

LIVERPOOL
INSTITUTE SCHOOLS
MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. No. 7.

JULY, 1890.

PRICE 1D.

LAST month's issue, we are glad to say, proved a success in a pecuniary sense, and we should like this month to realise a sale beyond that remembered in the *Magazine's* history, and thus end the half-year with a good record.

Among other changes which have taken place during the month, is one which we are sure all will regret—the resignation of Mr. Kennedy, who for a very long period has laboured incessantly in the High School.

There is another matter for regret which we have to mention, namely :—that, while all the clubs and societies seem to be a success, those who take an interest in the game of Cricket still lie remain inactive. Recent institutions, like the Cycling and Rambling Clubs hold out, and why should not a game possessing so many advantages as this still keep its place among the sports of the Liverpool Institute?

Although the Oxford Examination draws very near, yet this circumstance does not affect the lower forms, except in the respect that the Midsummer holidays follow close upon that event.

There has lately been introduced into the School a Song-book, which, although small, calls for special commendation, because of the taste pretty generally displayed in the selection of its parts. This is the joy of the lower forms, and we may expect to hear, on the remaining Thursday afternoons that must clapse between this and the vacation, the silvery tones of the “under fifteen's” proceeding from the lower regions. This may sound rather paradoxical, yet it is not so. Soon the Liverpool

Institute may be able to boast, not only of the accomplished scholars which it has produced, but also of the musical talent it has fostered.

The London Matriculation is now a thing of the past, and those youths who were in, will, no doubt, be rather glad they have no more "grinding" to do; probably they will spend the remaining three weeks in consoling those who are "stewing" for the Oxford Local.

Correspondence, we are glad to state, seems to be on the increase, and we have received some letters this month which show that there are some who take a lively interest in the *Magazine*. Owing to the fact that only a definite portion of the paper is devoted to this, we are prevented from publishing all communications.

Readers will notice this month there is another change in the editorship, Wolde resigning, owing to having been elected Secretary of the Debating Society—a position formerly occupied with much ability by Long.

Should the sale of this month's *Magazine* come up to our expectations, we shall probably be enabled to enlarge the number of its pages. We most heartily thank those Masters who so vigorously prosecuted its sale last month.

J. B. DALE, } EDITORS.
H. C. HILTON, }

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

OUR last number has been very variously criticised. One of our schoolfellows was good enough to tell us that he had never seen a worse one, while another congratulated us on having turned out the best copy of the *Magazine* he had yet had the opportunity of reading. But perhaps the most gratifying and practical criticism was that of the school as a whole—we mean the sale of the entire number of copies ordered and the subsequent satisfactory balance. As one of us vacates the editorial chair, we fear permanently, the above facts are eminently pleasing to him, showing, as they do, that during his editorship, the *Magazine* has not proved an entire failure. He wishes, we may say, heartily to thank all contributors for their generous support and kindly consideration of his colleagues and himself, and to assure everyone that he resigns his present position only under the belief that he ought to devote his services to the older institution—the Debating Society.

PHOTOGRAPHY is, indeed, a fine art, and we never realised it as fully as when, seated with our schoolfellows, we were engaged in a truly fearful attempt to wreathe our features into a deprecatory and virtuous smile. Whether our efforts have met with their due reward is a matter for the dim and distant future. (We say distant advisedly; it invariably is distant where photographs are concerned). We can imagine with what glee some junior member of the school will take home his copy

to a fond parent and point out himself and his companions. "Yes, that's me, and that's Tommy Jones. Doesn't he look as if he'd swallowed a poker? And that's Mr. X. How do you like his gown?" etc., and so on *ad lib*. We saw the photograph of a group of schoolboys the other day, taken by a well-known Bold Street artist, and if ours turns out anything like, we shall have much cause for congratulation.

FROM photography to the sun seems a not altogether unnatural transition, and the excitement prevalent at the time of the partial eclipse was only second to that occasioned by the photographing of the school. To judge by many remarks heard as we passed to school that morning, the phenomenon is but imperfectly understood. But the following, made as I was passing the Commercial School yard, is perhaps the most delicious of any. "Hey, Joney, there's a big lump cut out of the sun!" "Joney's" subsequent rejoinder is lost to posterity, and we still ponder the remark deeply, wondering whether it were meant as a joke.

