

No. 24.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE.



APRIL, 1916.

DEVONPORT:
SWISS & CO., PRINTERS, 111 AND 112 FORE STREET.
1916.

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JOHN C. H. B.

WALTON

1866

THE DEVONPORT
High School Magazine.

No. 24.

APRIL, 1916.

PRICE 6D.

EDITOR - - - H. A. BAZLEY.

All communications should be addressed to :—"The Magazine Editor,
Devonport High School, Plymouth."

EDITORIAL.

Again the editorial is penned midst the clash of arms and the din of battle ; not yet has arrived the long looked for day of victory ; not yet are the towns and villages of Europe immune from the Huns' atrocities. Nevertheless, evidence is not lacking that while the strength of the allies is indisputably increasing, that of the enemy is just as surely on the wane. We have conclusive proof of this in the fact that our brave ally across the Channel has been able to withstand the furious onslaught of countless enemy hordes launched against him day after day, and week after week, in their desperate but futile attempts to break through his impregnable defences. At whatever point the enemy attacks, we may await the result with equanimity ; our confidence is not to be shaken by any form of German "frightfulness." It is in vain that bombs are rained upon helpless and unoffending citizens ; of no avail is this barbarism against the indomitable spirit of our nation ; its only effect is to strengthen our determination to fight and to conquer until German militarism is crushed never to rise again. When this happy result is brought about it will afford no little satisfaction to reflect on the fact that our school has not been behind-hand in fulfilling its part in the decision of this fateful and momentous struggle. We rejoice as we think of those old D.H.S.-ians at present in the field who form a real link between ourselves and this colossal conflict, thus bringing us into more intimate connection with this all-absorbing contest.

Within the school itself the martial spirit of the times is reflected in that military organisation—the Cadet Corps. This body which has just celebrated the first anniversary of its inauguration has proved a success equal to, if not surpassing, our most sanguine expectations, and its present state of efficiency bears excellent testimony not only to the spirit and enthusiasm of the boys, but also to the perseverance and ability of those in charge.

It must not be thought for one moment, however, that the development of this body has been accompanied by any diminution in the activities of the other school societies. The Literary and Debating Society, for example, continues to shed its kindly humanising light, while its members, in handling difficult and complicated questions, are beginning to show that freedom and assurance acquired only by practice and experience.

Thus prevails in the School to-day a spirit which partakes alike of Sparta and of Athens.

VALETE PRAECEPTORES.

We record the departure of the following Prefects :—

- J. PHILLIPS—Entered School, September, 1911 ; became Prefect October, 1912 ; Full Colours ; Captain " Drake " House 1915, Vice-Captain 1st XI. 1915 ; Magazine Editor, December, 1915 ; Senior Prefect, 1915 ; Chairman of Debating Society Committee, September–December, 1915.
- M. J. COLLIER—Entered School, April, 1913 ; Prefect, September, 1913 ; Senior Prefect, January, 1916 ; Chairman, Debating Society, January, 1916 ; Sergeant, Cadet Corps, June, 1915 ; C.S.M., September, 1915 ; Cadet Second-Lieutenant, Nov., 1915.

Old D.H.S.-ians will hear with regret of the decease of our former Caretaker, George Seymour, who died almost suddenly on February 20th.

Hearty congratulations to Sergeant Roebuck—old D.H.S.-ian—who has been recently " mentioned in dispatches," and is *en route* for a Commission,

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

The amended list of Office holders is as follows :—

PREFECTS.—H. A. Bazley (Senior Prefect), B. R. Reiss-Smith, T. H. Martin, A. T. Brooks, L. Budge, W. H. Bosworthick, R. F. E. Cock, and H. Westlake.

SPORTS' COMMITTEE.—The Masters and Prefects.

1ST XI.—Captain, H. Westlake.

2ND XI.—Captain, L. Budge.

HOUSE CAPTAINS.—“ Drake,” A. L. Atwill ; “ Gilbert,” H. Westlake ; “ Grenville,” W. Bosworthick ; “ Raleigh,” H. Martin.

D.H.S. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—Committee : H. A. Bazley (Chairman), B. R. Reiss-Smith, H. Martin, W. H. Bosworthick (Secretary), and R. F. E. Cock.

D.H.S. TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS.—Scoutmaster, Mr. J. C. Platt.

D.H.S. CADET CORPS.—Officer Commanding, Cadet-Captain N. W. Lamb ; Cadet-Second-Lieutenant H. Ferraro ; Cadet-Second-Lieutenant M. J. Collier ; Sergeant-Major W. Bosworthick.

SPEECH DAY, 1916.

Devonport High School during its twenty years existence has had speech days in sundry places, viz., a tent on the School lawn, Devonport Guildhall, Devonport Public Hall, the Electric Theatre, and now for the first time (the first of a long series, one hopes) Plymouth Guildhall. There were a few who thought that we should be lost in this great edifice. But they did not know the resilience of D.H.S., for on the afternoon of February 22nd last the “ Guildhall was,” to quote the local press, “ filled in every part.” The Chairman (Alderman W. Littleton, J.P.), said that one was more than proud of the masters and pupils of the School, because its acquirement nine years ago was a great venture on the part of the Corporation. Many prophets said it would be a dead failure ; but the School had been a perfect success. He referred to the death of Sir Charles Radford, one of the best educationists.

After the Headmaster had given his Report, a small boy (Frame) on behalf of the School, presented the Mayor with a cheque for £1 10s., in lieu of a bouquet to the Mayoress, with a letter expressing the hope that the Mayoress (who being on a visit to Portsmouth, was unable to be present) would give the money to any war charity in which she might be interested. The Mayor of

Plymouth (Mr. Councillor T. Baker) made suitable acknowledgment, after which he presented the prizes, and then addressed the boys, reminding them of their excellent opportunities at the present day. He said that he had been particularly struck with the orderliness of the boys and the respectfulness of those who had received prizes. Those might, he said, be little things, but they were what helped to make character (*applause*). The healthy, vigorous, honest-looking faces of the scholars were, he felt sure, an indication of clean minds behind them, and the evidence of their work was extremely satisfactory (*applause*).

Alderman W. L. Munday, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Mayor, said that through amalgamation Plymouth had several excellent secondary schools, and he believed it was the wish of all to develop each in its own particular way. Councillor J. Moon seconded, and the vote was carried vociferously, as was also a vote of thanks to the Chairman on the proposition of Councillor Welsford, seconded by Mr. Treglohan.

An inspection by the Mayor of the Cadet Corps in the Guildhall Square formed a novel prelude to the proceedings, and an agreeable epilogue was provided by a French playlet from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for which great praise is due to the members of Form VI., and to M. Jacquet, who trained them and adapted the play. Forms III. and IV. contributed a vocal number, under the direction of Mr. Jeffrey; whilst Pryor major and Pryor minor gave delightful evidence of their well-known skill on the piano and violin.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

FOR THE YEAR 1915.

Before presenting my 9th Annual Report, a report on what pertains to Devonport High School for the year 1915, may I be allowed to express the gratitude of the School to Alderman Littleton for his kindly and useful gift of a prize of £5 per annum. So extended is the list of successes obtained at public examinations during the period in review, that, in order to avoid tedium, I am under the happy necessity of condensing and classifying. With the exception of a few successes, such as bank clerkships, Eastern Telegraph Entrance and a P. & O. Scholarship, the principal honours won direct from the School easily fall under two main headings: first, those connected with a university, and second, those for entrance to the Public Services.

