

No. 9.

DEVONPORT  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1907.

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JOSIAH CLARK & SON, PRINTERS, CUMBERLAND STREET.

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Vol. III.

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Editor ... A. M. JACQUET.  
Sub-Editor ... L. W. RALPH.

The Magazine is published in April, July and December. Annual Subscription 1/6.

All communications should be addressed to—The Magazine Editors, Devonport, High School, Devonport.

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### OUR CHRISTMAS BREAK-UP.

On Thursday morning, December 20th, Boys and Masters assembled in the large School-room, previous to breaking-up for the holidays. The Head Master, explained in a few words the purport of the meeting, and an enjoyable musical entertainment, arranged by the Senior Boys, opened with "The Battle March of Delhi," skilfully played by Cleave. Then, with Mr. Barnes at the piano, the programme, which was long and varied, proceeded with "The Veteran Song," admirably rendered by Sharp; a delightful violin solo by Bellamy; a humorous song by Kirton; "My Pale Face Queen," well sung by Davey; selections from "The Orchid," spiritedly played on the violin by Searle; and "Chief Mate's Story," in which Smith's beautiful voice was heard to great advantage. After White's banjo solo, which caused general delight, and an amusing song by Limpenny, Mr. Barnes gave "The Admiral's Broom," and, on being encored, replied with "Widdecombe Fair," as

soon as Peters had creditably acquitted himself with the well-known song, "The Swanee River." A duet, sung by Limpenny and Kirton, caused roars of merriment and the banjo and violin duet, by White and Bellamy went with admirable swing. Perkins sang in good voice, "Never go to Sea on a Friday," and the concert concluded with "The Military March," played by Cleave with fine effect.

The Headmaster congratulated those who had arranged the entertainment, and specially the entertainers on their respective performances. He added that, taking the School as a whole, conscientious work had been done during the term and this was a good preparation for the holidays. Boys who were weak in some subjects ought to revise, and more particularly those going in for the coming examinations. No new work was required, only thorough revision. He felt highly gratified by the support which the Masters had given him: they had been most loyal in the fulfilment of their duties. He was also well pleased with the support of the prefects. If one and all did in the future what they had done in the past, the tone of the School would be still further improved. The best agreement must necessarily produce the best results.

After a brief address to the Boys by Mr Andrews, in which he said that the Head Master's motto was "work," and they would always have in him a leader who would tell them "come on," never "go on," a most pleasant meeting terminated with hearty cheers for Mr. Treseder and the Masters.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

Owing to an increase in the number of subscribers, the price of the Magazine has been reduced from 2/- to 1/6, or, 6d. per copy.

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It will be noted that trade advertisements are absent from this number. This is due to Professor Worthington, who has generously sent us a cheque that will free the next three issues from notices which he holds out of place in a School Magazine.

Mr. J. P. Johnson (O. B.) has passed the usual examinations and is now a fully-fledged medico.

A propos of Doctors, the medical profession seems popular with us at present. Gerald Cock passed the Medical Preliminary Examination at Xmas last, and several of our Boys are aspirants for entry into the ranks of Medical Students.

\* \* \*

H. Ferraro has just passed the Matriculation Examination of the University of London. He was one of the two Candidates at the Plymouth Centre who were placed in the First Class.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bignell, F.R.S., has very kindly written a paper entitled "*Entomological Notes*" specially for our Magazine. From his long experience in that branch of science the notes contain many very interesting paragraphs. With the limited space at our disposal it will take upwards of two years in publishing, and so we advise subscribers to treasure their copies, as only a limited number will be printed.

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We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following Contemporary Magazines:—*Plymothian*, *Portmuthian*, and *Kelly College Chronicle*.

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### HOCKEY.

Owing to the pressure of other games, we have only managed to have one hockey match this term. Mr. Cohen brought a scratch XI against us, formed from the surrounding clubs, on the 31st of March. It was an ideal day for hockey, and, although we had not had much practice together, we felt confident of winning. We lost the toss, and started to play with the sun in our faces. A very fast game followed, and after about 10 minutes B. Clarke scored for us almost on a level with the goal-posts, and was soon followed by Kirton. Play was very equal, and if it had not been for G. Clarke's brilliant display at back, they must have scored again and again. About five minutes from the interval Kirton again scored. Upon resuming, play was very brisk, and following up a mistake by one of our men, they scored. Sharp and Kirton scored for us again before the whistle for time went. Clarke, Kirton, and Phillips specially distinguished themselves on our side, and Mr. Forder was a tower of strength at centre-half. We were left winners by 5 goals to 1.

G. RAWLINGS.

# DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

Chairman of Board of Governors—

ALDERMAN W. LITTLETON, J.P., 3, Osborne Villas, Stoke.

Head Master—A. F. TRESEDER, M.A.,

Trinity College, Dublin; Honours at B.A. Degree Examination, First Respondent.

Assistant Masters—

W. J. ANDREWS, L.C.P.,

Honours in History.

L. W. RALPH, B.A.,

Merton College Oxford; Exhibitioner

A. M. JACQUET,

Diplômé (Paris & Poitiers);

Membre de l'Université de France.

