

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. No. 8.

JUNE, 1893.

Siam and the Siamese.

OUTSIDE official circles, where it is necessary to know something of all parts of the world, there is perhaps a greater dearth of knowledge in England concerning Siam than any other country. The number of people who find their way here on business or on pleasure bent is very limited indeed. Situated off the track of general traffic from the Straits to China, Bangkok is merely a name to many living even so near at hand as Singapore, where one can get into the centre of Eastern commercial life in something like four or five days. Not that Bangkok is without trade, far from it, but its exports find their way mainly to ports in China and the Straits, and Europe has only to thank it for teak-wood, the importance of which is much diminishing as iron enters more and more into shipbuilding.

Bangkok itself has not inaptly been styled the "Venice of the East"—a title it owes to its large floating population, to its important waterways, and to its boats which are propelled in a manner similar to the Venetian gondola. It is a city of pagodas and spires, but so flat that it is impossible, save from one spot, to obtain a satisfactory view of the town as a whole. The country around is flat too, and is either paddy land or dense jungle. Up to the present all, or nearly all, inland communication has been carried on by water, but now a railway is being built which will greatly open out the country. The Siamese are some of the most charming people in the world. Courteous and attentive, they form a living reproach to many European nations much farther advanced in the scale of civilization. Very picturesque the streets look with their crowds of gaily attired natives. The national dress is a *panoong* for both sexes, a sort of big long cloth worn something in the manner of knickerbockers. The women wear an upper breast cloth as well, but

the men of any save the higher classes have nothing above the waist. Many carry long silk or cotton cloths of many colours coquettishly slung over their shoulders. One of the most prominent characteristics of the people is a great and almost insatiable love of shows and pageants, which is constantly breaking forth into display of all sorts—religious ceremonies, social festivities and the like. Although Siam is so little known and understood by Europeans, as a whole the small colony here consists of nearly every white nationality, and there are in the country even a greater number of Asiatics of every class, race and creed. Life is very different from the hard struggle at home. In a tropical climate, where rice grows almost spontaneously, and houses cost nothing, and where tailors are unknown, a man may live for a mere nothing, and the not unnatural result is that the Siamese shrink from all hard work, and do as little of it as they possibly can. They are fond of play, and have a game of football which is very popular, but entirely different from and much less hard work than our English game. Two common sayings illustrate the Siamese character admirably, and they are in everybody's mouth—"Wait a little," and "Never mind." There are a great number of men in Siam, however, who are fully impressed with the importance of doing something to stir up the latent energies of their fellow countrymen, and within the last few years a very great stride has been made. Numbers of clever young Siamese—and there are many such—are being, and have been sent to Europe to be educated in England or Germany, especially that they may return to their own land and take such post in the government service as their education may have prepared them for. This move, and who can doubt that it is in the right direction, is largely due to the exertions of his Majesty the King, of whom all Siamese are justly proud. It is a strange and interesting sight to see the priests soon after day-break going round to get their food for the day from the people. Freely and without price it is given, for they "make merit" by bestowing gifts on the priests. The priests themselves are clad in orange robes, and are very numerous. Indeed, all men are priests at some time of their lives, generally immediately after their hair-cutting, a ceremony which takes place when they are about 13 years of age. The love of show which characterizes the people finds constant vent in personal adornment, and many a poor coolie whose daily bread is precarious wears a number of valuable rings of all sorts. But, perhaps, the chiefest centre of interest in Bangkok is on the river, which is lined for miles with house-boats and floating houses, shops and the like. We see fine trading vessels lying at anchor off the quays, generally a number of ships of war off the palace landing stage, and hundreds and thousands of steam launches, big boats and little boats, boats rowed by men, boats rowed by women, and boats rowed by children often little more than babies. Markets for fruits and vegetables are held on the river, and largely attended; ferries are constantly plying to and fro; and the hoarse cry of the itinerant Chinese vendor of cakes and curries mingles with the merry infectious laugh of the Siamese

women. Ceremonies on the water are much more imposing and striking than similar functions on land, and we constantly see something of this sort. Until quite lately, all Siamese were amphibious, and though railways and roads will do much to alter this, all Siamese are good natural swimmers and can manage a boat most drolly. Much there is to interest, much to surprise, and much to remain as a pleasant memory in a visit to Siam—Siam the land of the elephant and the temple—the mangosteen and the mango—the lotus, and also—the mosquito.

The Literary and Debating Society's Entertainment.

