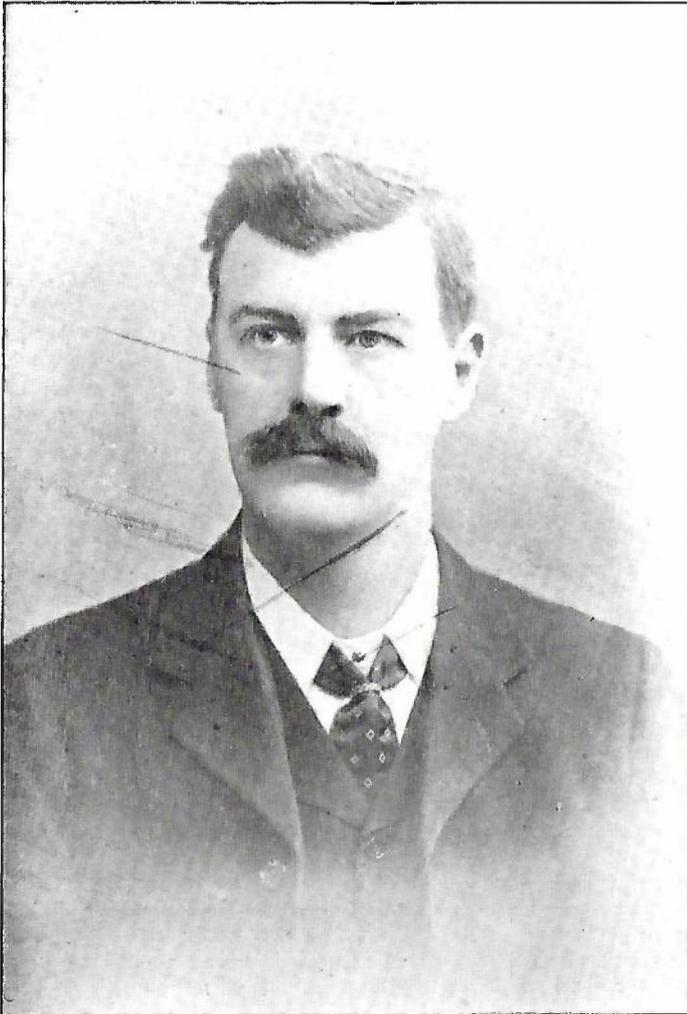


# LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. No. 3.

JUNE, 1904.



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WILLIAM C. FLETCHER. Esq., M.A.

## Vale.

WE are sure that no one present at afternoon school on 14th April will be likely to forget what then took place; that we bade farewell to one who, by word and deed, by wise counsel and upright example, has made what will surely be an indelible mark on Institute life. It was with mingled feelings that we filed into the hall that afternoon—feelings of real sorrow at Mr. Fletcher's departure; deep gratitude and satisfaction for the manifold benefits which, during a Headmastership of eight years, he has conferred upon the Institute; and yet hopeful expectation and full confidence as to the future well-being of our School under his successor.

The three head boys of the High and Commercial Schools were on the platform, and the proceedings commenced with a short speech by Mackney, at the close of which our late Headmaster was presented with a very handsome bureau, a token, small indeed, of the honour and affection which everyone connected with the Liverpool Institute has always felt for him. The speech we must report in full.

“Mr. Fletcher, Masters, Boys of the Liverpool Institute, and Old Boys whom we welcome among us on this occasion, we are met here in honour of one who, in a Headmastership lasting eight years, has so identified himself with everything tending to the advancement of our school, and has become so esteemed by everyone of us who has known him, that it is with the greatest sorrow that we now bid him farewell.

“In you, Mr. Fletcher, we found a friend ever ready to take a sympathetic interest in our little affairs, and just and fair in all your relations with us, as well as in all our relations with each other. We have to thank you for the care which has always been shewn us, not only in that part of our education which, after all, is only of secondary importance, the gaining of facts of learning, but also in that which is of the first importance—the education of character. In the speeches which you were the first of our Headmasters to make a custom of delivering to us at the beginning of each term, we have heard you tell us again and again that we are making ourselves even now at school, and that what we are now, we will be in life; we have been reminded of the responsibility of each individual in his conduct in the community, we have been warned of the punishment of selfishness, and we have been urged to greater devotion to work for its own sake. Those speeches, I am sure, will never be forgotten by those who have heard them. What has

impressed them on us is the fact that they come from one whose deeds are not separated from his words.

"You have always understood us, always been patient with us, always believed in us.

"There is no need for me to recount the successes of the Institute during the last eight years, suffice it to say, that the excellence of the general output of the school has further shewn the benefits of that scientific teaching which has been the persistent aim of all our masters, and of Mr. Fletcher as leader of the school.

"Everyone of us is aware how Mr. Fletcher has devoted himself to the cause of education, and how his wide experience and knowledge were recognised last year by his being appointed a member of the Moseley Education Commission. Yet how many of us knew that that was to be the forerunner of a far greater honour, and that Mr. Fletcher's ability was to be recognised by his appointment to the position of Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools in England? We are sure that he will fulfil the duties of that post, as he has fulfilled the duties of Headmaster of this school, in the best possible manner; and we are proud to think that it is our Headmaster that has thus been chosen.

