipating and frustrating the movements of opposing forwards, and feeds his own forwards by accurate placing.

SMALE.—A splendid centre forward. Displays clever footwork combined with a front-of-goal dash, which has brought many goals.

HANLEY.—A heavy inside-left, capable of excellent play, but at times too leisurely in his methods.

TREAYS.—A hard working outside-left, who is learning to use his speed and to centre well.

GOFF.—A steady inside-right, who has done useful if inconspicuous work for the team.

COLLIER.—As a forward displays dainty footwork, but lacks stamina ; has given satisfaction as goalkeeper.

PRYOR.—Plays a useful game at right-half ; tackles well, and does not spare himself.

WATSON.—An uncertain quantity. At his best can play a pretty game as an inside-forward.

MITCHELL.—A keen and capable goalkeeper, who has done good service for both Elevens.

OAKLEY.—A sturdy hardworking half-back ; quite a late comer to the game.

USHER.—Another belated product. Has improved rapidly, and shapes well at outside-right for the Firsts.

BOSWORTHICK.—A dashing centre-forward for the Seconds. A keen player who does good work for School football.

BUDGE. (Captain of 2nd XI.)—A diminutive inside-left, who makes endless openings for his confrères. Always gives a clever display.

J. LEWIS.

THE HYMN OF HATE.

[The contributor of this article is not exactly the pessimist he seems.—Ed.]

We hate this blooming mode of life,
This never-ending sweat ;
We hate the chaps who never laugh,
We hate the ones who fret.

We hate the building dark and drear,
We hate the kids " run in ;"
We hate the green baize notice board,
We hate it all like sin.

We hate the rain, we hate the wind,
We hate the mist and snow ;
We hate the very shining sun,
But why we scarcely know.

We hate the fellows in our class,
We hate them short and tall,
Both those that talk and those that don't,
We hate them one and all.

We hate the "scrapping" in our Form,
 We hate each broken chair ;
 We hate the draughty windows,
 They drive us to despair.

We hate all mathematics
 With far surpassing hate ;
 We also hate the classics
 And kick against our fate.

We hate the ragtime concerts,
 The end of every term ;
 We hate the violin playing,
 Which always makes us squirm.

We hate the old piano
 That grinds out tunes in jerks ;
 We wish the boys who punch it
 Were scuppered by the Turks.

We hate th' examination days,
 We hate the days we're free ;
 In fact we're hating everything,
 The whole darned A.B.C.

We hate ten dozen other things,
 We hate them in their twelves ;
 But most of all the things we hate,
 WE HATE OUR MOULDY SELVES !

CORYDON H. BUDGE.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

*(Affiliated to the 5th Prince of Wales's Battalion of the
 Devonshire Regiment.)*

Officer Commanding—Cadet-Lieut. H. Ferraro.

Chaplain—Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.

Cadet-Second-Lieutenant—W. H. Bosworthick.

Sergeant-Major—H. Westlake.

Sergeants—L. Budge, W. Reep, S. Davidson, and J. Maddock.

Corporals—H. Martin, R. F. Cock, G. Trevithick, and W. Treays.

Lance-Corporals—E. Damerell, L. Usher, R. Stephens, and H. Taylor.

Since the last Magazine was issued the Corps has received a considerable number of recruits, and it is now at full strength.

There are also several whose names have been noted, and who will be admitted to the Corps as vacancies occur. This is all the more satisfactory as in the majority of cases the recruits have been brought in by the Cadets themselves.

We are much indebted to Mr. Martin for his continued assistance at the Range.

At the beginning of the Term the weather conditions left much to be desired, and the shooting practice suffered in consequence. Now, however, we hope to make up for lost time.

This Term we have had to take leave of several of our members. Sergt. E. Williams, of No. 1 Section, has entered the Army, while Corpl. Blowey and Lce-Corpl. Grant have proceeded to Sandhurst as a result of the December examination. They take our best wishes with them.

Our congratulations are due to two former Cadets, A. L. Atwill and A. Heywood-Waddington, on their being gazetted as Sec.-Lieutenants in H.M. Army.

An examination for promotion to Lce.-Corporal produced a very keen competition, sixteen candidates presenting themselves. Two only were required for immediate promotion, but the first four of the remainder were placed on a Seniority List, and will be promoted in this order. The following were successful:—

- 1, L. Usher ; 2, R. Stephens ; 3, H. Taylor ; 4, W. Organ ;
- 5, T. Laverty ; 6, H. Urch.

When the above list is exhausted, a further examination will be held.

The services of six of the Cadets have been accepted for guard duty in the district. It will be remembered that a similar duty was undertaken by certain members of the Corps last year.

NUGAE.

To the uninitiated:—Our title is swank Latin for “piffle.”

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A certain “King Pharamond” has offered to write for this number. It is, however, not usual for “Royalties” to be connected with our articles.

* * * * *

A conundrum.—Why is our War Loan *not* like Plymouth Sound? Because it is still open even after “the boom is over.”

We have heard of a member of one of the lower Forms of the School who, in translating a Latin exercise on the future tense, constantly rendered "will be" by "testamentum esse!"

* * * * *

The same Form is also responsible for the following statements:—"That the greatest general of English history was Thomas Atkins"; "that the letters R.I. after the King's name mean 'Royal 'Ighness'"; and "that whales are generally caught with a plumb line."

* * * * *

The War Loan Society has made rapid progress this term. No doubt patriotic enthusiasm filled the "Forms."

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One of the members of our Debating Society has maintained that the Chinese are great lovers of "dессicated frogs." We suspect his humour of being very "dry."

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Which reminds us that one of our meetings was conducted without a single musical item. But it must by no means be imagined that we entirely dispensed with "notes."