Dealing with the former, and first considering the senior and junior local examinations held by the University of Cambridge, I find that the number of candidates submitted was 50. Forty-nine were successful, of whom 27 obtained honours, and no less than 12 first-class honours. This result is thrown into clearer prominence by a comparative view. For all the boy candidates throughout the United Kingdom, the percentages of failures was 21; for the High School candidates it was 2. Again, for all the boy candidates the percentage of first-class honours was 7; for our boys it was 24. One boy—Maddock—was first among 3,699 candidates in arithmetic. He is, I think, to be congratulated, as is also Mr. Andrews, who prepared him in that subject. Thirteen boys qualified for matriculation at the University of London, the largest number for any one year in the history of the school. At the same university a sixth former—Winchester—in June last, obtained his Inter. B.Sc. Those who know the examination will recognise this as a very good performance for a boy of 17. In October our old friend, Alfred Heywood-Waddington, who had been a pupil at the School for 11 years, left for Oriel College, Oxford, taking with him the Boyd Exhibition of £50 a year, tenable for 3 years, which he had won in August, together with the High School leaving scholarship of £50 a year for the same period.

Passing on to the review of examinations for entrance to the Public Services, I find the number of successes scored was 11. In June, Blair Hickman passed both the Naval Clerkships (Paymaster Branch), R.N., and the Sandhurst examinations. He selected the senior service, and quickly received an appointment on H.M.S. *Queen*. At the September competition for entrance to Sandhurst, J. L. Read and A. D. Cassell obtained respectively the 15th and 29th places, among 121 successful candidates; Read was awarded a Prize Cadetship. The most recent success on the combatant side was that of M. G. Penny, who passed for entrance to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, at a competition held in November and December.

Consonant with the stern needs of the times, admission to the Civil Service for youths of military age has been vetoed since March. Results are just to hand, however, of a newly-created post for those of pre-military age, entitled Established Clerk to the Surveyor of Taxes. Being permanent, and of fair prospects, it was very attractive, for at a competition held in December, no fewer than 1,192 candidates presented themselves for 350 vacancies. S. E. Coleman (113th) and R. E. Sinnott (221st), the only candidates sent in, were both successful at first trial. Earlier in the year P. E. Holwell went into the same service as a Boy Clerk, and

Leslie J. Taylor as a Learner in the Department of the Postmaster General, securing the 3rd place among 67 competitors, with top marks in English composition. At the March examination for Customs and Excise, the last which has been held, William Hitchcock obtained the 17th place in competition with 588 other candidates. Being in our Cadet Corps, he was enabled to temporarily exchange his Excise appointment for a commission in the army, and is now with his regiment somewhere in the war zone. The last success I have to record is that of Arthur Reep, who in January, 1915, stood number 14 on the list of 55 successful candidates for the Intermediate Branch of the Civil Service. He is one of five High School students who have successfully competed for this most important and lucrative post. He obtained the highest mark (92 per cent.) of the 102 candidates who took mathematics, and did well also in the most advanced French group. We are proud of his success, but we are still more proud of what he did subsequently, for, within a few months of his appointment, he obtained permission to enlist in the army, volunteered for a specially dangerous task in the firing line, "somewhere in France," carried out that task, and was awarded a commission for so doing.

What may be termed the Group-spirit of the School is distinctly good. All things considered, I never knew it better. The sixth Form, including the Prefects, continue to exert an influence equal to its highest tradition. Of the assistant staff, on whom the welfare of a School so largely depends, I cannot speak in terms too high. To knowledge and skill are added zeal and loyal co-operation.

As is doubtless the case with most schools, the honours obtained by old boys are of a very different character from those gained in previous times. I know of twelve old D.H.S.-ians who died for their country during the year 1915. Many others were wounded, one (Pym) received the D.C.M., another (Parry) the D.S.O. Such service needs no comment. It is vocal in itself. It binds the present to the past by an unbreakable chain. Devonport High School is a comparatively young school. The oldest of its old boys are barely over 40. Yet the boys of to-day realise with an intensity never known before that they are members of a goodly fellowship.

Comparable to the spirit shown by old boys in answering their country's call, are the zeal and energy displayed by present pupils in preparing themselves for future emergencies. 1915 will always be remembered in the annals of the School as the year which saw the creation of the Cadet Corps. Just twelve months ago at the last Speech Day I gave expression to the hope that such an organisation might be formed. It seemed rather a forlorn hope by reason

of the initial outlay. Nevertheless, after correspondence with the War Office, and other preliminaries, we set to work, and to-day without any assistance from the Government or the ratepayers, there is in being a Corps of over 70 Cadets, keen, enthusiastic, and, by the way—well tailored. Since April, no less a sum than £120 has been collected. It is but fair, however, to state that in addition to this sum the five commissioned officers, who are or have been in the Corps, viz., Captain Sheldon Williams—to whose pioneer work so much praise is due—and Lieutenant Prust (both of whom are now on active service), Captain Lamb (the present keen and capable commanding officer), and Lieutenants Collier and Ferraro,—these five have themselves met the entire cost of their outfit, at an outlay of between £80 and £90. Special thanks are also due to two old D.H.S.-ians, Captain Reed Dawe, of the Indian army, and Mr. L. A. Lampard, also of India—the former for heading the subscription list with a donation of £5, and the latter for presenting the Corps with the magnificent silver cup here on view. While, therefore, it will, I think, be conceded that a good start has been made, yet, as is the case with most voluntary institutions, the subscription is still open. The entrance fees and terminal subscriptions of the boys themselves suffice to meet current expenses—but uniforms and other equipment will wear out, and need replacement. A sum of £50, however, if obtained within the next six months, would put the Corps on a sound financial basis; and the hope is held that such a sum may be forthcoming.

With such a manifestation of enthusiasm for military training, it would have been small matter for surprise if the other school activities had suffered considerable diminution. Such, however, has not been the case. We are, for example, in the midst of one of the most successful football seasons ever known—and for this a certain amount of credit is due to the tact and steady work of Mr. Lewis, who joined the staff in September last. The High School Boy Scouts' Troop, under the able and devoted guidance of Mr. Platt, instead of being in any way depressed by the Cadet movement has actually increased in numbers.

The D.H.S. Magazine, self-supporting, and managed by the boys themselves, continues to flourish. Number 23, issued last term, was the largest number on record; it had the largest sale on record; and in giving a pictorial representation of the Lampard Cup it reproduced an old and pleasing feature.

Under competent guidance, the boys in the Carpentry classes have turned out some useful munition work—and it needs no keen observer to see how delighted the boys are with such a realistic employment.

In the Debating Society is to be found another example of war psychology. Boys who used to have little to say are becoming keen debaters. I notice the same trait with essay writing, especially among senior pupils. Given a subject even remotely connected with the present great struggle, and there is no lack of ideas. No longer are penholders despairingly chewed for the purpose of inspiration; but on the contrary page upon page is sent in for the master to look over. The Sixth Form boy of to-day, whose colleague of a year ago is in the trenches, who may himself be there in a few months, naturally re-acts on the new vistas of life—and death—which are thus forced upon him.

In conclusion may I venture the opinion that for good or ill, there are many more points of contact between the grown-up world and the School than there were two years ago.

DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

(Affiliated to the 5th Prince of Wales's Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment).

Officer Commanding :—Cadet Captain N. W. Lamb.

Chaplain :—Rev. J. Heywood-Waddington, M.A.

Cadet-Second-Lieutenants :—M. J. Collier, and J. H. Ferraro.

Sergeant-Major :—W. H. Bosworthick.

Sergeants :—H. Westlake, F. Hurrell, A. T. Brooks, and L. Atwill.

