

THE



LION

PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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New Series.

EDITORIAL.

In the following pages there is a poetic reference to the state of the School playground. As this may need some explanation to absent readers, we have inspected the said playground and discovered a distinct hole in it. This hole is now developing into an intricate system of waterlogged entrenchments, which make the School almost impregnable on the north side. That, however, is not the ultimate object of the work. A good supply of brick chippings has been sown over the flooded area, and with the warm moisture of the coming season a School building should spring up. If it does not, the workmen will have to make one. An architect has predicted the final size and shape of this educational plant, and estimated that, when it is grafted into the present tree of knowledge, the combined roosting capacity of its various branches will be well over two hundred creatures. To be rather more explicit, the new building will consist of a hall, two classrooms, a lobby, and a masters' room. Old Boys wishing to know the exact disposition of these should come on July 23rd and make a personal inspection.

For us, it is sufficient to know that a long-felt want will be supplied, and that the whole School will be able to gather comfortably in one room on Wednesday afternoons.

Healthy growth is always welcome; not only of buildings, but of personnel. Last term a sixth form appeared for the first time in the history of the School, and it should in time exercise a great influence upon our small community. The "Lion" has also grown lately, but as its growth depends upon the extent of its jungle of circulation, it has reached a limit for the time being. Let us hope, however, that it will still gain steadily in quality.

We have one or two remarks to make about this issue. We regret that it contains no article from an Old Boy, apart from official news, for the first time for several years. More encouraging is the appearance of several short stories, of

widely different types. Short-story writing is far more difficult than composing a novel, and the shortcomings of our's must be forgiven, in the hope of improvement in the future. Spring has brought its poetry; but perhaps the less said the better.

OLD PRICEANS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Boys' cricket function is fixed for July 23rd.

All Old Boys, whether members of the Association or not, are requested to turn up. We hope the non-members will then take the opportunity of joining us, so that they may be advised of our various functions, and assisted by us in keeping in touch with the School.

We also appeal to you who are just leaving School, and realise the advantage of an unbroken connection, both with it and with the other Old Boys, to avail yourselves of the only certain means of doing so.

The joining subscription of 5/- covers the first year, and is not payable till the end of it; afterwards, it is only 2/6 annually.

For this you obtain all the issues of the "Lion," notification of Old Boys' functions, and the facilities for keeping in touch with the School and with each other.

Just drop a postcard to the Secretary, H. L. Marriott, Ravenswood, Fareham, telling him you wish to become a member.

H.L.M.

LONDON SECTION.

The infant grows and flourishes; and we should like at the outset to pay tribute to the great keenness shown by the brave hearts who are helping to make the new section a success.

It may be a truism to point out that our hardest time is just now, when the first enthusiasm may have worn off, and before the membership has grown to such an extent that a few absentees

do not matter, but the realisation of this is a great help towards maintaining growth and success, and it is knowledge of this factor which enhances the value and merit of our steadily upheld attendance at meetings.

Since the first week in the year our average fortnightly attendance has been raised to ten, which ensures a very jolly time for all who come, and the certainty of finding some one among the gathering kith if not kin to oneself.

A total membership of twenty-five is exceedingly encouraging, when one considers that we have only been in existence for five months. Moreover, it cannot be said that the gatherings are dull—varied occupation and tastes and an unswerving allegiance to the A.O.F.B. ensure this, and even some of the designs put forward as suggestions for an O.P. tie were a little heart-rending, they did not fail to add to the gaiety of the nations.

Of our functions, two deserve special mention, as both were innovations, destined, we hope, to perpetuation.

Christmas Dinner, December 21st, 1926.

Our first quasi-formal gathering defied superstition and brought thirteen stalwarts to the Soho (though to ease our qualms and soothe our fears the manager of the restaurant kindly took wine with us before we rose), and a merry evening was the outcome—the Italian effort at an English Christmas dinner being distinctly praiseworthy, and the hearts of men being made glad within them.

To those who braved the ordeal of post prandial speech we offer thanks, also to the courtesy of those who listened to our efforts at the silver tongue.

Our only regret was that Mr. Bradley was unable at the last moment to honour us with his presence in the chair.

The menu appended may be of interest as a memento of an auspicious inauguration.

LONDON SOCIETY OF OLD PRICEANS.

Christmas Dinner. Soho Restaurant.

Chairman, Mr. L. F. Biden. Dec. 21st, 1926.

MENU.

Hors d'Oeuvre a la Russe.

Creme Cardinal.

Filet de Barbeue au Vin Blanc.

Scallop of Veal Milanaise

or

Breast of Norfolk Turkey.

Pomme Chips. Green Peas.

Christmas Pudding.

TOAST LIST.

"H.M. The King."

"The School."

Proposed by Mr. H. G. Biddle.
Response by The Chairman.

"The O.P. Association."

Proposed by Mr. W. J. Henry.
Response by Mr. G. Chignell.

"Ourselves."

Proposed by Mr. A. C. Swaffield.
Response by Mr. E. Carr Hill.

Coliseum March 15th, 1927.

Another innovation and a well patronised one, a record gathering of fifteen turning up, and, to adopt the journalese style, being well entertained by the efforts of the performers.

But the programme really was quite good, and the evening made a pleasant break in the routine of dinners.

Our plans for the summer are as yet vague, as a succession of dinners indoors in hot London is not to be contemplated, but we hope to fix up at least one day on the river, and possibly other jaunts away from the madding crowd.

To any of the Staff, Old Boys, or present School whose visits to town may coincide with one of our gatherings, we shall extend a hearty welcome, and particulars of our organisation and dates of functions can always be obtained from me at 2, Milton Road, Highgate, N. 6.

GUY CHIGNELL.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

E. R. DAVISON, who passed the Admiralty examination for nominated candidates, in October, 1926, being 12th on the list, was rejected at the medical examination, but appealed successfully, and was passed as fit by the Medical Board and is now on H.M.S. "Fisgard."

E. P. SMITH has passed his 2nd Mate's Examination, being first in his batch, and is now serving as third mate on S.S. "Clan Lindsey," which is on the way to Colombo, Madras and Calcutta.

R. G. ATKINS has been appointed to a clerkship in Barclay's Bank, and is now at the Bishops Waltham Branch.

R. CLARK has been appointed to a clerkship in Barclay's Bank at the Osborne Road Branch, Southsea.

E. W. FLINT is at present in Paris for the Western Electric Co.

L. FLINT has been playing regularly for the 1st XI. of Bromley Hockey Club, one of the strongest teams in the London district.