"We could not let you leave us, Sir, without presenting you with some token of the high esteem in which we hold you, the affection which we all have for you, and the deep admiration which those who have come into closer contact with you feel for you. I beg, therefore, on behalf of the school, and that group of Old Boys who have had the good fortune to pass under your hands, to present to you this bureau, in the hope that it will help you to remember the time when you had our troublesome, and often, I fear, ungrateful selves to deal with.

"We heartily wish you every happiness, and that you will meet with complete success in all your future efforts."

At the close of our Head-boy's address quite a storm of applause broke out, which redoubled as Hughes came forward to read the inscription on the bureau; the hall seemed to shake with the cheers, long-continued, thrilling, enthusiastic. Mr. Fletcher replied under the influence of much emotion. His authority as Headmaster was now gone, he said,—like Prospero, in the *Tempest*, "his charms were all o'erthrown." He had always had confidence in us. He believed that we, too, had trusted him. We had all worked together for the good of the school. He tendered us his most hearty thanks. Altogether, our late Headmaster could say little in reply. He was evidently much moved. It was the deep feeling and conviction with which he spoke that impressed us, even more than the words themselves.

His will be a revered memory as long as the Institute lasts, a revered and inspiring memory, we hope and trust, in the minds of all Institute boys, past and present, who have had the good fortune to pass under his hands. May we once more wish him every success in his future career.

When the applause that followed Mr. Fletcher's remarks had

subsided, Mr. Owen in a brief speech dismissed the school, saying that Mr. Fletcher had expressed a desire to shake hands with each boy as he passed out of the building. So we filed past him in silence. A handshake on some occasions, and between some people, is so meaningless, so perfunctory and cold! But what a mighty influence can it become between a schoolboy and a master whom he has learnt to honour, and to associate with whatever is manly, upright, and pure!

One could hardly imagine a leave-taking more characteristic of the man. We are sure no boy will forget it.

W. W. R.

### Places and People.

#### III.—AN OUTLIER OF EMPIRE—*continued.*

"Steornabagh mhor a' chaistel—baile's modha 'th 'air an t-sacghal gu leir ach Bail'-ath-Cliath an Eirinn—'s iongantach nach 'eil an Rìgh fhein a' tighinn a chomhnuidh ann."

DR. JOHNSON, whose famous tour only extended as far as the northern extremity of Skye, gave it as his opinion of life in the Hebrides, that "It would require great resignation to live on one of these islands." The dictum, which implies an attitude of pity rather than of anger towards those who were so misguided as to be born in the islands, lacks the piquancy of many of Johnson's racy sayings about Scotsmen. The same objection can hardly be urged against James VI's criticism of the people of the Lews. The Act already mentioned, granting the island to the Fife adventurers, declared that "the saidis landis . . . ar possessit be inhabitantis quha ar voyd of ony knowledge of God or of his Religioun and naturallie abhoiring all kynd of civilitie, quha hes gevin thame selfis ovir to all kynd of barbaritie and inhumanitie"—truly a terrible indictment. The description was doubtless tinged by the fact that the said inhabitants were in possession of the royal lands "without payment of maill or gressum thair foir," but with all its bitterness, it contains a vestige of truth. The Lewisman and his neighbours have required much persuasion, not to say compulsion, before being convinced of the wisdom of modern civilisation. For example, we are told that in 1743 a chieftain returning from Ireland brought to South Uist a cargo of potatoes. "On his arrival the tenants were directed how to plant them; but they all refused. On this, they were all committed to prison. After a little confinement they agreed at last to plant these unknown roots, of which they had a very unfavourable opinion. When they were raised in autumn they were laid at the chieftain's gate by some of the tenants, who said the laird indeed might order them to *plant* these foolish roots, but they would not be forced to *eat* them." Of course they soon learnt to think better of potatoes. In other matters, their resistance has been more lasting. Especially is this the case with education. The first compulsory Education Act for Scotland (blessed country!),

which was passed in 1616, enjoined of the "principall clanit men of the Yllis that thay . . . . send their bairns to the scoolis in the inland to be trayned up in vertew, learnyng and the Inglis tunge." But the Act does not seem to have been of much avail in the Lews for two centuries later. Though societies and individuals had striven hard to establish schools, parents would not send their children to them, and met reproaches with the objection that they "did not want to give their children wings to leave them." The fear of breaking up homes, however ill-equipped, applied equally to both sexes, but there was a special reason for restricting the education of girls. "Women were anciently denied the use of writing in the islands to prevent love intrigues; their parents believed that nature was too skilful in that matter; and, therefore, that writing would be of dangerous consequence to the weaker sex." But the men did not make much use of their superior opportunities, for in 1833, in one parish containing 3,000 persons and five schools, only *twelve* persons could write. The compulsory Education Act (Scotch) of 1872 was designed to make such a condition impossible. Yet the Act narrowly escaped being a failure, for though accommodation was provided for all the children in the island, the number in attendance had fallen, by 1888, to less than fifty per cent. of the places provided, whilst the fees had dwindled almost to nothing. For instance, in one parish, where the fees should have been £270, there was actually paid less than £5. Vigorous action by the Education Department, however, saved the situation, and the Lews has now not only an efficient system of elementary education, but an excellent secondary Institute, from which, every year, pupils fly off on the wings of education to the Scottish Universities.