Second class Classical Moderations,

Hons. Finals.

T. T. BARNES, B.Sc.,

London University.

H. FERRARO, Senior Oxford and Camb. Locals.

Visiting Masters.

*Drawing.*

H. BABB,

W. DARTON.

*Music.*

C. JEFFERY.

*Shorthand.*

J. NORTHCOTT.

*Manual Instruction.*

H. C. MOORE.

*Gymnastics.*

J. BLUNT.

Preparatory Department—MISS C. COLLING-WOOD, Senior Camb. Local.

Boarding House Master—MR. ANDREWS.

## FEES.

Preparatory Class	...	...	1½ Guineas per Term
Forms I and II (Age 8 to 12 generally)	...	...	2½ " "
Forms III to VI	...	...	3½ " "
If the whole Four years' course be taken.			
Forms V and VI	...	...	3½ " "
If joining the School for a part of the Course.			

If two brothers are at the School, the Fee of the second will be reduced One Guinea per term.

The above Fees include all Subjects taught in the School (excepting Instrumental Music), a reasonable supply of Stationery and the use of most of the Text-books required.

A Recreation Fee of 2/6 per Term will be charged for each Boy.

The Boarding-House Fees (additional to the above) are—

Under 12 years of age	...	10 Guineas per Term
From 12 to 16	"	12 " "
Above 16	"	14 " "

THESE FEES ARE INCLUSIVE.

ALL THE ABOVE FEES ARE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

W. H. CRANG, Clerk to the Governors.

## REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

The reviewer's task is rendered none the easier by this wonderful reign of sunshine which suggests even cricket as being too strenuous; yet in recording the doings of the school he has considerable reason for satisfaction. Of twenty-six matches played by the First Eleven we have won sixteen and lost ten, no bad record for such a full fixture list, and but for misfortune we should probably have done even better.

Composed as a First Team necessarily is of boys who are reaching the upper limit of their school career, it must be subject to changes which are anything but advantageous. To this fact and to an unfortunate accident which has placed the Captain "*hors de combat*" during the past six weeks are due quite half of the reverses sustained.

The season is being completed by a Six-a-side competition for which the Head Master has very kindly offered medals for the winning team in this competition and some very keenly contested games have resulted; in fact the experiment has worked so well that it would be well to make this Six-a-side League a permanent feature of our Football programme.

An individual account of the play of the First Eleven is given below. The team as a whole, when we have had our full side, has worked very well together and has been worthy of the School's best traditions. Our weakness is in front of goal. The combination throughout the team is quite good enough to work the ball up the field, and many of the games which we have only just won, or even lost, have been played almost entirely in our opponents half, and there we have stayed unsuccessfully bombarding. Much of this inability to score is undoubtedly due to the fact that we have seldom had the same forward line twice in succession, but it is beyond question that our attack would be far more deadly if the forwards and halves kept their positions more steadily and shot sooner.

The Second Eleven, greatly weakened on many occasions this term by recruiting the First, has done very well, with a record of 12 wins against 6 losses and shews some very promising material for next year's School Team, and need have no misgivings about supplying the

gaps that will be made in its ranks from the Third and Fourth Elevens. Of the latter teams the Third have won 6 games and drawn 3, the Fourth 4 against 1.

Below the "Characters" of the First Eleven will be found the complete list of the matches played this season with the goals scored.

### CHARACTERS OF THE FIRST ELEVEN.

PURCHAS (Captain). A cool reliable back, tackles well and kicks strongly. He has played consistently well, and at times, brilliantly, whilst he has filled the position of captain admirably.

RAWLING. Fast and tricky and a good shot. As centre forward he has been the mainstay of our attack. His one fault is a tendency to ubiquity.

CUMMINGS. Last term a brilliant goal-keep who on more than one occasion saved his side from defeat; this term he has given proof of his versatility by playing back with great energy and considerable success.

SHARP. A hard working and fast half-back with plenty of dash. He would do well to cultivate a greater control of the ball both in attack and defence.

VIGGERS. Before his illness he was developing into an excellent outside right with great pace and a clean centre. He has been a great loss to the team this term.

PRYOR. Played very well at right-half last term and made us realise our loss of his services by playing a sterling game against us for St. Andrew's.

CLARKE. A sturdy and very useful forward. At inside-right by keeping his place and shooting hard when opportunity offered he has been a great assistance to his side.

SYMONS. For his weight a very good outside-left; he centres splendidly, particularly under difficulties, and shoots well when he has a chance.

PURCHAS. The most improved player on the side. Latterly he has been quite the best half-back and, at times, the best man in the team.

He intercepts passes admirably and has a good control of the ball besides being a strong kick. He should avoid dribbling.

**RASHBROOK.** A hard working forward who gives the opposing halves plenty of work in stopping him and greatly aids his own defence by coming back to help them.

**LOVE.** The school is very fortunate in being able to find such a successful substitute for Cumming in goal. He has greatly improved and by his brilliant defence has well earned his First Eleven cap.

**STEVENS.** Though lacking in finesse he had all the makings of a fine back at the end of last term and we have had great difficulty in filling his place.

