

"GOREU ARF, ARF DYSG."

## Swansea Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

No. 2.

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VOL. I.

### EDITORIAL.

The London University Inspectors came, saw, listened, said little (no doubt, thought much)—and are now gone; meanwhile we suppose they are writing their reports and the verdict will soon be upon us. We are all perfectly unanimous on one point—we are glad the inspection is over. And now to fresh fields (of labour)—for the examinations are at hand. Preliminary Certificate, Oxford Local, and London University. Examinations will have to be negotiated before we come to the long vacation. Need we say that our sympathies are with the victims? There certainly is a formidable task ahead—but courage and diligence (that set determination to keep steadily working away) are lights by which our scholars must sail if they are earnest in their desire to reach the haven of success. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that the strain is a heavy one, but we have every confidence that our scholars will rise as nobly to the present task as they have done to so many before.

"Then and Now" and "Alas! It was only a dream" were unavoidably omitted from our previous number. We are pleased to be able to include them in this. After reading the second article one is prompted to ask "Are things what they seem or are visions about?"

One of our readers has been good enough to hand us a bundle of letters which prove to be an account of a voyage from Swansea to the Straits Settlements, and are from the pen of an "Old Boy," Mr. Sidney Morgan (son of our respected townsman Mr. Gwilym Morgan, J.P.). Mr. Morgan has just gone out to the Malay Peninsula to take up an important post connected with science there. After leaving our school Mr. Morgan continued his studies first at Cardiff University and next at the Royal College of Science, London. These letters are highly interesting and make excellent reading; and our regret is that space does not permit us here to print all of them. We include extracts from two, however,

and feel convinced our readers will appreciate them much. We tender our best thanks to Mrs. G. Morgan for permission to use them: and we hope to have the privilege of printing more of these letters. We think them splendid.

We offer our apologies to Miss G. John of the Girls' School Staff for including only parts of her very interesting article "My Best Holiday." We wish we could have found room for this contribution. We hope to be able to print the remainder in later issues, for we should be sorry to have to withhold from our readers such a valuable survey of Switzerland as she has given.

The first meeting of the School Debating Society was a great success. We never dreamt there were so many orators in the school. Truly the ancients and the moderns, the Demostheneses and the Gladstones, would have been delighted with the speeches. They were sometimes thunderous and often eloquent. And the language! One speaker said "I don't agree with any one word uttered by the opposition." "Psychological," "unadulterated truth," "loud talk of facts," "day of trivial commentators," were some of the terms used—and one speaker blandly asked his hearers to "visit the jails" to verify his statements. But it was a thoroughly enjoyable meeting which augurs well for the future. The speakers deserve every praise for the way they had mastered their work.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following articles:—"The Fairy Queen," "A Typical Christmas Episode," "Portsmouth, its Dockyard and Defences," "A General Election," "Reminiscences," "Customs of Ancient Gauls and Germans," "The Autobiography of a Silk Hat," "Found at Last," "A visit to Santiago," "Egypt as a Key to War," and "Notre visite en Bretagne." We regret that, for want of space, we are unable to include them in this number. We hope to find room for them later.

We very much regret our inability to insert the article on "A General Election" written by an "Old Boy." We take this opportunity of thanking him for taking such an interest in the Magazine.

The Honours Board is now practically full and the names of many worthy scholars stand at the door to greet the stranger, to testify to the patient effort of many a former student and to stimulate and encourage present pupils to emulate the bright example set before them. What boys will next deserve the honour?

## BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The notice in our last magazine calling attention to the necessity of forming a School Debating Society met with the desired result. On February 16th a meeting of the senior boys was held, when it was unanimously decided that a School Debating Society should be formed: that discussions should take place on alternate Fridays at 7 o'clock; that a representative committee of the boys, together with the members of the staff as *ex-officio* members, should make all necessary arrangements; and that Messrs. R. J. Jones and W. B. Thomas should act as chairman and secretary respectively.

The first debate was held on February 25th and dealt with the following problem: "Should Every Man be Trained as a Soldier?" Naturally, enthusiasm ran very high at this meeting, for our boys were not slow in showing their appreciation of the speeches, and demonstrated quite clearly that a good feeling of comradeship exists amongst them. The presence of Mr. Roberts and several masters also encouraged the boys. After several helpful remarks by Mr. Jones, Trevor Lawrence (5b) opened the debate, arguing very forcibly that every man should be required, on the grounds of patriotism and individual physique, to spend a fortnight every year at a camp and to pass one evening a week at a drill. Tom Edwards (6) contended on the other hand that such a system would lead to conscription and that therefore it would be inferior to our present voluntary one. R. Norby (6), supporting the affirmative, stoutly urged that such systematic training as had been outlined by his leader would decrease rather than increase the possibilities of conscription. Ivor Evans (5b) affirmed that, owing to our insular position, we stood in no great need of a large army, but could rely on our navy, and that the prospect of compulsory service was repulsive to the British instinct. At this stage in the debate an opportunity was afforded to, and accepted by, some of the younger members: H. G. Fortune (3a), Harry Davies (2a), and Oswald Davies (1b) contributing to the discussion. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Roberts briefly addressed the meeting upon the worth of such a society as ours and wished it all success. The debate being resumed, L. Baynam (5a) cast scorn upon those who allow others to fight for them, and ended with a patriotic appeal to his hearers. Graham Hopkins (5b), for the opposition, declared that compulsory service would interfere with the liberty of the individual. C. Hanson (6) sought to show that military training would confer great benefits upon our country just as it had on the Continent;



whilst J. Ll. Davies (5a) denied that such benefits would be conferred upon us. The leaders of the debate then replied briefly, and after a summary of the debate from the Chairman, a re-count of the votes revealed the fact that the audience was equally divided—37 voting for, and the same number against the proposal.

The second debate, held on March 18th, was no less enthusiastic than the first. One noticeable improvement on the first was the absence of voluminous notes. The subject of the evening was: "Are Our Colonies a Source of Strength to the Mother Country?" For the affirmative were Llew. Davies (5b), T. Miller (5b), Dudley Williams (4a), T. Lawrence (5b), Graham Hopkins (5b), and C. Hanson (6); whilst C. Ll. Davies (5a), Nelson Kneath (4b), R. Norby (6), T. Edwards (6), and Ivor Evans (5b) took the negative. Others who contributed were H. G. Fortune (3a), H. Davies (2a), J. Adler (1b), S. S. Stephens (3a), Horace Edwards (2a), and L. Baynham (5a). Unfortunately, for lack of space, we cannot report this debate at length. We are glad, however, to state that some well-prepared speeches were made, very little unnecessary matter being introduced; the greatest good-humour prevailed and there was very little arguing at cross purposes. Had not the "closure" been applied we should certainly have been in a position to sing the well-known tune, "We won't get home till morning," so great was the eagerness of all to participate. The voting showed that 34 were for the affirmative and 25 for the negative.