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The Preparatory Forms have been foremost in subscribing to the War Certificates. Really the first time we have welcomed the addition of "tots."

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We risk repeating this conundrum at second-hand. Where is the first mention of a cheque in the Scriptures? The "check" which Pharaoh received at the Red Sea, crossed by Moses & Co.

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One of the Sixth a short time ago contrived a small explosion in the laboratory. It reminded us of our younger days when we were frequently "blown up."

* * * * *

Whilst we were looking for nothing particular in the Latin lexicon the other day, it occurred to us that the word "exempt" is derived from "ex" and "emo,"—"I buy out." Thus, "exempt from the Army" means literally "bought out of the Army." And applicable in some cases, too!

* * * * *

A Sixth Former was recently adopting a roundabout way of boiling a solution, viz., by rarifying the surrounding atmosphere by means of an exhaust pump. He found it truly "exhausting" work!

A French Playette, which was being rehearsed by some of the Sixth, was abandoned as a result of there being no Speech Day. The innovation was so unexpected that they scarcely knew how to "act."

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Perhaps the "lovers" of the piece are feeling rather disappointed.

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From the prominence of his cartoons on our notice board we would conclude that a certain Prefect has "drawing" ways.

* * * * *

The nation's paper supply has again been restricted. But it will be plentiful enough once we have reduced our enemies to "pulp."

* * * * *

At present, however, it is so scarce that it is impossible for *us* to make any profit—even "on paper."

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

There remain three meetings of the Society during last term, the report of which we were unable to include in our last issue.

The first of these was held on November 8th, the subject under discussion being, "Is modern civilisation beneficial to humanity?"

R. F. E. Cock, who proposed this subject, maintained that it was civilisation and only civilisation which gave us outlet for that brain-power which served to distinguish man from the brute beasts. Without it we should lack that outlet and lapse again into a state of troglodytic existence. Civilisation spelt "Progress," and as such it was highly commendable. It brought in its train all our modern luxuries and conveniences; it perfected medicine and prolonged our lives; it gave us the delights of art and literature. Could the present population of the globe live without the facilities of food production which civilisation lends? War was not rendered more horrible *proportionally*. All civilisation was beneficial, and highest of all our modern state which was the perfection of civilisation.

The opposite view of the case was taken by E. G. Williams, who remarked that the present appalling and gigantic struggle was simply the climax of civilisation. Peace would never be firmly

established under these conditions. Our civilisation converted us into a whirling mass of humanity struggling for the top places of this world ; it fostered discontent ; it destroyed our hardiness ; it sapped our virtues. Far better, he said, if we were to return to our rude state. This struggle of civilised times only brought us eternal dissatisfaction. Let us, therefore, realise its curse and repudiate it !

The proposer's seconder, T. H. Mitchell, gave various comparisons between present day affairs and those of former times, emphasising the fact that civilisation has blessed the present era.

W. H. Treays, seconding the opposer, declared that our modern civilisation played havoc with our physique, and regarded a simple existence as much more desirable.

A very lively debate followed, in which A. S. Collier bitterly attacked the proposer in a spirited speech. Notwithstanding, the result returned supported the proposition by 20 votes to 11.

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The next meeting of the Society was held on November 22nd, when the subject proposed was, "Should Party Government be abolished ?"

Introducing the subject, A. S. Collier declared that Parliament as it exists under the present Party régime was nothing less than a fraud. It was acknowledged that at such important debates as those on the Home Rule question, debates whose decisions might precipitate the country into civil war, there was an exceedingly sparse attendance. The entire House voted, it was true, but not in an unprejudiced and patriotic manner. Everything lay with the Party "Whips." Such a state of affairs was scandalous. Under the Party system, too, many men of the highest worth were excluded from the Government for the very reason that they belonged to a Party which happened to be out for power. Under this system everything was rotten ; Party interest was put before that of the State ; members were elected to the House who entirely neglected their duty and engaged themselves in other business. What could be more detrimental to us ? he asked. On the other hand we had Business Government, in which every man had sound common sense and the nation's good-will at heart ; in which, instead of petty dispute we had a united aim for the advantage of the State. Did his hearers doubt which was the wiser system ?

I. W. Goff, the opposer, regarded Party Government as the only means of representing every different shade of opinion in the Parliament. A non-party Government could easily become despotic ; one member of exceptional personal influence might

assume the rôle of autocrat. The nation would be ground down ; the Parliament would adopt whatever course it pleased, unchecked. Party Government prevented all these things ; it was Party Government which more greatly consulted the interests of the people. Could we find an instance of Business Government among the great European countries ? The general prevalence of the Party System was surely a token of its excellence. Let us then adhere to the only form of Government which was both safe and practical.

The proposer was seconded by R. F. E. Cock ; the opposer by J. Maddock. An open debate then ensued, but whether from lack of sufficient knowledge or not, it did not attain our usual lively standard. Most excitement, however, was caused by the voting, the proposal being carried by 14 to 13.

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December 6th, the last meeting for the term, was given up to a departure from our usual programme, a " Mock Trial " being enacted. This is the second of its kind in the annals of the Society, and certainly has the claim of being eminently successful. The ' prisoner,' T. H. Martin, in accordance with a ' Writ ' issued upon him, was to present himself at Court on the charge of embezzling the Sixth Form Library subscriptions. The ' trial,' which was conducted before ' Judge ' Westlake, was extremely well attended. R. F. E. Cock, the prosecuting counsel, was able to ' prove ' the heinous charge made against the prisoner by means of many and varied witnesses. The counsel for the defence, E. G. Williams, ably defended the accused, calling to witness several of the unfortunate man's ' relations.' Much amusement was caused by the cross-examination of the witnesses, who frequently forgot their own names ; but merriment was replaced by ' grim foreboding ' as the jury retired, and when the foreman returned the verdict " Guilty, my lord," a ' deathlike stillness ' prevailed in court. The prisoner was sentenced to ' n ' years in the Second Division.