**MACKENZIE, CROCKETT, and MATTHESON** have each on occasion done well for the First. If the last named can manage to grow a foot and fill out proportionately by next season he will prove a very valuable acquisition to the team.

**LIMPENNY** though mentioned last is very far from least in the estimation of anyone who has seen him play. He is unfortunately so seldom able to assist us that he can hardly be considered a regular member of the team. Fast, strong, hard shooting, untiring and always the keenest player on the side, we wish we had him more often.

Date	Club	Goals for	Goals against
Sept. 19	—Corinthians ...	6	1
„ 22	—Methodists ...	9	1
Oct. 3	—Hoe Grammar School ...	2	0
„ 6	—Wadham ...	1	0
„ 10	—Nondescripts	0	6
„ 13	—St. Andrews ...	0	5
„ 20	—Devonport Pupil Teachers	3	1
„ 24	—Devonport Athletic ...	2	3
„ 31	—St. Boniface	3	2
Nov. 3	—Dunheved College	0	3
„ 10	—Corinthians	8	2
„ 24	—Ashley	3	2
„ 28	—Torpoint St. James ...	5	4

Date	Club		Goals for	Goals against
Dec.	1—Fleetwood	...	5	0
„	8—Plympton Y.M.C.A.	...	0	1
Jan.	30—St. Matthias	...	1	2
Feb.	2—St. Andrews	...	3	0
„	6—Hoe Grammar School	...	5	2
„	9—Ashley	...	6	0
„	13—Nondescripts	...	2	0
„	16—Willoughby's Athletic	...	6	0
„	20—Dunheved College	...	1	2
„	23—Devonport Pupil Teachers	...	1	2
„	27—Wadham School	...	4	0
Mar.	6—Hoe Grammar School	...	1	2
„	9—Plympton Y.M.C.A.	...	0	3

## RUGBY.

St. James	...	...	6 pts.	6 pts.
Plymouth and Mannamead 2nd XV			28 pts.	8 pts.
Plymouth and Mannamead 2nd XV			15 pts.	13 pts.

**PRESENTATION TO ALONZO J. RIDER, ESQ., J.P.**

In Devonport Guildhall, on Wednesday evening, 30th January, Mr. Alonzo J. Rider, who until recently was principal of the School, was the recipient of a handsome testimonial. Alderman W. Littleton (chairman of the Education Authority) presided, and was supported by the Mayor, Mr. W. J. Moon, and many many members of the Council and other public bodies. The large gathering in the hall included the principal residents of the borough, a great number of Old Boys and the Masters and Boys of the School. Lovely bouquets were presented by Masters Franklin, Ferraro and Waddington, to the Mayoress, Mrs. Rider and Mrs. Littleton.

The Chairman in his introductory speech referred, amidst applause, to Mr. Rider as one worthy of all the honour which his fellow-townsmen could bestow. Mr. Rider, he said, had achieved success not only in the sphere of elementary education, but as the pioneer of that education in

science which has proved of such inestimable value to the young men of the present generation. Further than this, he had realized that education properly so called must extend beyond the limits known as elementary and scientific, and with this idea had founded a school for secondary education. The necessity for this secondary education Devonport had been one of the first boroughs to recognize, and he (the Chairman) was proud that there were public men with the public welfare sufficiently at heart to carry on the work which Mr. Rider had commenced. Determined to be first in the field, the local authority had come forward on the opportunity offered them by Mr. Rider's resignation, and with his help had taken upon themselves the responsibility of the direction of the High School and the place which he for so long had filled so ably. They were moreover determined that the prospects of the School whose success had been assured when Mr. Rider established it should never be worse than they found them. In appreciation of his educational work Mr. Rider had been made a magistrate for the borough, and he hoped that in educational affairs they would long have the benefit of his assistance. The speaker concluded by pointing, as a token of the wide-spread influence of Mr. Rider's work and the affection that his old pupils held for him, to the great number of letters which had been received from old boys, members of every profession in all parts of the world.

Mr. F. Olford, an Old Boy, who became Mr. Rider's pupil at Stoke Public School in 1876, and was now a member of the Royal Indian Marine, in an interesting speech referred in terms of praise and gratitude to the work of his old Head-Master, and to the name which 'Rider's School' had made for itself at the time when he went out into the world. Since then he had met Old Boys in India and in Burmah and he could testify for them as for himself that the esteem in which they held the old school and the affection they felt for its chief would never be lessened.

Mr. A. F. Treseder (Head Master), as an "Old Boy" and the Chairman of the Subscribers' Committee then said that Mr. Rider stood revealed before them that evening first and foremost as a *successful* man. Though the qualities which make for success were hard to define, yet all would agree that two conditions were essential: viz.—opportunity, and the power to seize the opportunity. Few were the departments of

human activity in which a man could reach the front rank without the co-operation of others. A poet might do; an artist might do so. But the business man, the financier, the admiral, the general, were mainly engaged in selecting, directing and co-ordinating agencies—human or otherwise. By neglecting this principle many a man, in spite of his personal prowess, had failed to achieve his object. By acting in accord with it Queen Elizabeth, in spite of her womanhood, outwitted and finally triumphed over her wealthy and powerful enemies. The speaker contrasted the state of matters educational when Mr. Rider commenced his career with those of the present time, and showed how, in the school over which he had previously presided, he seized the opportunity, which the general badness of elementary education presented, advanced with the general advance but kept ever in the van, became an early exponent of the correct method of teaching science and generally leavened the education of Devonport.

