

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE SCHOOLS MAGAZINE.

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The Adventures of a Rustic.

(Continued).

I DRIFTED on for a long time, with an easy motion, until I had almost come to feel that there was little strangeness about my position. But hunger and cold renewed my terrors, and though I satisfied the one with food, against the other I could make little resistance. At last a numb feeling crept over me, affecting not only my power to move, but also my power to think. I seemed to care little what should become of me, and my only acute feeling was one of great sickness. This is the last thing that I remember until I awoke to find myself sleeping in the open air, but once more on solid ground. My balloon was lying beside me.

I arose feeling bruised and weary, but not seriously hurt, and I set out to seek some habitation where I might receive shelter and assistance.

I have since thought that it was foolish of me to suppose that I had lighted on any civilised place; but my stupidity was rewarded. I walked straight into a village where I was received at first with suspicion, but afterwards with kindness and hospitality; though no one would believe my account of my adventure. The reader may think it odd that I should have been able to converse with the villagers. But I was in no way surprised. Though the place was unknown to me, I never supposed but that I was in an English village. It was only when I asked the way to Huntingdon, and they assured me that no such place existed, that I began to fear for my safe return. I thought, however, that their assertions were only made to cover their ignorance, and that elsewhere I should discover what I wanted. They would not let me go away, but I was able to find a messenger who carried a letter for me to the capital of the country.

And now I must cease from describing things as they first appeared to me, or else the reader—unless he have a wiser head than mine—will be sore bewildered. I was four weeks in this village, restrained from leaving it, but kindly treated. My worst affliction was that my pipe and tobacco had been taken from me—or, at least, they were gone. I did not dare to complain, but I thought that it was a paltry theft to rob me of two such trifles (though of much value to me), especially as none of the people

knew the virtues of tobacco. I tried various substitutes, but with indifferent success.

Meanwhile, my letter had reached the capital, and the learned societies had met to debate the matter. They quarrelled at the outset as to which of them had the right to discuss me. After settling this difficulty, the body to which my care was entrusted, was divided into two factions. The first maintained that I was an impostor; the second, that I was not. But later, a middle party grew up, who held that I did not exist at all. The members who held this opinion were in a majority during the third week of the discussion, and the victory was nearly falling to them, when a young, newly-elected member suddenly suggested that it would be well to go and see. In consequence he and another were chosen to inquire into the matter, and a day later they came to visit me and were satisfied. I was glad to accompany them to their city. But before I set out, I entrusted my balloon to the keeping of the villager who had been the first to befriend me.

The city of which I now became an inhabitant was greater than any that I had ever seen. In the centre was a square a mile by each side enclosing gardens and orchards. Around this were arranged the principal buildings of the town, so that the whole formed a square four miles by each side. Outside of this were other buildings, but none nearer than a mile from the inner town, the interval being occupied with walks and pleasure gardens. The buildings were handsome, and, as I learnt, of considerable antiquity. The streets were wide and lined with trees. I learned that an ancient law of the city required that one tree should be planted for every new house that was built. The streets were clean and tidy, and about the whole city there was an appearance of freshness which I thought spoke well for the character of the citizens. But in this I was mistaken. I found them to be a foolish people, who, but for the beneficence of nature, would be in a very sad plight. Apart from their extreme stupidity they were not very different from Englishmen. They were just about the same size as us, somewhat darker of complexion, and thinner in the figure. They spoke our language, but pronounced it in a very harsh and unpleasant fashion. How foolish they really were I can best shew by describing my adventures among them.

But first I must describe the extraordinary nature or property of their country. When I first entered the city I remarked to my companions on the absence of rubbish and refuse in the streets. They feigned not to understand me. We then went to a great hall where a banquet was prepared for me. I was surprised at the celerity with which the servants removed the remnants of the meal. Indeed, they were so quick that I never saw them enter the room after they had brought in the viands. Over our wine I was told that a high official had been convicted of treason. I asked when he would be executed. They laughed, and said that he had gone, and with this I had to be content. It was only after the frequent disappearance of things before my very eyes that I discovered the

strange truth which is this: Things in that country can not only fall down, but can also fall up (if I may so describe it). I leave it to our men of learning to speculate why this unnatural thing happened. For myself, I had to find out what things they were that so behaved. I soon found out that worthless things were those that moved contrary to nature. But I never quite learned the secret of the influence which removed them, and, indeed, though the influence usually acted rightly, as I thought, with regard to things, I often thought that its action might have been improved upon with regard to persons. To the people this peculiarity of their climate seemed no marvel. If a friend disappeared suddenly, they simply said that he was gone to the Milky Wye, and made no lamentation for him. But I was a puzzle to them. They had never known anybody or thing return, but though I told them as plainly as I could that I had never seen them nor their city before, they finally decided that I must be some ancestor who had returned for some reason, and after this decision was made, they styled me "Denizen of the Milky Wye," or for short, "Sides."