THE Sixth Annual Entertainment of the Literary and Debating Society, on Wednesday, May 3rd, turned out the great success that we are always accustomed to expect from anything arranged or conducted by Mr. Book. A musical programme came first, and here the services of Mr. G. F. Mason, an old Institute boy, were pre-eminent, for he not only played solos on the piano and gave one of Grossmith's musical sketches, but played also the accompaniments throughout. The audience who heard and applauded him will be pleased to know that Mr. Mason has it in his mind to write us a school song as soon appropriate words are forthcoming. Mr. Adolf Vaethe played well-known and much appreciated violin pieces, and Miss Fanny Bouffleur created universal enthusiasm by her singing. In fact, although the rule of "no encores" was laid down at the beginning of the concert, the audience pleasantly but firmly insisted on breaking through the rule after Miss Bouffleur had sung Bishop's song, "Love has eyes." Of Mr. Book it is not necessary to speak. At the Institute he is always a welcome performer, and the audience showed their feelings towards him at the end of the evening, when a gigantic Mr. Book smiled upon them from the screen and was met with tumultuous cheering.

This was effected by the kindness and generosity of Mr. J. Brett Brown, who himself conducted the second part of the entertainment by means of his lantern and slides.

Starting from the Institute itself, he took us a long journey, showed us the steamer he went in (nothing less than the *Campania* will satisfy us in future), and his travelling companions, and then all the beautiful scenes of Gibraltar, Malta, Italy, &c., through which he had passed. It was a most wonderful show in which there was something new to see every minute. As a lecturer, Mr. Brown is very retiring. He is evidently not over fond of the sound of his own voice, for he gave us a monstrous deal of pictures to a mere pennyworth of lecture. But perhaps in so doing he gauged his audience accurately. We get enough geography lessons in school.

The audience, the Debating Society, and the *Magazine*, for whose benefit the entertainment was held, owe Mr. Brown and the musical artistes a great debt of gratitude.

Chat on the Corridor.

THE Entertainment which took place on Wednesday, May 3rd, resulted in a profit, after all expenses had been paid, of £7, which will, we hope, shortly be handed over to us to help to defray our debt. The fact that the entertainment took place so late in the Spring no doubt made the number present much smaller than might have been expected. Still the audience was very fair in point of number, and thoroughly appreciative of the entertainment, as will be seen by the report which appears elsewhere.

As we said last month, we must express our thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who gave their services.

The circulation of the *Magazine* last month showed a very great decrease from that of the preceding month. The circulation in the School was only about 350. Did those boys who did not buy a copy imagine that the entertainment would make the *Magazine* a millionaire, so to speak? Perhaps, however, the sports absorbed their pocket-money, and the *Magazine* was ignored on that account. If it was so, then let each one of those who did not buy a copy last month remember that he can obtain one yet, and also let him take care to buy one this month. The profit on the March issue raised hopes in us of paying off our debt, which have since been almost shattered by the decrease in April and the great fall in May.

"Although it is now nearly twelve months since I had the honour of attending the Liverpool Institute, I have in my possession every *Magazine* since published, for I take a great interest in all the proceedings of the School." This is an extract from a letter which we have recently received from one of the boys who left the First Class of the Commercial School last midsummer. We commend it to the notice of the present members of that class.

The hope expressed by one contributor last month as to the formation of a Photographic Society in the School has been quickly realised. As will be seen from our Club Reports, the Society shows promise of being a great success, for not only are there a good many boys in the School who are devotees of the camera, but several masters also are enthusiastic photographers.

The letter signed "X Y Z" certainly throws a damper on the Reading-room proposal, but the difficulties there mentioned, though

certainly great, are not insuperable. Perhaps if we were to admit some of those "frivolous" Magazines to which our correspondent "Z Y X" has such an antipathy, as well as the more sober periodicals for which he apparently has so much regard, we might secure a very large number of subscribers. The point of view from which we considered the matter last month is also still to be regarded. The Magazines of other schools, if kept in this room, would be in a very much better condition than they are now, and they would not be so apt to get lost for a week or so as they are at present.

We would like to remind some members of the school that the *Magazine* is not a daily newspaper, for they seem to think that we, like those publications, can receive matter for insertion almost on the day before the *Magazine* is published. When we put a notice on the board that we wish the reports to be sent in on a certain date, it does not mean that we would not mind receiving them on that day, but that any other time after that is too late.

The Cricket Club in the Junior Department of the Commercial School has again been started. The number of Members so far is only twenty, and a great increase upon this should be made. The subscription is merely nominal, and all inducements to join are offered. It should be remembered that by constant practice among the juniors, the foundations of a good cricket team in a few years are laid.

W. N. Fraser, who left the school some time ago, has been elected to the Morris Ranger Scholarship at University College, Liverpool.