In recent years, one of the main battles with the native prejudices has been fought on the field of public health. It has always been the custom that the Lewisman's cattle should live with the family. Moreover, the roof was intended not only to keep out the rain, but to keep in the smoke, so that when the thatch was stripped from the cabers in the spring, and carted to the fields as manure, it might carry with it a thick coating of soot. Consequently, unnecessary openings like windows and chimneys were discouraged.

How the people clung to the notions that cleanliness, ventilation and light were unessentials, if not positive evils, may be gathered from a sheriff's order, made in 1895, directing a person to wall off his byre from his dwelling-room, to have a window in the room, to have a fire-place in the wall instead of in the middle of the floor, and to provide a separate door for the cattle.

Post-offices have been successfully established in the island, and old stockings have been, to some extent, discarded for the savings bank. But the thrifty crofter not wishing the amount of his wealth to be the subject of gossip, does not make his deposits at the local office, where the postmaster, be he never so honourable, is disqualified as a neighbour, but trudges off to Stornoway, where his secret is comparatively safe in the hands of strangers. One item of

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the local currency cannot, however, be deposited. At all times rents have been paid in kind—cattle, corn, whisky or tallow—and to-day eggs, which are too precious to be eaten, will purchase a newspaper or a stamp. One earnestly hopes that periodically there is a revision of this branch of the currency. Another ancient custom probably no longer survives. It was a cure or test for madness. The patient was brought to the holy well, and after drinking thereof, was led three times sunwise round the chapel. Bound hand and foot, with his head resting on the Saint's stone pillow, he was then left for the night. If his madness remained at daybreak the malady was deemed incurable. Statistics of results are not given; but the description suggests a famous test for witches. The suspected persons were taken to a deep pond, and thrown in. If they sank, well and good. If they floated, they were surely witches, and as such were promptly despatched.

At times the clan system has led in the Lews to a difficulty similar to that produced by the innumerable John Joneses of Wales. It is not uncommon to meet consecutively a dozen Aulay McAulays, or a score of Donald McDonalds. But there have been parents who have striven to avoid this difficulty, and occasionally, it must be confessed, with some success. What child, for example, has started life with a better initial opportunity of distinction than "Duncan M'GillichristvicCoilvicCormoid," unless, indeed, it be "Donald M'Coilvicneillvicintagart"?

It is perhaps inevitable that in describing a rather singular people one should dwell unduly on their peculiarities. But lest this sketch should become a mere caricature, let it be said that the Lewisman has in a high degree the virtues of a simple-minded race. That he is martial and robust, the records of the navy and of the Highland regiments can prove. In domestic life he is faithful and affectionate, hospitable, kind to the poor and needy, and conspicuously free from criminal instincts. Nor can we boast that we have given him the benefits of modern institutions without their drawbacks. We have instigated for him the ravages of such diseases as typhus, diphtheria, and typhoid, but our civilisation has brought in its train the evils of phthisis, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervous diseases.

The loyalty of the Lewismen has been often proved. After the rebellion of 1715, their chieftain was compelled to flee. Yet his tenants continued to forward to him his rents whilst he remained in exile, and the merit of their action (so at least it appears to a right thinking person) is not diminished by the fact that they declined to pay the Forfeited Estates Commissioners a single penny. That with their loyalty is joined a pride in their own country, apparently general amongst island peoples, the proverb quoted at the head of this essay has already revealed to the initiated. Translated, it reads—"Stornoway the great, with its castle, the largest town in the wide world, except Dublin, in Ireland; surprising it is the King himself does not reside therein!"

Another local saying displays a rich imagination, and will touch

a common feeling in many a heart. The Gaelic is more expressive, but in English it reads: "Friday, my love; Saturday, my darling love; Sunday, the day of the long sleep. But Monday, alas! alas! the new week as long as ever it was!"

The life and policy of the Jews have tended against the chances of her sons attaining fame. But one famous man at least, Lord Macaulay, derives his origin from the island. It is needless to mention his achievements, but perhaps a description of his character by a keen observer may fitly close this account. "I noticed," said Carlyle, "the homely Norse features, and I thought to myself: Well! anyone can see that you are an honest, good sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal." The description may well be extended to many a Lewisman less accomplished, but not less honest, than the Edinburgh reviewer.

### Chat on the Corridor.

THE whole School will join with us in welcoming into our midst our new Headmaster, Mr. H. V. Weisse, formerly Headmaster of the Lower School, Rugby. He comes to us with a respected and honoured reputation among his former pupils, and an especially distinguished name in the scientific world, as our late Headmaster mentioned to us when formally introducing him to the School. Mr. Weisse, in reply, paid a sincere tribute to Mr. Fletcher and his work, and expressed a hope and expectation that between himself and his pupils there would also exist mutual confidence and esteem. May this be so; for only then is true and efficient progress possible.