(To be concluded.)

Games Reports.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

INSTITUTE v. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE A.

In this match we have to chronicle our first defeat of the season.

There was some change in the usual team, McCulloch playing left full back in Grundy's absence, whilst Mr. Parkes partnered Grant on the right.

A strong wind blew across the ground. The greater weight of our opponents gave them an enormous advantage, and they soon put on two goals. Grant then got away and forced a futile corner. A corner for the University gave them their third goal. Then a run by our right resulted in Mr. Parkes scoring our only goal.

Half-time—University 3; Institute 1.

On the restart another goal was immediately added against us. Hard work by Thornton and Grant enabled the former to shoot, but the goalkeeper saved, and the University again attacked. Three goals were added quickly, off-side being unsuccessfully claimed for. The game was stopped, Mackenzie being hurt. On resuming, the 'Varsity again scored. Our forwards now got to work, Thornton having several shots at goal, all of which were saved. After another goal for the 'Varsity, the whistle sounded. The game was not very satisfactory, the weight and speed of our opponents being too much for us.

Result—University, 9 goals; Institute, 1 goal.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL.

The Institute were without the services of Mackenzie, Cowan, and Lang.

Duhnke won the toss, and Waterloo kicked off against the wind. Our forwards soon got to work, but it was some time before they could beat the Waterloo defence. However, Paterson at last got through, and scored with a lightning shot. Waterloo then played better, and only the stubborn defence of our backs kept them out. Paterson now scored again. Half-time came with the score—Institute, 2 goals; Waterloo, 0.

In the second half play was more even, but still the visitors could not score. On our forwards pressing again, Paterson scored his third, which was soon followed by a goal from Johnston. Paterson and Evans must be congratulated on their excellent display.

Final result—Institute, 4 goals; Waterloo, 0.

Our Second were victorious away at Waterloo by 5—0.

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

Feb. 26. There having been no matches for a month, this match was looked forward to with interest. The College combined their Middle and Commercial School teams because the match with the Middle was abandoned last week.

The ground was rather sloppy, but was as good as could be expected after the snow and rain. Mackenzie lost the toss, but nevertheless we started with the wind. Right from the start our right got away, and on Grant centring, Lang scored our first goal amidst cheers from the Institute spectators. The College soon recovered from their surprise, and after some give and take play, their right wing got down, and Daniells scored. After this, play was fairly even, each side attacking in turn. A rush by the College left was stopped by Duhnke, who gave to Grant. The latter forced a corner which proved futile. The College right then ran down and also forced a futile corner. After some midfield play, the whistle sounded, leaving the half-time score—Institute, 1 goal; College, 1 goal.

From the re-start the College took up the attack, and after meeting with a stubborn defence, they notched a second goal. This livened the Institute up, and they soon got off to the College end. After a series of shots and clearings, Lang managed to score again. After the centre, Mackenzie did a "bit on his own" and shot another goal, thus putting us ahead. This goal was received with tremendous cheers from the Institute supporters. The College however, then took up the attacking again, and after some smart work by their centre-forward, Daniells again secured the ball and scored their equalising goal. This was claimed as offside by the Institute team and supporters, but the claim was overlooked. Now the reds bombarded the College goal, but could not score

again. Their backs cleared, and their forwards rushed towards our goal, but got nothing save a corner, which was soon put outside. From the goal-kick Johnson got the ball, and, running down by himself, eluded the backs, and scored the winning goal. Then we kept up our attack, securing another corner, which was turned to no account. More even play preceded the final whistle.

Final result—Institute, 4 goals; College, 3 goals.

Of the two teams the College were slightly heavier, but the Shield team is not so heavy as the one they put out for this game.

Library Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

"KIM," by Rudyard Kipling has been added to Mr. Owen's section of the High School library.

Kim is undoubtedly entrancing and undeniably good. It is a book that ought to be read. The characters are well drawn, and, for the most part, no doubt are lifelike. The character of Kim himself, however, verges on the impossible, but is none the less attractive for that.