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The first debate of this term was held on Wednesday, February 7th, when the subject under discussion was, " Is the Yellow Peril likely to become an accomplished fact ? "

In proposing, R. F. E. Cock considered the vast populations of China and Japan, the character and ability of the Orientals, and the reasons for their hitherto non-development. The Chinese giant, he said, had been previously slumbering in the background, ' but one day he would awake and desire to play a part in world history. Then it would be necessary for the whites to look to their laurels.

The vastly increasing population of China and Japan might in itself cause conflict, as more accommodation would be needed for the yellow race. These countries had unimaginable possibilities, untouched resources, inexhaustible millions; was it not possible that they might one day wish to dominate the world?

The opposer, H. J. M. Westlake, strongly believed in the unity of the human race, and expressed his opinion that in time white, yellow and black would mingle by intermarriage and animosity—racial animosity—would be erased. He stated that the whites had increased in the last fifty years more so than had the yellow race. The introduction of European methods in their country would cause the Chinese to feel friendly towards us; commercial relations would strengthen the bonds; China and Japan had no inordinate desire for power; in short, the Yellow Peril was simply a bogey invented by an imaginative brain.

W. H. Treays, seconding the proposer, dwelt on the power of religious superstition in deterring the national progress of China. G. Watson, in a pithy speech, ably supported the opposer.

A lively debate ensued. The proposition was finally carried by 11 votes to 3.

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On Wednesday, 21st February, the Society discussed the question, "Should Class Distinction be abolished in England?"

G. Watson, who introduced the topic, maintained that an artificial system of barriers and partitions was not in the least degree conducive to national welfare. It gave men false ideas of themselves and of each other; it caused pride, arrogance and mutual misunderstanding. In national crises these barriers were but stumbling blocks to our safety. Let us look to such flourishing nations as France or U.S.A. for example of countries where class distinctions were at a minimum. These were the countries which progressed, and they did so because of that fact. Where Birth was more than Brains, Progress, national and individual, was stunted.

The opposer, W. H. Bosworthick, pleaded that his hearers would regard his remarks not from any selfish standpoint, but with a view to the well-being of the nation at large. With every man at his own post the nation would proceed easily. With every man self-dependent, ruin would result. The aristocracy were worthy of command respect, and they commanded it. They were the soul of the national body; the middle classes were the backbone. Class distinctions made England's position securer; France had them too, despite his opponent's allegations to the contrary.

Could America be cited as a home of national spirit? Certainly he would not admit of the idea. But we, with our time-honoured system of class distinctions, could steer through the most troubled waters.

The proposer was seconded by L. Budge; the opposer by W. H. Treays, whose authority on the question was Ruskin.

The open debate which followed as usual, was spirited, though few seemed to regard the subject with sufficient seriousness. It resulted in the wholesale defeat of the motion by a majority of 19.

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This session our Debating Society has flourished more than ever; our debates have been witty, sustained, and brisk. But we *would* like to see more masters present.

THE SPURS OF HATE.

The night wind howled across Dartmoor and sent the particles of icy rain dashing wildly against the windows of my bungalow. I heard the ceaseless swish of the falling flood outside, and now and then a sizzling of the fire told me that it had penetrated to my very hearth. I felt thankful for the protection of that bungalow roof in such a night. And it was a night. Storm and rain and wind! I poked the glowing coals in the grate moodily. I felt so lonely here all alone and in such weather. And my medical adviser had sent me here for my health! Oh, the monotony of it! Nothing for me to do but to read, and one gets tired of that. I sat there in an armchair, before the fire. That night, I remember, I had lighted no lamp, and the room was dark but for the circle of light which was shed abroad by the blazing flare. As the little tongues of yellow and crimson flame shot forth with a crackle and a roar, they caused ghostlike forms and shapes upon the wall, shadows which were ever lengthening and becoming short, continually approaching and receding. The brass clock on the mantelshef broke the monotony of the fire's crackle and the storm's groan, by striking out the hour in its clear bold tones. I counted the strokes. It was ten o'clock. "About time to move off to bed," I thought, and with the same I went to the window, drew back the curtain and peered out. I could see nothing but the rain, which as it fell seemed to form a huge endless veil before my eyes, and behind it—darkness. I stood there meditating in the silence, which was only broken by the roaring of the wind, when suddenly I thought I heard a cry, a weak plaintive cry, coming from somewhere outside.

I listened. A low moan reached my ears. It seemed to come from the region of the front of the house. I went to the door and flung it open. The wind furrowed my hair and the rain washed into my face. I looked around, and there crouching outside I discovered the figure of a man. On seeing me he raised himself and whined pitifully, "Let me in, for Heaven's sake, let me in!"

"A poor wretch lost in the storm," I thought, and signed to him to enter. He stumbled across the threshold, and closing the door I followed him. But when he came into the light of the hearth, I instinctively snatched up a poker. He was decorated with the insignia of His Majesty's convict prison!

"Hello, a goal-bird, eh?" I said with a slight sneer.

"Oh, save me from them!" he implored.