Just before going to press we hear with great delight of the brilliant success of three of our schoolfellows in the recent Scholarship Examinations at Liverpool University. R. W. T. Middleton has obtained a Tate Trustee Scholarship; W. J. Hughes and S. H. Davies, University Studentships. Also in Blackburne House, we are glad to hear, Miss I. Corkhill has gained a University Studentship, and Miss E. Lodge a Derby Scholarship.

Before saying a few words about the recent Dramatic Entertainment, it is our painful duty to have to make two corrections in last issue! Firstly, the notice concerning Mr. T. Lodge and the "Vidil" French Prize has been unfortunately worded. The truth of the matter is that there are two "Vidil" French prizes; and that of these prizes Mr. Lodge has gained the second, value £20. Also on page 31, in the "University Letter," the name "R. F. Thurten" is a printer's variation on what should be "R. F. Hurter."

These matters set right, we may note in passing that our school-fellow, Hasan el Arculli, has been recently acting as Chinese

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interpreter in the Liverpool Assize Courts. As for Old Boy news, it is conspicuous by its absence in these columns this month.

And now, as Hamlet puts it, "The play's the thing!" It would hardly do for the writer to say much about it here; but he believes that all the performers will join him in asserting that they, as well as the audience, enjoyed themselves that night.

After his transformation—quite sorrowful at the time—from an Italian Signior of the middle ages into a twentieth century English schoolboy, and after desperate, long-continued, Herculean efforts to render his countenance innocent both of artificial colouring and hirsute appendages, he repaired to the dining hall, to find all the other actors more than half way through a sumptuous banquet of tea and cakes. Struggling to a seat through a perfect volley of queries, puns, and quotations, more or less appropriate, the writer had some little time for refreshment before Bassanio proposed his thanks to Mr. Fletcher, on behalf of the artistes, for his presence there that evening. Mr. Fletcher's remarks in reply were memorable, indeed. After expressing his great delight in being present at the entertainment, he gave us some wise, candid, and instructive opinions about acting in general, which another member of the editorial staff has reported elsewhere. At the conclusion of his interesting speech we dispersed, after joining in hearty and stentorian unison in the singing of the old refrain:

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
 Which nobody can deny.

It was gratifying, indeed, to see the capital audience that almost filled the hall on the night of the performance. Gratifying it must have been to our colleague Bassanio especially, on whom fell a considerable share of the weight of those tiresome preliminaries: ticket arrangements, drawing up of programmes, costume-hiring, &c. To him, and still more especially to Mr. Coxhead and Mr. Tiffen, for their patient and unremitting suggestions and advice, our heartiest thanks are to be accorded.

Moreover, friend Bassanio has informed the writer that there is a clear profit of about £5 on the entertainment. Delightful! (No, reader, this does not go to the Editorial exchequer, but to the Games' Fund). If this venture has been so entirely successful, why not try again? Difficulties there are, of course (for instance, this is only a boys' school), but next year, perhaps, if possible and permissible, there might be another performance. It is rather early in the day even to anticipate what the performance is to be; but the writer would put this question to the Institute actors:—Are we to "strut and fret our hour upon the stage," and then be heard no more? Let each one answer in old Shylock's words: "No! Not for Venice!"

### In Memoriam.

WITH great regret many Institute boys of a former generation will learn of the death of the Rev. N. C. Miller, which occurred at Haiderabad, India, on the 11th of February last.

Norman Chambers Miller entered the Institute in 1893, and, after a successful school career, gained a Junior Hulme Exhibition at Brasenose College, Oxford. At the Institute he took a leading part in school affairs, especially in connection with the Debating Society and with the *Magazine*, of which for two years he was an editor. Proceeding to Oxford in October, 1895, Mr. Miller read History during his first three years, graduating B.A. in 1898, with Honours in Modern History. He then entered at Wycliffe Hall, where he remained till 1899, obtaining Honours in the Theological School in the same year.

Whilst at Oxford he had already begun the practical work of the profession for which, even in his school days, he felt that he was destined. He was ordained Deacon in 1899, Priest in 1900, and, from 1899 to 1903, successively occupied curacies at All Souls', Liverpool, St. Peter's, Birkdale, and St. Leonard's, Bootle. In August, 1901, he married Miss Lilian F. Barnes.

For several years it had been his intention to go out into the foreign mission field, and, having offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, he at length sailed for India with his wife in October last. Unhappily, shortly after arrival, he was seized with typhoid fever, to which he succumbed on the 11th of February, at the early age of 28.

It is hard to realise as a fact the death of one so active, so vivacious and so resolute; and sad to reflect on the loss of one in whom were joined exceptional powers, lofty ideals, and a self-sacrificing devotion to duty. To his nearer friends there will long remain the memory and the influence of his zeal, his kindness and sincerity. We venture to extend, in the name of his old school, our deep sympathy to his widow and his parents in their bereavement.