Not the least interesting character in the book is R. 17. One is kept in a state of continual wonder at this gentleman's English, besprinkled, as it is, not only with portions of the vernacular, but also with a fair share of English slang, such as one hears at Old Trafford at the first match in the Summer holidays.

Mr. Kipling takes his usual liberty, that of coining a word. This time it is "to shrill." If all modern authors were Kiplings what a weary time 'twould be for the compilers of up-to-date dictionaries.

Mr. Kipling is more at home with Indian boys than in a British school. The one wonder is, that the man who wrote a book so well qualified for an honourable position in the firegrate as *Stalky & Co.* is, could write a book as good as *Kim*.

A complete edition of the works of Charles Dickens is also a recent addition.

Dickens requires no praise, for he is always interesting, always good, and always true to life as it appeared to him. "Dickens is dry," one is told—by a person who has read one book half-way through. By that standard even *King Solomon's Mines* would be unreadable. Read Dickens, and if you do not yet know his works begin with *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Some books in foreign languages have been transferred to the "Advanced Commercial Class."

Cadet Corps Notes.

PARADE on Saturday 22nd February. D (Liverpool Institute) and E (Old Boys) Companies assembled to the number of 28 at Rose Hill, at 4.15. There being 7 N.C.O.'s and 21 rank and file, the former fell in the ranks except the two Colour Sergeants.

We caught the 5 p.m. boat to New Brighton, and on arriving there had 5 or 10 minutes to ourselves, which we utilised for refreshments, and a warming round a watchman's welcome fire. On re-assembling, we marched through the town and on down to the shore near Warren Station. Here we split up into divisions under section commanders, the whole under Lieutenant Parkes. After examining ground and placing outposts and patrols, we awaited the coming of the enemy, (A B and C Companies). We were supposed to be an advance party of a landed force, and we had to keep the railway, whilst the other Companies formed a force for seizing the line. On arriving, the enemy split up, and being so superior to us in point of numbers—about 5 or 6 to 1—they succeeded in their purpose. We retreated in semicircular fashion upon our main body, and after sharp firing the Major gave the order "Cease," and we all fell in in our Companies. Then the Major addressed us, telling us that all had done their duty.

We then marched back to the roads, D and E Companies leading. On going through the town the lead was reversed, the Companies going in alphabetical order. We had 20 minutes to wait for the 8.25 boat. On board, we had a battalion "sing song" in one of the saloons. On arriving at the Landing Stage we re-formed, and marched to Rose Hill, where we finally disbanded at about 9.15.

A drizzling rain was falling on the Lancashire side of the river, and this, no doubt, would account for the comparatively poor turnout of the Institute Companies. However, those who came were well satisfied, and talked eagerly of Chester.

Chat on the Corridor.

THIS is always the duller term of the school year, no brilliant examination successes to put on record, nothing particularly interesting in the domain of athletics. The Football report is small because of the wretched weather, most of the matches having had to be scratched. The Cadet Corps notes and Camera and Field Club report is meagre for the same reason. There is only one matter of interest—negotiations are being conducted, which, if successful, will bring the "Old Boys" in closer touch with the school. Due notice will be given of the result in our next issue.

In another column we publish two letters that we have received. Although we will not in future take notice of any anonymous

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correspondence, still this is encouraging. Of late years there has been very little interest taken in the *Magazine* or in school matters by any but a few. We are glad to see that something like the old days is commencing again. Correspondence is invited on the discussion opened by a "Doubtful Old Boy."

We have received a large number of contemporary school magazines. It is very useful to compare or contrast our methods with those of others, and in consequence these magazines always prove interesting reading, but our present lot are exceptionally good. Any of them can be seen on application to the Editor.

Like the ghost of some hero revisiting the scenes of his former prowess, the Chess Club has flitted past our sight. At first, it was going to do great things, but as far as we are aware, the whole of the playing has been done by two passionate members, who have been engaging in a deadly combat, which has not yet resulted in decisive victory for either party. But however exciting this sort of thing may be, a Chess Club should require the use of more than one board. We are not at all sure but that this state of affairs is as much due to the bad management of the committee, as to the indifference of the members.