Corporals :—L. Budge, F. Oliver, R. Sibbald, and J. K. May.

Lance-Corporals :—E. Williams; W. Reep, S. V. Davidson, and J. Maddock.

During the last vacation, a dozen members of the Corps mounted guard "somewhere in England" for twenty-four days continuously, thus enabling certain soldiers to enjoy a Xmas and New Year's leave. In a letter of thanks written by the officer whose men were so relieved occurs the following: "The Cadets performed their task with great credit, and their soldierly bearing was commented on by many officers who saw them." This report will be treasured as one of the records of the work of the Corps in the first year of its existence. At the end of last term the sad but instructive duty of attending a military funeral had to be undertaken.

This term a Church Parade was held at St. Mark's, Ford, when a helpful sermon was preached by the Chaplain. On "Speech Day" the Corps was inspected by the Mayor; His Worship's promise to help in raising £50 during the next six months, for general expenses, being warmly received. Through the kindness of Second-Lieutenant Oliver (Somerset Regiment), and Mr. Lewis (Games' Master), Swedish Drill has been added to the course of instruction. With equal kindness, Mr. F. W. Moreton and Mr. E. Phipps, Plymouth Volunteer Training Corps, have provided tuition in Lamp, Long-distance, and "Buzzer" Signalling. To these gentlemen, as well as to Miss Whyte, for her continued help with the Ambulance and First Aid Class, the thanks of the Corps are due and hereby expressed. St. Patrick's Day was the first Birthday of the Corps, which event was celebrated by music and feasting. The seven former members, who now hold commissions in the Imperial Forces, were cordially remembered.

At present the Corps number eighty. An invitation is extended to anyone interested in the Cadet movement to visit the Parades at Greatlands on Wednesday afternoons. Official proof of the usefulness of these Corps is seen in the fact that the War Office has recently raised the compulsory leaving age from seventeen to nineteen years. Such work has received the approval of Lord Kitchener, Lord Derby, and the Lord Mayor of London, who commend it to the generosity of patriotic citizens.

The following have, since the last issue of this Magazine, qualified as First-class Shots at the undermentioned Ranges:—

25 YARDS.

Corporal May.	Private Warren.
Lance-Corporal Maddock.	Private Stephens.
Private Damerell.	Private H. Taylor.
Private Nodder.	Private Uglow.
Private R. Cock.	Private Thomas.
Private Curtain.	Private Organ.

50 YARDS.

Sergeant Westlake.	Private Pike.
Lance-Corporal Maddock.	Private Uglow.
Private Damerell.	Private Usher.
Private Warren.	Private Kingdon.
Private Stephens.	Private Glasson.
Private H. Taylor.	Private Plant.
Private Grant.	Private Organ.

100 YARDS.

Sergeant-Major Bosworthick.	Private Stephens.
Sergeant Brooks.	Private R. Cock.
Lance-Corporal Maddock.	Private Langman.
Private Damerell.	Private Cole.
Private Blowey.	Private E. Cock.
Private Organ.	Private Thomas.
Private Warren.	Private Uglow.
Private Laverty.	

IN SPEM VICTORIAE.

They hear the call : they're coming
 From east, from southern strand ;
 Her loyal sons are turning
 To aid the mother land.

They've heard the call : they're speeding
 O'er miles of ocean foam :
 The bells with joy are ringing—
 The Empire's coming home.

The guns have ceased from booming ;
 And *they*, the battle won,
 Are now in strange lands sleeping,
 Their work of duty done.

NESCIO QUIS.

THE CADET.

I had always fancied the life of a soldier, and the introduction of a Cadet Corps at School provided me with an opportunity of testing this without being bound to continue it for ever and ever.

Accordingly, I visited the master who seemed to be managing affairs, and was informed that he only attended to army matters at a quarter to five.

I again entered his room at the appointed hour, and there he told me of the advantages of military discipline in after-life, so that when I left him I felt like a real soldier already.

On the following Wednesday it was announced that Cadets should parade at Greatlands at half past two. Thinking that it

was the correct thing to be a little late at functions of this sort, I arrived at a quarter to three. About forty boys were marching around, and in the centre of the field was the aforementioned Master. He seemed to have developed into a veritable bully, and was howling at the recruits at the top of his voice. I approached him and remarked that it was a nice afternoon. He did not seem very polite, for he entirely overlooked my well-intended suggestion, and told me to fall in, after uttering quite an unnecessary number of words concerning my late arrival. I was on the point of sending in my resignation, but was unwilling to deprive them of such an illustrious and obliging recruit as myself.

Then I "fell in," although at the time I was unaware I had done anything more than walk to my appointed position. Here I was placed next to the first boy, and then we had the order 'number.' My neighbour shouted 'one,' and, wishing to make a good impression, I shouted 'one' also. The sergeant informed me that I was 'two,' but I could not see how I could possibly be considered as two distinct persons. Then we were told to form 'fours,' and as I was only 'two' I thought this did not apply to me. I stood still at first, but afterwards stepped behind number one, as the sergeant seemed to want me to do so very much.

After this manœuvre we began to march, but soon we were given a rest as the commanding officer had shouted himself hoarse.

On a short blast of a whistle, all the fellows rushed towards the top of the field. Wishing to join in the fun I ran also, but suddenly they all stopped, and, thinking they were out of breath, I ran on in order to show them how nicely I could run. They did not seem to appreciate my running, so I came back to my former place.

We were then instructed in signalling, which seemed to consist mainly in keeping up the circulation of the blood by rapid movements of the arms. We were afterwards formed up in sections, and dismissed.

At the end of the parade I cornered a small boy, now in the sixth form, and endeavoured to make him remove the mud from my boots. He roughly informed me that he was an 'Elsie,' or something which sounded like that. I told him he would make a very good girl, and also asked him to hurry. Then he explained that he was a Lance-Corporal or L.C., hence my former misunderstanding.

After a few weeks I obtained my uniform, and was immediately promoted to wear one stripe for 'general smartness.' Once, in the absence of the sergeant and corporal, I had to call the roll, although

I have never been able to understand why an ordinary book should be called a roll-book.

Once or twice I have visited the rifle-range, of which the butts deserve special mention. These butts are always kept full of water to a depth of about two feet, in order that any unlucky drawing-pins which become detached from the targets may be immediately and almost painlessly drowned.

Yet, in spite of all the facts here related, the Cadet Corps is doing a surprising amount of good to those fellows who have answered their country's call, and enlisted in the ranks of this preparatory unit of His Majesty's Army.

ALLWIT.

FOOTBALL SEASON, 1915-1916.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Matches played 18 ; won 11 ; drawn 4 ; lost 3.
Goal average—For 62 ; Against 41.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Matches played 15 ; won 10 ; drawn 2 ; lost 3.
Goal average—For 71 ; Against 29.

Above is given a summary of the achievements of our two Elevens up to and including March 18th. Beyond that date it is impossible to go, for the review has to be in the Editor's hands forthwith. On the whole the records of both teams give ground for satisfaction.

Though at the beginning of the season only two players with Full Colours were available, we were fortunate in striking at once upon an effective First Eleven, and it has probably contributed to our success that we have found it unnecessary to change that team except in cases of injuries and players leaving the School. At times these withdrawals have been serious. Since Christmas we have lost the services of J. Phillips (Vice-Captain), who did sterling work for school football on and off the field. Yet we have kept on filling up the gaps, and have struggled on. Throughout the team has worked well together, under the able leadership of Westlake, who has been very successful in his Captaincy. It will be noted that all four drawn games were played on consecutive Saturdays. The most exciting of all the matches was that at Kingsbridge: With less than twenty minutes to go, the score stood at 5 to 2

against us. Then the School made a magnificent recovery, and playing with irresistible élan, scored 4 goals in quick succession, snatching victory within a minute of the final whistle.