I could not help being struck by the look in his eyes. It was so beseeching. His aspect in general was truly disreputable. His cap was gone so that his close-shaven head dripped with water. His ill-fitting convict garb, covered with unsightly broad arrows, did not add to the majesty of his appearance. His face bore a hungry, pinched look, and denoted fatigue, although, perhaps, terror was predominant. But despite these mean externals, he struck me as being no common criminal, but a man of breeding, a gentleman. Possibly one down on his luck, convicted for someone else's crime, perhaps. This intuitive summing-up of the man before me, proved later to be to a certain extent correct.

He was looking at me in silent pleading.

"Just escaped then?" I asked presently.

"This morning. They're on my track now, hide me!"

"You're safe here," I said reassuringly, "but how am I to know you're not one of the biggest cut-throats on earth, and wouldn't mind adding my murder to the list of your crimes. What term were you doing?"

"Twenty years; but I've only done five."

"Twenty years! That's pretty stiff. What offence?"

His eyes fell. He shook his head sadly. "I'm ashamed to confess it, sir, but it was nothing short of manslaughter."

"Hem! A euphemism for murder. I was right, then."

"The court called it murder, but I cannot bring myself to call it that."

"The circumstances were peculiar, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it's a long story."

"Then you've trampled on one of my weaknesses. I'm fond of long stories. Out with it!"

"But stay," I said, and going to the corner of the room I picked up an old suit of tweed, which bachelor-like I had left lying there. "Here," I said, "put these on, and warm yourself by the

fire." He changed his clothes, and I put his hateful prison suit away in a cupboard secure from sight. He settled down into my armchair. I made no remark, but sat in another. "Now," I said, "fire away!"

He looked at me for a while, with a face full of doubting and fear. Then at last he began. "I am afraid," he said, apologetically, "that I must acquaint you with a little of my personal history, since it is on that that everything depends. My name is Turner—Laurence Turner. I was the only son of my parents, and had one sister, Mary, a pretty blue-eyed little girl, a year younger than myself, to whom I was much attached. My father was a kindly gentleman, and my mother an affectionate soul, although I can but dimly remember them. Ah, those were happy days!" He sighed.

"Then, when I was ten, our parents were both drowned, whilst on their way home from Brest, where they had been spending a holiday. The vessel foundered. You remember the 'Brulla.' It was she. Their loss was a cruel blow for us—Mary and me! She, poor creature, was almost too young to know how much she had lost. She could only long in an unreasoning way for her father, and cry ceaselessly for her mother. But we were well provided for. We went to live with an uncle in Scotland, Stephen Lang by name, who was a rather wealthy man, and the owner of extensive estates. He was my mother's brother. Strangely enough, another sister of his died almost at the same time as my mother met her death, and he also undertook the guardianship of her child, as well as that of Mary and myself. So we went to Scotland, where we met our cousin for the first time. He was called Philip Bloom. From the first moment I saw him, I recognised in him my rival for favour, for my uncle was a widower and had no children of his own. I hated this Philip Bloom at first sight, and what was more I was convinced that he hated me. His curly red hair, the delicate lines of his countenance, his laughing dark eyes, what could be more deserving of hate? My feeling towards him was instinctive. I don't think our uncle ever noticed it, for I was ever prevented from breaking out into open enmity by the friendly interference of my sister Mary. Whatever I did to Philip, however I hurt his feelings, he didn't seem to resent it. This maddened me.

"For I knew that in reality I made him angry, though he was too cunning to show it. I knew he was keeping a reckoning for me one day. I was mad with him for his coolness, but most of all mad with my repeated failures at keeping my temper.

"'Laurence, why do you act so badly towards Philip?' said Mary to me one day, he's such a nice fellow, really!' And I hated him more because she had said that. That was when we were children together. I openly hostile; Philip subtley so; and Mary

ever the buffer between us. Thus it went on year after year, till when I was twenty I told my uncle that I desired to go to Canada. He seemed kindly disposed to the plan, gave me ample funds, and sent me off with a kind word. When I left I embraced my sister affectionately. I was sorry to leave *her*. Philip was out of town, and I didn't take leave of him at all. But I was glad to see the last of him!

"Well, I went to Canada and started wheat farming in Alberta. Things went well with me. I prospered and was becoming a wealthy man. I had been there five years, during which time I kept up a constant communication with Mary and my uncle. Then one day I received a letter from my sister which made me speed back to England as fast as steam and screw could take me!

" 'My dear Laurence,' I read, 'by the time you get this I shall be married. . . ' And as I moved the sheet a little card fluttered on to the ground. I picked it up and scrutinised it. It was her wedding card—a delicately tinted card with fancy border and silver lettering. There was a smile upon my lips. So Mary was going to make some lucky fellow happy. I was even envying her prospective husband his good fortune. For Mary was a jewel, a gem of the first water. 'Who is the lucky bounder?' I thought, and I opened the card still smiling. Then I felt my features change their expression. I swore madly. For whose name was it I saw there in the silver lettering coupled with that of my dear Mary? Why, the name of Philip Bloom, of all fellows in the world!

"When I saw that I got madder than I ever got before in all my life. 'The cad! The mean scoundrel! To wait until my back was turned to steal my sister from me!' I didn't sleep that night, and the next morning I booked a passage back to Liverpool. I went back with a thousand devils in my heart. Then when I landed I got more news. My uncle had just died."

The man paused, and took a drink I offered him.

"I was just cut up about the old fellow's death, but then I had my eye on those estates in Scotland. Bloom and I were the only fellows he could leave them to; and of course I knew I was my uncle's favourite, and Bloom—pooh! he wasn't in the running. I trained up to Glasgow and went at once to the offices of Calthorpe and Calthorpe, my uncle's solicitors.

"James Calthorpe, the head of the firm, was a pleasant, thin, pale-faced man, with a soft musical voice. 'Mr. Turner,' he queried, when I was ushered into his presence.