The prizes gained at the Swimming Gala were distributed on the last day of the term by Mr. Fletcher. The Head Master spoke of the value of swimming, both as an exercise and as a means of saving life, quoting an incident which he had overheard in the tram that day, of a man being drowned before many people, at Runcorn, who were helpless to save him, no doubt through their inability to swim. He also expressed his desire that every boy in the school, physically fit, should learn. Speaking of the Gala, he said that the Institute would have to work very hard if they wished to keep their old supremacy over the Liverpool College, as the squadron race was the closest for many years. At the close of the distribution he thanked Messrs. Eaves and Bickerstaff for their unceasing efforts in looking after both the Clubs.

The hard frost and the heavy fall of snow that we have experienced of late has been very welcome to everybody in spite of the stop it caused to football, etc. On Saturday, the 15th of February, Mr. Fletcher granted the school a holiday, and although it began to thaw on Friday night, a hard frost soon succeeded it; consequently on the morrow a great many boys flocked to the park for skating and sledging. Although the ice was lumpy, and in the afternoon very crowded, the holiday was greatly enjoyed, especially as it is a long time ago since the ice has been hard enough to hold.

In the forthcoming Shield Matches we wish the team every success, and hope that they will atone for the defeats of the last two years. From football experts we hear that the weak spot of the

team is in the forward line, where many changes have recently taken place. However, it is to be hoped that although they may lack weight, they will play together and show some combination in their attacks. The strength of the team lies in the half-backs and backs, where Mackenzie, Duhnke, McCulloch, and Evans will give the opposing team much trouble.

The Semi-Final is to be played on Wednesday, 12th March, whilst the Final, at Goodison Park, will take place a week after March.

As only three teams have entered, it has been decided that the Liverpool College and Wallasey Grammar School take part in the Semi-Final, the winner to play the Institute.

A. F. Barry, in the recent Telegraph Clerks' Examination, obtained the first position in Liverpool.

Vale.

IN the little world of school, as well as in the great world of adult-life, the record of events is not exclusively a posting-up of well deserved success whenever it may happen to intrepid youth to win some guerdon of success under the dour strain of examinations, or at the goal, or on the meted cricket-pitch. Alas! no rank of human life but feels the touch of sorrow, and even to a school magazine the sad occasion often falls to chronicle the decease of some loved comrade whom we sat beside for years, or, as now, to express our sense of loss when some one long respected has fallen out of line and must be left behind.

We have to record the retirement of Mr. Francis from his post as Assistant-master in the High School, through a painful affection of the heart.

More than thirty-three years ago, Mr. Francis began his duties in the Institute, and since then, rank after rank of boys have passed under his instruction. He was ever a kind-hearted man, and a careful, conscientious teacher, whose greatest satisfaction lay in the progress of his pupils.

They are men who then were boys, and we doubt not the retrospect of years will award to him the meed of praise that never fails for faithful service done.

The present race of boys in the school have made suitable proof of the affection and esteem in which they hold their old master, and, in turn, we are glad to put on record in this magazine our kindest expression of respect to him, with our sincerest wishes for his peace and comfort.

Liverpool Institute Old Boys' Union.

A VERY successful and enjoyable "Smoker" was held in connection with the Union on Friday, the 21st instant, at the Rumford Cafe, 2 Rumford Place. As Mr. Fletcher was unable to attend, Mr. Ewart was unanimously elected Chairman, and presided over a large gathering of Old Boys. Messrs. Owen, Parkes, and Groom were also present, the latter kindly playing the accompaniments for the singers. During the evening a letter from the Honourable Mr. Justice Bigham, accepting the presidency of the Union was read, together with the rules proposed by the Committee, which will come up for consideration at the General Meeting, to be held at 7.45 p.m., on Friday, the 21st March, at the Rumford Cafe. As there are, no doubt, many Old Boys who may not hear about this meeting, the Committee and Secretaries will be glad if the readers of the *Magazine* will make it known as widely as they can.

PROGRAMME.