It is wonderful how a slight knowledge of the English language serves to create an interest in that people and its peculiarities. This seems to be more manifest in the case of Frenchmen. Some of them are fond of collecting proverbs, and among the manuscripts of one lately departed was found scribbled on a bit of dirty paper, "Pas d'elle yeux Rhone que nous." He evidently hadn't paddled his properly, or else he would not have been so easily stranded.

The intelligence of boys seems to outrival all the other gifts with which they are endowed. No science, now, seems to present the slightest difficulty to their sensitive faculties. Forces in mechanics are discussed as familiarly as foot-ball matches, and things which before presented insurmountable obstacles outside the merely scientific reasoning, are discussed in every-day terms. A short time ago an instance of boyish sagacity occurred in the Commercial School. The question was put, "As to the forces which acted on a man other than his weight." The ready rejoinder of one hapless youth was, "Vital force." I leave the reader to imagine the consternation of the learned assembly.

THE announcement of Mr. Kennedy's resignation has been received with feelings of surprise and general regret. We, of the upper form, had thought that changes were over for the present, at least; but we find that the removal of landmarks (if we may use the term) begun by Mr. Wright, last summer, and continued by Mr. Sephton, at Christmas, has been completed by Mr. Kennedy. He has been at the Institute as classical master longer than Mr. Sephton was, and has striven to instil the study of classics into the minds of at least a generation. On his retirement the School will lose one who has ever been jealous of his reputation, the boys a master, and many of us a friend. More than one boy has in after years, at college, done credit to his teaching, and Mr. Kennedy will, we hope, yet see more than one classical scholar win honours, the basis of whose knowledge has been laid by him. He leaves us with the affectionate esteem of all whose esteem is worth having, and we heartily wish him, in the retirement he now seeks, that rest and leisure for enjoyment which he has earned so nobly among us.

WE were present at the Liverpool College Athletic Sports, held on that school's ground, at Fairfield, on Saturday, June 14th. We, of course, mentally compared them with our own. Making due allowance for inexperience, etc., we think that the Liverpool Institute may compare favourably with the College. Their ground is not so well adapted for seeing as ours, and, as a ground only, ours was undoubtedly the better. The events also did not come off with that rapidity which was so marked a feature of our own sports. The racing was throughout, however, good, but if the figures of the mile race were correct (which we doubt), we beat them easily; Bredins 5 mins. 2 secs. looking well against Todd's (we believe that is his name; apologies, of course, if incorrect) 5-54. The 1000 yards steeplechase, with a dirty pond to fall into at the finish, might well be dispensed with. It may be excruciatingly funny for a fellow to be wet to the skin with

muddy water, but we incline to the belief that the joke has its drawbacks. We may be mistaken, and the feeling is perhaps most delightful; at anyrate, the joke is more keenly appreciated by the spectators than by the competitors.

A GENUINE TIGER STORY.

A COUPLE OF PAGES FROM MY DIARY.

EARLY this morning the alarming cry of "Tiger!" "Tiger!" was raised in that part of the quiet town of Jamalpur, in Mymensing, where the officials of the Local Government Courts chiefly dwell. The dreadful news spread like wild-fire, and men rushed in hundreds in the direction of the cries. It was soon discovered that a tiger had been actually seen in a garden at the rear of a house. His presence there had been discovered by a woman who had gone to the garden to collect some vegetables. As she approached the spot where the tiger lay concealed under some shrubbery, the animal gave a loud growl and was about to spring upon her. She took fright, and fled into the house for safety. There she told the male members of the house about the terrible intruder, but they would not believe her and made merry at the poor woman's story, saying that it must be either a jackal or a hog that had terrified her. Meanwhile another woman had gone to the same spot for a similar purpose, and this time the tiger did not miss his prey. As soon as she came within reach he sprang upon her from behind, and with his paw tore her dress to pieces. The shriek of the woman as she fell struck the ears of the men who were teasing the other woman in the house and laughing at her fright. It put a stop to their merriment, and, arming themselves with lathies (thick sticks), they rushed to the rescue. Seeing them advance, the tiger let go his hold and beat a retreat. The woman, on being examined, was found to have been slightly hurt on the back and on the right wrist. She was immediately taken to the local dispensary for treatment.