- L. ARCHELL has gained his Hockey Colours for Kings' College, London. He is taking "Special" Physics in June.
- S. S. SMITH is on S.S. "Dromore Castle."
- H. R. MESSEM is at Westminster College, Horseferry Road, London, S.W. 1, and has his finals coming off in June.
- C. FELLOWES is also at Westminster College.
- E. R. ROGERS has taken up a teaching post in one of the L.C.C. Schools.
- D. A. HAYWARD is at Borough Road Training College, and plays in their 1st XI. Hockey.
- W. V. COOK is at St. John's College, Battersea, and is playing for the 1st XI. Hockey.
- F. NUGENT, who has gained his International Cap again this season, v. Wales and Scotland, has been appointed to a Mastership at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, a school which has a big reputation for its hockey.
- E. H. FRY has sent a copy of his Parish Magazine (St. Gabriel's, Govan, Glasgow). He is the Priest-in-Charge, and as it is a large parish, has plenty to do.
- H. M. WELLBORNE, E.T.C. Staff, Mess, Alexandria, writes that their annual matches with the Suez Detachment have resulted in victories at Hockey and Rugby and Association football.
- H. LARDEAUX was playing at left half in the hockey match v. Suez, and was largely instrumental in his side's victory.
- R. H. and B. R. SCOTT are both on leave from India. R. H. is now a Captain, and has a year's leave, while B. R. has eight months.
- R. SHAKESPEAR has had an operation for appendicitis, but after a successful recovery has had to get extra leave, being unfit to go back to India.
- E. H. DEAN-COOPER is at Wisteria, Mortimer, Bucks., and is working for the B.P. Company. He was expected on Old Boys' Day, but did not materialise.
- J. H. CHAPMAN (II.) has now joined the Permanent Staff at Barclay's Bank, Sandown, Isle of Wight.
- L. G. EASTON was appointed to the Sales Staff of Ansaldo Motors in London, but owing to the slack season has not yet joined it.
- P. SWINSTEAD, Hoggate, Kingsley, near Borden, is with his two brothers, and is to be congratulated on having become engaged to be married.
- R. H. S. TEEK is completing a course at Grange, and is living in High Street, Lee on the Solent.
- J. H. SINCLAIR came over from Cardiff, where he has had considerable experience of the Coal Strike.
- J. G. HURDEN is with Internal Combustion Company in Kingsway, and went with their team to

play the branch at Barrow-in-Furness. A most successful trip.

N. Eyles, L. F. Biden, R. C. Connolly, R. Higgins, W. C. McNeil (who is now at Calshot), R. E. Croker, L. Archell, H. B. Edwards, W. T. Moss, G. Mercer, S. J. Horner (Swanmore), E. R. Hinxman, F. C. Polwin, G. Chignell, H. L. Marriott, F. R. Clark, W. G. Cummins, F. E. Jones, W. E. Collihole, A. G. Phillips, S. A. Tremlett and M. Cubbin all turned up on Old Boys' Day, and we would remind those who cannot get away in time for the match that there is always a welcome for them at tea later on.

We hear with much regret that W. V. HOULDEN died at Hamilton, New Zealand, on February 11th, after an operation for appendicitis. He would have been 20 on the following day. He had grown into a fine fellow of 6ft. 1in. and was as strong as a horse. He came in from a hay-making job, having ridden 70 miles on horseback, and complained of pain in his stomach, but made light of it, and a doctor was not sent for until the next day. An operation was performed, but gangrene set in, and he died in a few days.

HOCKEY RETROSPECT, 1927.

With our ground unfit for use on so many half-holidays, three 1st XI. and several Junior fixtures scratched, it has naturally been rather a disappointing season.

The first match, against a weakened Southampton team, and played on a wet ground, gave us rather a lucky victory by 4-3. Netley beat us 7-5, but certainly should not have scored so many; not that the goal-keeper was to blame. In the return, perhaps the best match of the season, we lost 1-3, after a very even game. Fareham were beaten decisively 4-1, but our shooting left much to be desired. Southsea also were beaten, 3-1. The first fixture with King Edward's School was scratched, but the return games saw us very heavily beaten, 1-9 in the 1st XI. and 1-13 in the 2nd XI., Southampton in both games being a better and faster side, though we did wish we had not had to play without Dodds, Clark and Atkins, the last two having left the School two days before the match. H.M.S. "Fisgard" gave us a good game, which we won 3-1. The Old Boys, with a rather uneven team, ran us close, and we were lucky to win, 3-2.

The 1st XI. House matches have revealed some players coming on for the future, and, given a reasonably dry beginning to the season, there is no reason we should not meet Southampton on even terms next season.

HOCKEY MATCH RESULTS.

1st XI. Scratched 3, played 8, won 5, lost 3, drawn 0, goals for 25, against 27.

Date.	Opponent.	Ground.	for. ag.	Goals
Feb.	5.—Southampton	Home	4—3	
"	9.—Netley Hospital	Home	5—7	
"	19.—Fareham	Away	4—1	
"	23.—King Edward's School	Scratched.		
"	26.—Havant	Scratched.		
Mar.	2.—Netley Hospital	Away	1—3	
"	5.—Gosport	Scratched.		
"	12.—Southsea	Home	4—1	
"	16.—King Edward's School	Away	1—9	
"	19.—H.M.S. "Fisgard"	Away	3—1	
"	26.—Past v. Present	Home	3—2	
April	2.—H.M.S. "Fisgard"	Away	—	

2nd XI. Scratched 2, played 2, won 0, lost 2. Goals for 3, against 18.

Date.	Opponent.	Ground.	for. ag.	Goals
Feb.	12.—H.M.S. "Fisgard" II.	Scratched.		
"	23.—King Edward's Sc. II.	Scratched.		
Mar.	16.—King Edward's Sc. II.	Away	1—13	
"	26.—Past II. v. Present II. (seven a side)	Home	2—5	

Other Teams. Scratched 4, played 6, won 4, lost 2, goals for 32, against 10.

Date.	Opponent.	Ground.	for. ag.	Goals
Jan.	22.—Waverley Ladies	Scratched.		
"	29.—Southsea Ladies	Scratched.		
Feb.	3.—Haslar Ladies	Home	15—1	
"	9.—Alverstoke Ladies	Away	7—0	
"	19.—Alverstoke Ladies	Away	3—4	
"	23.—Portchester Ladies	Away	2—4	
"	26.—Alverstoke Ladies	Scratched.		
Mar.	12.—Waverley Ladies	Away	2—1	
"	16.—Little Appley, Ryde	Home	3—0	
"	19.—Southsea Ladies	Scratched.		

CHARACTERS OF 1ST XI.

- F. L. N. BUTTERS (goal-keeper), (Capt.).—Has had to lead a very active life in some matches. Has stopped many hard drives. Kicks well.
- B. H. DODDS (right-back).—Played many good games till his unfortunate contretemps with Netley cloisters. Tackles well, clears hard, and with judgment.
- R. D. RABY (centre-half).—Has come on enormously in stick-work and anticipation. He has acquired quite a lot of pace, proving a tower of strength, especially on the disastrous field of Southampton.
- W. E. CHAMBERLAIN (inside-right).—Works very hard and is unselfish—a great asset in an inside forward. Finds difficulty in keeping

the ball at the right distance from him to shoot.

H. ATKINS (inside-left).—A clever dribbler, whose stick-work is very good. With improved shooting powers and ability to keep in touch with his centre, had developed into the best left wing forward the School has had for some time.

E. G. NOBBS (left-back).—Has improved, but is still inclined to play risky shots with reversed stick. Tackles quite well.

R. T. CLARK (outside-right).—His stick play and ball control have greatly improved. He also centres quite well.

G. EDMUNDS (right-half).—Gets through a lot of work, and is quite clever with his stick. Should acquire a little more pace.

J. O. HALL (outside-left).—Moves quite fast, but finds the difficulties of dribbling and centring from the left wing.

D. RICHES (centre-forward).—Must learn to size up the tactical position quicker. Can take a pass well, but must learn to shoot with less effort.

A. J. LOOSEMORE (left-half).—Has improved in tackling and hitting. Has much to learn in stick-craft and feeding his forwards.

Also played:

J. H. ANDREWS (inside- or outside-left).—Good with his stick; with more power in his play should be useful, as he plays naturally on the left wing.

L. CHAMBERLAIN (outside- or inside-right).—Stick-work quite promising, and should be able to shoot. Rather inclined to get off-side. Should be very useful in future.