The Second Eleven, being the nursery for the First, has necessarily to submit to frequent changes, but despite all, it has done creditable work. Coleman left at Christmas, after a successful term's Captaincy, but Budge has since led the team effectively. It is to be regretted that in some cases the margin of victory has been too wide to admit of keen games.

Owing to the shortness of time at our disposal, the House Competition has not yet been played out, but there can be no doubt that "Raleigh's" will head the table. Numerous Form Matches have been played, and in these almost every Form in the School has participated. They have provided excellent practice and most were fought out with the utmost keenness.

Full Colours have been awarded to Hendra, Hurrell, Martin, Sewell; and Half Colours to Atwill, Barwis, Bate, Bosworthick, Sinnott, Smale, and Willcocks.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Rslt.
Oct. 2	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Away	2—1
Oct. 9	Kingsbridge Grammar School	Home	7—4
Oct. 16	Hoe Grammar School	Away	5—2
Oct. 30	Liskeard County School	Away	5—3
Nov. 6	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Home	6—1
Nov. 13	Mutley Grammar School	Away	5—1
Nov. 20	Ford Baptists	Home	0—5
Nov. 27	Hoe Grammar School,	Home	2—1
Dec. 18	Ford Baptists	Home	1—5
Jan. 1	Plympton Y.M.C.A.	Home	3—3
Jan. 8	Christchurch	Home	1—1
Jan. 15	St. Barnabas'	Home	2—2
Jan. 22	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Away	1—1
Jan. 29	Liskeard County School	Home	8—1
Feb. 5	Old Boys	Home	3—0
Feb. 19	Kingsbridge Grammar School	Away	6—5
Mar. 4	Old Boys	Home	2—3
Mar. 11	Plymouth Corporation Grammar School	Home	3—2

GOAL SCORERS.

Sewell 31; Smale 10; Hanley 6; Westlake 5; Sinnott 4; Cassell, Hurrell 2; Willcocks, Martin 1.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Date.	Opponents.	Ground.	Rslt.
Oct. 16	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI.	Home	16—0
Oct. 23	St. Boniface's College	Away	4—4
Oct. 30	St. George's	Home	4—0
Nov. 6	Plympton Y.M.C.A.	Away	2—3
Nov. 13	Watson's Private School	Home	3—1
Nov. 20	St. Boniface's College	Away	6—4
Nov. 27	Hoe Grammar School	Away	3—1
Dec. 4	Plympton Y.M.C.A.	Home	1—1
Dec. 11	Watson's Private School	Home	3—1
Dec. 27	St. George's	Home	6—1
Jan. 22	St. Boniface's College	Home	5—8
Jan. 29	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI.	Away	7—0
Feb. 19	Torpoint Wesley Guild	Away	1—5
Mar. 11	Mutley Grammar School	Away	9—0
Mar. 18	Hoe Grammar School 2nd XI.	Home	1—0

J. LEWIS.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The meetings of the above society held during last term were terminated on Friday, December 10th, when R. F. E. Cock presented a paper entitled "Bacon is Shakespeare." The reader set out to prove this statement by a careful study of the characters and habits of the two individuals in question. The author of the plays known as "Shakespeare's" was evidently a well-educated and learned gentleman. Those works proved conclusively that their writer was possessed of a vast knowledge of foreign lands, and an intimate connection with court etiquette, while the number of classical references indicated a high standard of classical education. We could not help being struck by the incompatibility of these qualities with the gentleman from Stratford-on-Avon. Our knowledge of the latter was sufficient to show that he was a totally uneducated and illiterate individual, unable to write even his own name, much less to be the composer of those plays which constitute the masterpieces of English literature. There were only two or three of his letters to be found, and the contents of these dealt with very trivial business matters conducted, of course, through his secretary, and affording no evidence whatever of any literary ability. It was evident that he possessed no enormous knowledge of literature by the fact that at his death he left no books whatever.

We could not credit this gentleman with a vocabulary of more than one thousand words, while in "Shakespeare's" plays more than fifteen times that number were employed. The reader made reference to the portrait of Shakespeare by which it is said the writer of these plays intended to reveal his identity. The life of Shakespeare as we generally know him, and the works which bear his name, did not come within planetary distance of one another. Having come to this conclusion it became necessary to cast around us for a man whom we could credit with the production of these plays. Sir Francis Bacon was just such a man. His character, learning and literary attainments marked him as the probable author of the works, so evidently not produced by the uneducated gentleman from Stratford-on-Avon. We were confronted of course with the question that if Bacon was their real author, why did he not make himself known by affixing to them his true name. The reply to this was that literary ability was not held in such high reputation then as now, and that consequently, he would probably have seen the inside of a prison for his pains. In place of this obvious but dangerous method of revealing his identity, the ingenious author had secreted in every one of his plays some indication which pointed to him as their author. As additional evidence, the reader described in detail the remarkable cryptogram, and the amazing interpretations to be obtained therefrom.

A general discussion ensued, and finally the prevailing opinion was found to be that while the evidence that the Stratford-on-Avon gentleman did not write the plays under dispute was overwhelming, there was altogether insufficient evidence to establish Bacon as their author.

A unanimous vote of thanks was then passed to the reader for his most interesting and instructive exposition.

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The meetings of the Society this term began on Friday, Jan. 28th, when a debate was held on the subject, "Are we justified in evacuating Gallipoli?"

The view that this action was justified was taken by R. F. E. Cock, who remarked on the costliness of the Dardanelles enterprise, both in men, money, and munitions, and on the general fruitlessness of the expedition. The evacuation of Gallipoli indicated that we realised at length the impossibility of the task; the abandonment of the enterprise was the conversion of a state muddle into a strategic triumph. It was English stubbornness and English obstinacy which made us remain when to do so was useless. Let us not fear the laughs of other nations. We surely did right to pocket our pride to save the life-blood of our brave soldiers rather

than to persist in an undertaking so costly and fruitless. Serbia had been sacrificed for the sake of the exportation of Russian wheat, and the acquisition of Constantinople. Let no one imagine that we had given up all hope of cutting off the Turkish army in Egypt ; we had merely abandoned an unprofitable method, and so rendered our resources available for employment in other directions.

T. H. Martin, in opposing, said that in glancing at a map of the world, which showed by different colours its division among the several powers, we could not help being struck by the predominance of red. We were naturally led to wonder how this was brought about. The acquisition of our territories, he considered, followed as a result of that tenacity of purpose which never admits of defeat. The evacuation of the Dardanelles, on the other hand, was altogether unlike our doggedness, and unworthy of the best traditions of the British Empire. The undertaking was begun, as everyone knew, for the purpose of supplying Russia with munitions, and now all hope of accomplishing this had vanished. The realization of that object would in all probability have been the turning point of the war while the utter failure of the undertaking was likely to prolong it considerably. The unscrupulous enemy has represented our withdrawal as a military reverse of no small importance, and the effect of our evacuation on the Balkan states, represented in this way, might have a disastrous result.

The proposer was seconded by H. J. Westlake, who dilated upon the difficulties attending our occupation of the Dardanelles, describing the sufferings of our soldiers through lack of water, and also through the outbreak of a ravaging disease.

W. H. Bosworthick, seconding the opposer, said that by evacuating Gallipoli we were not only leaving our ally Russia to her own resources, but were releasing one of our points of contact by which we were slowly but surely strangling Germany.