Secondly, Mr. Rider stood out prominently as a *tactful* man. Without the faculty of nice perception and the skill in saying and doing the right thing at the right time he would never have risen to the position he occupied. A delineation was then given of Mr. Rider's tactful way of dealing with the interviewing parent, the boy in the classroom, the recently successful examinee, and the lad seeking advice on the choice of a profession.

Last but not least Mr. Rider was a true *Educator*. The speaker held that whereas all schoolmasters were instructors, some only were teachers, whilst within the ranks of teachers lay the still smaller class of educators. A mere instructor would succeed with these phenomenal boys who could take in knowledge as wide-mouthed bottles did liquid. He would pour his knowledge over them, and, though much were wasted, some would enter. He would utterly fail with the average boy, who resembled a thermometer tube rather a wide-mouthed bottle. A hogshead of liquid might be poured on the mouth of a thermometer tube without any entering the bulb. A more protracted and skilful method than pouring must be employed. So the average boy needed to be taught, not merely instructed. The "*modus operandi*" of a first-rate teacher was then described. No sooner did such a one begin his lesson than he had complete control, not by terrorising the boys but

by arousing and sustaining a living interest in the subject taught—the result of careful preparation, judicious arrangement, earnestness, sympathy, clear enunciation, the carefully modulated voice, the shocking example, the illuminating question, the masterly handling of a partially correct answer. Whilst a first-rate teacher would bring his class to a high state of efficiency he could only lay claim to the title of educator if his sway extended beyond the schoolroom. His influence, like that of the great masters of literature, must be formative. He must be a builder of character. He must succeed in endowing the more receptive of his pupils with a sixth sense—the sense of proportion—that level-headedness which was one of the most valuable gifts that one person could impart to another. The address concluded by voicing the sentiments not only of all the old boys present at the meeting but of that far greater number hailing from all parts of the world in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Rider health, long life and happiness.

Following upon the speech of the Head Master, the Mayor, on the behalf of the subscribers, presented a silver tray to Mr. Rider asking him to accept it as a token of the high appreciation and respect in which they held him and expressing the hope that he might be long spared to enjoy his well earned retirement. He then called for three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Rider which were given with great enthusiasm. On the tray, which is of Chippendale pattern, and weighs 117 ounces, is the following inscription:—

Presented to Alonzo J. Rider, Esq., J.P., by present and past pupils and colleagues on his retirement after 43 years of strenuous educational work in Devonport, as a slight token of their high respect and esteem. Stoke Public School, 1863—1895. Devonport High School, 1895—1905.

Mr. Rider, speaking with emotion, said that he was overcome with gratitude at the goodness which they had shown in recognizing his poor services. Their beginnings had been very small and he had been permitted to meet with a success that seemed to him more than he could possibly have anticipated; but whatever need of success had been his he had been able year after year to bear testimony to the unswerving devotion and the nobility of character found always in his staff of masters. Nor could he forget the kindness which had been shown him by parents who were, almost without exception, sincerely

grateful for anything he had been able to do for their sons. Looking back upon his years as a teacher he realized that his had been a delightful experience; years spent among boys working with him to attain the object equally desired by both, the success and the prizes so many of them had won. As for continuing to interest himself in the fortunes of the school, to cease so doing was to him impossible. Of all things he liked being with young people; it was the best specific for keeping young oneself. Concluding with a heartily welcomed tribute to the very valuable assistance that he had always found in Mrs. Rider, whilst wishing the High School increased power and usefulness, he thanked them on her behalf and his own from the bottom of his heart. Mr. E. M. Leest seconded by Mr. Hayes, both old boys, proposed a vote of thanks to the Mayor and a similar motion was passed in favour of Alderman Littleton on the motion of Mr. H. Budge who was seconded by Mr. W. Andrews.

During the proceedings a most enjoyable musical programme was provided by Messrs. R. Sharp, P. Lynch and G. E. Lord, all "Old Boys" to the admirable accompaniment of Mr. Charles Jeffery.

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### **THE MYSTERY OF ORCHAISE-CASTLE.**

It was a glorious evening towards the close of July: the cattle had been brought in for the night, a deeply rooted custom in some French 'départemens,' and the reapers having returned from the fields, every one on the farm was ready to partake of the substantial meal which was served, at that time of the year, on a deal table set under a big chestnut-tree in front of the house. When the spruce maid-servant appeared with the 'potage,' I sat down to supper with the others and the conversation soon turned to the tragic deed which had been perpetrated at Orchaïse-Castle in the early hours of the day.