The meetings were most enjoyable throughout, and we have no doubt that the society will continue to flourish. Considerable interest centres round the next debate, to be held on the 22nd inst., dealing with: "If you were living in the time of the Civil War, which side would you take?"

W.B.T.

We do not think the S.M.S.S. has previously been credited with classical inclinations, but the members of one Form—whose admittedly great capacities have exhausted the provisions of modern times—have become classical enthusiasts, and entertain themselves after the fashion of the ancients. Enthusiasts always form societies, so 4a have formed a club; and to unravel the mystery our readers should note—it is a Chess Club.

C.H.B., 4a.

First Essay on a Bat:—"The bat is an anly which fly in the hire. It is not a bad fly in the hire."—Luckily the essayist finishes here.

## RUGBY NOTES.

Jan. 29th—M.S.S. v. DANYGRAIG.

This game, played on Patch C in rather poor weather, was noteworthy for the fact that Capt. Fischer did all the scoring—a dropped goal and a try prior to half-time; and in the second half, two tries. The whole team shaped well, and this was a capital start to the second round.

Feb. 12th—SWANSEA BOYS v. CARDIFF BOYS.

Fischer, Evans, Waters, and Snipper assisted the town team; Bevan was on the reserve list. The result—a win by 1 con. gl., 2 tries, to nil—was chiefly gained by the brilliant work of the forwards, who quite outplayed the Cardiff pack. Fischer, by a strong burst, put over the first scorer, and Snipper claimed the third try in a forward dribble.

Feb. 19th—M.S.S. v. TERRACE ROAD.

For the second time this season we lost to Terrace Road by a try, the score being the result of a strong run by an opposing three-quarter just on half-time. Although much effort was expended and many attempts were made in the second half to save the game, they were fruitless, and the game ended as stated above.

NOTES.—A more satisfactory defeat than the first one!! There was no element of luck about the score, and try as they would, Fischer, Bevan, Halliday (at outside half) utterly failed to pierce the defence. The captain had hard lines on three separate occasions; while the forwards failed to control the ball near the line on two occasions when a score seemed certain. Middlemark, Snipper, and Waters did good work in front.

Feb. 26th—M.S.S. v. ST. THOMAS.

This match was played on Pitch B and all the scoring was done in the first half. The first try started in a well-judged cross-kick by Burman from a throw-in from touch, Morris gaining the touch-down, and Waters added the extra points with a good kick. Snipper robbed an opponent of the ball near the line and scored just before half-time. During the second half no further points were added, the game ending—

M.S.S., 1 con. goal, 1 try; St. Thomas, nil.

NOTES.—Lack of finish, combined with determined defence by our opponents, kept the score down. Of the forwards, Burman did well; while Lloyd, Halliday, and the rest dribbled and handled in good style. Behind the scrum Waters, at outside half, shaped excellently in his new position; Sampson made some determined runs, and the others were not found wanting in defence.



## INTERNATIONAL TRIAL GAME.

On this date East played West in the usual Trial game at Aberavon. Fischer was our sole representative in the West team, and at the conclusion of the game was awarded his International Cap—thus continuing our representation in the National side since 1905, and joining the select body of Internationalists, the list now reading: W. J. West (1905-6), F. Jenkins (1907), L. Palmer (1908), C. Yeandle (1909), H. Fischer (1910).

It may be stated here that the Welsh lads have yet to suffer defeat, this year's game at Cardiff on March 12th ending in another victory.

## March 5th—M.S.S. v. ST. HELEN'S.

Games between these teams are always full of life and strife, and this one was no exception to the rule. The first half was full of incident, but the only tangible result was a try by Fischer, after passing (from a scrum) in which Parvin and Waters—again outside half—took part. St. Helen's equalised in the middle of the second half; but Waters, by a most brilliant individual effort—covering three parts of the field—added a further try, the captain converting.

Final Score—M.S.S., 1 con. goal, 1 try; St. Helen's, 1 try.

NOTES.—Waters' brilliant effort over-shadowed all other play and was perhaps the best single-handed effort seen on the ground for some time. Strong defensive work by Fisher, and excellent kicking by Bevan were features of a hard game.

## March 19th—M.S.S. v. NATIONAL.

In the first half four tries were rapidly put on, one of which was converted by Waters. Lloyd first got over, and then Evans added a second and third. Fischer, from mid-field, added the fourth.

During the second half four more tries were added, Evans and Fischer converting one each. Waters added the fifth try. Fischer with two strong runs, and Evans completed the list.

Final score—M.S.S., 3 goals, 5 tries; National, nil.

## Mar. 29th—SWANSEA v. CARDIFF.

This game, played on Cardiff Arms Park, resulted in a win for the home team by one try to nil. Fischer—at outside half—Evans and Waters played, while Snipper travelled as reserve.

RECORD OF GAMES PLAYED TO EASTER.—Played 12; Won 8; Lost 2; Drawn 2; Points for—10 goals 15 tries—94 points; Points against—1 goal 2 tries—11 points.

SCORERS.—Tries:—Fischer 10, Waters 3, Evans 3, Parvin 2, G. Williams, Brewer, Jones, Morris, Snipper and Lloyd 1 each. Goals.—Dropped:—Fischer 1. Converted:—Fischer 1, Waters 2, Evans 1.

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## JUGGLERY AND MAGIC IN SCIENCE.

We are indebted to Mr. Edward Phillips for some very interesting instructions bearing upon some amusing experiments in Science. We are sure these will be heartily welcomed by our readers.

Mr. Phillips prefaces his directions with the following statement: "It may appear paradoxical, at the first glance, to combine Science and Play; but it is possible to combine these and make science anything but the dry-bones of learning. With this in mind, I have endeavoured to choose a few experiments which some of our readers may easily perform without going into any very great expense."

### EXPERIMENTS.

1.—"To break a broom-stick resting on two paper rings without breaking the paper:—Take an ordinary broomstick and hold it horizontally by means of the paper rings, one at each end. Then take a stout stick and, with great force, strike the broom-stick in the centre; the latter will be broken into shivers while the paper will not be in the least torn. The more energetic the blow, the better the result. The explanation for this is that the shock is so sudden that the impulse has not had time to pass to the ends before the stick breaks."

Need we suggest to our readers that, before they perform this experiment, they give due notice to their mothers? Broom-sticks are formidable weapons which may be used to administer other forms of shock! Anyhow, you know that they are always most useful in a brush.

2.—"To cut an apple inside a handkerchief without injuring the latter:—The apple should be loosely wrapped in the handkerchief and the whole suspended by a cord. Take a strong knife or a sabre. The edge of the blade should be very sharp; the more highly polished and the sharper the blade, the more likely is the experiment to succeed. Give a sharp upward stroke, perpendicular to the point of suspension. If the blade is rather thick, the apple will jump up slightly and then the handkerchief will enter with the blade and be uninjured."