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'nephew of Stephen Lang. I've come to see his will. I'm sole heir, I suppose,' I added airily.

"The solicitor looked at me in an interested way, and smiled.

“ ‘I am afraid, Mr. Turner,’ he said, earnestly, ‘that you must brace yourself for a disappointment.’

“ ‘Disappointment?’ My heart jumped. My confidence was evaporating. ‘Disappointment?’ I repeated, ‘what do you mean?’

“ ‘Just this,’ he replied, with another smile. ‘Just before his death your uncle came to me and said, ‘Calthorpe, I’m going to make my will. It won’t be elaborate. There are only three persons who have any claim on me, my niece and my two nephews. I should have divided my property equally between the three, only I’ve one dog of a nephew in Canada, and he tells me he’s making pots of money, Calthorpe, pots of it . . . !’

“ ‘I cursed my boastful home-letters.

“ ‘And so,’ the solicitor continued, ‘he arranged that a hundred pounds should be settled on you, whilst the rest of his estate should be equally divided between his nephew and the lady who is now his wife.’

“ ‘I groaned—‘That is all!’—‘Yes, that’s all!’ And I left those offices torn ’twixt rage and disappointment. ‘Twas a bitter pill, I can tell you, one to be sucked, one which dissolved slowly! Oh! I hated Bloom ten times as much as I had done in the old days. Had I been sensible I should have kept away from him. Such hatred was dangerous. But I didn’t. I just hung on until I got an invitation from Philip to visit him on his estates. *His estates!* I went, and the cowardly wretch called me ‘dear cousin’ as he welcomed me into the hall. He thought I didn’t see the triumphant gloating in his eye. But I did. I wasn’t a fool! I hated him for his smooth words. Then Mary! She seemed so happy with him. Oh! I hated him for making her happy. I almost hated her for being happy with him, the scoundrel! I knew he’d try to get rid of me. He thought he hid his murderous intentions from me. But I knew what he wanted to do for me. All the while he talked pleasantly to me as if he were my friend instead of my would-be murderer. He thought he dissembled well—the fool!

“ ‘Then one day we mounted our horses and set off across the moor intending to have a day’s sport. He led me over seas of gorse and heather, through hollows, over hills and brooks, until I had almost lost my sense of direction. So this was part of his game to lose me! At any rate I *wouldn’t* be lost. At length we came to the mouth of a great deep ravine.

“ ‘We’ll ride through here,’ said he.

“ ‘But the idea was far from appealing to me. The black, deep, dark ravine seemed to me to bear the hall-mark of treachery. To enter those gloomy jaws with Bloom!

“ ‘No’ I said, ‘let us go this way,’ and I headed for another direction.

“ ‘But we shall have some fine sport the other end, and the scenery’s magnificent!’

“ ‘It’s better this way’ I persisted, stubbornly.

“ But in the end he persuaded me to come, so we rode into the ravine. The sides were steep, indeed near the ground they were practically vertical, whilst further aloft they sloped backwards each to a rugged peak. Light was almost shut out, and everything had a wild aspect.

“ I could see a smile of self satisfaction in Bloom’s eyes. Then, suddenly, his horse darted forward as if he had pricked it with his spurs. This caused the distance between us to widen, and I was following on at a leisurely canter—when a great boulder came crashing down within five feet of my head and shivered into a thousand fragments. So this was why he wanted me to enter the ravine! A nicely prepared death trap. I wheeled my frightened horse around and looked up. No one was there. I was disappointed Bloom rode back looking frightened. At least he meant to do so, but I saw the glint of balked hatred in his eyes. So I determined to keep near him after that, and all the way through the ravine we rode side by side as nearly as possible. I had decided that he should stand an equal chance with me if any more rocks *chanced* to fall. What would be his next move? He wouldn’t do anything if I could help it!

“ We left the ravine behind us, and mounting a hill struck off over level country. We fell to talking about horses. I boasted what a wonderful horseman I had become since I had been to the colonies.

“ ‘Horsemanship there,’ I said, ‘is brought to a fine art.’

“ ‘Hem!’ said Philip, with a badly veiled sneer, ‘for all your experience of Canadian horseflesh, I reckon I could clear yonder hedgerow the better.’

“ He spurred his horse, and set off towards the hedge he had indicated. One—two—three! He was over!

“ It was a challenge. I accepted it, and followed him. But my horse galloped to within a few feet of the hedge, then shied, and whiz! I was hurled headlong over the top of it. Something struck my head. My senses swam, and I lost consciousness . . .

“ When I came to myself, I found that I was in my bedroom at Philip’s house—that bedroom with the antique carved bedstead and the oak panelling; with the delicate chintz curtains and oval mirrors—that I so much coveted—that I knew ought really to be

mine. I realised what had happened. So Philip had once more tried to kill me by that accursed fence jumping! What had he done to my horse? I looked round for him. He was bending over a small table at the side of my bed. There was a hard look on his face, and I knew that he meant mischief. He was pouring out something into a medicine glass, a dark liquid from a black bottle—something for *me* to drink! As if I would drink anything he offered me. On that bottle I saw a red label with lettering on it. I strained my eyes to see what was written. I descried the letters P, O, then Philip's thumb, and the final letters O, N. Then I knew what it was—it was poison for me, for me! He turned towards me, and when he saw my eyes fixed on him, his face paled. I saw it. He, the scoundrel, was attempting to poison me.

“ ‘ Here, drink,’ he said.

“ ‘ Yes, I will drink,’ I shrieked, ‘ but first—’

“ The red mist swam before my eyes. I knew what I was going to do then. The time had come at last. All my weakness left me. I rose from my bed and flung myself at him. He tried to slip away when he saw me coming, but I stopped him. I caught him by the arm.