This castle, a fine specimen of the many piles of hewn stones and mortar which adorn the banks of the Loire, stands on a hill covered with venerable oaks. A circuitous carriage-drive leads up to it from the road that runs along the river and, on the other side of the hill, at the bottom of the slope, is a lake fed by a stream of water issuing from a huge cave. Whether this cave was originally the entrance to a

subterranean passage between the lake and the castle cannot be ascertained at the present day for, not only is the intensity of the cold generated by the oozing and dripping through its sides and roof unbearable, but the loosened overhanging rocks which can be seen up to a considerable depth inspire a sufficient fear of an evil to come to prevent any one even attempting to enter it. Two boats are kept under a shed close to its mouth for a row on the lake, in the middle of which is an artificial islet with a summer kiosk backed against an enormous pollard willow.

The castle then belonged to a Parisian banker and, from where we sat, the moon being full, there could be seen peering out over the trees half-way up the carriage-drive the red tiled roof of a house, the dwelling-place and offices of his steward, Champion. To this day I often recall the happy hours I have spent during the holidays, thanks to this man when his master was in town, roaming over the whole estate as if it had been my own or building castles in the air whilst stretched at full length in the shade of the pollard willow on the islet. And I should have gone to pay him a visit on the morrow had I not just been told that he was lying dead inside the castle.

I had been at my uncle's for a few hours only and I listened to the circumstances attending Champion's death, as they were reported by the reapers and farm labourers, with two minds. They were indeed rather inconsequent. Some three or four months before, one of the banker's diamond scarfpins was accidentally found hidden in a drawer of the steward's writing desk and, on information given by his clerk Rotru who had made the discovery, he was sent to prison in spite of his protestations of innocence. A few weeks later, the appointment of Rotru in his stead only increased the stir which the condemnation had aroused among the population around. No wonder, therefore, that every one was discussing about Champion's death when it became known early in the day that he had been shot dead by no other than Rotru.

To retrace the tragedy to its origin, Rotru met Champion prowling about near the castle in the evening and, thinking him destitute and friendless, invited him to spend the night at his house, an invitation which was readily accepted. They sat late talking and towards

midnight, after they had been in the arms of Morpheus for half an hour, Rotru awoke and noticed that his companion, who had occupied a temporary bed near his own was no longer in the room. He got up and then discovered that the keys of the castle which he kept hanging on the door had disappeared. There seemed no doubt that Champion had taken them and was at his old work again. Snatching a gun from its rack, Rotru went straight to the castle. The entrance door which he had locked in the evening was left ajar. In the hall, he lit the lamp just in time to see Champion, with a lantern in one hand and a leather bag in the other, coming out from a room on the first floor. The latter finding himself once more trapped stopped at the head of the stairs and, when Rotru advanced threateningly towards the steps, hurled at him both the lantern and bag. The hall lamp was smashed and in the dark Rotru fired a shot at random. The heavy fall which followed told its tale. Rotru got another light and found Champion stretched dead with half his body inside the room, the safe of which he had ransacked for, on the police being called in, they found that two complete sets of silver plate, which were kept in it when the banker was away, had been removed. A search for the missing plate was started at daybreak, but to no avail, and this was rather perplexing me. If, as Rotru had stated, they went to bed at 11.30, and it was about a quarter past midnight at the most when he entered the castle, how could Champion, in so short a time, have broken open a strong safe and so successfully concealed all its contents as to baffle the two policemen who had been looking for them all day long?

Supper being over, we rose from table and were about to retire for the night when we saw an old man, shabbily dressed, coming towards us across the court. On perceiving me, he asked for a private interview, and I walked with him a little way off, talking of things in general all the while. A few changes in the modulation of his voice suddenly struck me.

"Surely, I am right," I cried, "you are Benity?"

"Yes," replied my companion, "and I have been here waiting to speak to you for the last twenty minutes. I feared, if I came to you before you had finished supper, you would recognize me despite my disguise and tell the others who I am. I have been sent in consequence

of a wire received at headquarters this afternoon to look into the affair at the castle and I want to proceed with it quietly, without awakening suspicion. Knowing that you are fond of meddling in strange cases such as this, I shall, however, be glad if you come with me to-morrow.

"All right, old friend, and, if you like, we will start in the morning before any one is astir."

Accordingly, next morning, we went into the room where the body was still lying on the floor, with the policeman in charge of it. Benity acquainted him with his errand and told him to go and fetch the steward. Meanwhile he examined the room and particularly the safe.

"It took some time and good tools to break open this safe," he remarked.

As I expected, he did not trouble to look at the door which had been opened with its own key or at the carpet, as several men had entered the room the day before. But he was most minute in his examination of the bag beside it.

"Well! what do you make out of the whole affair?" I ventured to ask him.

"Before hazarding a conjecture, I must find the tools and the plate, and these seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth if what I was told yesterday is true."