As things looked rather serious a man was despatched to report the matter to the Sub-Divisional Officer and procure assistance. After a lapse of about half-an-hour three sturdy "bobbies" belonging to his Worship's staff appeared on the scene, armed with rifles. The pursuit then commenced in earnest. After searching in vain for twenty minutes, two shots were fired in order to terrify the beast out of its hiding-place. The stratagem proved successful. The animal leapt out right on to the "executant of the law" nearest him and struck him a blow in the face. The other pursuers came to the man's rescue, and the brute a second time slunk away. It was hotly pursued by a crowd led on by the "bobbies," and the terrified beast fled fast. The pursuers every moment gained ground on him, till at last it seemed as if the tiger would stand at bay, as in front of him there was a low hedge of thorns and brambles bordering the main road. But he was not to be caught so easily. He leapt over the first clump of shrubbery, crossed the second, and took

shelter in the third. For some time the pursuers lost sight of him, but they soon discovered that he had crouched in the corner of the porter's lodge of a bungalow. This lodge had two doors, facing north and south. One of the "officers" approached the northern door to ascertain the animal's position, when suddenly it bounded towards him with a fierce growl. Taken unawares, he stepped back a pace or two, and the beast fled towards the southern outlet, and thence through the verandah towards the door of the main building. The housekeeper, who, keeping the door slightly open, looking through the chink at what was going on outside, and not relishing the idea of entertaining such a fierce guest, slammed the door in his face, and chained it inside. The tiger rushed at the door, using his head as a battering ram; but another growl of rage showed he had done more harm to himself than to the door, and tried no more to force his exit that way. Turning round, he got into an out-house, which was used as a cow-shed. Here were two young calves, each fastened with a string in a corner, but the tiger passed without notice, and concealed himself close by them. Meanwhile, an old woman whom the tiger in his fright had not noticed, climbed up into the loft and commenced throwing down on him some heavy logs of wood which were lying about. The animal did not approve of this, and apparently unable to discover who was attacking him, fled to the garden behind the house. His pursuers now did their work in right earnest, and the creature was laid low by a bullet from one of the policemen.

AHMUD MOHUMMUD.

SWIMMING CLUB (COMMERCIAL).

THE Commercial Swimming Club has attained a very high standard of perfection, and its numbers are steadily increasing. Practices have taken place at regular intervals, and a large number of boys have been present at each. The result of this is, that the Club now boasts of having added fifty more swimmers to its all-ready lengthy list since April. Competitors for medals will have to be getting their muscles in order if they intend running away with anything. Of course the practices with the dummy will always continue to be a source of excitement, as the Humane Society's medal is one which is to be coveted.

RAMBLING CLUB.

JUNE 11TH.—A pass having been obtained through the kindness of Mr. A. J. Reed to go through the Liverpool Gasworks, we left Tithebarn Street Station by the 1-40 train, arriving at Linares about 1-55. At the works we were most cordially received by Mr. Eastwood, the superintendent, who was extremely obliging. Calls of business, however, prevented his accompanying us, and Mr. Haines was deputed to take us round. This gentleman instructed us very fully in all the intricacies of the manufactory. After a short visit to the Leeds and Liverpool Canal we returned by the 4-30 train.

CYCLING CLUB.

THIS club is in a very flourishing condition, the membership being, at present, 29. On Wednesday, June 4th, a large party visited Burton Woods, under the charge of Mr. W. J. Reed. The day was everything that could be wished, and, after wandering through the woods, a pleasant and substantial tea was partaken of in the grounds of the Mill Farm. It is needless to remark that on the homeward run the machines were well garnished with flowers, and that everybody arrived home thoroughly delighted with the day's proceedings. Messrs. Bickerstaffe and Bailey were present as visitors.

It is to be hoped that all the club members will unite in making the visit to the interesting old town of Ormskirk, on July 16th, as successful as that to Burton.