A vigorous general debate then took place, after which the vote was taken, when it was found that the action of the Government was approved of by a majority of 22 to 7.

* * * * *

The next meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, Feb. 17th, when a departure was made from the ordinary topical subjects and a debate held on " Is Woman Man's equal ? " The proposer, W. H. Bosworthick, introducing the subject, pleaded for a fair hearing, since his audience, who had an interest in the result, and whose pride would be gratified by an assumption of their superiority over the opposite sex, were not entitled to sit in judgment. In the first place, he argued, the difference between the two sexes was one

of detail, and not of amount, or, as Tennyson put it, "Not like to like, but like in difference."

Man had one set of qualities, woman another. Man had judgment, woman tact; man had courage, and woman caution. With regard to intellectual qualities, who would deny that there were women equal to men. He admitted that there were fewer women than men who had attained the zenith of the intellectual universe, but maintained that the reason for this was that the same chances were not open to both sexes. The speaker then guided his hearers through forgotten bypaths of history, and mentioned some of the female geniuses who had preserved England in time of peril. Queen Elizabeth guided Britain through the troublous times of 1560-1603, as well as did Pitt in his day. Queen Victoria built up brick by brick, with the unerring hand of a skilled mason that mighty edifice—the British Empire. Was not Queen Elizabeth as great as Solon, and Queen Victoria as wise as Pericles? There were no Cæsars nor Alexanders, it was true, among the female sex, but it could boast a Miss Nightingale and a Miss Cavell. He admitted that woman was man's inferior in physical strength, but declared that woman's sphere was essentially the domestic one, in which that was not required. To woman was due the magical charm of that little word "Home." Man could display his strength on the battlefields of the world, but woman revealed hers in the conflict with sickness, ruin and want. In conclusion, the proposer asseverated that woman's inferior position was due to an accident of fate, and that she was in no way deserving of that position. Man was made before woman admittedly, but animals were also made before man.

R. F. E. Cock, in opposing, said that while he was no woman hater, he was convinced that woman was fundamentally inferior to man. This, however, was no disgrace to her. Man was made first, and woman was made from him. He was her superior both physically and mentally; there were few woman geniuses in the pages of history, though history was replete with examples of masculine greatness. By relating an experiment performed by a brain specialist, which showed woman's capacity for retaining in the memory things trivial and useless, and her incapacity for retaining things useful and of value, he endeavoured to prove that woman was man's inferior in brain power. In the literary world for every one distinguished author of the female sex, a dozen masculine geniuses could be found. Concluding, he said that woman's intellect was fitted for trifling affairs and those of minor importance, that it was wholly unable to enter into the more serious issues of life. He supported his arguments by references from the

Classics, and quoted the opinions of the ancients, all of whom were convinced of woman's inferiority to man.

The proposition was seconded by B. Reiss-Smith, who urged the necessity of woman to man as a proof of her equality. I. Goff supported the opposition and gave practical examples of man's superiority. The usual open debate then took place, and on the vote being taken, the majority were found to be convinced of their superiority over the opposite sex.

* * * * *

The committee takes this opportunity of thanking all those who have assisted at the meetings with songs or recitations.

KNOWLEDGE AND DEBATE.

[“ Knowledge,” says Lord Beaconsfield, in ‘ Endymion,’ “ is the foundation of eloquence.”]

If you're a “ knut ” at history
 Just come to our Debate,
 For there you'll hear a lot of things
 You'd quite forgot of late.
 A chap, the other evening,
 Told us complacently,
 That Cæsar was a Christian
 In fifty-five B.C.

Another vouched for 'Lizabeth's
 High diplomatic power ;
 And how she sentenced Shakespeare
 To die in London Tower.
 “ When France and Spain paid court to her
 She showed her natural bent,
 And married both the gay monarchs
 To keep them both content.”

And if our history is good
 Geography's no worse,
 We've had comments on that subject
 Which were exceeding terse.
 “ I really would suggest,” said one,
 A thing I think quite fine,
 “ Why not bombard, I'd like to ask,
 Old Germany's *coast-line* ? ”

On "Radium," some weeks ago,
 Old Reiss-Smith lectured hotly ;
 A complex subject, you'll agree,
 For us, a crowd so motley,
 The criticisms were superb,
 One chap asked something tough,
 "What would happen if I swallowed
 Some ten pounds of the stuff ?"

Another's startling knowledge of -
 The thing was quickly seen.
 It was about a collar stud
 (Culled from a Magazine).
 "The stud with radium in it
 Burnt through 'a poor chap's neck."
 But on such stuff so mythical
 Our Chairman put a check.

At the poor knowledge of our crew
 You've no doubt had a laugh,
 But still we live regardless of
 Your mockery and chaff.
 And if at scientific things
 We make an awful mess,
 Remember you that we are still
 The H. S. L. D. S.

CHAUCER.

THE TEMPLE OF MYSTERY.

A vast, monotonous expanse of burning, dun coloured sand, with the pitiless sun beating down from the brassy sky. The heat was intense, the very air was quivering, and a glimmering haze hung over the surface of the desert. Away on the horizon was a small, indistinct cloud, growing fainter and fainter until it finally disappeared altogether. It was the last of the whirling sandstorm which had just passed across the silent, lifeless waste.

But no, it was not wholly lifeless, for across the hot, yielding sand there plodded a horse and its rider. The poor beast was evidently worn out, and it carried its khaki-clad master with difficulty. The soldier rode to the top of a small hillock, and despairingly gazed around. But nothing was to be seen save the barren ridges of the desert. He was lost, with no water, and no food. His

throat and mouth were parched with the heat, his nose choked with sand, and he had totally lost his bearings in that blinding storm. For a long while Lieutenant Geoffrey, for such was his name and rank, rode wearily along, letting his horse go where it willed. He thought he heard a distant rumble, and looked up expectantly. A faint trail of white smoke met his vision, stretching from right to left across the desert. "The railway at last!" he muttered, "Thank Heaven!" The sight gave him new life, and, after following the line until he was exhausted, his eye caught the welcome gleam of the Nile, and, what was better, a small village near its banks. Towards this Geoffrey led his worn-out mount, picking his way over rocky ground, and passing an old ruined temple, he reached the village. Here he lay during the afternoon, intending to resume his journey at nightfall, but was prevented from fulfilling his resolve by discovering that his horse was so lame that it could hardly walk. This was unfortunate, as his orders to be back with his regiment some time on the morrow brooked of no delay. Nor were there any camels in the village, but one of the Egyptians offered to secure one in a few hours if well paid. Seeing no other course open to him, Geoffrey agreed, deciding to while away the time by a visit to the ruined temple.

Egypt, at this time, was in a very restless state, and a single act of defiance against British rule would have been sufficient to cause an outbreak. Trouble was particularly expected from the Arabs of the south, and English troops were to be sent to the most troublesome districts without delay.

* * * * *

The moon was shining brightly, and the ruin looked still and mysterious in its white mantle of cold light. All was silent as Geoffrey walked towards it, nothing stirred but the softly waving palm leaves high above. He stopped suddenly, crouching behind a boulder. From among the rocks glided a white-robed figure, noiselessly moving towards the temple, in which it disappeared. A minute later another figure appeared, and with the same cat-like tread, also vanished into the ruin. Geoffrey whistled softly to himself. "Arabs!" was his immediate conjecture. But this secret meeting in such a lonely place, what could it mean? Curiosity overcame his prudence, and he cautiously advanced till he reached the temple steps, fortunately thrown into deep shadow.