### "The Schoolboy's Dream."

The second bell's rung, the lessons  
have started,  
The Porter the gates of the yard has  
just closed;  
A few straggling boys through the  
office have darted,  
The weary to sleep, and the rest to  
repose.

While reposing that morn on my hard  
little seat,  
By the soul-piercing eye of the mas-  
ter surveyed,  
In the midst of my slumbers, a vision  
so sweet!  
No words can describe it, to me was  
portrayed.

Methought that from Algebra's worries  
and cares,  
Far, far I had roamed down a long  
flight of stairs.

I paused at the bottom and turned me  
aback,  
And "spotted" the master who wel-  
comed me back.

I flew to the playing-fields, traversed  
so oft  
In life's morning march, 'fore my  
head was turned soft,  
I heard in the distance the feet of a  
man  
And knew from the sound that the  
pedagogue ran.

"Stay! wait for me! rest! I am  
weary and done!  
Cried out the poor pedagogue, still  
on the run.

But just at that moment I sat on a  
nail

And the voice in my dreaming ear  
changed to a wail!

S. W. O. T.

### Concert and Shaksperian Recital.

FROM THE SPECTATORS' POINT OF VIEW.

THE Institute has at last fully awakened to a sense of its dramatical possibilities. Signs of returning activity were first observed in the lower regions more than a year ago, but it was not until the beginning of last term that the seat of understanding began to abandon the torpid state, and then, by the end of the term, the awakening of the entire system was an accomplished fact. We hope this manifestation of life will not prove vain and deluding, but will be a prelude to further and lasting effort.

On Wednesday, 13th April, before a large and appreciative audience, the Seniors, together with the Juniors, gave a very successful concert, which fell most suitably on the eve of Mr. Fletcher's departure from the school.

An interesting programme had been arranged, the principal item of which was a Shaksperian Recital.

The choir opened proceedings with the song, "Oh, the oak and the ash," and, with Mr. Book as conductor, rendered the piece in excellent fashion. This was followed by a solo, sung very successfully by F. Lyon. M. E. Zeper then contributed a violin solo, and, as usual, met with great applause. The next item was a recitation of the "Battle of the Baltic," given by R. C. R. Shand, who promises exceedingly well in this direction. M. E. Zeper and F. Lyon followed with a duet, and the first part of the programme finished, even as it had begun, with a song by the choir—the old favourite—"Down amongst the dead men."

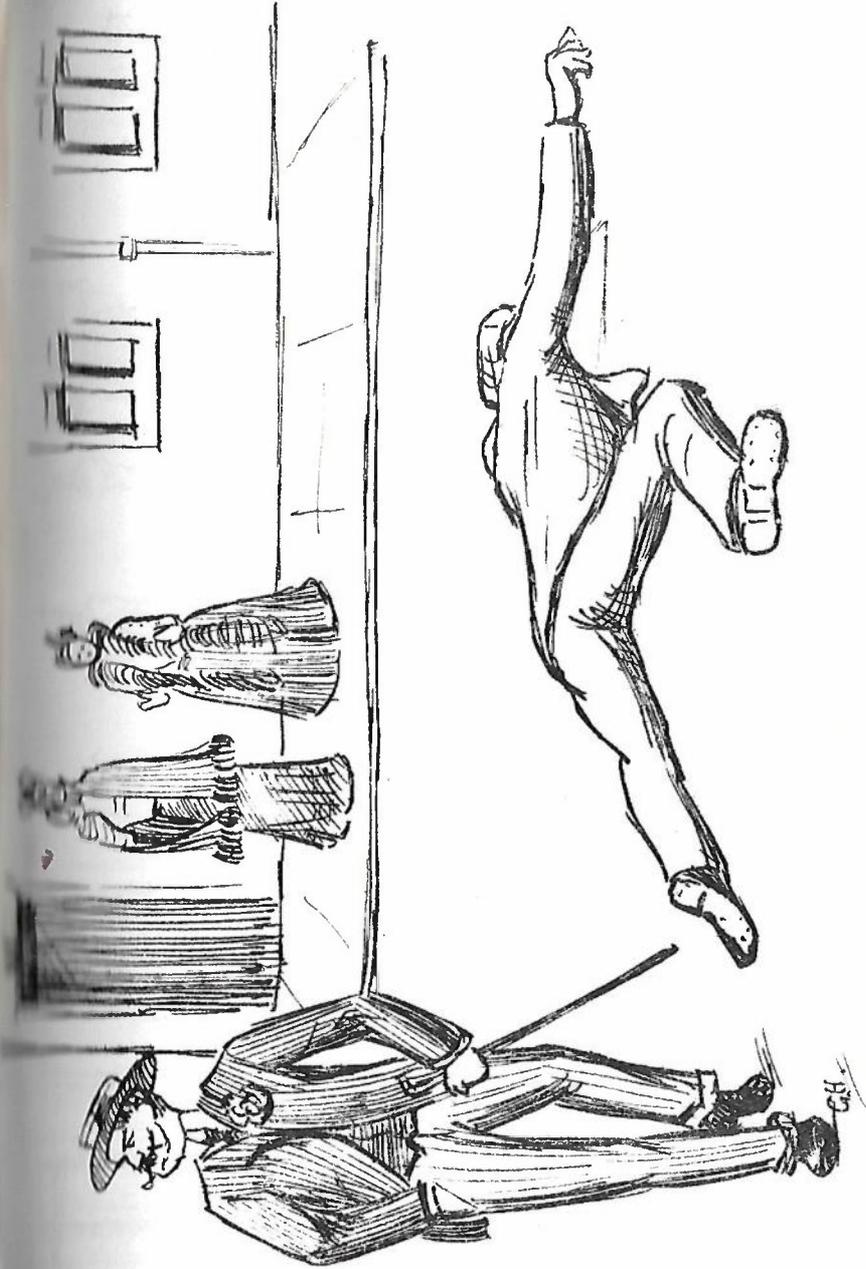
Great efforts had been made to ensure a worthy performance of the second part of the evening's entertainment, and, we think, were rewarded with complete success. The actors had thrown them-