Mr. A. F. Fryer, B.Sc., A.I.C., of University College, and an old boy of the Liverpool Institute, has been appointed Science Master to the Grey Institute, a large school in Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. It will be remembered that he gained the Sheridan Muspratt Scholarship to University College, and last year took his B.Sc. (Victoria) degree with First-class Honours in Chemistry, being elected to the Mercer Science Scholarship in consequence. He sails for the Cape about the 24th of June. We are sure that in taking up this appointment at such a distance from Liverpool he will carry with him the good wishes of all who knew him during his school and college career.

At the memorial service to the late Lord Derby, held in the Pro-Cathedral, Mr. A. M. Ker, an old boy of the school, was selected to represent the Athletics of University College.

The Higher Chess.

But the warriors brown and black
Suffer no man to be slack;
And the warriors black and brown
Never flatter, never frown.
Slow but certain retribution
Waits on feeble evolution;
Blunder early, blunder late,
Pluck nor luck averts your fate.
After-play immaculate
Serves but to enhance the mate.

Doggerel Dicta of Fabius Dawson

I HAVE just been checkmated by Dawson, who has gone home with a smile all over him. I'm not annoyed at losing the game. Steinitz himself is beaten sometimes. What annoys me is Dawson's manner. If I could play him with a curtain between us, or if he would be so good as to hold his tongue while he is playing, I shouldn't mind in the least. But the fact is, Dawson has no manners worth speaking of, and irritates me beyond endurance by the stupid remarks he makes. To-night, for instance, I held a winning position almost to the end. The last move I made was to capture his Queen, leaving my Rook to be taken in exchange. Unfortunately I had forgotten to move my Knight's Pawn (a safety move I had been contemplating for half-an-hour), and he swooped down with his Rook and mated me. "Very pretty mate, I call that," he sniggered; "I thought you'd jump at the Queen. I had been waiting for you to move that Rook." Of course he hadn't been waiting for anything of the kind, and only saw the silly commonplace mate at the last moment—but you can't argue with Dawson. I contented myself with saying that the game was obviously mine except for the slip at the last. He said he wasn't sure about that, but that I had certainly played better after he had let me take my Knight back. That's Dawson all over. He can't play honourably without praising himself afterwards. It is true that I had taken my finger off that wretched Knight, but it was he who suggested that I should put it back into safety. "Check," I had said. "Do you mean it," he enquired. "Certainly," I replied without a moment's hesitation, as he was bound to move his King. "Oh, very well," he said; "I suppose there's something beyond me in all this, but I'll risk it." And he forthwith took the Knight with a miserable little Pawn. I hadn't noticed the Pawn, and I told him so. He laughed emptily, but said I'd better try again, as he didn't like to win by flukes. Flukes, indeed! I wonder what he called the mate with the Rook!

I have played with Dawson every other night for nearly four years, but he is always the same—always patronising, offensively patronising. He has certainly won a majority of the games. I admit that. But winning games is scarcely a proof of brilliant

play, as I have told him more than once. Dawson says he doesn't like brilliant play, and that he prefers to win; but that, I think, is a low ideal. I like to win games of course, especially when I have been on the verge of losing. It is so satisfactory when you are almost done for, and when the board is clear, suddenly to see an opening for your last Rook, or a pretty fork with your only Knight. Such endings may not have the beautiful intricacy of middle-game mates, but they are exquisitely neat and simple. It is certainly pleasant to win games, but not when you win them as Dawson does, aimlessly, accidentally. The highest gratification should be the consciousness that you have had before you a great scheme and carefully followed it out. Dawson plays a penny-wise game of trying to win Pawns, and of exchanging his Knights for my Rooks—a low commercial instinct, which Dawson and his friends call sound play. Dawson is a cotton broker.

My system is based more upon the imagination. It is patient and philosophic withal. I never try to do things in a hurry. I play the opening very cautiously. Every moved Pawn is protected by two pieces, sometimes three if there is time. I castle early so as to feel safe, and then I wait for enlightenment. Sometimes it comes just after castling, sometimes not till the twentieth move, sometimes it is Dawson who is enlightened. Occasionally I play in the dark to the end. I do not know how to describe the sensation which enlightenment brings. Suddenly, after I have been groping about on the defensive, a magnificent vista opens before me on the board. Generally there is an ideal mate at the end; at other times the certain capture of Dawson's Queen; now and then, nothing better than the winning of the exchange with subsequent possibilities. A player of fewer experiences would be dazzled at the prospect. But I take time to consider. I go over all the moves (sometimes as many as five) three times in my head. That is to make sure. It would be an advantage to go over Dawson's as well, no doubt, but you can never tell what he will do. His play is so erratic, so haphazard. He can be depended upon to jump at any piece I may elect to sacrifice, and to shrug his shoulders. That is all you can ever predict about *his* line of play. Of course it takes time to go over your moves three times, especially when your opponent objects to your fingering the board; and Dawson, as often as not, picks up the paper while I am considering and rustles it purposely. This is very bad form, but I really think he knows no better, and I don't like to hurt his feelings by mentioning it. It is extremely annoying, though, and I would put the newspaper out of sight, except that he would immediately pounce upon my copy of *Punch*, which is always at my elbow when I play with Dawson. When he is losing, his play is terribly slow and laboured, and I really have to read something to keep awake.