J. RICHES (right-back).—Is cool and hits cleanly. Should be very useful in the future.

HOUSE MATCH RESULTS

Cams i.	1	School House i.	4
Cams ii.	2	School House ii.	5
Cams iii.	1	School House iii.	6
School House i.	6	Blackbrook i.	1
School House ii.	3	Blackbrook ii.	2
School House iii.	4	Blackbrook iii.	0
School House i.	1	Westbury i.	0
School House ii.	12	Westbury ii.	0
School House iii.	6	Westbury iii.	1
Blackbrook i.	3	Westbury i.	3
Blackbrook ii.	9	Westbury ii.	2
Blackbrook iii.	5	Westbury iii.	0
Blackbrook i.	0	Cams i.	1
Blackbrook ii.	6	Cams ii.	3
Blackbrook iii.	4	Cams iii.	0

Westbury i. ... o	Cams i.	2
Westbury ii. ... o	Cams ii.	10
Westbury iii. ... o	Cams iii.	2
Points: School House		24
Cams		13
Blackbrook		8½
Westbury		2½

THE SPOOK OF PRICES.

I dwell in deep and dark domains,
 I creep around with clanking chains,
 And when the midnight hour draws nigh,
 The Price's spook goes gliding by.
 The dark recesses of the dorm.,
 My ghostly feet have oft kept warm,
 As through the slumbering school I stalk,
 Making weird wailing while I walk.
 When clocks at midnight start to boom,
 I swiftly glide from room to room;
 These words I utter as a rule:
 "I am the ghost of Price's school."
 Old N - - bs once started up in bed
 And gazed at me in ghastly dread.
 He then gave forth a scream of terror,
 For I had scared him stiff—no error!
 I then passed on with speed to "Pat,"
 And gently touched him where he sat.
 Swiftly he started from his sleep,
 And felt his flesh begin to creep.
 Onward I went from door to door,
 And down each narrow corridor;
 While those who saw my white-clad figure,
 Took to their heels and fled with vigour!
 Back to my dim and dark retreat,
 I now return with speedy feet,
 For soon the dawn will flood the sky;
 No lover of the light am I.

A.L.

THE MOUNTAIN

My head is crowned with pure white snow,
 Which glitters in the sunset's glow,
 Light, fleecy clouds float all around
 And warm winds make a murmuring sound,
 Crystal glaciers round me shine,
 And glitter like a silver mine.
 But now the summer sun doth shine,
 And slowly melts the soft, white snow;
 Fast running streams do from it flow,
 And quickly quit their icy shine,
 To softly water lands below,
 And make the green grass grow.

R.S.F. (B B).

THE MYSTIC VOICE.

Ambrose Bierce, resplendent in opera hat and evening dress, turned the corner of the street and walked jauntily towards his hotel. From his button-hole dangled a monocle on its silken cord, and in his mouth glowed a fragrant cigar. He stopped at the foot of the steps leading to his hotel, and then, as if suddenly making up his mind, he mounted and thrust open the glass doors. He entered, and, flashing a good-natured smile to the porter, briskly crossed to the lift.

A smile flickered and played upon his features, and his whole bearing seemed one of suppressed excitement: he appeared to be very pleased with life in general and with himself in particular—and well he might be!

That very morning he had locked away in the safe in his luxuriant suite of rooms the "White Marvel," the most sought after and perfect diamond in the world.

Bierce was not a Jewish diamond merchant, a son of Israel who only talked in terms of precious stones—he was a healthy ordinary Englishman, who, being blessed with far more money than he really needed, occasionally indulged his fancy for rarities, by buying, over the heads of covetous fellow beings, world-famed stones.

Thus it was that as the lift bore him swiftly upwards, his thoughts naturally turned to his latest acquisition, and he pictured it in his mind's eye glowing and scintillating in all its brilliance.

His smile broadened, and then a sudden frown puckered his brows. Like a flash he remembered the weird tale of some curse connected with the stone.

Originally it had rested in an Indian temple, but it had been stolen, and, whether by coincidence or not, its subsequent owners had met with unparalleled misfortune.

The smile soon returned to his features, however, for he was not superstitious, and, determined to dismiss the thought from his head, he stepped out from the now stationary lift. Nonchalantly he strolled along the richly carpeted corridor towards his rooms, yet still in his mind lurked the tale of the curse connected with the "White Marvel." Outwardly, however, he was quite at ease, and, reaching the entrance to his suite, he leisurely took out his key and inserted it in the lock. He bent forward to turn it, and then . . . in an instant his whole bearing changed.

His body stiffened and he jerked upright. The monocle fell from his staring eye and the cloak on his arm sank unnoticed to the floor. A muttered ejaculation escaped his lips and an expression of wild amazement crossed his face. Involuntarily he stepped back a pace and re-

garded the panels before him with undisguised bewilderment.

Recovering himself with a tremendous effort, he leaned forward and assumed an attitude of intense attention. He seemed to be straining his ears to catch the repetition of some sound he yet feared to hear repeated. Gradually his tenseness relaxed, and the hard, incredulous expression on his face died away—had he after all been mistaken?

He sincerely hoped so!

Once more breathing freely and naturally, he stretched out his hand to the door, and then recoiled to the opposite wall, as if bitten by a snake.

No, he had not been mistaken; his first impression had been correct. Muffled, yet none the less clearly, the unmistakable sound of a human voice had come to him from the room beyond. Hardly more than a vibrant hiss, it was yet undeniably a human voice.

Ambrose stood flattened against the corridor wall, his hand at his collar as if he found it hard to breathe over his face spread a look of utter and complete bewilderment, not unmixed with fear. His reeling senses groped in the darkness of his ignorance, trying to realise the full purport of this astonishing fact—a human being was in his rooms!

Questions pressed fast upon his overwrought brain and his mind was a jumble of conflicting thoughts. Yet clear through all the maze of queries loomed the one obvious fact—who ever was in his rooms must be after his treasured diamond. That was—that must be, the explanation, thought Ambrose as he stood panting, flushed, and trembling in the corridor.

Yet at the back of his mind, refusing to be ignored, arose the possibility that there might be some truth in the story of the curse. Might not some agent of the obscure Indian temple be waiting within to exact retribution, and add his, Ambrose Bierce's, life to those unexplained deaths of the past.

Horrible and repulsive thought!!

Ambrose shivered, and then, steeling himself by exerting all his will-power, he once more crossed the corridor. He bent down, intending to listen at the keyhole, but while still in the action he suddenly stopped.

His muscles stiffened, his heart gave a mighty leap and then seemed to stand still in the icy clutch of terror: the very blood froze in his veins, and a hoarse, unnerving cry was wrung from his lips. He staggered away from the door, his breath coming in great sobs, and his face a mask of fear.

Distinctly from within had come the word "Murder," spoken in an unspeakably malicious whisper.

Cold beads of sweat stood out on Ambrose's forehead, and, suddenly turning, he rushed blindly down the corridor, screaming in his shaken voice as if all the fiends of the pit were at his heels. Recklessly he crashed down the stairs, not pausing his his panic to take the lift, and, bursting wild-eyed and dishevelled into the lounge, he subsided in a groaning heap upon the floor.

The half-dozen occupants of the room looked up, amazed at the spectacle, and it was almost a minute before they overcame their surprise and hurried to Bierce's help. They soon brought him round, and listened in astonishment to his mysterious tale.

He told it with a vivid luridness that lent an uncanny atmosphere to the whole affair, and by the time that he had breathlessly concluded his narrative, they were at almost as fevered a pitch of excitement as he himself undoubtedly was.

Under Ambrose's leadership they all ascended the stairs, each bearing some weapon or other. They entered the corridor silently, and with bated breath approached the door. No sound was heard from within, and, emboldened and greatly daring, Ambrose turned the key in the lock with a soft click.