selves heart and soul into the work, and the result was a very delightful performance. The stage itself also was thrown into bright relief by a clever arrangement of lights. The costumes were handsome and in good taste, giving the trial scene an altogether magnificent appearance. The court ushers especially excited great admiration, as there was, at that time, but one scarlet goblin in Liverpool, though at their entrance one was at first led to suppose that reinforcements had arrived.

As to the individual characters, one and all deserve the greatest praise for their excellent acting. R. W. T. Middleton, as Shylock, performed his part admirably. Throughout, gestures and voice fitted his words, so as to be neither exaggerated nor yet inadequate. In the trial scene, an evident expectation to meet with entreaties on behalf of Antonio, his grim determination to have his bond to the full, and then his utter despair as he left the court, were excellent points. F. S. Milliken was very successful as Portia, in the manner in which he reproduced her repeated efforts to incline the gentle Jew to mercy, and her gradual development of the sentence. Antonio was perhaps best in his outbreak against Shylock in the bond scene, and also in his farewell to Bassanio in the trial scene, which was rather a clever piece of amateur acting. W. J. Hughes, as Bassanio, was quite a gay young spark; in the first scene he was very good in the representation of Bassanio's snappy treatment of Shylock (if we may use the term); in the second scene, as Antonio's friend, angry and grieved for his plight, his acting was excellent. The Duke (W. Gibbs) was all that one would expect, stately, solemn, and full of dignity. Gratiano's tussle with Shylock (by the way, he is rather keen on punishing that gentleman, is he not?) was well carried out by G. S. McNaught; his words flowed with a force suggestive of long and loving practice. Despite her clerk's gown, it could easily be seen how fair a damsel Nerissa was, especially in her answer to Gratiano's kindly offer to sacrifice her. We must not forget to mention Salerio, the magnificoes, and the "Venetian gentlemen," who all helped to make the performance a very great success.

Indeed, when it is remembered that this is the first concert of the kind we have had for three or four years, we think that those who took their part in the evening's entertainment deserve much thanks from the school for their successful efforts.

In concluding, may we offer our sincere thanks, on behalf of the "company" and the school, to those who gave so much time and trouble, both in training the performers, and on the actual night; to Messrs. Coxhead and Tiffen, for their guidance and valuable hints; to Mr. Tiffen, for his final "touching-up" of the actors; to Messrs. Groom and Book, for their services in the first part of the programme; to A. F. Pugh, who was stage manager; to E. C. Hughes, for his management of the lighting arrangements; to S. H. Davis, as prompter; and, lastly, to W. J. Hughes, who despite the fact that he was taking a leading part in the Recital, took upon himself all the onerous duties of secretary and treasurer.



OLD LADIES - The heartless wretch! and the poor fellow might be dying!

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

UNISON SONG	- - -	"Oh, the Oak and the Ash"	- - -	17th Century.
		CHOIR.		
SONG	- - -	"Sigh no more, Ladies"	- - -	Shakspeare.
		F. LYON.		
VIOLIN SOLO	- - -	"Sonate Allegro"	- - -	Beethoven.
		M. E. ZEPER.		
RECITATION	- - -	"The Battle of the Baltic"	- - -	Campbell.
		R. C. R. SHAND.		
DUET	- - -	"Blow, blow thou winter wind"	- - -	Shakspeare.
		M. E. ZEPER AND F. LYON.		
UNISON SONG	- - -	"Down amongst the Dead Men"	- - -	Old English.
		CHOIR.		

PART II.