Perhaps the members of the "militant party" who argued so effectively in the recent debate would be ready to advise intending performers as to the choice of weapons (sabres or other cutlery). Beginners should borrow the handkerchiefs, as such a precaution diminishes the sense of responsibility and makes the strikers less nervous.



3.—“How to make a florin appear like (a) a five-shilling-piece (b) a sixpenny-piece:—For the performance of this experiment, a tumbler, a plate, a little water and a florin are needed. Take the florin and place it in the centre of the plate containing just enough water to cover the coin. Take the tumbler and, holding it upside-down, warm the interior with a lighted match. When the air in the tumbler has been well warmed—which will be when the tumbler looks steaming—place it over the florin in the plate. The water will soon ascend as the air inside contracts. Look at the surface of the water and you will see that the florin is doubled in size by what is called Refraction. You will distinguish the florin and, a little below it will appear the image of a coin as large as a five-shilling-piece. Again look at the tumbler from the top. The bottom of it forms a lens and you will see another image of the florin so that it resembles a sixpence in size. Thus the problem is solved and we have five shillings and sixpence for our florin.”

After this experiment has been performed, we advise our readers to return the florin to its rightful owner, and to retain only the interest which it has created during its short period of investment.

4.—“How to hypnotise:—Perhaps some of our readers would like to hypnotise people. This can be done in the following manner. Take any shining object, as a disc of silver-paper gummied to a plate, and place it at a distance of about a foot, and slightly above the head of a person. Let the patient regard this object fixedly and without interruption for 20 or 30 minutes; he will become gradually motionless and, as is frequently the case, will fall into a condition of torpor and genuine sleep. One doctor affirms that, under such circumstances, he has been able to perform surgical operations without the patient having any consciousness of pain.”

Personally, we have never tried the silver-paper method; but we can speak from experience of the state of torpor that has seized several pupils on different occasions. Whether it was the shining surface of the black-board or the dazzling effect of the white chalk upon it, we cannot say; but, at the end of the 20 or 30 minutes prescribed, even though their mouths and eyes had been wide open and though they had gazed fixedly and uninterruptedly, the effect was the same upon some patients—sleep! glorious sleep!!—and a comatose state consistent with great torpor!

5.—“To break a stone with the fist:—This feat is often performed by men at the fairs in the following manner: The

right hand is carefully wrapped in a bandage, and in the left hand is held a piece of flint of rounded shape which the operator places upon a larger stone or perhaps upon an anvil; then with the right hand he strikes the flint with powerful blows, always taking care to raise it a little from the anvil when he is about to strike. Thus the object struck acquires the force of the fist that has struck it; and, as it comes into violent contact with the anvil, it is quickly broken. Simple as this feat is, it never fails to evoke astonishment from the spectators.”

Perhaps a word of warning here would not come amiss to young beginners. We advise them to be quite sure about the flint part of the experiment: and perhaps they had better take the precaution to have both hands wrapped up at the beginning—indeed they might use a tongs for the left hand at first: for, to know the exact instant when to “let go” the flint can only be determined after patient and long-suffering experience. The best results are obtained after you have seen some of your friends perform.

6.—“Calling out a sixpence from under a tumbler:—A sixpence is placed on a table covered with a cloth. It is covered with a tumbler inverted so that its brim rests on two penny coins. The problem to be solved is that of extracting the sixpence without touching the glass or slipping anything beneath it. To do this, it is only necessary to scratch the cloth with the nail of the forefinger; the elasticity of the material communicates the movement to the sixpence which slowly moves in the direction of the finger and finally emerges completely from beneath the glass.”

A nimble little coin is the sixpence—and school-boys have a great affection for it! If it were as easy to “call out” this coin from the pockets of careful parents we should probably find a longer and brighter array of ice-cream barrows in Dynevor Place. As it is, we are told that there are some patrons of this creamy cooler who are already proficient in Italian; and that they can dilate quite eloquently upon the merits of the different brands—(of ‘ice-cream’ we mean, not ‘Italians’).

7.—“A Juggling Feat which was recently performed:—The operator took a glass that was perfectly transparent and placed it on a table saying that he was about to cover the glass with a saucer. This he did; then he retired to some distance and said he would now fill the glass with smoke from a cigarette. This again he carried out. The man stood



smoking his cigarette in the background and the glass, as though by enchantment, slowly filled with smoke fumes. This trick is easily done. It is only necessary to pour previously two or three drops of hydrochloric acid into the glass and moisten the bottom of the saucer with a few drops of ammonia. These two liquids are unperceived by the spectators; but, as soon as the water is placed over the glass, they unite to form white fumes of ammonium chloride which bear a strong resemblance to the smoke of tobacco."

We should like to state that the cigarette is not an essential part of the experiment; and beginners (especially school-boys) are advised to omit that part of the instructions. Tobacco is a strong narcotic which requires a great deal of circumspection in handling. Neglect to observe this warning may end in something more real than smoke!

[We hope to include another series in a subsequent issue].

#### MORE "HOWLERS."

- 1.—Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.
- 2.—H.P. is the distance a horse can carry 1 lb. of water in 1 hour.
- 3.—If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.
- 4.—Gravitation is that which, if there were none, we should all fly away.
- 5.—Centipedes are things that come in long measure.
- 6.—Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels.
- 7.—These two points are equidistant from each other.
- 8.—Raleigh was the first to see the Invisible Armada.
- 9.—Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.
- 10.—Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.
- 11.—The Press to-day is the mouth-organ of the People.
- 12.—Hamlet showed his affectionate character when he didn't take the King's life before he did.
- 13.—The Test Act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses.
- 14.—Etymology is a man who catches butterflies and stuffs them.

"A wanderer is man from his birth." We understand that this dictum is to be engraved in gold letters at the portals of some of the rooms upstairs. [Wanders, too, are some from the time they begin to speak till the time they sit down—(new dictum)].

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**THEN AND NOW.**

ANCIENT (1,000 years ago): Good morning, my good sir, where are you going?

MODERN: Oh, I am going to visit my factory.

A: Factory eh! and pray what may that be?

M: Why! Don't you know what a factory is? It is my big building, where we are at present making aeroplanes.

A: Aeroplanes? Well! you are a strange man. Aero-what-you-call-'em, and what are those?

M: Well! Surely you know what an aeroplane is, when all these men are on the eve of conquering the air. Aeroplane? Why it is a ship that sails in the air instead of on the sea. Have you never seen one?

A: Seen one, eh! Seen one when I have never heard of such a thing? What time have I, a noted soldier, to meddle with such things? I am cleaning my guns and armour all day.

M: Pshaw! Cleaning your armour, when all other men are seeking to open up the unknown. Why are you always harping on war and cleaning your armour?

A: Why indeed! Don't you know that this is an age of strife? The country is all unsettled.