Just then the policeman returned with the steward. Benity asked the latter to stay and keep watch as he required the policeman to show him round and explain what had already been done towards the recovery of the missing articles. I followed them and, after thorough but futile researches which led us to the cave and across the lake to the islet, we went back to the room where the steward was waiting and Benity again examined the body. I saw him suddenly give a start. He was holding the right hand of the dead man in his left and with his right he was pulling out something from under the nail of the forefinger. What could it be? He went to the window, took a microscope from his waistcoat pocket and looked at the thing for over a minute. Turning at last towards us:

"You two," addressing Rotru and the policeman, "must stay here

whilst I run with my friend as far as his uncle's house to fetch a copy of the report which was drawn up yesterday."

When out, "Come, we will have another row on the lake."

Having made fast the boat on reaching the islet, we walked straight to the willow.

"Now," he said, "put your back against the trunk and help me up. I should like to have a peep around from the top of this tree."

I did as I was told, and catching hold of the branches he soon reached the stump which formed its crown. But he did not remain there long and, when we were back at the castle, he asked the steward if there were any ladders about.

"Only two, one in the garden and the other behind my house."

We went to have a look at them: they were long and heavy. On our return to the room, we found an Inspector of police with two other policemen. He had brought them to remove the body. Benity took the Inspector aside and asked us to go into the next room for a few minutes. Whether the steward who had lingered behind on the landing listened or not to the conversation which took place between the Inspector and Benity, we heard him suddenly bolt down the stair, whilst a voice, Benity's voice, was shouting: "Stop him! Stop him!" Down we went followed by the Inspector and Benity and, when on the steps outside, we saw Rotru rushing down the slope in the direction of the lake, about thirty yards away. Off we dashed in hot pursuit, but do what we could, he kept ahead till he came near the mouth of the cave. We shouted to him to stop, all in vain. A few seconds and he had vanished from sight. But one cry, one dreadful cry together with the dull sound of a heavy body falling into water sent a thrill of horror through us. We reached the cave out of breath, looking aghast. A dark mass, an enormous rock about ten or twelve feet from the mouth had been detached from the roof and lay in the stream barring its flow into the lake. With ropes which we found in the boat-house we succeeded in drawing it to us, and the accumulated water, rushing like an avalanche, carried away the mangled body of the unfortunate steward. When we had recovered it, the policemen took it to the castle and Benity at last made clear to the Inspector and to me what is still known as "The Mystery of Orchaize-Castle."

"After examining the safe," he began, "I became convinced that Champion, although he was familiar with the place, could not in the time stated by Rotru, have opened it, even with the best tools, and removed its contents to a place so as to baffle the researches made by the police yesterday. With this idea, I looked for an accomplice and for an accomplice who had prepared everything beforehand. One important fact I had obtained from the prison officials before my arrival here was that Rotru had inquired on what day Champion was to be released. This made it certain to me that Champion's coming to the castle immediately after his liberation was not unexpected as Rotru had said. Far from it; on leaving prison he had no doubt been invited by the steward to come to his house and, when there, asked to help in committing the deed. And I am also pretty well sure that Rotru himself stole the scarfpin and hid it in the drawer of Champion's writing-desk to have him sent to prison and thus have a chance of getting in his place. But that Champion should have consented to ransack the safe is another matter. Either he was naturally perverse or prison life had changed him from a good man into a wicked one. Whichever of these suppositions may be true, Rotru's guilt was beyond all question. Not only had he planned the robbery and carried it out with Champion's help, but he had killed him to appropriate everything to himself and bring the guilt home to his accomplice. But how could I compel him to confess his crimes? This I did after discovering where the plate had been hidden."

"What!" we both cried, the Inspector and I, "You know where the silver is concealed?"

"Wait a moment," replied Benity, "all in time. I think you noticed," addressing me, "how carefully I examined the hand of the dead man. I did, in fact, make a most important discovery. Under the nail of the forefinger of the right hand was a clot of blood and what had caused it was nothing else but the thorn of a wild gooseberry bush which I drew from the wound. As you are well aware, wild gooseberry bushes often grow upon stumped willow trees and in my search for the plate I had particularly noticed the big pollard willow on the islet. There we went, my friend and I, after I had made quite sure with a microscope about the nature of the thorn. I climbed up the

tree with his help as Champion had probably done with Rotru's and discovered in the hollow on the top not only the plate but also the tools with which the safe had been broken open. When back in the castle, as a proof that my surmise about the climbing of the tree was correct, I ascertained that there were only two ladders and both too heavy to have been of any use. Yet so far I had no tangible proof for ordering Rotru's arrest. Soon after, however, I found you in the room, Inspector, and I quickly thought of a stratagem by which to play to the best effect my last card in the unravelling of the mystery. I asked you to stop with me whilst the others retired into the adjoining room, and I told you in a loud voice that Champion had had an accomplice and that he was close at hand, being certain that Rotru would listen and, if really guilty, would try to escape the moment he knew his guilt was discovered. He did not give me time to say more. We pursued him and, to avoid being caught, he did what the hunted hare does—hid in the first burrow he came across. This burrow was the cave and there he has met with a well deserved fate. The only thing that remains for us to do is to go to the islet and bring back the plate."

This done, Benity drew up a circumstantial report of the whole tragedy, which report, signed by the Inspector and myself, he took with him to the Police Headquarters in Paris.

A. M. JACQUET.

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### THE SECOND OF MARCH.