Still nothing moved, and the deadly, oppressive silence weighed heavily on all. Tentatively Ambrose pushed the door open a few inches, and, thrusting in his arm, felt for the electric light switch. He snapped it down with a decisive jerk and bathed the room in a flood of light—it seemed empty. Cautiously opening the door to its fullest extent, Ambrose led the armed band carefully into the centre of the apartment. Nothing moved—over all hung an air of expectancy—the very air seemed charged with electricity—and the group of men stood irresolutely in the midst of the luxuriantly furnished room.

Then suddenly they all simultaneously started and their faces blanched. Ambrose raised a quivering hand to his throbbing, drumming temples, and they all turned their eyes towards a curtain at the far right-hand corner of the room.

Unmistakeably a voice, a muttered exclamation, followed by a mumble of surprise, had come from behind that curtain.

Even as their staring eyes fascinatedly, yet fearfully regarded the drapings, the folds were stirred as if by someone moving behind them. Exclamations of horror broke from more than one throat, and one and all seemed rooted to the floor, unable to tear their gaze from the corner, and equally incapable of preforming any action to relieve the tension.

Then Bierce, with a blood-curdling cry, raised the revolver he carried, and fired point blank at the bulge in the curtain.

Something crashed to the floor behind the drapings, and the uncanny voice abruptly ceased. The fumes from the discharged revolver cleared, and Ambrose swayed dizzily on his feet, clutched at the table, and tell insensible to the carpet, to lie like a log, his face deathly pale.

For a moment the others stood horror-stricken, unable to believe their eyes, and then they rushed en masse to the curtain.

Feverishly tearing it aside, they beheld, with eyes that bulged and threatened to come out of their sockets—the ruins of a wireless set!

Ambrose had gone out and left the wireless still switched on.

C.

MAIDENCOMBE.

At Maidencombe, on Devon's sunny bays,
Sweet days I spent, ah! many years ago.

Amid its rocks and boulders passed my days—

'Mid grassy fields, that set the world aglow.

For Maidencombe, my heart is ever yearning,

To its green vale, and foam besprinkled sea,

To its wild shores, my weary thoughts are
turning,

So far away o'er hill, o'er dale, and lea.

In Maidencombe, upon the wind-swept ocean,

The sea-gulls call, upon the surging waves;

Its rugged cliffs do echo back the answer,

To pass away, amid its rocky caves.

I wish I were a corn' rant or a gull,

As there t'would be that I would make my
home;

And fly amid its coves, in storm and lull:

And from its shores, I never more would
roam.

P.K.T.

KISMET.

John Sanders gazed gloomily at the small flickering fire in the grate. It was cold in the attic and a draught came through the cracked window that caused him to shiver and draw nearer the fire in an attempt to gain a little more warmth from its meagre flames. The room was silent except for the moaning of his sick wife, who lay on an old camp bed in the corner of the room. By the spluttering light of the candle, which was the sole means of illumination in this squalid room, her pinched and wan face could be seen. A glance showed that although she was undoubtedly ill, proper nourishment would have soon healed her.

Sanders knew that it was no fault of his. He had tramped along the streets till his feet ached and blistered, but he could get no work, and "to beg he was ashamed." He had touched no food that day, and his only drink had been water. His wife was but little better off. She had had a crust of bread soaked in some weak tea—the last of their provisions.

Sanders was wondering what he should do to try to relieve her sufferings. The landlady would lend him nothing, "You owe quite enough already," she had snapped before. "Go and earn some money and pay what you owe before you borrow any more." After such a rebuff, Sanders could not seek her aid again.

He could get no work, he would not beg; the only thing left was to steal. He shuddered at the thought of it. To think that he, John Sanders, had come so low. Still, it must be done; his wife's life was worth more than his honour. (He knew his wife's life depended on her receiving proper nourishment.) He looked at her, comparing that thin, pain-racked countenance with the photograph of a beautiful girl which was on the mantelpiece. He decided there and then to get money, retore his wife to health, and to leave their present abode, in order to start life afresh.

He arose quietly and picked up his ragged cap, and, pulling the collar of his coat up, left the room. He slouched along the street, looking on either side to see what chance might bring along. A stray cur came whining round his heels. He looked at it sadly. "It's no use following me, old boy. I've got nothing for you. We're both in the same cart." The dog feebly wagged his tail and stole down a side alley. Sanders was full of bitter thoughts; he was as badly off as the dog. Both of them were outcasts. No one wanted them, or even cared what happened to them. If he was to drop dead that moment, no one would care except his wife. Thinking thus, he slouched along again.

Suddenly he became aware of a fat Jewess in front of him, dressed in a fur coat. She was standing in front of a stall run by a compatriot, gesticulating violently as she talked. She was evidently arguing over the price of one of her purchases. "That's the sort who've got tons of money and yet are afraid to lose a ha'penny," thought Sanders.

As he passed her, he snatched her handbag, but she seized his arm. "Thieves! thieves! I vos robbed," she screamed. Sanders shook her off and took to his heels. A crowd quickly collected, all running as hard as they could. This effort had a bad effect upon Sanders' weak body. His breathing came in wheezy gasps. A hammer seemed to be beating on his temples and his legs

seemed as if they were made of lead. On he ran, gradually nearing his poor lodging. He had a vague idea of putting the money where his wife could get it when the police had him. On he ran, hardly seeing where he was going: he seemed to be in the throes of a bad night-mare. The shouts were getting nearer, and occasionally someone tried to stop him, but he swept them aside like straws. He knew he couldn't last much longer, for his lungs felt as if they were burning.

At last he was almost home. One effort, and wife might be saved after all. He dashed across the road. He heard warning shouts, but, thinking it was the crowd, dashed on. The next second something hit him and sent him spinning across the road.

"He died instantly," said the doctor. "The poor devil was so intent on getting away he didn't see the car." The body was taken to the mortuary and the crowd dispersed.

In the garret the dying woman tossed from side to side, waiting for the husband who would never come.

A.J.B.

TO PERSEPHONE.

When Winter superseded dies,
The new-born Earth seems to arise
And greet the blue and smiling skies
Of Spring.

The fragrant world wakes with a shout,
And puts the biting wind to rout.
The crocus from his bed peeps out
At Spring.

A flood of early flowers appear,
Their sleepy heads awaking rear
From what was once cold Winter's bier,
Now Spring.

The cherry and the heavy pear,
Scatter white blossom ev'rywhere,
The sweet and blessed harbinger
Of Spring.

With bushes white with scented may,
Attended by the sun's warm ray,
Throughout the quiet and peaceful day,
Comes Spring.

M.W.G.

THE DEPARTED PLAYGROUND.

Where mongrel football once was played,
And yells and shouts did rend the air,
Foundation stones are being laid,
By stalwart builders working there.

No longer do we hear the cries

Of "You and I will take the rest";

No longer does loud laughter rise,

When quite an easy chance is miss'd.

No longer do the small boys play,

On entering the old playground;

Instead they gaze in great dismay,

At navvies working all around.

But I suppose that after all,

These changes will be for the best,

It's better far to have a hall,

Than this small room with which we're
blessed.

H.B.D. (V.B.).

THE ADVENTURES OF SHYLOCK BONES.

(No. 2).

Bill Briggs was slowly making up his way along the main street of the small town of Christchurch, when he saw a 'bus pull up on the corner of a side street, where a crowd was waiting to board it. After a moment's consideration, Bill decided to board it too. His reasons for this season were threefold. Firstly, he wanted a ride. Secondly, he might be able to evade paying his fare. Thirdly, he might find a newspaper that somebody had left behind. Unfortunately, he had to pay his fare, but to make up for that he found an almost new "Daily Mail" on the seat.