Having, then, made quite sure of my ground, I make the initial move in my great scheme. (Some of my games I have taken the trouble to record. They are not the best games. It never occurs to me to record these until too late. In those that are recorded I

have placed opposite these initial moves, "*The beginning of a beautiful combination,*" or "*Here White laid the foundation of a won game;*" or, "*The baiting of a most ingenious trap, for falling into which Black may well be excused,*" and so on. The comments are written in shorthand, for fear people should think me conceited. It is impossible to say what this initial move may be. The variety is endless. The unexpected advance of a Pawn, the crafty stationing of a Bishop behind a Knight, the open and more perilous sally of the Queen, or the sacrifice of a minor piece—these are some of the germs of victory. One especial favourite may be mentioned—the taking of Dawson's Rook's Pawn, after he has castled, with a Bishop. He is safe to snap it up with his King, and then my batteries are unmasked indeed. At least I try my best to unmask them, but you've really no idea how difficult it is at times. The Queen is easy enough, and so is the Bishop, but the Knight takes a long time to get across the board, and the Rook is often a most obstinate mule. I don't say anything against him. He is magnificent when Dawson has taken the right Pawns. Then nothing can stop him. But as ill-luck has it, Dawson generally busies himself with the centre Pawns, and it takes me as many as five moves, as often as not, to get him into action. In the meantime Dawson has also made five moves, with Knights and other things, and my attack is checked. Knights, by the way, are splendidly agile. It is really astonishing how quickly they can be got round to defend any position.

I made rather a neat joke about Rooks the other day. It came to me quite suddenly as I was trying to make one emerge. I forget how I put the conundrum to Dawson, but I remember the answer was, "Because you can't make them fly." Dawson said he was not so easily amused as Mr. Peter Magnus' friends. While I was trying to make him see the joke, he said inanely, that you "could scarcely expect Castles to fly," and guffawed and shook himself in so ill-bred a manner that the men were upset.

I have already told you that Dawson has won a majority of the games we have played. In justice to Dawson, I ought perhaps also to tell you that he has won all the games we have finished, except one. This he had clearly lost, but in order to make certain of victory, I queened two Pawns at the end, when I only needed one. Dawson was so unnerved at my success that he began to play in the most suicidal fashion. He allowed me to take a Knight and a Bishop for nothing, and fairly threw his Pawns away. To humour him I took every Pawn and piece he had. As I took his last Pawn, I really couldn't help a little chuckle, his defeat was so overwhelming. "What are you going to do now," I said pleasantly. He bent his head over the board for a moment, and then grinned idiotically. "Why it's check," he said. "Yes," I said simply, "wherever you go." I showed him the details of the ending with the two Queens. "That's just it," he grinned again, "it's check wherever I go, and therefore the game is drawn." Dawson says he played for the stale-mate. Dawson's imagination never begins to act until the game is over.

You will have gathered from what I have said that my won games have all been unfinished. It's a most extraordinary thing that Dawson can't play at a reasonable rate when I am winning. Any ordinary player would resign when he saw the fight was hopeless. Dawson not only doesn't resign, but throws out hints, as the men are going into the box, of "breaking up my position," or "foiling my attack," or "of making a draw of it." I have again and again tried to settle matters by taking the position down. The one result always follows. I set up the position the next night from my diagram, and then just as I (or he) am about to move, Dawson claims one of my pieces, or else a couple of important Pawns. I naturally resist this robbery, and we compare diagrams heatedly, but without satisfaction, for they never bear the least resemblance to each other.

In confidence, I may tell you that I am looking forward to a signal revenge on Dawson. He is very fond of moving his Queen on to the Rook's file at the second move, of checking my King when I attack her with a Pawn, and of taking my Rook. I am gradually perfecting a plan for the capture of that Queen. I have lost two or three games over it up to now it is true, because it is so very difficult to corner her, but I'm convinced I shall manage it soon. Dawson is so obstinate that he will go on playing the same moves for months just to prove that he is right. When I have found the correct line of play you shall hear the result. I am thinking of sending it to the *British Chess Magazine*.
HERMES.