M: Quite so, I agree with you. The country is truly unsettled with this Budget and other political events.

A: Look here, are you a lunatic or what? Budget! What in the world is that? I mean the country is all unsettled because of the expected invasion.

M: Oh I see, you mean the German invasion.

A: German invasion! Oh dear! You are enough to drive one mad.

M: Well! evidently there is something amiss with one of us, so I think the best thing to do is to drop the subject and talk about something else. Have you ever seen the comet—Halley's I believe they call it—that is expected here this month?

A: Comet? What would you say that was now, a new kind of weapon?

M: You seem as if you devoted all your time to matters of warfare. New weapon indeed! Certainly not, it is a star with a very long tail. But first of all let me start at the beginning! Have you ever seen any stars?

A: Seen stars? Well I should just think I have, especially when young Donald gave me a crack with his quarter-staff.

M: Oh surely you know what I mean? Stars in the heavens.



A: Oh! Yes, I have seen stars.

M: Well have you ever seen this wonderful comet? They say it comes every seventy-five years.

A: Well, to tell the truth I have never seen—nor do I ever wish to see—this wonderful comet, because a man who lived in the year 909 didn't trouble himself about such things. *Au revoir.* (He disappears).

M: Well! That was a nice thing! Just fancy talking all that time about modern events to a man who ought to have been dead one thousand years ago!

D.W. (4a)

### ALAS! IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!

"Eight o'clock, and school starts this morning!" "All right," I replied, "I'll be down soon."

It was the first school-day after the holidays, and I by no means liked the idea of going to school that day (What schoolgirl or schoolboy does, after only a fortnight's holiday?) more especially as the weather was very cold, and our school is by no means an enviable place in winter.

"Just what I expected," I said, as I looked out of the window and saw the wet tiles, "I suppose we shall have to wade through water to get into school as usual." With visions of hands and feet cold all day, I slowly wended my way to Trinity Place, but rubbed my eyes in astonishment when I arrived there. Where was the school? Had there been an earthquake during the holidays that had demolished it? I could not tell, for where the old building used to be was now a wilderness of stones, woodwork, etc., which some men were busily engaged in removing.

"I take it that you are looking for the Secondary School, missie?" asked one of them.

"I am," I replied. "Has there been an earthquake?"

"No! The Education Committee took it into its head to visit the old school one day, and declared it to be no longer fit for a Secondary School."

"I suppose we shall have holidays for a year or two, then," I asked.

"Not at all," he answered. "The Committee has bought an old house at the Uplands, which is to be used permanently as the Secondary School. You will not fail to see the school if you go straight on."

Having arrived at the Uplands, I enquired where the new Secondary School was, and I was directed to a stately building which looked more like a house than a school.

Beautiful grounds with tall trees and a wilderness of flowers surrounded the school. In the distance I noticed some girls, and recognised an old chum of mine.

"Surprised at our school, eh?" she remarked. "You will be more surprised when you get inside, for you shall see what you shall see."

Just then a bell rang, and we entered the school. I was told to change my shoes, but I had none to change. Luckily, my companion had two pairs, so she lent me one.

"This is one of the changes I like most," she said. "We do not have to sit with wet shoes all day as in the olden days, and the result is that the old excuse 'I had toothache' is less frequent as a reason for absence."

After we had changed our shoes we went into a large hall where prayers and school notices were read. This sent my mind back to the old board-school days when the headmistress could speak to us without our having to assemble in the playground, braving the elements as we had to in Trinity Place. As we waited for the headmistress to come in, I looked round the place. Thick curtains draped doors and windows; these would prevent any draught from arising. The walls were lined with books, and where there were not books there were pictures. These were not of the dry, uninteresting character, common to school-pictures, but were instructive without being monotonous.

"You will be surprised to hear that we learn cookery in the upper forms as well as in the lower school," remarked my companion. "All the girls like this change very much, but what is most appreciated is the garden. No longer have we to raid the parks to get botanical specimens, for nearly all we want can be found in our own grounds; we can also study the same plants at different times of the year. During the summer I hear we are going to have some of our lessons in the garden. Then the monotony of Latin lessons will be broken by caterpillars and spiders dropping on our books. You will have plenty of time to see all the improvements, for this school is ours 'for ever and ever.' No longer will the melodious strains of piano-organs be heard outside; no longer will small children make mud pies on the front steps; no longer will small boys play football in the corridors, for at last we are far away from the road."

"It is five minutes past eight," someone says, "if you are not quick, you'll be late for school."

So with many a sigh, I made my way to school, for, alas, it had been only a dream.



## MORE DREAMS!

When the mists of darkest midnight had shut out the cares  
of day,  
And the toilers of the light-time had cast mundane thoughts away,  
While the members of the household slept in all tranquility,  
Tom was running from a tiger at the double up a tree.  
He'd been plunged in thickest jungle with the elephant  
and pard;  
You could see he was in trouble for he breathed so very hard.  
He got pierced by an arrow from the arm of a pigmy—  
(Poisoned arrows are the weapons of an aborigine);  
Then he thought a band of monkeys were a-playing with  
his hair,  
To the tune of forty thousand led by someone in despair;  
Felt the stately tread of camels marching homeward to the west,  
As he thought him in a desert with Bedouins and the rest.  
When he felt that he had tasted all the terrors of the land,  
He got caught upon a billow and got blown upon the sand;  
He went through a hundred ship-wrecks and a Soudanese  
Campaign,  
And then, just when he'd got settled, he began to dream again.  
All the furies of the forest were in league against him now,  
And great heads of aqueous vapour gathered thick upon  
his brow;  
Now he thought he did some dancing with the dryads after  
noon,  
But as soon he danced a polka with the man that's in the Moon.  
He was darting, he was hissing, like the fierce shooting stars,  
Then he thought him calmly marching o'er the mossy mounts  
of Mars.  
All his knowledge geographic had got very, very mixed,  
For, like Ariel in "The Tempest," his abode was never fixed;  
When oppressive heat of India did his mental vision hold,  
He was transferred to the regions where the weather's  
very cold.  
And he vanished into ether; had a ride upon the Plough;  
Now he went out aeroplaneing, and was with the Comet now!  
He determined by researches at the centre of the earth  
That all gravity was missing—'twas the genesis of mirth.  
He surveyed the face of planets; but, just as the task begun,  
He fell headlong through abysses in the spots upon the sun.  
Now that brought him to his senses! He awoke and rubbed  
his eyes.—  
All his valour it had vanished, and he thought it time for us!