The second of March dawned a day of splendour. The splendour, perhaps, from a fishing point of view, was rather overdone; a little breeze to ruffle the surface of the water or a suspicion of murkiness in the atmosphere renders, I am assured, the Dartmoor trout less wary of the fisher's craft. This may be so. I am prepared to believe almost anything about the Dartmoor trout. I am prepared to believe that he is toothsome as a dish; that he yields more excitement to the angler (when hooked) than any other river fish of his weight; that he is very plentiful at the right time and season; that he sometimes runs to quite a respectable weight. From actual experience I feel emboldened to declare that whatever his other estimable characteristics his tastes are eclectic to a point of nicety; and of this I am convinced and will

maintain the position against all comers, that on March 2nd, 1907, the Dartmoor trout as exemplified by his representatives in the Linber is coy, very coy.

On the left bank near a willow and just below a little water-fall (I beg its pardon—a little 'stickles!') we made our first casts. We were each using three flies, dainty little things of different hue to please varying palates. This was a great compliment to the trout's powers of discrimination for, as we were fishing with 'wet' flies, after a cast or two, it was beyond the mere human eye to decide which of the little bedraggled objects was a "Blue Mag" and which a "Pink Jane." It is probable that not only was the trout able to distinguish one from the other but also to detect with equal accuracy the hook which was the common feature of them all. At any rate one of the two anglers never saw a rise in that pool and his attention was otherwise engaged when his companion, with all the pride of the successful fisherman, claimed a 'bite.'

Disentangling the three flies successively from the topmost branch of the willow and from the index finger of my left hand, (this operation renders a sharp penknife, an handkerchief and an outline knowledge of "first aid" possessions of value on a fishing expedition) I crawled across a piece of rotting timber, with the water whirling below, and sat upon a damp stone with my boots in the river to attack the water-fa—'stickles'—from the top. Equal success! A little later the other man tried pastures new somewhat above me and almost immediately caught a leaf. After this achievement, from which we drew omens of "sere and yellow" fish to come, we tried that stream and our tempers for hours. We threw flies at it and dragged them through it; we threshed its waters into foam; we stripped the trees of their foliage and trampled the grass of its banks into mud, but all to no purpose. Then we had lunch. Lunch with the glorious sun above the trees, the ripple of the water beside us and all around a plenitude of peace and beauty. Under such conditions the folly of the fish who refuse to recognise and claim the pretty flies expressly prepared for them is forgiven, hope of better luck springs anew, and even the homely sandwich becomes invested with a glamour of romance. Of the fragrant wonder of the after-lunch pipe who can speak without ecstasy? For a space Nirvana and then Dartmoor trout, have at you!!

About five o'clock we resorted to sterner measures. The gaudy minnow was affixed, swung through the startled air, and launched into the deep. As a trawler the mechanism was a startling success. It took samples of the river bed in all directions and finally got moored on to a rock. To lie at full length some feet from the bank (so as not to alarm the fish) with rod beside one, what time a companion in adversity walks round and round one end of his line trying to coax the minnow from its fastness at the other, is a pleasing occupation; stores of wisdom and well-reasoned advice as to action in such an emergency rise readily to the lips, and on this occasion my friend's self-restraint was an edifying and a noble thing. He wrestled successfully and we hauled on the shore the nearest thing to a fish that we had yet sighted and bestowed him in his little box. Then from out another little box—I blush to repeat it—an evil-smelling little box--we drew a writhing specimen of cannibalistic worm.

I can but congratulate the Dartmoor trout on his refusal to swallow this creature. Its appearance was as offensive as its habits were immoral. For an indefinite period it had dwelt in the same nasty little box with no food but its fellows, and from all appearance had thrived on the diet. With very proper feeling the fish scorned the proffered bait and, when a final cast had landed the worm high and dry in a tree, we let it stay there, convinced that it was as likely to catch trout in that position as in the stream, whilst we were saved the trouble of casting and recasting and casting again. An involuntary experiment on the part of my friend of wading into the fishes' own element having subsequently failed, we retired baffled from the Linher with wrath in our hearts and bitter sayings about that river on our tongues.

Later, we had our revenge. There is a little brooklet that skirts the side of a meadow and empties itself into the main stream some hundreds of yards below the stickles. The water of this, friendly arms, spade and bucket soon diverted from its course, and then our prey could no longer elude us. Peering into every cranny, lifting every tiny pebble, we garnered them into our store and gloated on our shiny treasure flicking their microscopic noses with their infinitesimal tails on the grass. Then, the temporary dam removed, our catch bestowed in waistcoat pockets, we wended up an interminable hill to that most

hospitable of hamlets, Landrake, and a vast supper. Nothing like a day's fishing for the appetite. Small wonder that we reached home that night well content with ourselves, but strongly resolved to visit the Linher, on business intent, never more.

L. RALPH.

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## ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTES

BY G. C. BIGNELL, F.E.S.

Having derived so much pleasure in my rambles after insects, in the study of Entomology, I am induced to write on the subject with a view of leading others to do as I have done, with the hope they may clear up some of the many mysteries of insect life at present hidden.