But behind him crept a stealthy figure.

From within could be heard the low murmur of voices. Perhaps he would witness some peculiar Arab rite in this romantic spot. Thrilling with excitement, Geoffrey tip-toed into the interior.

And nearer drew that sinister form.

The voices were more distinct now, and came from an inner chamber on his left. He crept forward to look through a chink in the wall, and—crash! From behind he was hurled violently forward on his face, and, stunned by the impact of his fall, lay limp on the stone floor.

* * * * *

On regaining consciousness, Geoffrey was aware of a frightful ache in his head. Then he found that he was bound hand and foot, and was lying on the floor of a small room, with several wild-looking Arabs around him. One who appeared to be the chief, bent down. "Spy!" he hissed in his face. "Infidel! You dare to thwart our plans! You shall die!" A quick order was given; Geoffrey was lifted by strong hands, and carried from the room. His captors entered a dark passage, and, after walking along it for a short distance they descended a flight of steps. At the bottom the party passed through a door that creaked dismally as it swung open, and the prisoner was borne through total damp blackness. They stopped, and by the light of a feebly burning oil lamp placed on a ledge, Geoffrey saw that he was in a kind of underground chamber, roughly constructed, which was quite half filled with a heap of cases and barrels. The chief turned his piercing eyes on his captive, who was held by a huge negro, in whose grasp, even though freed from his bonds, he would have been as helpless as a child. "Now, giaour," said the Arab, "we shall deal with you for your prying interference. Know, dog, that a month hence your brothers will be swept into the sea. There shall remain not one in Egypt. And at noon on the morrow you yourself will be no more." The speaker paused, and a gentle rumble was heard. All listened, and it grew louder. It was a train on the railway, and a minute later it passed directly overhead with a thundering that shook the earth. In a flash the Englishman divined the meaning of the barrels. They were to wreck the railway! The Arab was speaking again. "Tomorrow, unbeliever, another train will come, and with it your British brothers. And lo, as they pass above a mighty roar will rend the earth in twain, and they shall be blown to fragments to feed the desert vultures. Then, giaour, you will be lying here, and you shall see the flame as it leaps along the powder train, and shall be powerless to flee. You, too, shall perish, infidel!"

And as Geoffrey listened to this grim threat, his hair stood on end with horror.

He was roughly flung on the cases. The black slave, in obedience to a command, lit another lamp and was handing it to his master, when, unfortunately for him he let it slip to the floor, and extinguished it. The Arab chief held a switch in his hand, and

in a furious, uncontrolled passion, he lashed again and again at the negro's head, raising ugly weals across his face. The lamp was picked up, and relit. It flared up for a second, and Geoffrey caught a glimpse of the slave's face. It was distorted by mingled hate and fear.

The Arabs went away, leaving one of their number on guard. With a refinement of cruelty, Geoffrey's bonds had been loosened, and he had been given a little food and water, that he might not be insensible when his last hour drew near. He had given up all hope of escape, truly it seemed vain, and at last he fell into a troubled sleep. He was awakened by footsteps, and the sound of a voice. The guard had been changed. It was now the negro. The remembrance of this fellow's hatred for his master came to the captive, and at once revived his hopes. If he could use this burly slave as a tool there was still no cause for despair. Heavy bribing would, perhaps, secure his aid. It was a last chance. He would try it. In a low voice Geoffrey called him, and offered him fifty pounds in gold if he would help him to escape. The negro started, and glanced fearfully up the dark passage. The gold was a sore temptation, but his fear of the Arabs was too great. He slowly shook his head. Geoffrey offered a hundred, then two hundred, and again promised it in gold. Even in that dim light Geoffrey could see how the black's eyes glinted with greed, and (as his face smarted) with hate. He appeared to hesitate, looked apprehensively around, but, being offered yet another fifty, his avarice conquered his fear, and he came over to cut the prisoner's bonds. As these fell from him, Geoffrey already felt himself a free man. The first act was to restore circulation to his numbed limbs, then, silent and alert, the strangely assorted pair moved up the tunnel until the flight of steps was reached. Here the negro laid a hand on Geoffrey's arm, and drew him aside into a branch passage, which sloped upwards. They groped their way forward for some time, and presently reached a massive wooden door, with a rusty iron bolt. After some trouble, it was opened, and the cold night air fanned their faces. They were in a courtyard of the temple, and in the unexpected joy of freedom, Geoffrey turned and wrung his deliverer's hand. The black understood, and grinned from ear to ear as he moved across the court and entered one end of the ruin. Noiselessly as cats they stole in the shadow between two rows of pillars. Suddenly the negro stopped, rigid. From where they were a gap in a wall allowed them to see the entrance to the underground tunnel. Disappearing down it was the Arab sheik! For a moment Geoffrey's heart seemed to stand still, then flinging caution to the winds, both of them broke into a run. Down the temple steps they fled like startled deer, the slave leading straight for a prominent mass of boulders about two hundred yards away. Geoffrey, pounding along in the rear, vaguely

wondered what was coming next. On gaining the rocks, however, the negro's scheme soon became apparent. He led the Englishman to an open space in the middle of the boulders and there, quietly resting on the ground were eight or nine speedy camels; those splendid, enduring creatures, on which the wild Arabs make their lightning raids. To untether and to mount two of them was the work of an instant, but even as they did so loud shouts were heard behind them, and from the temple their enemies poured in furious pursuit. But now they had reached the desert, and urged by their riders the camels were swinging along at a good pace. The stars were paling as the Arabs gave chase, and in a few minutes the sun rose over the desert. Geoffrey glanced around. Six or seven men were coursing after them on animals every whit as good as their own. It would be a long chase.

He clung doggedly on the back of his camel. It was not comfortable riding, and he was weakened by the events of the last twelve hours, but he determined to keep the pace as long as his strength held out. Side by side the two fugitives raced across the sand. The sun rose higher, and the air grew hot. The glare from the sand was becoming intolerable. The uncertain desert haze rose and made objects quiver before their eyes. The sun beat down pitilessly on their unprotected heads. And behind tore the savage pursuers. So for hours they sped along in their mad career, and became faint and tortured with thirst. Again Geoffrey looked around. The Arabs had drawn closer. Suddenly they raised an excited yell. The black pointed ahead, and there, about half a mile distant, were more men on camels advancing swiftly towards them. They were cut off after all! As in a dream Geoffrey heard rifle-shots, and bullets whistled round. The fire was answered by the new arrivals in front. These dashed towards and past him like a whirlwind; there were more shots, and his camel sank wounded in the neck, throwing him heavily on the sand.

* * * * *

Geoffrey opened his eyes and stared about him. A young English officer of his own age was supporting his head, and offering a drink from a canteen. "The Arabs," Geoffrey gasped, "where are they?" The other gave a short laugh. "Dead, every one," was the reply. "But the troop train, it will be blown up!", and Geoffrey tried to struggle to his feet. "That's all right, keep cool," he was answered. "Thanks to your black friend it has been stopped in time. That little plot has failed! But it was a near thing for you. Our Camel Corps evidently came just in time. Ah! here is the ambulance I sent for."

And Lieutenant Geoffrey, despite his expostulations that it was quite unnecessary, willingly allowed himself to be carried to camp.

I.W.G.

DE QUIBUSDAM.

Yet, once again, O D.H.S.-ians true,
 In this poor verse, I chronicle the tale
 Of things that happen as the days pass through ;
 And once again, O pardon, if I fail.

* * *

"A keen and sporting lot," so says the line,
 Printed beneath the photograph of those,
 Who gave their holidays [they did not pine],
 To help the men, who fight our country's foes.