(He'd so wrestled and so battled, he'd so writhed and reeled  
about  
—Muttered speeches short and broken interspersed with  
shriek and shout—  
That his little brother Freddie, seized with fright at all the  
noise,  
Had departed hours previous to seek out some other joys).  
Yet Tom's mood was one of musing as he got up very late—  
He was dreaming over breakfast when he smashed a Doulton  
plate;  
And he muttered something startling as he bent to lace  
his shoes,  
For the bending set him dreaming—(with a bang his boot-  
lace goes!)  
Then he gathered up his baggage—but forgot his homework  
book,  
It was plain he still was dreaming; you could read it in his look.  
In the late-line see him follow in the wake of all the good  
As he got his marching orders with the tardy as he should.  
In the day, for vacant musing, he got ordered out of class;  
—At the wall of the transgressors see him wailing now, alas!  
As his name went on the record of the scholars coming late,  
So the evening saw him busy wiping something off a slate.  
Home he wended slow his journey—try to guess it if you can—  
Dreaming still and yawning sadly but a wiser, better man!  
And he made a resolution, as he made a lighter tea,  
That his diet for the future should of faery lightness be;  
That his supper should be simple such as vegetarians bless,  
That the quantum should be parvo and the multum should  
be less.  
(As the dreamy little dormouse sleeps away the winter cold  
So night now finds Tommy snoring sans the scenery of old).  
He eschews now heavy cheeses just before he goes to bed  
And he chews his food sedately from directions he has read;  
For cheese gave him indigestion which, as all the critics say,  
Is the cause of all the nightmare and the dreaming in the day;  
And he's altered for the better since he leads the simple life,  
He's as blithe as lark in morning, he's a lion in the strife;  
He no longer gormandises, takes no gorgonzola cheese.—  
And he's given over dreaming since he's given over these!

X.

In answer to "Anxious Enquirer" we desire to inform him  
that "M. Rostand" is the name of the writer of "Chantecler,"  
not "Rooster," as he supposes. We agree that there is a good  
deal of 'crowing' about the play, especially in Paris.



January, 1910.

We are now in the vicinity of the Mediterranean Sea where Jonah encountered the great storm and was thrown overboard. Yesterday, after days of beautifully fine weather, we, also, like Jonah, experienced all the disconcerting effects of a stormy passage. The sea rose at an alarming rate and by midday the waves were breaking right aboard on the bridge deck, and filled the well-decks fore and aft on every possible occasion. At one time the Commander seriously considered whether he would not order all passengers below. The order would not have effected most of those on board because they were already in their bunks. But a few of us managed to get in the lee of the smoking saloon, from which point we could see all the waves breaking without standing any more risk than an occasional chance of getting wet feet from the water washing about the decks. At times the roll of the ship was something terrifying and it meant clinging on by hands and feet. In spite of all these drawbacks we were not ill, as we should have been if we had gone below. After dinner, everyone seemed to think discretion the better part of valour, and retired early to bed. I was there at 8.30 and slept comfortably until 7 this morning. To-day the weather has cleared wonderfully, and although the sea remains just the same, the sun shines, and that makes all the difference in one's spirits. Already a few of the invalids of yesterday have crawled out to bask in the sunshine.

To-morrow evening we hope to arrive at our next stopping place, Port Said. We are all disgusted at the idea of arriving in the evening, when it is too dark to see anything properly. This is what happened at Malta. We reached the harbour at 8 p.m., and managed to get ashore about 9. Our arrival, however, was very impressive. Immediately we were inside the harbour we were surrounded by a crowd of small boats shaped like gondolas. The boatmen shrieked and jabbered in Maltese—which is a corruption of Arabic—and became so excited (to the English idea) that one would imagine the next act would be the drawing of knives. This often happens. The Maltese are an extremely jealous and fiery people. We were rowed ashore by two villainous looking cut-throats who stood up and pushed the oars, not pulled them. The passage occupied *two minutes*, for which the brigands demanded two

shillings. Having been warned before hand, we said 8d. (the legal fare). Immediately the demand dropped to 1/-, whereupon I offered to toss the man for either 8d. or 1/-. This is the usual practice of bargaining, even in the shops. I won the toss and we paid 8d. The same practice followed in paying the cabman, who demanded 2/6, and was content with one shilling. But Malta is a land of "sharks." They spot the traveller; and we were pestered and molested by men who followed us about offering to show us all the dubious things which were to be seen. One fellow was so persistent that we had to complain to a military picket who instantly made him flee. Nearly all the English population in Malta are connected either with the Army or Navy.

From what we could make out by night-time, Malta must be a lovely place; our great regret was that we did not see it by daylight. Although we had no need to return until 2 a.m., at which time the boat sailed, we were tired soon after 11 o'clock, and we were all aboard by 12.30. Sleep, however, was impossible as the ship was coaling. It was a picturesque sight, even if a little dirty, to see the villainous looking mob working by flaring lights, trotting up and down the gangways with baskets of coal. When morning broke, land had faded out of sight and we shall see no more until to-morrow night.

I hope you got the post-card all right. The thief in the shop assured me that it would go through the post all right, but I have my doubts. I sent off six or seven others at the same time. The farthing stamps were put on purposely, as I thought they were out of the ordinary.

I shall not be sorry when we pass Port Said and get weather which can be depended upon to last for a few hours at a time. We expect to pass through the Suez Canal on Sunday next, when we hope to see land all day. At Malta we lost nine passengers, most of them the army snobs, the "superior humans" as they were called, and we picked up one passenger, a Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces going on to Tientsin to join the Enniskillen Fusiliers. He can tell some excellent stories of his experiences, because he has been a Chaplain of the Mediterranean Naval Squadron, and his yarns about the pranks the bluejackets play when they get ashore, are very funny.

I will leave this letter now, in case I have anything to add to-morrow, before posting at Port Said.

To-day we have again a lovely interval of sunshine and smooth seas. This morning we were off Alexandria, and



shortly we shall reach the neighbourhood of Rosetta and Damietta. At midday we were only 65 miles from Port Said, so we have hopes of reaching there in the early evening, or late afternoon. Owing to the dangerous cargo we carry, we have been informed that we shall not anchor close in-shore. But it will be good to have a run ashore even if we have to row a mile or so. There are several things I want to buy. When we get to Colombo, which is our next stopping place after passing through the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean, I may send home my rug in a parcel to be put away for me until I want it again. These heavy things do not keep out in the East owing to ants and other cannibals.

We have been basking in the sun all the morning, and I was so lazy, that I fairly had to shake myself up to the task of finishing this letter. We post our letters in a box aboard ship, and this box is cleared to-day at 4 p.m., so I shall just finish in time. We have not changed our English clothes yet and shall not do so until through the Canal.