A Dialogue.

FRANK: "I say, Tom, come with me to-morrow for a stretch into the country, and we'll have a long talk."

Tom: "No, Frank, I can't. I'm going to cricket practice, though I'd like a walk with you very much. Now, if you would only take to cricket a little we might have our half-holidays together."

Frank: "Oh, but I can't, like you, you know, give up every occupation to scramble after a cricket-ball, and satisfy every aspiration by scoring runs."

Tom: "You'll make a good critic, anyhow; you rail at what you can't do, and condemn the game by right of knowing nothing about it."

Frank: "But I do know something about cricket. I play sometimes, but I shall never get up your enthusiasm for it; because as a game it seems to me so ill-contrived and inconsistent."

Tom: "How so? Just show me."

Frank: "Well, you must admit that it is a grave defect that nearly half the men are idle during the whole game, and, even of those placed on the field, many get nothing at all to do hour after

hour except occasionally to lounge listlessly across the field to the reverse position on the other side; but beside this the plan of the game seems quite illogical."

Tom: "Illogical! How?"

Frank: "Well! Isn't the gist of the game to defend the wicket against the attack of the bowler?"

Tom: "Certainly."

Frank: "And would you not expect, then, that the winning of the game would depend in some way on the display of skill, judgment, and resource on the part of the batter; or at least by the length of time he is able to maintain the defence?"

Tom: "One would think so."

Frank: "And yet, you know, so far from that, the game is won by one side making a number more of stupid runs between the wickets, without either swiftness or grace."

Tom: "That seems a large indictment, but there's nothing in it. You see the batter in effect says to the bowler, not only will I keep your ball from touching my wicket, but I will so drive it about the field that, whilst you and ten others to help you are getting it back, I will run backwards and forwards the distance you bowl from, and the number of times I can do so shall prove to you how triumphantly I can resist you."

Frank: "Still, scoring runs is not defence of the wicket."

Tom: "Yes, it is that, and something more. The runs are scored in intervals when the ball is far away from touching the wicket."

Frank: "You admit, then, that as far as the score represents the game, the merest slogger may appear a better cricketer than the neatest and skilfullest batter."

Tom: "Well! in all games, in business, nay, in all life, there is a mean and noble way of conducting them, and the best cricketers are constantly combining the highest scores with the most skilful play."

Frank: "You will not admit it, I know, but the mere scoring does not represent the play; but there are other points which show it to be far from a perfect game. For instance, on a wet turf, the capricious movements of the ball prove disastrous to the batter without the aim of the bowler. Surely that is no game whose conditions are beyond the control of the players."

Tom: "Not quite beyond their control. All good games allow of adjustment to suit altered conditions, and none more so than cricket. If upon a dry turf the batter is likely to prevent the bowler putting a termination to the innings in a reasonable time, an adjustment might be made by shortening the wicket distance, or by increasing the weight of the ball. Under contrary conditions the length might be extended, or the width of the bat increased."

Frank: "I see you are bent on admitting no fault against your favourite game, but I shall choose to think that unless a man intends to make it his profession, such an excessive devotion to a mere game is not the sanest way of spending time."

Tom: "Here again you are quite unfair, for cricket develops qualities that are of the greatest use to every man in life—co-ordination of hand and eye, accurate grasp of threatening circumstances, quick judgment, and readiness of resource in averting them."

Frank: "But these things only as they are applied in cricket; I fear their application in actual life will be very different. But let us cease. I shall prefer a walk, and am sorry you will not join me."

Reports of Clubs and Societies.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

APRIL 28th. A general meeting was held on this date, F. M. Baddeley in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed the Secretary presented his Annual Report. A depreciatory reference in this report to the Chess Club, brought B. J. Wood (the Secretary of the Chess Club) to his feet, with a motion that the reference to the Chess Club be expunged. This was seconded by R. J. Ewart, but was almost unanimously rejected.

The Secretary's Report was then adopted.

The Editor's Report was by common consent allowed to stand over till July.

The Treasurer, when called upon to present his report, regretted that he had not had time to draw up a formal statement of the Society's financial position, but in a brief speech he explained what that position was.

The election of officers for the next session then took place with the following results:—Mr. Book, in consideration of services rendered to the Society in arranging its annual entertainments, was elected as an additional Vice-President, on the motion of A. P. Banks, seconded by D. D. Braham. C. M. Jones was unanimously elected Chairman. N. C. Miller was elected Vice-Chairman, securing a substantial majority over B. J. Wood, who was also proposed for the office. P. J. A. Francis was unanimously elected Secretary. G. Bell was then elected Treasurer, in preference to B. J. Wood, who was also nominated for the post. B. J. Wood and F. J. Bradburn were then elected as members of the Committee. The rest of the meeting was devoted to the discussion of motions brought forward by various members.