“ ‘ You villain,’ I shrieked. ‘ This is the third time you have attempted my life, after robbing me of my sister, of my property.’

“ ‘ Fool, fool,’ he yelled, ‘ whenever have I attempted your life, you madman?’

“ I vouchsafed no answer. Then the struggle began. I knew I should overcome him; I was filled with the strength of a gorilla, for madness makes a man strong. His opposition was like chaff before a hurricane's blast. I swept his arms aside. My fingers grasped his throat. We fell, and I thrust my knee into his stomach. Then I drew my fingers tighter. He felt their grip, too, for a sweat broke out in his brow. He tried to speak, but only produced the faintest gurgle. His eyes began to start out . . . Then I felt him grow limp. His body fell to the floor, lifeless.

“ Ah! I had killed him now, and now I would drink for why should I cling any longer to life. I seized the fatal glass and drank off its contents at a draught. Then I sat down and waited. I waited five minutes, five awful minutes, and nothing happened. I snatched up the black bottle and scrutinised the label. Horror of horrors! It was not ‘ Poison!’ It simply bore the words, ‘ Dr. McCarthy's Potion,’—Mary's favourite remedy, a specific she ever recommended. Philip had not meant to poison me! I had strangled an innocent man!!

" My reason came to me then. I saw that for months—nay years—past I had been insanelly jealous, and abandoning myself to the mad hatred I had killed my kinsman, my sister's husband, doubly my kinsman.

" I shuddered and looked around. The door opened and Mary entered. When I saw her, I couldn't face her. I clung to her skirts like a child. ' Mary, ' I cried, ' Mary, forgive me.' She saw what had happened. She tore herself from me and rushed to the side of Philip—who was dead. She realised it all. She turned on me in sorrowful anger. ' You ? ' she sobbed, ' you have done this ? ' I bowed my head. She fell on Philip's body moaning aloud, ' Philip . . . Philip . . . Philip ! ' It seemed hours that I knelt there.

" ' Mary, ' I said again, ' will you forgive me ? ' . She remained silent, weeping wordless tears. I took her silence for refusal, and I slunk away like a dog. My only desire now was to get away. I had friends in Exeter, and I fled there. But the police soon took me, and I confessed all. The Court sentenced me to twenty years. At first I took it easily. My ambition and hope in life were gone. I put up with the long dreary life in the cheerless prison cells. Oh ! the hateful regularity of it, the horrible monotony ! Men treated like mechanical creatures ! But I stuck it until gradually I realised how alone I had left Mary. She had forgiven me since, me who had murdered her husband and blighted her life. I made up my mind I would see her again, and to-day I escaped. Don't give me up for the love of Heaven, but—what was that ? "

Outside I heard the baying of a hound.

" The blood hounds ! " he shrieked. " They are after me ! " And before I could remonstrate with him, he had yelled a thanks to me for my services, and, opening the door, vanished into the bosom of the night.

Five minutes later came a rap at the door.

" Come in, " I said quietly.

Two blue-coated prison warders entered.

" Anyone passed this way, sir ? " asked one. " A convict has escaped, a desperate murderer. "

" No, no one, " I lied.

The door closed again, and the footsteps receded.

" Twenty years ! " I muttered to myself. " Twenty years ! And he under such a delusion ! Did he deserve it ? "

And I stared into the dying fire.

R. F. E. COCK.

HINTS ON STORY WRITING.

Twice a year upon the board, you see in letters bold,
 Requests for stories, poetry and jokes ;
 For the honour of the Mag. does rest on you, you're told,
 That's if in you the import of it soaks.

If poetry's beyond you, you think you can write yarns
 [The disillusion proves a bitter pill] ;
 You try to write a horror on ghosts and haunted barns,
 And in an hour you find you have done " nil."

But really it's quite simple, if you but know the way,
 And if you'll hear me, I'll just tell you how ;
 Of course, 'twill take some practice, you won't learn all to-day,
 Now listen close, and don't kick up a row !

Now first you chose your characters ; they must all be grand ;
 Of these the hero naturally is first.
 Generally his eyes are blue ; his cheeks are finely tann'd ;
 And then he's poor ; his wardrobe is the worst.

And then he's got a mother, a wife or sweetheart too.
 His mother is a real good sort, she is ;
 His sweetheart is a stunner ; she's always dressed in blue ;
 You choose her name,—it's anything but " Liz !"

Before you've written very much, his mother must have died,
E.g. of eating pickles (mixed) with pork.
 His wife or sweetheart far away from him must ride,
 And with, of course,—a villain from New York.

The hero gets excited ; the powder must be wet ;
 Or of the yarn you'll make an awful mess.
 And if he uses poison, the glass must be upset ;
 And no effect on him has H₂S.*

And then you'll have a spectre, a nightmare or a wreck,
 In which his wife returns to him once more.
 And then with their reunion he gets a mighty cheque,
 A present from an uncle, known of yore.

And if these tips you'll follow and work them out at ease,
 With fruitless hours no longer you'll be vexed,
 When the hero's *too* mixed up, your readers to appease,
 Just write, " To be continued in our next."

CHAUCER.

* Sulphuretted Hydrogen.

THE ESSAYS OF HAM.