Just now we are passing through the Great Bitter Lakes, which are about three-quarters way down the Canal towards the Red Sea. On either side of us stretch nothing but sand-dunes dotted occasionally with date palms and scrub bushes. There are practically no signs of habitation, but occasionally we came across, in the upper part of the Canal, a station or settlement inhabited by an official. You may imagine that we are sweltering in a blazing sun, but although there certainly is a brilliant sun, the air is freezingly cold; so cold, in fact, that overcoats are once again the order of the day. The temperature on deck last night fell to 44°, colder I imagine than you may have had it in England. Someone remarked, jocularly, at breakfast that we might expect skating before we reach the Red Sea. As you will have seen from the post-card which has reached you, no doubt, by this time, we had a few hours at Port Said last night. It is the wickedest spot on earth, and an awful place for being pestered by touts. We had to take an official guide to keep off the attacks of brigands who wished to sell us all sorts of muck and bad things. Some things, especially tobacco, we found very cheap, and we laid in a stock to last us until we arrive at Colombo; the journey will occupy about fifteen days, during which time we do not expect to see land. But on the whole, going ashore is very expensive, because everyone is on "the make." I bargained for a mosaic pendant necklace; the son of Pharaoh wanted 12/- for it. I offered 4/- and stuck to it. He came down to

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7/6 and then we tossed. I won. It is nothing great, but is very pretty, and may be of interest as a specimen of local jewellery. Some of us have been quite disappointed at not seeing Moses in the bulrushes, Pharaoh and his chariots, and other things we read about, but we are quite agreed that we do not wish to see bigger thieves and corrupters of weak humanity than at Port Said. We saw the latest telegrams on coming aboard last night, and I noticed that England and Wales were due to play yesterday; the result will not be known to us for a fortnight.

We received letters from England last night: coming over-land and by mail steamer they had been posted a week after we left, and yet reached Port Said before us. Port Said was the last point at which letters could reach us from England on our way out unless posted a week ago. I heard from the Commander last night that we shall call at Port Swettenham on the way down the Straits of Malacca.

SIDNEY.

## MY BEST HOLIDAY.

A poet has said:

"Imperfect utterance is our saddest taint,  
For when our hearts are full, our lips grow faint."

This imperfection of our frail nature strikes one forcibly when setting out upon the task of describing Switzerland and its Alps. I emphasise the Alps because the most stupendous and outstanding feature of this marvellous country is the presence of its glorious snow-covered peaks.

We were whizzed in the most orthodox and prosaic of English expresses from London to Brighton (Newhaven) and embarked amid a good deal of excited gibberish and swinging of luggage in mid-air. One began to wonder how much of one's modest luggage would arrive at its destination, and when. On arriving at Dieppe, that anxiety soon passed into insignificance in watching the motley crowd around us—English tourists trying their best not to look as if they were enjoying themselves, noisy Yankees making the most of things, and the excitable French taking a childlike interest in everything and everyone around.

We arrived in Paris in a state of eager anticipation at the prospect of a journey right across a continent of which we had heard and read so much; but our enthusiasm waned when we found ourselves settled in a stifling "train de luxe"—not much "luxe," either, except the luxury of having one's dreams



of Switzerland rudely broken by a violent lurch, which made one clutch at the nearest "Tit-Bits" and feel sorry that its insurance coupon was only available for Great Britain and the Channel Islands. One hears voices in the night shouting "Trwa" (Troyes), better known to us in the bitter days of History as "Trois." We are fast approaching the debatable territory of Alsace-Lorraine, still a bone of contention between France and Germany. In the dim light of the dawn, one can see tall, silent, military-looking Germans jealously guarding the frontier.

At Mulhausen a German customs officer appeared in the doorway of the compartment; and, in sweet-sounding German, asked if we had anything to declare. We travelled on through toy-like looking stations to Basle. It has become a habit of the Germans to make toys! We had now reached the borders of the Rhine country—the Black Forest region. This part of the country consists of broad, rich plains, rising immediately to high, beautifully wooded mountains. There is a uniformity about the whole which is grand—statuesque rather than picturesque. The pine forests give a regularity to the appearance of the mountains which is absent in our tree-covered mountain scenery. The country looks part of one great whole. Perhaps it was imagination, as I knew it was part of a great continent, but it really did look continental—nothing scrappy about it. After breakfasting at Basle, we started for Lucerne. On our way, we passed through innumerable picturesque Swiss villages, with their quaint, very unecclesiastical-looking churches. They looked more like elaborate Noah's arks.

We now come to the event of the journey—the first glimpse of the Alps! My first thought on seeing them was: what gates for the House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! The peaks are realms of light, where one cannot see where earth finishes and sky begins. We arrived in Lucerne in a very ecstatic but rather travel-worn condition.

Lucerne is a very beautiful town, which appeared to me to cater for the wealth of the world. Its shops are as fine as those of Paris and London, if not finer. It all reminds one in its atmosphere and flower-like beauty of a rich exotic. It has the enervating heat of the hot-house too, which, in spite of its beauty, makes one long for the heights and the snows. The solemn-looking business-like Swiss have spared no effort in trying to make their town beautiful. Of course, it was holiday season, but their one aim appeared to be to cater for and make

happy the huge cosmopolitan crowd gathered there to enjoy themselves, and in an honest way, to make them pay the highest penny for such entertainment.

There was a national *fête* on the first Sunday we spent there, and the town was gorgeously illuminated. In the evening we went by steamer across the lake to Seeburg. Lucerne was a blaze of light reflected in the clear waters of the lake. The beautiful little lanterns on the gondola-shaped boats gave one a foretaste of Venice. On Pilatus, one of the highest peaks in the neighbourhood—in fact, the giant that watches o'er Lucerne—burnt a fiery cross. Suddenly, as if to dwarf man's efforts in the way of illumination, a glorious moon rose over the lake and made the scene still more enchanting. On the next day we went to Andermatt to pass one of the most wonderful days of the holiday.

We went by boat to Fluellen, at the furthest end of the lake, passing places of great interest by the way. Almost opposite Lucerne is the one-time home of Wagner—a fitting place for the home of a great poet-musician. Passing out of Lucerne, on the left side we come to the island of the Meggenhorn, once infested by pirates, now famous for the beautiful white figure of the "Christus" close down to the water's edge. Passing along, we come to the country of the great patriot, William Tell. To mark the spot where he landed after fleeing from the Austrian tyrant, Gessler, who sought his life, is a beautiful little chapel reflected in the waters of the lake. We now pass into another branch of the lake. On the right we see a remarkable monument of Schiller, the poet, who did for "the William Tell country" what Sir Walter Scott did for "the Trossachs"—immortalised it. The monument is a gigantic rock rising straight up from the waters of the lake at a little distance from the shore. The inscription is in large gold letters.

Arriving at Fluellen, we took train to Goschenen, which is half-way up the St. Gothard mountain.