D. D. BRAHAM, *Hon. Sec.*

[Lack of space prevents the publishing of the Secretary's report this month, but we hope to be able to insert it in our next issue. We may add that there was a motion passed by which the subscription next session for those below the Lower Fifth is only 1/-, but that they are debarred from taking part in private business.

On Friday, May 19th, there was to have been a meeting, convened by seven members, for the consideration of *Magazine* business. As the Secretary failed to appear, and the minutes were lacking, the meeting could not be held. *Ed.]*

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

On Thursday, April 27th, a meeting was held in Mr. Book's room for the purpose of forming a Photographic Society. All boys and masters who were interested in the recreation were invited to attend. The following were made members:—High School—T. G. Anderson, W. Bradburn, Burkinshaw, Dawbarn, Fryer, A. H. Lewis, McDonald, Thompson, and Townley. Commercial School—Lambert, A. Slater, Roger, C. Slater, Lloyd, Chamberlain, A. Lewis, Snowing, G. Anderson. The following officers were elected:—President—The Head Master. Vice-Presidents—H. T. S. Storrs, Esq., M.A., and J. H. Raundrup, Esq., B.Sc. Secretary and Treasurer—W. G. Fryer. Committee—W. G. Fryer, W. Bradburn, W. Thompson, C. Slater, E. T. Chamberlain.

W. G. FRYER, *Hon. Sec.*

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL SWIMMING CLUB.

The membership of this flourishing club has now attained its century, but, in spite of this, the average attendance during the last month has only been forty. The Committee, being strongly of opinion that such a low percentage is somewhat of a disgrace to the club, hopes that greater enthusiasm among the members will soon ensure greater regularity of attendance. To induce the interest so desirable in a club of this kind, attention is directed to the Polo Clubs, to the Humane Society's Medal, and, above all, to the innovation mentioned later, of Proficiency Certificates awarded to swimmers.

All members wishing to join the Polo Clubs can do so by giving their names to the Club Secretary.

The practices for the Humane Society's Medal will commence on June 2nd, but, if members will only present themselves in sufficient numbers, a few preliminary practices will be arranged.

The Committee has decided this season upon a new departure, that of awarding certificates, in addition to the medals offered in July, to boys swimming two, four, six, and ten lengths of the bath in stated times. The certificate will not only certify that the swimmer has swum the distance within the specified limit, but will also show exactly what time was taken. Any member can obtain all the four certificates provided he shows due proficiency. More exact regulations will appear shortly, but those members who wish can enter for the certificates by applying either to Mr. Bickerstaff or to the Club Secretary, who will arrange a time for trial.

The Athletic Sports.

[Owing to the negligence of the Secretary we have received no report of the Athletic Sports. To the best of our abilities, therefore, we have endeavoured to supply the deficiency. We hope that our effort will not be regarded too critically, as we had very short notice indeed. ED.]

THE Athletic Sports took place at the Fairfield Athletic Grounds, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 6th. The weather was all that could be desired, and the number of spectators was consequently very fair. Among those present were the Head Master, the Rev. J. Sephton, M.A., and Mrs. Sephton, Mr. Alfred Holt, and Mrs. Holt, Mr. P. H. Holt and Mrs. Holt, Mr. R. W. Jones, Rev. C. C. Elcum, M.A., Rev. F. Dyson, M.A., Principal Rendall, of University College, Mr. H. Douglas Horsfall, and also Mrs. E. Crompton, who distributed the prizes. The number of Old Boys on the field was considerable.

A number of those gentlemen who always take so great an interest in the school have contributed to the Prize Fund, as will be seen by the acknowledgments in our last two numbers.

The following were the events in the Sports:—

1. *Throwing the Cricket Ball.* 1st, W. W. Beatty.
2. *Throwing the Lacrosse Ball.* 1st, W. W. Beatty.
3. *Broad Jump.* 1st, H. C. Squires; 2nd, A. C. Armour; 3rd, R. M. Neill.
4. *Lacrosse Goal Shooting.* 1st, A. Wilkie.

These events were decided on Friday.