The great majority of Entomologists commence their studies with the butterflies and content themselves at the start with simply catching and pinning them, and then setting them in some very crude manner, so as to appear like those seen in some other person's collecting box. Once having made a start on his own ideas, the beginner follows it up for a time until he is invited to see the captures of an older Collector. He then discovers that he has been working with poor results, having used, according to the elder Collector's opinion, spikes instead of entomological pins. He is also reminded that the butterfly should not rest on the bottom of the box, but that a clear space must be left between the insect and the bottom. The reason is this, that unless great care is taken, mites will get into the box; and should the wings of the butterfly or moth be resting on the bottom, the mites have good shelter, and are able to carry on their work of destruction free from prying eyes. If a clear space is left between the butterfly and the bottom, there is a much better chance of seeing any intruder and killing it.

### PRESERVING.

Napthaline is the best thing to keep marauders from entering. Should the collection be troubled with mildew, Carbolic Acid should be used. The best way to use it, is to place a little in glass tubes and fill them with cotton wool to prevent its running out and staining the store box.

### KILLING.

Many things have been recommended for killing insects. The

writer has tried several ; after all, the cheapest was the best, and that is Common Laurel (*Prunus Lauro-cerasus*). The youngest leaves should be selected, and these *must be gathered* on a fine dry day, after having been exposed to the sun for some time. If this precaution is not observed, the leaves will mildew. Should this happen they must be thrown away, the bottle scalded out, dried, and a fresh start made. Young shoots and leaves, gathered in April or May, give ten times as much volatile oil as the old leaves. Having gathered them, the next thing is to prepare them for the bottle. This is done in two ways and one is as good as the other (it is only a matter of convenience). The first method is with a pair of scissors to cut the leaves in shreds, just as you see tobacco cut up for smoking. The other way is to place them on a stone and hammer them until they are all bruised. The object in both cases is to bruise the parenchyma (cellular tissue) which is contained between the cuticle or outer covering of the leaves. The leaves contain Amygdalin and an Albuminoid substance which on exposure to air or moisture (moisture in the leaves) is converted into a ferment called Emulsion, this acting on the Amygdalin, produces Oil of Bitter Almonds (Benzoic Aldehyde) or Prussic Acid. This deadly compound will kill butterflies, moths, or any insects in a few seconds when fresh, and in thirty seconds at the end of twelve months, provided it has been properly prepared and the bottle kept well stoppered. A large size pickle bottle, with a tin levered stopper, is the best and will last several years.

#### SETTING.

Pine boards, covered with cork, with a groove in the centre for the body of the insect to rest in, should be used to set the insect for the cabinet. The pin and board should be according to the size of the insect. The butterfly should be pinned in the centre of the thorax, between the wings. The pinned butterfly should then be pinned in the centre of the groove, the wings spread out and kept in place with strips of paper (foreign post paper is the best for this purpose). They should remain on the setting boards for ten days, before removal to the store box or cabinet. Before placing them there, a small label, with place and date of capture, should be neatly written ; the pin passed through it, so that at any time, the insect can be lifted and its date and place of capture, at once ascertained.

It is also a good thing to keep a diary of your rambles, with the names of important insects you may secure, and the name of your companion or companions on each trip. Above all make notes of anything you observe that you believe is not of daily occurrence. It may occur daily but not be noticed by ordinary persons. For instance, the writer was the first to record, in England that the marbled-white butterfly did not deposit her eggs on the plant that the caterpillar fed on, but dropped them as she flew over the meadow in which the writer was standing watching their flight. When the first egg was dropped he could hardly believe his eyes; he watched another, she did the same; he selected others, all did the same thing. This was conclusive that it was their habit to drop their eggs among the grass on which the young caterpillars feed. The great majority of butterflies and other insects attach their eggs to the plant on which the young larvæ will feed on leaving the egg. Larva and Caterpillar may be considered synonymous terms when speaking of the Lepidoptera and some other groups, but not so when speaking of insects that are like their parents on emerging from the egg, such as the Cockroach, Grasshopper, &c. The young in this case are called Larvæ.

Insects are divided into several families chiefly according to the structure of their wings; and these are divided and subdivided into orders, sections, genera, and species.

The principal groups are as follows :

APTERA, without wings. Mites, &c.

FORFICULIACE (Euplexoptera), well folded wings. Earwigs.

ORTHOPTERA, straight wings. Cockroaches, Locusts, Grasshoppers and Crickets.

ODONATA. Dragon Flies.

NEUROPTERA, numerous nerves in the wing. Ephemerae, &c.

TRICHOPTERA, hairy covering of the wing. Phryganeidae (caddis worms).

HYMENOPTERA, hymen, a membrane. Bees, Wasps, Sawflies, and Ichneumons Those armed with a sting or ovipositor.

COLEOPTERA, sheath-wings. Beetles.

LEPIDOPTERA, lepis, a scale, scale wings. Butterflies and Moths.

DIPTERA, two-winged Flies. House Flies, Gnats, &c.

APHANIPTERA, wing invisible. Fleas.

(To be continued).