The journey past the marvellous mountain gorges and mountain torrents is a sight never to be forgotten. After lunching on the mountain side—and such mountains! we walked from Goschenen to Andermatt. We are still climbing the St. Gothard, but so winding the road, and wonderful the way, that we forget the arduous task. On the way up the mighty rocky gorge we come across a relic of that great maker of history, Napoleon. There is a bridge across the valley which was built by him for the transport of his soldiers. One



marvels more than ever when face to face with their majesty, at the audacity of a man, who, when asked what of the Alps in his scheme of conquest, replied, "There shall be no Alps!" We come next to another scene of historic interest—a battle between the Russians and the French. What a terrible place for an unvictorious army wedged in by those mighty walls of rock! There is a huge tablet to the memory of the Russian general cut in the rock on the mountain side. We now reach the curious Devil's bridge. It has the same legendary history as other bridges belonging to his Satanic Majesty. Longfellow in his "Golden Legend," describes it thus:—

"It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
The summits of the hills had cracked,  
And made a road for the cataract,  
That raves and rages down the steep."

Now we are nearing the plains of Andermatt. We emerge from the gorge on to a tableland surrounded by still greater heights. There is a Swiss camp here. We are nearing the Italian frontier. It strikes one as absurd that pigmies of men should guard these gigantic mountain passes, but Swiss soldiers are not to be despised. They are expert shots, as they make shooting their national sport, and the character of their country enables them to endure the hardships of campaign. We sat on the mountain at Andermatt, with the great St. Gothard Tunnel 1000 feet beneath us, the source of the Rhine up to the right, and the great Furka Pass into Italy to our left. There was a curious little church here containing the skulls of all the famous men of the village. They were arranged on shelves in a little chapel adjoining. Truly, a curious, gruesome idea! One interesting thing we heard of here. We noticed that the village appeared to be built at the foot of the heights where it would be in great danger from the avalanches, but "Experientia docet." The Swiss build their villages under those parts of the mountains covered with pines, and these gigantic forests break the force of the avalanche.

During another day of our stay at Lucerne, we sought a closer acquaintanceship with Pilatus—

" . . . . . Overhead,  
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Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines."

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## UN SINGULIER MEDECIN.

Il était le maire du village et sa science le rendait fort utile en pays, d'autant qu'il l'exerçait sans rétribution aucune. Il était de si grand cœur qu'il n'était point de nuit noire et orageuse, point de chaud, de froid ni d'heure indue qui l'empêchassent de courir, souvent fort loin, par des chemins perdus, pour porter du secours dans les chaumières. Son dévouement et son désintéressement étaient vraiment admirables. Mais comme il fallait qu'il fût ridicule autant que sublime en toutes choses, il portait l'intégrité de ses fonctions jusqu'à battre ses malades quand ils revenaient guéris lui apporter de l'argent. Il n'entendait pas plus raison sur le chapitre des présents, et je l'ai vu dix fois faire dégringoler l'escalier à de pauvres diables, en les assommant à coups de canards, de din dons et de lièvres apportés par eux en hommage à leur sauveur. Ces braves, humiliés et maltraités, s'en allaient le cœur gros en disant : Est-il méchant, ce brave cher homme ! Quelques-uns ajoutaient en colère : En voilà un que je tuerais, s'il ne m'avait pas sauvé la vie. Et le docteur de vociférer, du haut de l'escalier, d'une voix de stentor, Comment, malappris, butor, misérable—je t'ai rendu service et tu veux me payer. Tu ne veux pas être reconnaissant—tu veux être quitte envers moi. Si tu ne te sauves bien vite, je vais te rouer de coups et te mettre pour quinze jours au lit et tu seras bien obligé alors de m'envoyer chercher.

GEORGES SAND.

## NUIT DE NEIGE.

La grande plaine est blanche, immobile et sans voix.  
Pas un bruit, pas un son, toute vie est éteinte.  
Mais on entend parfois comme une morne plainte  
Quelque chien sans abri qui hurle au coin d'un bois.  
Oh ! la terrible nuit pour les petits oiseaux !  
Un vent glacé frissonne et court par les allées.  
Eux, n'ayant plus l'asile ombragé des berceaux,  
Ne peuvent pas dormir sur leurs pattes gelées.  
Dans les grands arbres nus que couvre le verglas,  
Ils sont là tout tremblants, sans que rien les protège.  
De leur oeil inquiet, ils regardent la neige,  
Attendant jusqu'au jour la nuit qui ne vient pas.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY (GIRLS).

A meeting was held early in February to discuss the desirability of forming a Literary and Debating Society. A committee was appointed and the following officers were elected:—President, Miss Phipps, B.A.; Vice-President, Miss K. Bevan; Secretary, D. Wearne; Treasurer, C. Jelley.

At a subsequent meeting, the debates for the session were arranged.

The first debate was held on February 26th, when the subject of discussion was, "Is Sport necessary to Education?" Miss Phipps presided, and G. Lewis and F. Williams read two very good papers, the former supporting sport as essential to education, the latter opposing her. After the reading of the papers, the subject was discussed and many remarks were made on both sides. After discussion, the arguments were answered by F. Williams and G. Lewis, and the motion was put to the vote, the result being that the motion was carried with four dissentients. This meeting as being the first of the session was well attended, and it was hoped that the other debates would be as successful as the first.

The second debate of the session was held on March 5th, when the subject under discussion was, "Was the Execution of Charles I justifiable?" Miss Holmes presided, and G. Beynon and P. Davies read two very able papers, the former supporting the motion that the execution was justifiable, while P. Davies opposed it. After the reading of the papers the question was discussed and some rather hot arguments ensued. The questions on both sides were answered by the readers of the papers, and the motion was then put to the vote. The result was twenty-four favoured the execution, while nineteen opposed it. The meeting closed with the customary vote of thanks to Miss Holmes who had so ably presided.

The subject chosen for March 12th was, "Is the barbarian happier than the civilised man?" B. Gooding represented "the barbarian," E. Hall represented "the civilised man," and Miss Hemming was in the chair. After the reading of the papers the question was discussed by the meeting. The result of the voting was seventeen for the proposition that the barbarian is happier, and twenty-eight for the proposition that the civilised man is happier.

On March 19th V. Jenkins moved that "Free Trade is preferable to Tariff Reform." G. Olsson represented the opposition. The topic was entirely different from those previously discussed and was in the hands of able combatants. After a discussion which was not as hot as one would have

supposed, the debate closed with twenty-eight votes for "Free Trade," ten for "Tariff Reform," while nine remained neutral.

On April 16th a Shakespearian Evening will be held in connection with the Society.

D.V.W.

## THE "DISPLAY."

Despite the heavy rain of January 27th, the Albert Hall was well filled, the event being the Annual Display. Sergeant Bird had worked hard to ensure its success, and the excellent programme which he had provided was well received.

Netta Island was the pianist for the evening.

A pianoforte solo by May Charles was a pretty opening to the evening's performance. The dumb-bell exercise by the girls merited the applause which it called forth. A fine exhibition of horse-vaulting was given by the Grammar School boys, and our boys quite came up to their standard in their exercises on parallel bars.

Excitement was intense when Sergeant Bird engaged in a bout with Sergeant-Major Challis. Although few understood the play, it was soon decided that Mr. Bird was the victor, and he was greeted with a universal cheer.