He alighted from the 'bus at Mudeford, and, strolling down to the quay, he took the ferry across to Hengistbury. Here he lay down on the beach and began to read his newspaper. Two hours passed in pleasant idleness, and Bill had consumed all the news, and was now reduced to reading the advertisements for the second time. Suddenly his eyes lighted upon a startling announcement. Tucked away between a statement that everyone was using McNulty's Patent Filleted Bacon, and another singing the praises of Fitz Footles Square-cut Spaghetti, he read that Mr. William Briggs, of 6a, Paradise Yard, Putney, was a blithering idiot. Bill's fighting blood was roused! Cost what it may, he would clear up this mystery! He would suffer no aspersions on his character.

He rushed back to the ferry, dashed off the boat on the Christchurch side without paying his fare, and made a bee-line for the station. Luckily a London train was waiting, and, dashing past the bewildered ticket-collector, Bill jumped into a first-class carriage just as the train drew out of the station. He leaned luxuriously back against the cushions and mopped his brow with

a handkerchief he had picked up in the street. Directly the train reached Weybridge, Bill got out and climbed over the fence into the road. He begged a lift on a passing lorry, and was soon in Putney. Arriving at the warehouse where he was employed (for he was a furniture-remover by profession), he was startled to hear a sudden outburst of profanity. "Where the Household Brigade's my apron?" asked a vehement voice. Bill looked round to see who was the loser of the apron, meaning to remonstrate with him about the violence of his language. On seeing the speaker's face, however, he suddenly altered his mind, and in spite of the excruciating pain it caused him, he began to think. This man, he remembered, was especially addicted to strong language. Every day for the past week he had been heard to enquire for things in the name of the Marble Arch, Piccadilly Circus, Elephant and Castle, Wigan Pier, Film Star's Feet, Southern Railway, and now the Household Brigade. But the peculiar thing was that he always wanted the same thing—his green baize apron. Bill scented a mystery. Of course it might only be a Jumble Sale Collector who appropriated the aprons, but Bill felt sure that there was something sinister behind it: that it was only the fringe of a great mystery. He determined to keep watch, and so to prevent any further loss of aprons; and also to try and discover the culprit.

He was approaching the warehouse after dark one night, when a shadowy form loomed up at his elbow, hissed into his ear "England is in danger, follow these clues," pressed a slip of paper into his hand, and vanished in the approved style. Bill dashed for the nearest street lamp and began to read the paper. It contained a short verse, a short statement, and a few scribbled words.

Bill read the verse first. It ran as follows:—

The boy stood on the burning deck
His feet were covered in blisters,
His head went up, his tail went down,
The wind blew through his whiskers.

Then his eyes lighted on the statement which had brought him so hurriedly from Christchurch that afternoon:

"Mr. William Briggs, of 6a, Paradise Yard, Putney, is a blithering idiot."

Turning to the remaining few words scribbled on the paper he read:—

Brickdust. Wakerbak. Oof.

Bill decided that, by some extremely fortunate chance, he had gained possession of the notes of a gang of incendiaries, who were going to burn down the warehouse. He foresaw that, if

he could frustrate their plans and perhaps capture them single-handed, it would mean a rise for him, and perhaps even a partnership. But how to go about it: that was the question. He decided first of all to puzzle out the meaning of the clue.

The meaning of the verse was quite clear to him: it was a distinct order to burn the place to the ground.

The second part of the clue was not so easy to solve, but by diligent study of the underlined letters, Bill concluded that it meant "Paradise yet," i.e., that there was still a chance of them being captured.

The third part of the clue, he decided, was a warning that if they saw any "brickdust" on the "kerb" they were were to "oof" it.

The whole thing must be the final arrangements of the gang, and the advertisement in the paper must have been a warning to a member in another town.

Bill quickened his steps towards the warehouse, keeping a sharp look-out for brickdust, but seeing none, he concluded that all was clear and that the gang would make their attempt that night.

He gained entrance by a side door, which had been left open by accident. Inside the door he saw a pile of green baize aprons, from which proceeded a rustling sound, as of straw catching fire. Ah! thought Bill, this is where the aprons went, and they have already started the fire in them. He stooped down to smother the fire, and, finding no flame, he stood up and scratched his head in the manner of a film star registering surprise. Suddenly he received a stunning blow on the back of the head, and dropped limply to the ground, to the tune of "Got you" chanted in an emotionless tone by a husky voice.

He woke up to find himself bound hand and foot, and lying on the pile of aprons, from which the rustling noise still proceeded. Bill thought he was on a smouldering fire, and began to struggle violently. He was amazed to find that the ropes which bound his hands had broken and he was free. Seeing several mice scuttling away, he immediately guessed the reason of the rustling and the breaking of his bonds. He paused a moment to bless the mice in general and this family in particular, then made a dash for his club (pub), "The Flapping Ostrich."

The first person he saw was the night-watchman at the warehouse—his only rival for the captaincy of the "Flapping Ostrich Darts and Ludo Club." He was holding forth to an admiring crowd, now he had fought six burglars single-handed, and how at last they had fled, leaving one of their number senseless on the ground. Bill saw his chance to decrease his

rival's popularity. Oh!" he said, "and what did you do with the prisoner?" "Tied him up and left him," said the night-watchman. "Let's have a look at him."

"All right, come along."

The company adjourned to the warehouse for further proof of the night-watchman's valour. "There," said the night-watchman, as he majestically threw open the door. "Where?" said Bill, peering under his arm. "Well, I'm blowed," said the night-watchman, staring at the pile of aprons with a codfish gaze. "I'm not," said Bill, as he played with a piece of rope in his pocket and blessed mice in general and one family in particular.

F.L.W.B. (VI.)

YPRES.

Just over the Belgian border,
Stands Ypres, that gallant town,
Which still kept law and order,
Though many were there mown down
By the merciless guns of the raider,
As he fought for that glorious crown,
But Belgium had England to aid her,
Which she did to immortal renown.

The infernal din of the rifle,
The eternal crash of the shell,
The drone of a plane on its cycle,
Had a tale of war to tell.
The cruel machine-guns rattle,
The crash of a spire as it fell,
Were the signs of a deadly battle
That England was fighting well.

Three times did the enemy attack her,
Three times were they driven away,
For Belgium had England to back her,
And England fought well on that day.
With big guns did the enemy rake her,
But the English kept them at bay,
With fury they essayed to take her,
Till the end brought retreat and dismay.

SPRING.

Spring has come in all its beauty,
Bringing joy to every heart,
Giving earth a magic splendour,
Helping Nature do her part.

Trees and hedgerows now are budding,
Showing tints of greenest hue;
Garden plots are gay with flowers,
Sweet with perfume, wet with dew.

In the woods, the dainty primrose
Shyly peeps amid the grass;
Hidden deep in shady pathway
Bluebells greet us as we pass.

Overhead, in every tree-top,
Birds are singing, sweet and clear,
Nature echoes one grand chorus:
"Spring is coming; Spring is here!"

L.S. (IV. B).

THE TRAGIC DISPROOF OF A THEORY.

"There is no such thing as courtesy, or self-denial, or self-sacrifice—or whatever you like to call it—among the lower forms of life," said Stuart McCraillie to his friend. "We do something for others because, with our greater intelligence, we see that they will thereby be led to do something for us; but the lower animals, with mere instinct instead of intelligence, cannot know this, so, among them, therefore, there is no sacrifice for others."

"But, man; this is blasphemy! You are scorning God's greatest works! You are——"

"I can't help that. It's merely the conclusion common-sense must come to."

They went on arguing.