BOND SCENE (in Costume) from *Merchant of Venice*, Act I, Scene 3.  
 TRIAL SCENE (in Costume) from *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, Scene 1.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

SHYLOCK	- - -	R. W. T. MIDDLETON.
PORTIA	- - -	F. S. MILLIKEN.
ANTONIO	- - -	W. W. ROBERTS.
BASSANIO	- - -	W. J. HUGHES.
DUKE	- - -	W. GIBBS.
GRATIANO	- - -	S. McNAUGHT.
NERISSA	- - -	P. PROBYN.
SALERIO	- - -	H. A. T. SMITH.
COURT USHERS	- - -	R. M. DUTTON AND W. PIERCE.
MAGNIFICOS	- - -	MESSRS. PARRY, FRANK, MCGILL, BAGNALL, AND MACPHERSON.
VENETIAN GENTLEMEN	- - -	MESSRS. COWELL, DAVIES, HUGHES, HAMILL, BRAY, AND WHITAKER.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

FROM BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

On some other page of this illustrious *Magazine* will be found an article purporting to be an account of our Concert. Whatever the Editors may think to the contrary, it certainly will not be a full account. For some unknown reason we mortals are separately incapable of telling the whole truth. Heaven forbid that half a truth is sinful. If it were, even the most industrious in the cause of truth, if weighed in the balance, would be found wanting. The plain fact is, we live, move, and have our being in half truths. Let no man then condemn that article previously referred to, since we can only suppose it is what the writer honestly believed.

For the same reason let no one say that this is a full and complete account. Frankly, it is not. All that is intended is to give a chatty and cursory statement of facts from the point of view of the actors. The man in front has spoken his word of commendation and condemnation. Who, then, shall prevent us from passing our verdict on the acting of those we saw, and so here goes.

From seven o'clock until ten had chimed they (the audience) had their turn. Slowly at first, but in ever increasing numbers, they marched steadily in and took up their positions as assigned by their instructor.



SEWE R-MAN - Saw Bill - do' abrick 'ore

The first comers excited the greatest curiosity. It was not so much their costumes as the excellent attitude of vague bewilderment which they assumed, only acquired by diligent practice, which struck us most. Towards seven-thirty appeared the populace with silent clamour and intent expectant faces. Already the stage was well filled, and it required all the ingenuity of an astute manager to group his people for the best effect. But his supreme and final effort did not come until 7.55. Then with an excellent manoeuvre he swooped on a crowd of chattering excited figures. The brilliance, ease, and rapidity with which this move was accomplished earned a general round of applause, and was a fitting climax to Act I.

With skilful writers it is a maxim that a lull must precede a storm. That a light piece of comedy is often a good prelude to a tragic end. Whether the opinion of these writers is correct is a matter for each to decide for himself. Certainly, in this play it was introduced with much effect. For half an hour or more the audience lolled about in the most exquisite fashion. Here and there, carefully placed, one or two struck an attitude of pensive reverie. Elsewhere there was a careless *nonchalance*, charming to the eye, but most difficult to realise as it here was realised.

At last the storm broke, and immediately the fanciful air gave way to one of intensesness. On the whole, the postures were good, but we are bound to say that it was with feelings of great trepidation we followed the movements of some of our favourites. We venture to think that, occasionally, it would have been better to give fuller play to their feelings. This, of course, can be easily remedied. Speaking quite generally, the audience acted its part well, and when the curtain was rung down for the last time, the success of the venture was assured.

Here we leave our criticism and return to the actors in the green room. Words cannot describe the excitement in the atmosphere. Everybody seemed to talk at once. It was one long buzz of little relations of omissions, commissions, and congratulations. Jones was awfully nervous, Brown forgot his part and recovered himself by a gag, Robinson had a hairbreadth escape from falling. Indeed, every one had some little incident to relate.

The lavatory was a scene of blood and desperation. What with grease and paint, it was a perfect Indian's lair. The paint was frightful to get off, but diligent scrubbing worked wonders, and at last all war paint was gone, save for a few streaks here and there under the eyebrows and the corners of the nose.

By this time all were feeling rather thirsty, hungry, and tired, and a proposal to adjourn for a little refreshment was hailed with acclamation. Off they rushed to the scene of action. The table provided further opportunity for brilliancy and apt quotation. "I am not well, I pray you give me leave to go from hence," was pleaded by one gentleman, after half an hour, with much reason and sanity. Another member, who came down late, was hailed with cries, "I am sorry for thee, they have eaten all the cakes," and thus the supper passed at lightning speed.

But, nevertheless, the event of the evening was yet to come. Our Headmaster had very kindly not only seen our amateurish efforts, but also came down with us to the supper. On the last night of term it was exceedingly pleasant for us to have him among us for the last time as our Headmaster, and through our spokesman we told him so, thanked him for his presence, and wished him every success and happiness in his future life.

Mr. Fletcher, in replying, asked where else could he have been on such an occasion? As to our acting, he had been greatly pleased with it. There was plenty of freshness and vigour about it. Ordinarily, he was not greatly in favour of acting. As a rule, plays were brilliant, witty, clever, but had nothing of lasting effect for good. There was a lack of sincerity about them. He would rather see good things acted badly, than bad or useless things acted well. For the twopenny-halfpenny French plays he cared nothing, but for Shaksperian productions he had the greatest admiration. The real value of those works lay in their sincerity. No attempt was made to teach a moral lesson.