5. *Flat Race, 100 yards, for Boys between 12 and 15.* 1st, H. E. Humphreys; 2nd, R. Wark.
6. *Flat Race, 100 yards, for Boys over 15.* 1st, H. C. Squires; 2nd, A. C. Armour.
7. *Flat Race, 100 yards, for Boys between 10 and 12.* 1st, W. R. Long; 2nd, E. A. Askwith.
8. *Flat Race, 100 yards, for Boys under 10.* 1st, J. Jones; 2nd, A. P. Watt.
9. *Flat Race (440 yards) Handicap.* 1st, E. A. Wood; 2nd, A. Booth; 3rd, W. E. Ker.
10. *High Jump, for Boys over 15.* 1st, H. C. Squires; 2nd, W. W. Beatty and O. W. Jones, equal. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.
11. *High Jump, for Boys under 15.* 1st, R. G. Wark; 2nd, A. Wark.
12. *Sack Race.* 1st, W. H. R. Jewitt; 2nd, W. E. Gething.
13. *Half Mile Handicap.* 1st, R. E. Lunham (200 yards).
14. Deciding Heats of other races.
15. *Bicycle Race, one mile, for Boys under 14 (Handicap).* 1st, A. Crouch (10 yards); 2nd, H. Hind (30 yards).
16. *Flat Race, 440 yards, open.* 1st, H. C. Squires; 2nd, A. C. Armour; 3rd, J. F. Carmichael.
17. *Flat Race, 440 yards, for Boys under 14.* 1st, E. Bayliss; 2nd, G. M. Jones.
18. *Three-legged Race.* 1st, R. W. Dale and W. E. Gething.
19. *Mile Race.* 1st, W. W. Beatty; 2nd, A. Wilkie; 3rd, H. P. Richards.
20. *Flat Race, 220 yards, for Boys between 13 and 16.* 1st, C. C. Morton.
21. *Flat Race, 220 yards, for Boys under 13.* 1st, F. J. Carmichael; 2nd, W. R. Long.
22. *Picking up and carrying the Lacrosse Ball.* 1st, C. E. Turner.
23. *Bicycle Race. 1 mile open Handicap.* 1st, F. K. Hyde (180 yards); 2nd, H. Hind (300 yards).
24. *Egg and Spoon Race.* 1st, G. S. Bowler; 2nd, C. Burkinshaw.
25. *Flat Race, 880 yards, open.* 1st, W. W. Beatty; 2nd, H. C. Squires; 3rd, A. C. Armour.
26. *Old Boys' Race.* 1st, T. Rimmer and J. C. Band equal.
27. *Consolation Race.* 1st, R. M. Neill.

CHAMPIONSHIP CUP. H. C. Squires.

The prizes for the Lacrosse Competitions were presented by the North of England Lacrosse Association.

At the close of the sports the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs. Edward Crompton. Of the general arrangements we cannot say much here, nor have we the space to do so, even if we had the ability. Mr. Ewart officiated as Clerk of the Course, and the sports again are indebted to him as much as on previous occasions. Mr. Eaves, as Timekeeper, and the other masters, as Judges and Starters, also rendered valuable service. Squires deserves congratulation on obtaining the cup. In one event he was unlucky; his bicycle was so seriously damaged by an accident the day before the sports that he was not able to compete in the bicycle race, which he won last year.

The Treasurer desires to acknowledge the donation sent by Mr. W. F. Lawrence, M.P.

Our Contemporaries.

THE SPHINX has a notice of the *L. I. S. M.*, written in the somewhat strained humorous style which this month pervades that periodical. The following is an extract from the paragraph:—"This month it is strong in Correspondence, and the Editor, undertaking (doubtless in the absence of the proper official) the duties of Master of English Composition, appends the following interesting note to one of the letters." Here follows the note appended to the letter signed "Pileolus":—"We must confess that the exact purport of this paragraph is not apparent to us. In the first place, the writer appears to consider that the Editor is obliged to submit the whole *Magazine* to the English Master for correction of errors in grammar and style, which the writer evidently assumes that the Editor is unable to correct. In the second place, we hardly think that it requires a master of English Composition to see that "snobbish" and "kids" are not exactly correct words to apply to the Sixth Form. In the matter of English Composition, we would like to ask the exact meaning of the word "official" in the writer's remarks. Does it refer to the master? If so, we might suggest that some instruction in English Composition would be beneficial to the writer.

The following are the Magazines which we have received:—*The Leamingtonian, The Denstonian, The Coventry School Magazine, The Barrovian, The Hull Grammar School Gazette, The Portcullis, The Sphinx, The Ardingly Annals, The Kelly College Chronicle.*

Correspondence.