During the coming holidays our silver and blue badges will, no doubt, be seen all over the country, and form another ornament and credit to the good old school.

The club has been photographed by Messrs. Brown, Barnes and Bell. Any outsider who may wish to obtain a copy, can do so by giving his name in to Mr. W. J. Reed, at an early date.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE Choral Society has met regularly during the month, and the attendance has been very satisfactory. "The Lay of the Bell," on account of its great length, has been put aside for the present, and three of Mendelssohn's four-part songs—"Departure," "The Nightingale," and "The Vale of Rest," have been taken in hand. Each of the above pieces is simple, but when properly rendered are very beautiful.

It is hoped that each member will make an effort to be present at every rehearsal during the month of July. Rehearsals Tuesdays and Fridays at 4-30.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

UNDER Mr. Bulmer's untiring efforts this Society has made great progress, and is at last playing together in something like style, though there are some who, growing tired of their work, or possessing a half-hearted interest therein, are more a hindrance than a help. Such members, of course, can be well spared; indeed it were better had they never joined at all. Altogether the Society has every prospect of being very flourishing, and is decidedly the best of the sort in the School. Before the holidays it is hoped to have an open rehearsal, and with this object in view practice is kept up twice, instead of once, a week.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*.

DEAR SIRS,—Just a line in reference to your report of the Orchestral Society's proceedings, in your last issue. Therein you say: "Cannot we have some more members from the High School instead of making it almost a Commercial Society?" Now, as a matter of fact, we are as much a "High Society" as a "Commercial Society." At present we number 18, or, taking away the drones and deadheads (and I blush to say these are all *double-ringers*) we have 15 active or working members who are endeavouring to *scrape together* a musical reputation for this great Institute. Of these, six are "High" and nine are "Commercial," so that when *numbers* are considered, the society receives *more* support from the High than from the Commercial School.

And now, a word on another subject. There is a good deal of heavy work in connection with the society, and, in this, I could be very greatly relieved by the help of one or two *strong* instrumentalists upon whom I could rely to lead their parts. If, therefore, we have in the School sufficient musical talent to supply this

want, I hope it will be soon forthcoming, for I am sure this is not the *least* deserving of the many Institute Societies.

Finally, on behalf of the members, let me thank Mr. Hughes and all those masters who have so generously contributed towards the society's expenses.—
Yours truly,
J. F. BULMER.

To the Editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,—To those of us in the upper forms (and more particularly in the Sixth), who really care for the welfare of our School, the coming term will be an anxiety. But it is not about the School work I wish to write about especially, it is about the Debating Society. Long has occupied the really responsible position of Secretary for two sessions with ability and discretion. Whether the newly-elected Secretary will prove himself worthy of his post remains to be seen; if he does so, well and good; but let everyone recollect that one good Secretary, although backed up by as good officers as last year, does not make a good Society. Last session was a prosperous one. The next may be made equally prosperous—Firstly: By those who were actual members last time remaining so and attending regularly. Secondly: By all those who enter the Sixth Form after Midsummer joining the Society. Thirdly: By some of the Upper Fifth Form, High School, and First Form, Commercial, also becoming members. Lastly and most important: By every member doing his utmost, in every way, to maintain a high standard of excellence in the Society, and to raise its tone.

I close with a brief extract from the Secretary's (C. V. H. Millard's) report at the close of the second session:—"If we are to be a prospering Society, each individual member must recognise his responsibility as such, and must put on more life, energy, and enthusiasm, so as to make the L.I.L.D.S. what it was intended to be, namely, a lively and pleasant source of intellectual recreation."

These remarks, though made some time ago, are, I think, particularly applicable to the present state of affairs. There is, however, no occasion for despair or anxiety if only members will work in the spirit of the above words, and have sufficient *esprit de corps* and loyalty to look upon the continued prosperity of the Society as "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

With apologies for trespassing on your valuable space,
I am, gentlemen, yours sincerely,

ONE WHO HAS THE SOCIETY'S WELFARE ENTIRELY AT HEART.