The girls' marching was exceedingly pretty, the little girls taking the lead admirably. The jumping of both boys and girls was excellent. The first prize in the girls' high jump came to Lily Price and Gwen Lewis, the former being successful last year also.

An exercise with Indian clubs was the next item, and the interesting evening came to a close with a tug-of-war. Our boys first attacked the Grammar School boys, but were no match for them. The girls, however, maintained the honour of the School by completely defeating the Grammar School boys, although they had an extra 'man' put on their side.

The evening was a great success, thanks to the splendid work of Sergeant Bird, and we shall look forward to another such evening next year.

ATHLETE.

Some of the juniors are no doubt still wondering whether Mr. Lloyd George has red-hot anthracite-coal eyes.

Scholar reciting stanza xxvii, "Childe Harold, iii":—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves

when this fiery mass

Of living valour, rolling on the 'floor,' etc.

Q: What was the Counter Reformation in Elizabeth's reign?

A: It was a reformation of shopkeepers (grocers), sir.



## GIRLS' SCHOOL NOTES.

No notice has been taken of the short paragraph in the last number of our Magazine concerning the formation of a Club for the "Old Girls." Have our present scholars done their duty in pointing the idea out to our former scholars, or do the latter feel that it touches their dignity to be designated as "Old Girls"? For my part, I think it an honour for them to lay claim to belonging to a school which has, and which is, still doing such good work, and feel that they would look upon a Re-union with delight if a Club was organised.

Hoping for the co-operation of present scholars.

"A WELL-WISHER."

Form VI has been winning its laurels this Term. Week after week we have been reminded that its punctuality is perfect. The notice—"Form VI Perfect," reads rather well, and we feel that it sets a good example to the rest of the school, at least, in one particular. But we have now to say twenty-one of them have attained distinction in our musical circle—they have gained the elementary Tonic Sol-fa Certificate. A few months ago, it was with difficulty that their little chirpings could be heard, their nervousness was so great. But on March 11th, they had become so determined that during the Exam., while some were undergoing the great test, the remainder were voluntarily singing over tunes and time-tests, each in her own key to the opposition of the others. Well, great was the excitement when they learnt that they had been rewarded for their work—all passing, and three doing so with distinction. Let this serve them as an incentive to try for the Intermediate Certificate next year.

"Familiarity breeds contempt." We have no longer a horror of the "Camorra," or the "Society of the Black Hand," and do not even shudder as we read of Sherlock Holmes' "Dancing Men." Some of us have a "Camorra" of our own. Yet, others of us are disappointed at hearing of no labels (foretelling our near end) fixed on classroom doors, no one blown up in her bed, no tales of hunter and quarry. The changed aspect of such "secret" societies may perhaps be traced indirectly to the Hague Conference.

"Liver and Bacon" was at one time a common and much relished dish, but it is now noticed that "Lamb" has been substituted for the former in intellectuall bills of fare.

A great writer has recently contributed to a noted journal an article on the great part that "Peter" has played in history.

So has Richard—three kings of that name; Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker"; and the great Richard Cobden. There is yet another in present-day history, but under the "pet" name we hardly recognise him.

## HOCKEY.

On February 7th, 1910, a meeting, attended by a large proportion of the school, was held in Trinity Schoolroom to discuss the formation of a Hockey Club. Hockey had been a very minor consideration in the school for the past two years and few knew of the existence of the Club. At the suggestion of some of the senior girls it was decided to re-form the Hockey Club. The suggestion was eagerly taken up and Miss John, Miss Landon, and Miss Holmes readily promised to assist in the project. Miss John presided at the meeting, and success to the Club was fairly assured.

It was resolved to rejuvenate the Hockey team, and twelve Captains were appointed, one of whom was to be present each week to supervise. A committee was formed, and an entrance fee fixed; officers were appointed, and it was decided to hold practices every Saturday afternoon at 2.30 p.m., weather permitting.

On the 12th, the first practice was held, and, wonderful to relate, everyone was present and was punctual. This punctuality augurs well for the future of the team and we hope it will continue. The game was well played: the smaller girls especially showing plenty of pluck and determination in tackling the ball.

On the 19th and 26th, practice games were again held, all playing exceedingly well. At each practice, Miss John and Miss Landon, or Miss Holmes have been present. We are glad to see the teachers interesting themselves in the Club, and much appreciate their kindness in giving up their time to the team.

On the 23rd, another meeting was held, Miss John again presiding. Miss Landon was appointed to have the custody of the flags. Rules were formed and read out to the members. It was decided also to continue practices till about the end of March.

G.O. (VI).

## "IDIOMS."

Words and phrases cannot be dealt with like mathematical formulæ. We have, by this time, met with peculiarities in construction in the French language known as idioms, but



have we thought seriously of the idioms in which our English language is so rich. These undoubtedly form a stumbling-block to the foreign student in his attempt to acquire fluency and correctness in the use of our tongue.

Thus he finds he can 'pick a quarrel,' but not a fight; that a mob of excited men may 'run riot,' but not gallop; 'and why,' he asks, 'do the firemen play on the flames,' when all the time they are working their hardest; or why should one in rushing out of the house fall 'head over heels' and not heels over head? How does a man 'catch fever,' when he strives his utmost to avoid it? It is all so very bewildering, and when he is told that it is possible to 'go without' one's dinner, to 'go halves' in a speculation; that a man who leaves his country 'goes abroad'; that one who makes much advance 'goes ahead'; that a true friend never 'goes back on his word'; that a doubtful story will not 'go down' with the public; that unless he 'goes the whole hog' all his trouble will 'go for nothing'; that as the 'world goes' now the incapable man must 'go to the wall'; that a man who 'goes the pace' as his friend is doing will surely 'go to the dogs,' while his property 'goes to rack and ruin'; the study of the language 'goes against the grain,' and he almost thinks he is 'going mad.'

Learning off by heart a list of idiomatic phrases is generally worse than useless; the mind has nothing to associate with them, and the most ludicrous combinations are the result. For instance, a foreigner, asked by his friends to accompany them to the theatre, excused himself, saying that he had to "go home and fry some fish"—meaning that he had "other fish to fry." An accurate knowledge of the idiomatic peculiarities of English can be acquired only by long experience in hearing, reading and writing the language.

"A SAXON."

#### MISCELLANEA.

Some of our budding parliamentarians are quite modest. This is how one began his speech: "Mr. Chairman, I'm not an orator."

—Is it true that to belong to the Territorials exempts from home lessons while it still allows a member to draw a salary?

"How to join the ranks" (by B-n-m), is the title of what promises to be the most successful book yet published by a London firm.

Teacher: Tommy, if your father gave your mother 20/- on Monday, 10/- on Tuesday, and 7/6 on Wednesday, what would she have? Tommy: A fit, sir!

Q: What is a quadruped. A: A four-sided figure, sir.