He simply presented life as he saw it, and as it actually was, with its seamy side as well as its bright one. It was from this truthfulness that we unconsciously drew moral lessons of the greatest benefit. The soaking of the mind with even a little Shakspeare would do no good. He warned us, however, not to indulge too much in dramatic efforts, and terminated a most interesting speech by saying: "Stick to Shakspeare, and you can't go far wrong." May his words be remembered! Three hearty cheers were called for, and a score of lusty voices answered the call magnificently. Thus ended one of the most exciting and pleasant evenings under the headmastership of Mr. Fletcher.

AN "ACTOR-MANAGER."

### Junior School Notes.

[Owing to the hurry with which the last issue was prepared, several notes now appear here which were to have been printed in that Magazine.]

BY an oversight, the name of Mr. C. Symes did not appear with that of Mr. W. McQuie Green as one of the two gentlemen who so kindly commented on our last Exhibition of Hobby Work. We wish to thank Mr. Symes very cordially, and to apologize for the omission.

J. D. Thomas captained the football team in four matches played. He was the mainstay of the team, and should be useful presently higher up. These were the games:—

v. Form III <sub>2</sub>	..	..	..	..	0-2	..	Lost.
v. Form III <sub>2</sub>	..	..	..	..	3-2	..	Won.
v. Form III <sub>1</sub>	..	..	..	..	1-2	..	Lost.
v. Commercial School, Preparatory	..	..	..	..	3-3	..	Drawn.

Among those who showed the most go and interest were Hendersop, Thomas, W., Shand, Macartney, Radforth, Bayle and Evans.

Chess and draughts were hardly so well attended this winter, the average number present being only 14, as against more than 20 last year. These meetings will be discontinued during the summer.

There were some wonderful games played last term. What are "ton-weight," "grid-tick," "bowling-in-cap?" The games themselves look mysterious, but who discovered their names?

Cricket practices this term will take place on Tuesday evenings, beginning at 5.30, if possible. There will be occasional practices also on Thursdays or Fridays; these will be announced. We hope to have a few matches, especially if we find we have a team that will play regularly. The cricket captain is J. D. Thomas, with V. Macartney as vice-captain.

## Games Reports.

### CRICKET.

FOLLOWING the popular feeling amongst boys of Liverpool, it is to be feared that there is not that keen interest taken in cricket that there is in the football of our school. We look back at the hundreds of boys who turned out to watch the Football Shield Competition with open pride; but we turn away with shame at the thought of the mere score of followers at the Cricket Shield Matches. Could we not have a balance of interest taken in the Football and Cricket of the Institute? Let us reflect a little and turn up at the next Shield Match in much greater numbers and encourage our cricket.

To the team themselves it may be stated that they would do well to practice fielding, as it is in that quarter where they are weakest. Our bowling is our strongest point, while there are many promising batsmen. Of the six matches played, all have been won by us, but none has been so by a very big margin of runs, so it would be well to be careful in future matches.

Results of Matches played:—

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. H.M.S. "CONWAY."  
Conway, 67; Institute, 90.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. WALLASEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.  
Wallasey, 38; Institute, 75.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE (SHAW STREET).  
Institute, 62; College, 46.

A detailed account will appear in our next issue.

P. P.

## Editorial Notices.

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of four years' subscription from Mr. A. J. George.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries:—*Mercer's School Magazine*, *Kelly College Chronicle*, *Magazine of the Manchester High School*.

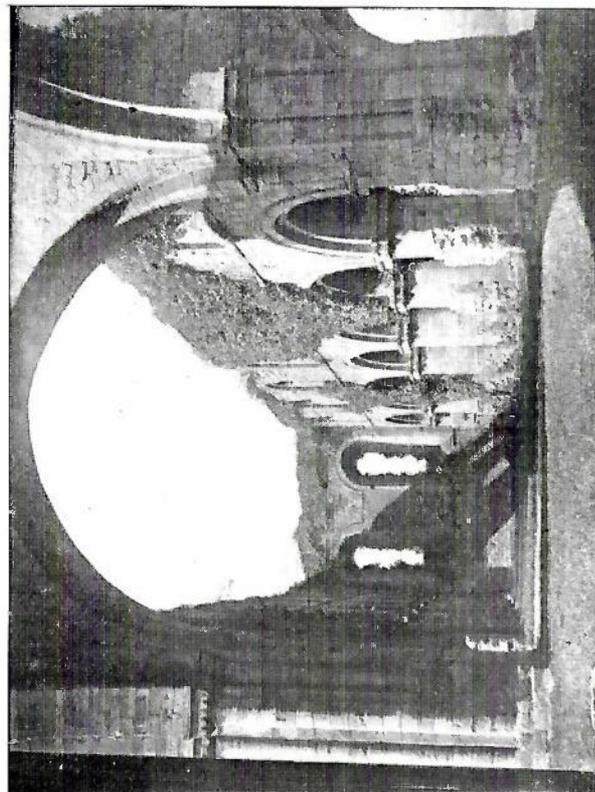


Photo. by T. H. Fisher.

BILDERS ABBEY.



*Photo. by Jaffie Runge.*

HONG KONG HARBOUR AND FLEET.