I. ON BEAUTY OR DE PULCHRITUDINE.

[*Translator's Note* :—This old document was found recently in a secluded corner of the British Museum. The Essays are of exceedingly great literary importance. Much doubt prevails as to the identity of the author. Some say it is Ham, the son of Noah, who was in the Ark. They maintain (and are no doubt correct in this respect) that the style and ideas are essentially antediluvian, whilst they reckon that the introduction into the Essays of such words and phrases as, "Dash 'em," "I know 'er," and "archangel" are distinct references to Shem, Noah, and the Ark respectively. "What more conclusive proof is needed?" they ask. But, however, the fact that the whole volume of the Essays is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and that many of her contemporaries are mentioned, scarcely makes that theory worthy of consideration. We suggest that their author is no less a personage than Lord Bacon. The transcriber probably misunderstood "Ham" for "Bacon." Quite a pardonable error! They *are* alike. The original is written for the most part in Latin, which has been translated carefully for the benefit of that ever decreasing minority (?) who cannot read Latin easily.

DEDICATION :—This volume is dedicated to my beautiful Queen, Elizabeth, the inspiration of the first of mine Essays. Upbraid me not, dear Queen, that the essay is not perfect; 'twas the best I could fashion with what inspiration I had. Remember I am but a poor unworthy man, who do my best to gain preferment. Read the Essays, while in bed, O Queen; for insomnia they are a rare soothing balm.

THE ESSAYS :

1. DE PULCHRITUDINE.

*"O Reader, read and mark and learn,
Of Beauty that no man can spurn."*

Methinks a certain wight once said, "Beauty lieth no deeper than the hide of man." Then, thought I, this Beauty must perforce be a shallow thing, for the slightest prick of a pitchfork doth make the blood squirt in fountains from a man's finger. And if this subject be so shallow, mayhap a shallow creature like myself may be able to write a few words on the same for the benefit of his readers (my readers are at present very few, as no man cottoneth, meseems, to what I write. But my motto is "*Dum spiro spero!*") It hath taken me much time to think of anything to say on Beauty.

I went about the house, muttering to myself "Beauty, where art thou?" till at length my spouse, growing awearied of my philosophy, hurled the tomcat at me, saying, "There is the *Beast*, we will get Beauty for thee full soon (my wife was alluding to the classical history of "Beauty and the Beast"). That incident upset my train of thought altogether till I drew from my pocket a golden noble wherewith to pay the milkboy, and caught sight of the beautiful visage of the Divine Queen engraven thereon. Then I was inspired. I wrote this Essay—this effort of superhuman genius (I am not vain; no one more than I realizes the inferiority of my work; I but try to do justice to myself). My first inspired thought was marvellous. It was heaven-sent from the regions above. I dived into the dictionary and composed the following sentence, "Beauty is the antithesis of ugliness; as light is different from darkness, as water from ale; as a pork-pie from a dish of frogs pickled *à la français*, so is Beauty different from ugliness." This beautiful thought spurred me on. Now I wanted to give a definition of Beauty—a technical definition. As in that famous book "Astronomy for everyone," they say, "A star is a candle in the sky." That is a definition. So, I wanted to give a definition of Beauty, thus, "Beauty is a—well, *what* is it? No man knoweth. Yet everyone knoweth if his wife is beautiful or not. For if she hath half-a-dozen varlets buzzing around her like a swarm of flies, snubbing her lord on all sides, then knoweth he that his spouse is beautiful. But how else? We seem to judge by instinct. Or is it this? Have all the children of men taken a violent dislike to the chimpanzee, and do they judge every other creature accordingly? Or do they set up our lovely Queen as a paragon of beauty? Natheless, in some wise we discover whether this or that is beautiful. I suppose it mattereth not *how*. Great minds (like mine) are above such trivialities.

What mystifieth me is that each man hath his own idea of Beauty. Mine own is the Beauty of the Queen: my offspring, collop of mine flesh, talketh glibly of "a beautiful damson tartlet": my companion at chess surveyeth a portly dame with a treble chin and a bass voice, and exclaimeth "What a beauty!": my spouse declareth that she hath a beautiful cold in her cranium: my most vile enemy, Sir Oliver Bodkins, telleth me that I am a beautiful liar (I lament much the fact that I am not beautiful). With all this medley of ideas, whither can a great unprejudiced mind turn?

Well, let us continue this masterpiece of wisdom. It hath struck me more forcibly than a brickbat from a vast height striketh a fellow's cerebral prominence, [Translator's Note:—Some readings

have the vulgar word "napper." They are no doubt in a way justified, as Ham says, "*napperum franġit*"] that Beauty is attractive to all of us. Everybody loves Beauty; the soldier, the sailor, the tinker, the tailor, and men of trades *ad lib.* It especially appeals to professional gentlemen and artists. More especially does it appeal to the poet, for it is about the only word he can find in the dictionary to rhyme with "duty." And then, the poet always wants to write on "the man who standeth fast by 's duty," or "the bold one who refuseth to pay his tobacco duty." (For the benefit of the ignorant, I would explain that tobacco is a dirty, scraggy, vile-smelling weed, which our esteemed friend, Master Walter Raleigh, Esq., hath introduced into Merrie England for such fools as like to chew or smoke it). You see, that's where Beauty comes in. Then, there is the painter. It is necessary that he have the essence of Beauty for his model, for he doth make Venus such a blot on the landscape, that anyone less beautiful than she would seem to the untutored eye to be a doorpost. [T.N.—We never thought of that before. This sage remark of Ham's throws "some" light on modern Futurist painting.]

Beauty appealeth especially to youth. I once was acquainted with an old pieman, who had a confectionery shop on the Cheap-side. He declared that when he had his little niece to serve the 'prentices, he always filled his till more quickly. [T.N.—We print "till"; literally it is "orange-box."] And more, the boys, imbued with her beauty, never checked the weights of things; thus, though they deemed they had bought them "on the Cheape" 'twas but an idle supposition.