Stuart McCraillie was a remarkable man. He had been educated for the Church and got his degrees at Cambridge. But at his first post, his parishioners had protested against his sermons, which they thought absolutely heathen, and, as a consequence, he was thrown out of the Church. Things went very badly for him. He emigrated, took up sheep farming, failed, and returned to England. He was forced to earn his bread as a porter on the railway. After several years, he was appointed signalman of the little station of Arthur Abbas, a small village nestling in the downs six miles from either of its two neighbouring stations, Drakely and Upper Arthur.

As signalman it was then, that McCraillie was arguing with his friend, Sir John Parkinson, an old 'Varsity pal, who now lived at Upper Arthur.

At last McCraillie's friends went home, and the signalman was left alone in his little cabin. McCraillie signalled through the slow local trains one after another, till it was nearly midnight.

It was time to signal through the big London express. This was always a ticklish job, for only a few minutes before there was an up-local to get through on the same line. The matter was complicated by the fact that the tunnel four miles up the line nearer Upper Arthur had only a single track through it, and there was a down-local a few minutes after the up-express and up-local. Still, he had done the job every night for years now, and he had come to do it as coolly as he did every other job needing self-confidence.

Shrill over the valleys came the whistle of the up-local. Down went McCraillie's levers. Soon afterwards the wheezy little tank panted up the incline into the station, discharged its usual sole passenger, and gasped out again.

McCraillie sat down again for a few minutes.

Crashing, banging, rattling over the metals, a station or two down the valley, could be heard the London express. McCraillie pulled his levers.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling."

The telephone bell.

McCraillie sprang to the receiver.

"Upper Arthur. Stop express. Local broken down near tunnel."

The line was blocked! The express would crash into the broken down local!

But still, there was plenty of time. McCraillie reproached himself for his nervousness. After all, such things must happen. The express hadn't reached Arthur Abbas yet, and he could easily put the signal three miles up the line against it. To put the signal at the station itself against it, would be a bad plan. It would stop the express certainly, but to stop it in the middle of its fight up the incline was very foolish, when the other signal could stop it quite safely on the level at the end of the hard gradient.

He pulled the lever, thus setting the signal a mile away from the long tunnel against the express.

Even as he pulled it, with a roar and a thunderous crash the swaying iron dragon, with its glittering tail and fire-belching nostrils, hurtled through the station like a thunderbolt hot from the hand of the Ignipotens.

McCraillie sat down once more. The little incident of the breakdown had upset him. He knew there was no danger, but, it was — well, unusual. He laughed at himself for being upset by such a little matter, when he had faced death fearlessly in the Bush. Then his thoughts wandered over his past life, with its disappointments, its failures, its scoffing atheism, all standing out sharply. He thought of his argument with Parkinson. Then, feeling sleepy, he lay back in his chair and closed his eyes.

He seemed to have a dreamy sort of vision.

He was looking into a steel room in the centre of which was a fiery altar of flame. Three of the walls of the chamber were of glittering steel, while the fourth was of transparent glass, through which everything outside seemed green.

But there were some things flying about in the chamber. There were two of them. What were they? They flew about gracefully — oh! they were angels. Round their splendid abode they flew, circling the blazing altar in adoration.

At last, the female angel stopped her flight

and alighted before the altar. She moved on bended knees towards the fascinating blood-red fires. Her mate hovered in the air.

Nearer and nearer she moved.

Still her mate hovered above.

The path to the altar was getting difficult. Round the furnace was a sticky mass that stayed her eager advance. Still, in entranced worship, she approached.

The flames licked the air hungrily.

Still her mate hovered.

Suddenly, a piercing scream rent the air. The angel was trapped. She could not move. The slime held her fast — held her within reach of the flames. A few inches from her they threw their flickering tongues, enveloping her in smoke. She was trapped — condemned to the fascinating altar.

Then, with a swirling swoop, the male angel left his safe retreat of the air, and dashed straight into the mouth of the white-hot furnace. Gathered into his wings, the flames flickered and fell back into their cavern. They were dying. With scorched wings, the angel re-ascended.

Down again into the mouth of the Hell rushed the angel.

The flames went lower, lower. Frantically he beat at them with his wings. The female angel, held fast in the slime, pale and dying, watched him being burnt to death for her sake.

No more flames were visible. With wings burnt off to the shoulders, with blackened body and burning hair, the angel fluttered out of the pit of death.

But from the inmost recesses of the unholy caverns came the breath of the Fiends, fanning the dying altar once more into flame.

The entrapped angel was lost.

Against the wall of the chamber leaned, almost dead, the heaving body of the male angel.

Then a marvellous thing happened. There was a crash, and the view outside the crystal wall changed from Spring's green to Death's red.

Maddened with the heat, the consuming fire, the horror of circumstances, the plight of his beloved, the whole pandemonium, the burnt angel threw himself at the altar.

But he had no wings with which to beat the flames: they had already been sacrificed.

His beloved screamed in her death agonies.

Goaded on to the mad bravery of hopelessness, the angel flung himself into the fiery pit and let himself fall right into the flaming mass.

The seething flood of flame boiled up and licked the walls of the chamber. With a groan, the white-hot hell belched forth smoking sparks and essayed to throw off the body that was stifling its life out. But the angel pressed his body hard into the flames, choking them. Once more the

boiling cauldron spewed forth its fiery elements, but the angel, now nearly burnt through, clung on desperately. Then, with an awful outburst the fires made a last attempt, and then — all was dark.

McCrailie took his sleepy eyes off the fire and looked at the clock. The express had been gone some twenty minutes. Probably the local had been repaired by this time, and the express would be far past Upper Arthur and well on her way to London.

He signalled through the down train.

Another ten minutes passed. The down train had not yet arrived.

McCrailie looked out of his cheery cabin into the gloomy blackness of the night.

Suddenly, McCrailie heard footsteps. Somebody was running along the metals—running like one pursued by all the horrors of the night.

Soon he made out the form of a man.

"McCrailie, McCrailie!" shouted the man, in a tone that made the signalman shudder. His tone told of death, of horror, of loathing.

Then, in the words of a man, all conventions of speech cast away, in the plain, stark-naked expressions of the soul of a man overwhelmed with passion, in words that would have killed a less hardened man than McCrailie, had not his dishevelled appearance, his blood-stained clothes, his shattered face, already done so, in the most impassioned, violence of words, he told McCrailie all.

The express had crashed into the broken-down local. And then into the midst of the bloody wreckage of the train, and the dead and dying, had come the down train, which had been thrown off its own line on top of the rest.

It was a ghastly tale.

McCrailie staggered like a drunken man against the wall of his cabin.

Then, in more violent language than ever, the man asked why there had been no signal against them.

McCrailie asked dazedly if the driver hadn't seen the red light. In absolute, uncontrollable exasperation, the man, with his left hand, knocked him to the ground—his right was shattered to bits. He was the driver of the express, and there had been no red light, or no green one either, for that matter, between Arthur Abbas and the tunnel.

McCrailie and the man ran along the metals towards the tunnel in the direction of Upper Arthur. Half-way, the driver fell, fainting from his weakness, to the ground. Bent on a purpose, McCrailie heeded him not. Before his mind was a vision of the Judgment fire, with an angel giv-

ing its life for another, and, in a mean corner, his own face with the flaming word "Blasphemy" writ large across it.

With head bent down, he ran, stumbling over the sleepers, but always falling nearer his destination.

The scene of the accident was nearer the signal than McCrailie had imagined; indeed, the local had broken down only a couple of hundred yards ahead of the signal: but, even then, the driver, seeing the red light, must have had plenty of time to pull up the express.

But, as the driver had said, there was no light.