To the Editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,—There is a remark occurring in the pages of your magazine of last month, which is the source of considerable pain and regret to me. I refer to the "Chat on the Corridor," in which there is a most insinuating and false assertion. The laboratory towel has been abused! But, further, abused in the worst terms, namely: on the score of uncleanness. Now, since "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," I must say this seems a most dreadful thing to insinuate. Not only this, but I and the laboratory towel have been friends many a long year, and to hear anyone's friend abused in such vulgar and commonplace terms is most ———. Bah! I refrain from expressing the idea; I shrink from the mere whispered proposal to embody such thought in writing. I have (I am proud to own it) more respect for my friend Mrs. SH₂ Bottle. It does seem a great shame that one of such extraordinary usefulness, and one whose loss at any time would be irreparable, should be mentioned in such deplorable terms. My friend, Mrs. SH₂ Bottle, together with her grandmother, Mrs. PH₃, and her son-in-law, Master CS₂, quite concur with my views, and beg leave to unite with me in assuring you that if the editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine* don't live to regret the admission of such a dreadful libel in the pages of their magazine, it will not be through any lack of diligence on our part.

Apologising for thus trespassing in the sacred pages of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*,—Believe me, yours, from the odoriferous regions,

"THE LABORATORY PEN."

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I noticed with great pleasure that a correspondent was agitating in your last issue for the formation of a school gymnasium. It is a sign of the times. We are beginning to recognise that physical and mental education should go hand in hand. Why should all our educational system be devoted to the training of the mind, and that of the body be left to chance? We are very proud of the motto—"Mens sana in corpore sano," but why don't we act upon it? It is quite time that the school authorities woke up to the consideration of this vital point. At present, boys go to school and sit still all day, and then come home only to work all evening. The parents glory in their hard-working sons, little thinking of the grievous consequences which this reckless disregard of the common physiological necessities of the body will entail in after years to the destruction of both mind and body. And the remedy is so simple. Lessen the hours of mental work and couple with it some sound physical training. Let the school hours be from 9 to 12.30, and from 2 to 4.30, three hours' work in the morning and two in the afternoon, the intervals of 10 minutes in the morning, and 15 minutes in the afternoon to be devoted to physical recreation. It would soon be found that the increased aptitude of the pupils would more than make up for the lost time spent in mental work. At anyrate, some such reform is bound to come before long, and the more it is opposed the more drastic it will be when it does come.—Yours, etc.,

"THRUDO MEDICINALIS."

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN.—Of all the reforms which have been inaugurated since Christmas that of the School Cap is the most important. Several so-called patriotic Old Boys have been criticising it extremely freely, and also in a rather unfair manner. The reason why most of them find fault with it is very obvious, though I must say I never thought so many Old Institute Boys had become hatters. The hat is not perfect—nothing is in this world, but considering the difficulties under which such a selection is conducted, it is a very creditable choice. All the onus of its bad points lies on those members of the sixth form who helped to select it. It should be remembered that the two chief desiderata were that it should be conspicuous and unique. Every one agrees it is both of these. There are three points, however, in which it needs reform badly. The blue should have been much darker in colour, it should have been stitched more firmly together, and, lastly, it should have been made of cloth. It would not, however, be difficult to put the hat right in these three particulars, and it would then be almost perfection.

Of course, a gentleman who is so full of red Indians that he can only see in it a resemblance to a half-scalped backwoodsman cannot be expected to see any good in it. Most ships have a red water-line round them, but I never could see any half-scalpedness about them. Next time I meet any Institute buoy—Eh! What? Oh! boy I mean, of course—or large steamship, I shall haul out my double-barrelled million horse-power magnifying-glass and look for that half-scalpedness, and when I find it (for, of course, it must be there) I shall write a paper for our Debating Society on it.

The same gentleman, I believe, says that the sight of that horrid hat gave a severe shock to his artistic susceptibilities. Indeed! Now, I never like to be personal, but I am a very good guesser, and the temptation is irresistible; so I will inform him that in my humble opinion a bright red tie, faced with gold, and spotted with blue and green, is far more shocking to artistic feelings than "that horrid hat."—Yours, etc.,

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"