Thus can Beauty be turned into silver and gold. I once remarked to my actor friend, Burbage: "Dickey," quoth I, "if thou would'st but employ beauties on thy stage, instead of thy grim masculine visages, thou would'st have two houses nightly, and a matinée once a week. [T.N.—This is a most accurate forecast of Ham's.] He would not take my advice, but had he done so I feel sure I had been right.

Had I been a moralist I should have divided mine Essay into two parts,—indoor and outdoor beauty. But this would offend some of mine patrons, perhaps the gracious Queen herself. So I refrained. However, I will speak of superficial Beauty. There be dames who keep all their good looks sealed in jars. [T.N.—Other editions have "jam-pots"; probably an erratic reading of the Latin "*jam potius.*"] Thus, when they are in society their beauty is as splendid as the day, but when in private it is a minus quantity, it is as the coalhouse in the royal backyard.

Then, have I heard of Beauty competitions, Beauty spots, Beauty doctors, etc. Of Beauty competitions I have no approval. For what need is there of further judgment when all the world avows the Divine Queen to be the fairest of all ladies. Beauty spots are grease spots which would look alright if they weren't there. Beauty doctors are—well, indescribable.

I was hunting through a grammar the other day, when I noticed that Beauty was classified as an abstract noun. I became so abstracted in this thought, that I fell down and knocked my head against a concrete pavement. But I will say no more of it . . .

[*Desunt non pauca.*]

[T.N.—Despite Ham's denunciation of My Lady Nicotine in the above Essay, internal evidence proves that he used the rest of the Essay with which to light his pipe. How much has posterity lost because of the essayist's vice!]

(Our special investigators are at present searching the rubbish heaps of the British Museum for the remainder of these works. We hope to print a second Essay in our next issue.—Ed.)

NOW AND THEN.

It was 1870. Sedan was past, and the Prussian hosts were swarming over bleeding France. Every day brought news of a fresh advance of the Germans towards their goal. Paris was besieged, and German armies were advancing practically unopposed north and south of it. Man was mad. He had lost sight of all moderation and "saw red." Murder, pillage, incendiarism, all were rampant in France at that time . . .

Old Monsieur Cherbot, one of the richest men in France, was sitting before a roaring fire in his dining-room. He still retained many memories of the old days of Napoleon, and would have liked even in his old age to have been fighting the Prussian invader. He had just been informed by his sole-remaining servant that the Prussians were twenty miles away and still advancing. He knew what would happen when they had progressed those twenty miles more. He would no longer be one of France's rich men, but a

pauper, a mere beggar. For his wealth lay not only in money but in his valuable silver, gold, and art collections. Of course he had much money, but this was insignificant, compared to his other treasures.

He summoned his servant, and they collected these treasures together. Several heavy things had to be left, but at length practically all his wealth was gathered into one room. His servant left him, and when he returned to announce that the enemy had advanced another five miles, the valuables had disappeared.

* * * * *

When the Prussians were upon his stronghold, old Cherbot was seized with his former warlike spirit, and, seizing a rifle he emptied it into the Prussian ranks. An answering shot killed the poor fellow, and with him died the secret of where the treasure was hidden.

* * * * *

It was 1916. France was at war again. Two years before the Prussian legions had swarmed over France as they did in 1870, and the old château, still occupied by M. Cherbot's son, was again in German hands. This time things were different, however, for the French and the English were slowly driving back their common foe, and the inhabitants of the old castle had hopes of once more being freed.

The son of M. Cherbot, who had fought in 1870, was now an old man. But he had still an interest in life for the upbringing of an orphan grandchild had been entrusted to him. He was poor, however, for he like everyone else thought that the Prussians had in years gone by seized all his father's wealth. It was his desire to give his little granddaughter an education fitting to the old name which she bore, but how could he do it without money? Previous to the war practically all the castle had been shut up, and he had seriously entertained thoughts of giving it up altogether. And now the Prussians, billeted upon him, were a sore tax to his scanty resources.

Then the news came that the Allies were within five miles, and advancing rapidly. The roar of the guns ever became louder, and finally, realising that there was little hope of keeping the French back, the Germans began to retreat to stronger defences some miles to the other side of the castle. What a sight it was to see them marching back! What a thrill it gave to the heart of M. Cherbot!

And soon the French were around the castle. Some Germans had remained in it, and, realising this, a French officer and some "poilus" burst open the door and rushed in. Most of the Germans were captured, and in fact the officer believed that all had been taken. Suddenly, however, a shot rang out, and a bullet embedded itself in the wall behind. Plainly there was another German in the castle, and the officer dashed off after him. The man's heavy footsteps could be heard in the corridor above, and the officer soon caught sight of him turning into a room which afterwards proved to be old Cherbot's dining-room. A great mirror was placed opposite the door in this room, and the German, seeing the reflection of the door, made across the room towards it. The officer following closely saw the retreating man reflected in the great mirror, and in the excitement of the moment mistook the reflection for the man himself and fired. Then he stopped suddenly, for in front of him was a sight such as he had never seen before, and was destined never to see again. The broken mirror was slowly—very slowly—swinging open. And inside, in a little room, he could see great silver and golden plates, and bags of money. It was the treasure! Old Cherbot's treasure was at last brought again to light!

* * * * *

Now M. Cherbot *fil's* is very happy, for he has been able to send his granddaughter to college. He has also done many other things with his money, but of course "that is," as Ruskin says, "another story."

C. A. OAKLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

PERRY, F. W. A., Lieutenant, Royal Marines, killed in action during operations in France on February 17th, 1917.

The death of Captain F. J. L. Perry, brother to Lieutenant Perry, and also an old D.H.S.-ian, was recorded in a previous Magazine.

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