* * *

Proud of them are the members of the Corps,
 Because reflected honour lights on them ;
 Proud, truly all the school, but proud still more,
 The twelve allowed to serve, though but *pro tem*.

* * *

In truth, there is no ending to surprise,—
 For who would think, in a lab. boy to find
 A budding scientist. Yet Bennett hies,
 And finds "white charcoal,"—[calc. hydroxide kind].

* * *

Listen, and I will tell you of the fight
 At Kingsbridge waged, for honour of the school ;
 Of Captain Westlake, Sinnott, Smale, the might ;
 The deeds of Atwill, Hanley, Bate, and Sewell.

* * *

A battle, as is usual, 'gainst fate—
 Five goals to win ;—fifteen minutes to play ;—
 A marvellous recovery, though late ;
 A mighty effort ; we had won the day.

* * *

Did e'er we look to find within our gates,
 The taint of theft, embezzlement, and crime.
 The Sixth Form librarian, himself insates
 With subs. [to buy more books !!] from time to time.

* * *

'Tis said, with instruments mysterious armed,
 That Poole has come to teach us how to work,
 From those enchanted halls [be not alarmed !]
 Where rests secure the peaceful Dockyard clerk.

* * *

Now ends my lay, for I am not insured,
 And the Editor has threatened threats so dire,
 If these rough lines, be not safely immured
 Within his desk—they'll go into the fire.

E. I. SOB.

THE INVISIBLE DEATH.

A TALE OF THE OCCULT.

It was night—night in the Indian hills. Overhead the dark dome of heaven was brilliantly lit by a bright moon and myriads of scintillating stars. All the beauty of an Indian night was there—dazzling magnificent beauty, which no European who has never seen an Eastern night can comprehend. It was as bright as day. Over the hilltops came faint zephyrs, the breath of the forests down there in the plains, and the thin foliage, which was scattered here and there, was wafted gently from side to side. The air was sweet and delicate, scented by the perfumes of the evening. Yes, truly it was glorious. But indeed, despite the tranquillity of the surroundings, here at Fort Kushara strife raged. Rage and despair were there. For four months the little British garrison of one hundred and fifty men had been besieged by the fanatical tribesmen. The English numbers had been terribly reduced in three terrific onslaughts, and, panting and excited, the remainder had retreated behind the walls of their stronghold,—daring no sally,—a band of men, grim, though despairing. News they had had of a relieving column, but none had arrived; the country was difficult for troops to advance through, and few dared to hope that succour would reach them ere they had been wiped out by a relentless foe. Terms they had had from Mere Ali, the leader of the hill tribesmen. Some advocated surrender, but Colonel Galloway was a stubborn man, and he expressed the feelings of the majority of his men when he declared that he would prefer death to submission.

Now, the siege had lapsed into a blockade. From the walls of the fort there was never seen the dark face of the enemy, yet the besieged knew he was there. No message reached them ever, no provisions; nothing they despatched ever seemed to get through. It was a trial of waiting, a "game of patience" with their invisible foe.

On this particular night a lonely sentinel guarded the east wall of the fort. No doubt he felt his responsibility, for he was there alone, and this was the most easily accessible part of the stronghold, the wall most susceptible to attack. With even tread his muffled figure paced up and down. His eager eyes pierced the shadows as he gazed into the depths below him, on the alert for the slightest sign of an approaching enemy. Up and down he went, tirelessly, with mechanical regularity, up and down—up and down. Suddenly the sound of his footsteps ceased. There was a pause—three minutes, four minutes, five minutes. Then his tread was heard

again, but it was no longer the sound of martial feet, it was feeble and indistinct. His figure tottered, there was a dull thud. Then, but for the rustling of the night, all was silent.

* * * * *

"The deuce!" said the Colonel, when they told him, "what nonsense are you talking?"

The Sergeant hung his head.

"'Tis Gospel truth, sir," he expostulated. "Dead as a door-post! But, hang me, he wasn't shot, he wasn't!"

"Not shot?"

"No sir."

"Then how——"

"That's what we can't find out, sir. When we came out to relieve him this morning, usual time, we found him there on the ground, sir, dead and stiff, clutching his rifle. But there was no blood, nor signs of any struggle!"

"You're humbugging, Sergeant."

"Not I, sir——"

"Come!" Colonel Galloway cut him short. "What was this bunkum Sergeant Mudge was telling him. 'Sentry dead at his post——no signs of struggle——no blood.' Ha! ha!!

"Spirits, Sergeant?"

"Dunno, sir."

By now they had reached a group of excited men. They were there in a bunch talking wildly about one topic—and that topic was the death of Williamson, the sentry. Each one had a view, a personal theory, but no one was satisfied with his own hypothesis. Williamson had died at his post on the preceding night, and by what means was far from apparent. The whole matter seemed inexplicable. The question of Williamson's heart was pooh-poohed: There was no fitter man in his regiment. In the midst of the general confusion came the arrival of the Colonel. There was a cry of "Gangway!" and the men stepped back respectfully to give their officer access to the dead body. Galloway bent over the silent form and listened for the beat of the heart. None was perceptible, not even the slightest flutter. Raising his cap from his head, the Colonel continued to examine the inanimate body to see if there were signs of blood or bruising. None. Next he ran his fingers through the man's thick hair to search for a hidden wound, such as a nail driven home. He was again unsuccessful. But in doing so he brushed back his locks over his forehead and saw it—the cause of his death.

"Men," said the Colonel softly, "look!"

They crowded around. "Lumme," cried Sergeant Mudge. They were looking at the dead sentinel's right temple. There was

a little hole there, only a puncture, so minute that it had hitherto remained unnoticed. Yet, what was the fatal wound, if it were not this? What was the meaning of it?

"Lumme!" repeated the Sergeant.

"It is evident," said the Colonel in a puzzled tone, "that the man has not been shot. He has been stabbed—cleverly, I must admit—with a thin, delicate weapon. How, I can't imagine, unless Williamson fell asleep, but I don't think that that happened.

"It seems, sir, that the wound is not very deep, but just on the surface," remarked one of the men who had been examining the corpse more carefully.

"Well, sir," suggested another, "I should think myself that Williamson had been done to death by some of the devilish tricks of these gentlemen"—indicating the direction of the enemy—"I suggest that we ask Habak his opinion. He's a nigger, and might know something about it."

Habak was the Hindoo whom the garrison employed as cook, etc., and who often gave them the benefit of his native knowledge.

"Bring Habak, then," said the Colonel.

Habak was brought, and when he saw the body of the murdered sentinel, a greasy smile overspread his countenance. Sergeant Mudge noticed this quickly, and suspicion came upon his mind. Habak was allowed to examine the corpse. His small, black, snakelike eyes fitted from Williamson's head to his toes, from his toes to his head. His bony hands clutched the dead man's arm and neck. He seemed to ignore the mark on his forehead. "Well," said Galloway, "what's your opinion?" The Hindoo chuckled dryly. "Quite simple, sahib," he said. "He die natural death." And that was all they could get out of him.

"Well, sir, the wound seems too slight to cause death."

The Colonel assented. "All the more remarkable, he growled, "anyhow, the chap who is on to-night must keep a better look-out, or else he may go the same way."

That dismissed the case, for the Colonel was a very unemotional man, and he was not the more affected by the death of one of his men, because of the cloud of mystery which hung over the event. It meant a man less in his diminished force. That was all. Heavens, it was enough!