McCrailie came nearer and nearer the signal. Farther along the line was the most terrible wreckage that could be imagined. The pen of Gautier could not adequately describe its gruesome horror. It sickened McCrailie, even though he could only guess at what was happening. He could see the flickering lanterns cutting sharp clefts in the blackness and showing up the blood-stained woodwork, the twisted metal, the broken bodies, the pools of blood. The screams of the dying in their untold agony, their helpless, unrelieved tortures stung his ears. Was he the cause of it all?

No. No one man could possibly cause such awful, disastrous confusion. The sense of minuteness, of total insignificance, overpowered him. He seemed asleep. He staggered forward and fell against the signal.

This brought him back to his senses, and he began to climb the signal to see why the light had failed.

Stop! What was that?

There was another man climbing down the ladder above him.

It was his friend, Parkinson.

"McCrailie, isn't it absolutely sickening! I've just been trying to find why the lamp went out, but I haven't got a match. Isn't the wreck down there awful. And we can't help the poor blighters in the midst of it much. My men are all there, but they can't do anything. I'm just going back for a light. Oh!—good—got a match?"

The two climbed on to the little platform. The signal swayed slightly.

McCrailie struck a match. For an instant it shone on the haggard, mad-eyed face of the signalman and on the awed face of the squire. It flickered out.

"Nearer, man. Get under this. Here . . . Where's the . . . lamp . . . ; curse it." Parkinson was trying to find the swinging door of the lamp cage. "Here it is . . . no it—yes it is . . . Good . . . It's coming open." The door swung open.

McCrailie lit a match inside the cover of the lamp. This time the wind didn't blow it out.

Both looked into the lamp.

The match went out.

Parkinson looked at McCrailie's face. It was ashy white, the face of death.

In a hoarse whisper, McCrailie gasped, "Look, look!"

Parkinson looked.

"There's nothing there. What the dickens is wrong with you, McCrailie?"

McCrailie pointed. Parkinson looked again into the lamp. All he could see was a charred mass on the wick of the burner and the body of a moth half-burnt in the slimy, oily dirt near the burner.

"Whatever's wrong with you—for heaven's shake! Stuart, what is the matter?"

"Parkinson, I'm a doomed man—I'm a blasphemer. I dare not live."

McCrailie was clinging to the signal as if for support in a world that was whizzing round and round.

"No, you don't. Stuart, man, don't; for God's sake, don't." Parkinson flung himself round McCrailie's neck and tried to pull him to the ground. McCrailie was foaming at the mouth, biting, kicking, and hitting, to free himself from his friend's grasp. They fell to the platform. McCrailie was uppermost. The eyes of the madman looked straight into Parkinson's. Then, McCrailie lifted his arm. It fell with terrible force between Parkinson's eyes. The detaining grasp weakened. The hands fell limply to his sides. McCrailie was free. His scream of triumph reached the ears of the mangled bodies farther along the line. Their groans of agony ceased for a second. Their rescuers looked towards the signal.

Against the star-light was silhouetted the figure of a leaping man. For a second he rose above the blade of the signal. Then, like a stone, he fell towards the earth. There was a crash.

The signalman, the blasphemer, was no more. C.A.W.

SONNET TO A PAIR OF LARGE BOOTS,

IMPLORING THEIR OWNER TO KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL.

Solid, unassailable foundations,

On whom the destinies of empires rest,

Light of kings, sustaining hope of nations,

Bear well thy load, but keep ye steady lest

Thy broad base exceeding computations,

Ungauged by man, yet moved at thy behest;

Should crush down. Oh, monarch of creations,

Some unsuspecting man, poor fool — id est,

One less should make of frail humanity

Cut short the days in this dark world and wide

Of one poor mortal who is nought beside

Thy sole's great power, immeasurable size,

Thou awesome vision of immensity,

Far, far beyond the range of human eyes.

F.L.W.B. (VI.)

THE RIVER.

Murmuring a constant tune,

Gleaming on I glide;

Underneath the shining moon,

That turns the ocean tide.

Here to bird and fish and flower,

I give drink and rest;

Soon will ships, by wharf and tower,

Float upon my breast.

Mixed with salt waves in the sea,

Drawn up in the rain,

To my source perpetually

I shall come again.

M—S (V.B)

THE ADVENTURES OF HOPPY BRERSON.

Young Hoppy Brerson, the son of Mr. Jumpy Brerson, lived in their house in the side of a hill in the heart of a forest. Like other children, he was in the habit of going out to play after tea with his playmates, who were children of emigrants to Mr. Brerson's settlement. They used to play among the trees near the settlement, or on a small patch of open grass not far away. Hoppy and his friends often quarrelled and frequently fought each other until either one was beaten or some peaceful parent stopped them. One night, in the fall, two of Hoppy's friends had quarrelled while playing hide-and-seek, and were about to fight, when it began to rain and they were driven into their homes, but not before they had decided to settle it by combat the following evening, and had appointed Hoppy referee. All that night Hoppy lay awake, unable to sleep, through some inward feeling that something would happen to him if he went to the fight, but he could not refuse now, for what reason had he to put before them? If he said that something was going to happen to him, his friends would laugh at him and call him a funk. Next morning Mrs. Brerson remarked that her son was looking sleepy and had a puzzled expression on his face, while his father noticed how quickly he turned round

when the former trod on a piece of cinder which made a crackling noise. All that day Hoppy was very watchful, and his ears were strained to their utmost.

At last, night came, the time for Hoppy to go to play, but he did not want to go to-night, and he asked his mother if he could help her to do anything; if so, he would have an excuse for not attending the fight. But she replied in the negative, and so he had to go. On getting outside the door he hesitated and looked round him, and there he stood until two of his mates appeared round the corner and beckoned him to hurry. He caught them up and walked along with them, without joining in their conversation. When they got to the grassy patch, all the spectators were comparing the qualities of the combatants, each of whom was surrounded by his crowd of supporters. The spectators formed a ring, and the opponents entered, meeting Hoppy in the centre. The fight started, and all the spectators began to shout, and everyone was wondering who would win, except Hoppy, who had something else on his mind, which made his thoughts wander far away from his work. Soon he was accused of not attending to the fight. In spite of his efforts, he could not keep his thoughts on his work, so he stopped the fight and asked John Digwell to take his place because he felt ill. Digwell agreed, and Hoppy, departing from the crowd, sat down by a tree, whence he looked down on the fight. It was not long before Hoppy saw a dark object move in the bushes near him, and he watched it; he tried to run, but he was rooted to the spot, his eyes never once moving from the attraction. Now he could see that the dark object was a human being and that he was raising something to his shoulder. Two shiny, dark centred circles of exactly the same size stared Hoppy in the face; at first they were as big as halfpennies; now they were as big as saucers, and were still increasing.

By the shouts of the crowd, Hoppy concluded that the fight was at an end, and his ignorant comrades were departing. By now the circles seemed as big as cartwheels to Hoppy and his blood was freezing in his veins. He had gathered up courage enough to go home, and was about to get up, when a movement behind the ever-increasing circles, followed instantly by a flash and loud thunder, laid him out on the grass, and he closed his eyes for ever. Then a poacher came out, picked up Hoppy's warm body, and enjoyed a rabbit pie for dinner next day.

H.A.B.

A CROWD.