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------------|-------|----------------------|
| OPENING CHORUS | - "The Bay of Biscay" | - - - | MR. GLEIG. |
| SONG | - - - "Drinking" | - - - | MR. GLEIG. |
| SONG | - - - "The Sailor's Grave" | - - - | MR. PONTON. |
| RECITATION | - - - "The Showman" | - - - | MR. W. H. YORKE. |
| SONG | - - - "Song of the Bow" | - - - | MR. G. BELL. |
| SONG | - - - "John Peel" | - - - | MR. J. WILLIAMS. |
| RECITATION | - - - "The Coster diner out" | - - - | MR. S. H. NIXON. |
| RECITATION (encore) | "The Irish Fire Brigade" | - - - | MR. S. H. NIXON. |
| SONG | - - - "Anchored" | - - - | MR. GLEIG. |
| SONG | - "The Ballymoney Conversazione" | - - - | MR. CLIFFORD JARVIS. |
| SONG | - - - "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" | - - - | MR. G. BELL. |
| RECITATION | - - - "The Dream" | - - - | MR. W. H. YORKE. |
| HUMOROUS SONG | - "I wish I'd bought Ducks" | - - - | MR. S. H. NIXON. |
| HUMOROUS SONG | - - - "Maud" | - - - | MR. S. H. NIXON. |
| SONG | - - - "The Vicar of Bray" | - - - | MR. PONTON. |
| | "AULD LANG SYNE." | | |
| | "GOD SAVE THE KING." | | |

Camera and Field Club Notes.

IN the winter months but little outdoor work has been done with the camera, for although the landscape offers charms with its coating of hoar frost and snow, it requires some enthusiasm to put skates on one side and to venture forth into the ice-bound country. Once, however, fairly on the way, the pleasure is worth all the exertion, and those who tramped round Mossley Hill and Allerton in search of snow scenes during the recent heavy fall, were rewarded with picturesque scenes and negatives depicting trees in their winter garb.

In December, several members attended a lecture on "Thro' East Anglia with a Camera," by Dr. Morgan, of Liverpool. This

was exceedingly interesting, the lecturer exhibiting slides shewing the style of architecture of churches in the Eastern counties with their characteristic flint work, the devastations made during the 17th century on their interiors, and the decay into which many old family mansions have fallen.

On another evening some went to a lecture on "The Haunts and Habits of British Birds," by Mr. R. Kearton. A series of unique slides from negatives taken by the lecturer and his brother, after spending a vast amount of patience, and exercising considerable ingenuity, portrayed bird life in all its natural simplicity on the moors of Westmoreland, on the Farne Islands, and on the cliffs of St. Kilda.

Members who wish to study tree and plant life will have an opportunity to extend their knowledge if only they will attempt one or more of the sections in the Botanical Competition set on foot by Mr. Goodwill. As soon as we are out of winter's icy grasp, he will give some suggestions at a club meeting as to the methods of setting to work to secure specimens, and organise two or three excursions to districts likely to prove interesting to botanists.

Correspondence.

(THE EDITORS DO NOT HOLD THEMSELVES RESPONSIBLE FOR OPINIONS EXPRESSED UNDER THIS HEADING.)

To the Editors of the "Liverpool Institute Magazine."

GENTLEMEN,

Kindly allow me some of the valuable space of your *Magazine* in order to bring a matter of importance before those of your readers whom it concerns. Anyone who has sat in Mr. Book's room for some time, will bear me out in the statement that it is a hard task to try and learn French during the intervals of dodging footballs and other missiles. Avoiding bullets on a Transvaal battle-field is nothing to it. Apart from this comparatively trivial question of smashing heads, very few boys like to pay half-a-crown or so for kicking a football through a window of, as it seems, the weakest glass. Could not some wiring be put up in front of Mr. Book's windows like in the Commercial yard? The cost would be very small and the convenience great. I do not wish to set myself up as a critic, and dictate to the school authorities what they should and what they should not do, but I feel sure that this matter has been overlooked.

Yours respectfully,
P. Q.

P.S.—I do not think the light of Mr. Book's rooms would suffer by the wire netting, although the ventilation might.

To the Editors of the "Institute Magazine."

GENTLEMEN,

Being informed that you devote a column in your valuable *Magazine* to correspondence, I thought fit to ask you a question of which I am in doubt, namely, "Is everyone born to fill a certain position in life?" Hoping you will oblige by answering in your columns,

I am, yours, &c.,

"A DOUBTFUL OLD BOY."

Editorial Notices.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of subscriptions from Messrs. H. Winstanley, J. B. Taylor, G. Bell, J. Twenlow, J. Sephton, B. Cowan, and Mrs. A. Holt.

We have also received the following contemporaries:—*Kelly College Chronicle, Ipswich School Magazine, Esmeduna, King Edward's School Chronicle, Savilian, Bouncer, and the Fettesian.*

In Memoriam.

J. A. PEIL,

ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, LONDON,

28TH NOVEMBER, 1901.