[*The Editor does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.*]

THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

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

DEAR SIR,—I should like to draw attention to the extraordinary proposal, concerning the Orchestral Society, which appeared in your last issue. Your correspondent laments the difficulty of finding time in the dinner hours for the Society's practices, and then suggests that an hour of the school time should be devoted to this practice, since, he says, "surely no parent would object to his son having one hour's excellent musical training each week." Now it must be evident to you that there are many other clubs in the school which inculcate excellent training in other ways: the Football, Cricket, Swimming, Harrier, Lacrosse, and other Athletic Clubs are of very great value. The Debating Society is, from an educational point of view, a splendid training; the Photographic and like Societies are all useful. Now if this concession were extended to the Orchestral Society, it would have also to be extended to all others. We

have thirty school hours per week, would your correspondent like to see them arranged somewhat as follows:—Orchestra, one hour; Debating, two hours; Football or Cricket, four hours; Swimming, one hour; Chess, fifteen hours; Photography, two hours; leaving the remainder to be divided between Mathematics, Classics, Science, English, and Modern Languages! This may seem overdrawn, but there is a very real force in the argument of "the thin end of the wedge," and if once this concession were extended to any one club, all others would have a right to demand it.—I am, yours faithfully,
NEMO.

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

DEAR SIR,—I never realised the full force of that saying, "He's as mad as a March hare," until I saw your issue for May, and had perused the correspondence therein contained. My mind is still in a state of wonder how such Tom o' Bodlams as "C. A." and "Pileolus" ever came to air their opinions in your columns, and I have already several times consulted the almanac to see when the moon is full. My latest theory on the subject is that the approach of the May Examinations has unhappily unhinged the not over strong intellect of these athletes, and forced them to commit their ludicrous ideas to paper, in order to lessen the internal brain (?) pressure. I should like to remind them both that the ostensible reason why we come to the school is *not* to learn how to play football, and *not* to receive education in matters of dress, but rather to gain sound mental training and an intellectual education; everything else but this being left to the home authorities. Have you noticed what Mr. Mitchell Banks, of University College, Liverpool, thinks on this question of athletics? He will tell you that the School Board boy is supplanting the boys of Eton and such public schools, for the simple reason that the time of the School Board boy is occupied in mental exercise, while that of the public school boy is wasted in acquiring a physical strength which only fits him for the work of coalheaver, miner, farmer, or labourer. Brains in this country have gone out of fashion, while the worship of muscle and bone has been long carried too far. In fact, the studious boy is regarded with contempt by the great majority of his fellows. The very masters have to be athletes. One knows the style of advertisement for a junior master—"Must be Church of England and a cricketer." All this but shows how regardless of facts your correspondent "C. A." is when he tells you a "swot may win his way by sheer pedantry." Why, if there be any truth in the survival of the fittest, the ancient public school boy, in the coming era, will go down like a reed in the race for life, crushed by his more accomplished brethren of the Board Schools.

As for "Pileolus," poor maudrel, I wonder at his bad taste. Again and again have I been asked by ladies and gentlemen, who were by no means "unesthetic," to which school "that ugly cap" belonged, and how such a hideous pattern came to be chosen. Of course, as I explained, such a monstrosity could only be expected when school-boys were left to their unrestrained choice in the matter, for their ideas of beauty generally do run after bright colours. Again, to assert that it should be a matter of compulsion that it be worn in and out of the school is monstrous. I had supposed we came here to be fitted for the duties of after life, and to follow the course of education that most good schools follow, but it never before had entered my imagination that our parents and guardians paid fees in order to have us dictated to in regard to our dress. I thought they could do that well enough for themselves. On the other hand, I have heard one mother say that "her Willie should never become such a guy." If you wish to compel everyone to wear a cap, why not "go the whole hog" at once, and start a school uniform which everyone must wear on pain of instant dismissal.

In conclusion, let me protest against the manner in which both "C. A." and "Pileolus" end their letters; the one autocratically and egoistically

demanding that if his opponents do not answer him, hereafter for ever they shall hold their tongues; and the other declaring, in a somewhat vulgar manner, his opinions on his superiors in the Sixth.—Yours, etc.,

A SIXTH FORM "SNOB."

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

DEAR SIR,—The proposals contained in the letter signed "Z Y X," though undoubtedly most alluring in the abstract, will be found, I think, to be impracticable. Does your correspondent know what is the price of the *Nineteenth Century*? This periodical alone costs half-a-crown a month, and if two or three more of such reviews, together with other papers and magazines, are required, the sum necessary to purchase them will be considerable; far more, in fact, than such a Society (which would not be joined by many below the Sixth Form) could raise.—I am, yours, &c.,

"X Y Z."

Editorial Notices.

All contributions or letters should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the writer's name, though this need not necessarily be published. Contributions should be sent in at least ten days before the end of the month.

We acknowledge the receipt of the extra subscription (consequent on the raising in price of the *Magazine*) from Mr. A. Rasul.