The other day I was taking my daily walk down Paradise Alley. I am a parson, calling at sick people's houses, blessing them, and giving them food. In the distance I see a jostling crowd, surging this way and that, amid a turmoil of shouts and yelps. As I come nearer, I can see burly men pushing women and young girls aside so as to obtain a better view of the attraction that had gathered the crowd. Young urchins, with no seat to their father's cast-off trousers, are crawling between people's legs. Now and then I hear a yelp from one of them who has become wedged in between the legs of a stalwart navvy, who is beating him mercilessly with a large and callous hand. The navvy is wearing a vividly-hued coat, draped over his square shoulders. Perched perilously on one corner of his head is a dirty and greasy grey cap. His teeth are stained a dark brown through chewing tobacco. I approach this brutal man fearlessly, and demand that he should release the poor, half-senseless urchin. In way of an answer he turns his head towards me, fixes his dilated blood-shot eyes on my clothes, spits, chews, and after this horrid exhibition, yells in my ear, "Mind yer own business, can't yer, sky-pilot?" Then he resumes his chewing and beating. Having moved away from this mountain of brutality, for, not being a warlike man, I did not try to enforce my demands, I essay to struggle through to the seat of the trouble. After being knocked down, and kicked with hobnailed boots in all parts of my anatomy, except my face, I manage to reach the middle of the crowd. But, alas, all this sacrifice of my body for nought. Here, stand three small urchins, playing—marbles! Just at that moment one of them wins the contest, the crowd splits up, and I begin to think my troubles are over. But just as I am moving away, one of the marble competitors catches sight of me, and yells out, "Yah! sky-pilot." Then all the crowd turn on me and eve me up and down, from the top of my battered felt hat to the soles of my ruined patent shoes. One little urchin throws a stick at my head: the crowd follow suit, and I am forced to flee for my life. At a long last, I arrive home, breathless, bruised and battered. Never more will I investigate the cause of a crowd in Paradise Alley.

M.A.C. (Va).

HOUSE NOTES.

BLACKBROOK.

Although we have not gained many points in the Hockey Cup competition this term, we certainly have done far better than last year, when

overwhelming defeat often overtook us. Increased keenness has led to some good struggles, often with more experienced teams, and some year, when the weather permits practice, it will also bring success.

The first team needed a stronger half-back line; that is where we compared least favourably with other Houses, and in consequence our forwards had to come back for the ball too much. However, this weakness will soon be remedied if Case is a sample of our juniors.

The second team did very well—and every member of it. The one defeat, by a narrow margin, at the hands of School House, was anything but a disgrace.

The third team also won two of their matches, and always played vigorously. Edwards ii., Bark ii. and Frost were among those showing good promise.

Last year, in the Athletic Sports, we did very well in the Junior and Portal events. If every boy will train and does his best, we ought to repeat the success. Especially, will all those boys who don't know whether they can do anything or not, turn out and try? They will surprise themselves. There is no reason why last year's juniors should not make their presence felt in this year's open events. It may be some encouragement to know that all last year's winners have gone.

Next term, every opportunity for cricket practice must be seized. Our weakness in batting can only be remedied in this way.

L.J.

CAMS.

Considering everything, the term has not been an unhappy one for Cams. We congratulate Winsor i., the House Captain, on becoming Head of the School, and hope he will live up to our expectations!

At a House meeting, Clark was elected Captain for Hockey and Cricket, and Hall for the Sports. Soon, however, after our match with School House, Clark was requisitioned for a Bank, and so we have lost him. He has worked steadily, if quietly, for the House for over seven years, and we part with him with regret. Since his departure, Winsor has acted as Captain of the Hockey, and shown good judgment.

The 1st XI. match against School House 1st is fully described elsewhere. Those against Westbury (won 2—0) and Blackbrook (won 1—0) were much more even. The shining light in each of these was Edmunds, and Hall was not far behind. The 2nd and 3rd teams only beat West-

bury's 2nd and 3rd, losing badly to School House and Blackbrook. Let us hope that with a bit more practice and a good deal of determination they will make amends.

We congratulate School House on their fine record, and remind them, and our own House, that records are only made, like pie-crusts—to be broken! I hope, at any rate, we shall break some records in the Steeplechase and in the Sports.

F.W.M.

SCHOOL HOUSE v. CAMS.

School House, playing down the slope, started in promising fashion, and had most of the play throughout the first half. Half-time found them leading by three goals to nil. At least two of these goals, if not all, might have been prevented, had the Cams inside forwards dropped back to assist the defence when it was hard pressed. Raby i. played excellently in attack as well as in defence, and plied his forwards with many useful passes. The Cams forwards made a few spasmodic attacks, which were easily dealt with by Butters, who showed good judgment in running out to kick.

The second half was much more evenly contested, with Cams having slightly the better of exchanges, but they could only score once, through Clark i.—a point which was neutralised by the School House forwards shortly afterwards.

The score of 4—1 at the end rather exaggerated School House's superiority, although they undoubtedly deserved to win. As a team, School House were far and away the better of the two sides. There was a definite understanding between the halves and forwards, the latter combining quite well at times. Butters, in goal, accomplished all he was called upon to do. Raby i. was a tower of strength, and Bucknall, Raby ii. and Andrews played very well, the latter scoring all four goals.

Man for man, Cams were almost as good as their opponents, but the fault lay in the inability of the forwards to combine and to shoot hard and often. Clever mid-field play was spoilt by weak finishing, and one or two open goals were missed. Another cause of Cams' downfall lay in the fact that the strength of the team was on one side, which, under the circumstances, was not a paying game. Clark i., Edmunds, Hall and Loosemore played well, especially Edmunds, who was a tireless worker. The game was contested in excellent spirit, and no one could begrudge School House the victory.

L.P.H. (late of Cams).

SCHOOL HOUSE.

The House has again found its feet, and has the honour of being the first House to remain absolutely unbeaten in the competition since Blackbrook has been playing three teams. This term's points, 24 out of a possible 24, are, I think, a thing worthy of the House's best traditions.

The 1st XI. goal scorers were Andrews (9), Troke (1), Humphries (1). The hardest 1st XI. game was against Westbury. The House forwards did not combine as well as before, but Raby i., as in the previous matches, held the defence together, and broke up the Westbury attack. Humphries made up for missing in the first half by scoring the only goal of the game. A good deal of our success is due to the goal-keeping of Butters. Andrews and Troke were the most prominent forwards. Sole and Bucknall were too much inclined to use one hand, a habit which they must rid themselves of.

Several boys are very promising. They are Rush, Mullins i., Smith ii., Case, Christmas i. and ii., Cook, Price, Mitchell and Pickwood.

Next term we have very bright prospects in the Cricket Cup matches.

As regards the Sports, I hope every boy will do his best to help the House in the various events. Several Juniors were very promising last year. May they fulfil all expectations.

By the time this comes out, the Steeplechase will have taken place. I hope that the House will have done well, and that each boy will have tried his hardest from beginning to end.

We offer hearty congratulations to Raby i. on deservedly obtaining his Colours, and to

Butters, who has been Games Captain. Andrews has played for the School 1st XI. Gardner was 2nd XI. centre-half and Bucknall right-half.

M. Hynes passed the Public Schools' Entrance Examination, and joins his elder brother, A. C. Hynes, at Blundell's next term.

E.G.R.

WESTBURY.

A certain amount of hard luck has been our share this term in 1st XI. matches. Dodds was unfortunate in spraining his ankle just before the first round, but he has made a good recovery, and taken his usual useful part in succeeding matches. Atkins left the School just after the first round, so again there was a gap which was very much regretted.

In spite of these difficulties, however, the 1st XI. have done well, drawing with Blackbrook and being defeated by the odd goal against School House, a goal which I'm sure our opponents will agree was rather a lucky one for them.

The second and third teams, I fear, have not impressed me very much with their efforts. Hockey is, of course, to some of them, an unfamiliar game, but that applies to their opponents too, and I should have liked to see better form displayed.

I do hope next term, both in the Sports and in Cricket, we shall have a better account to render of our performances.

J.S.