They buried poor Williamson the same afternoon. Watson, the chaplain, read the Burial Service, and Habak dug the grave. And when the earth was closed over, there still remained that doubt in the minds of the men. "How had he died there, so silently, in the dead of night?"

But one man was destined to learn more about it that day. It was Sergeant Mudge. As he was passing back from the burial, he saw a white figure slip into one of the tents—Habak's tent. Simultaneously he noticed a piece of white paper fluttering to the ground. Had the other dropped it? He bent down and picked it up. He opened it and found a few words of Hindustani. Now Mudge had a smattering of the tongue, so he knew that the paper contained these words, "Time mistaken, attempt once more." And the words were signed "Mere Ali." Mere Ali, the leader of the enemy, the fanatic! So there was a traitor in the camp, an enemy in their midst. And the traitor—ah! he would bide his time.

But Mudge had no certain proof of his suspicions. He went to sleep that night with the whole weight of the knowledge on his chest. For some reason he did not let the Colonel know that he had a foe in his midst. Perhaps he thought that Galloway would ridicule the idea.

* * * * *

They put young Miles to guard the eastern wall that night. He was a strong fellow, especially picked for the post, well-known for his iron nerves and fearless character. They gave him orders to report anything suspicious by firing a shot, and they left him at the post. No one ever saw him alive afterwards. The relief found him next morning, almost in the same spot as Williamson had been found, rigidly clasping his rifle, with the same tell-tale mark on his right temple. Another had fallen victim to the Invisible Death.

The Colonel fumed when he heard of it. "Where can their wits be that they allow themselves to be outwitted by niggers?" he cried angrily.

"Darned clever niggers," commented Mudge, in an undertone.

"The thing is," went on Galloway, in his irascible manner, "that we must have two men on together in the future. Heaven only knows how they have compassed the death of the other two. And we haven't seen an enemy face for days."

"Excuse me, sir," said Sergeant Mudge, "but it is my humble opinion that we see one every day."

"What's that, Sergeant?"

In answer, Mudge presented the Colonel the message which he had come in possession of by chance. "See here, sir."

He read it, and laughed dryly. "Where did you find this then, Sergeant?"

Mudge narrated the affair, and set forth his suspicions. "Stuff and nonsense," was the comment of his officer, and the latter walked

away with a look on his face that would brook the Sergeant no good if he persisted.

“ Well, I’m blown ! ”

Truly Colonel Galloway was incorrigible !

* * * * *

Mudge suspected that Habak, the native cook, knew more about the affair than anyone else in Fort Kushara. His suspicious conduct at the examination of Williamson’s body, the possibility or rather the probability that *he* had dropped the note which came from Mere Ali, and above all, the fact that he was a ‘ nigger ’ gave him, he thought, every reason for distrust. Yet he had proof of nothing as yet, so all he could do was to keep a close watch on Habak’s movements.

According to the Colonel’s instruction, he picked out *two* men to guard the east wall. It seemed to be a dangerous job. When two sentries had been done to death mysteriously, might not two more go the same way ? But volunteers were not lacking, and he chose Bright and Gudden to perform the perilous task. Bright and Gudden were fast chums, and they both enjoyed anything with a spice of danger. But Bright was the more level-headed of the two, and it was in him that Sergeant Mudge decided to confide his knowledge of the affair, and where his suspicions lay.

“ Here, lad,” he exclaimed to him, “ listen to what I have to say. You’re in for more to-night than you dream of.” He called him aside, and explained all. “ Keep your eyes skinned for all you’re worth ! ” were his final words.

* * * * *

Bright went to his post that night accompanied by Gudden and mixed feelings. Despite the mystery which was hanging over Kushara, he had hardly deemed that he himself would be in danger, especially when supported by another, nor had he supposed that the crime would be repeated a third time. But Mudge had overridden all his opinions, and left him with an impression that he and his chum were in grave danger, and that only the utmost vigilance would avert it. He determined to follow out the Sergeant’s advice and to ‘ keep his eyes skinned.’ He thought that it would be better perhaps if Gudden remained in ignorance of the facts which Mudge had related to him, for then he would be spared the extra tension. So thought Bright as they commenced the lonely watch that night. Here they were guarding the Fort in a vital spot, threatened by a terrible danger—they knew not what it was, nor whether it would dart from earth or flash from the sky—a horrible, unknown peril. They were relieved to see that it was a bright, starlit night, and

both were determined to keep strictly on the *qui vive*. For an hour they watched. That hour was marked by no event worthy of mention. They saw such things as one sees every night in India—nothing more. The night wore on. Fifteen minutes of their second hour had been ticked off by Bright's watch, when suddenly he saw Gudden stop and sit leisurely down on the ground right in the middle of his beat! "Hello! what's up?" cried out Bright apprehensively. There was no reply. He got alarmed. "Wake up, man!" he shouted. The whispering wind answered him. With horrid fears he began to walk towards the motionless man, but suddenly he stopped and stood there, powerless, rooted to the spot. No fingers encircled his throat, no arms impeded his progress, no rope bit his flesh. It was his will-power, he felt it undermined and dominated. His legs were free to move, but he willed not to move them! Then, at length, something forced him to turn on his heels and to make his way to the little shrubbery, which was situated at the angle, just where the East wall met the South. Slowly he went towards it, struggling hard against the subtle influence which prompted his motion—but in vain. He reached it, and, still obeying that master power which was ruling his will; he groped underneath the shrubbery. "A little further to the left," murmured a voice in his ear, mechanically, "yes, still further. Now, you have it!" Vaguely following the order he searched and he found it. He drew it out and held it high in his hand. It gleamed forth in the moonlight—a thin dagger with a jewelled hilt. "See, there is Gudden!" went on the voice. Heavens! he knew what it meant, what was the horrible intimation. He was to murder his chum with this poisoned weapon. He knew it was poisoned. He guessed all now, but what was the good of his knowledge *now*! Poor Williamson! Poor Miles! Now he felt himself drawn towards the still figure of Gudden, his pal, the chap he had known in the old days at the village school—the man he was destined to kill. Horrible! He could not stay, he knew it, his will was not his own. "After—yourself!" said the voice. He was near to Gudden now, in a minute he would be dead, in two both would be corpses. "On his right temple!" prompted the voice. Bright laid bare the temple as he was compelled and was raising the dagger for the fatal prick—when, a shot resounded in the night, and a bullet struck him in the breast. He fell to the ground, badly wounded, but—thank Heaven—safe!

* * * * *

"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah—hurrah!" 'Twas a day of rejoicing at Kushara. They were freed at last from the enemy which had encircled them for these past months. Mere Ali had made a sudden desperate attack. All his forces were employed, and the little band

of Englishmen was hard pressed—terribly hard pressed. And when each man was breathing a prayer and resigning himself to Fate—so desperate was their position—there was heard a sound, and oh! such a glorious one. The sound of an English band and of English troops marching—marching to their aid. The enemy heard it too. They faltered; and the plucky little garrison made a sally and dispelled their cowardly foe in a disorderly route, now they had met the relieving force. All were drunk with joy. With a waving of caps and rifles, they struck up the National Anthem, and “God save the Queen!” rang out over the hills.

When Colonel Galloway returned to his quarters he found Mudge there awaiting him. “Colonel,” he said in a thin voice, but with a note of triumph, “you remember my confiding in you my suspicions concerning Habak. You ridiculed them then, sir, and I was determined to prove that they were justified. Accordingly I kept a strict watch on our coloured friend. Last night I saw something, would you care to hear about it?”

Colonel Galloway nodded.

“Well, sir,” continued the Sergeant, “shortly after midnight last, I thought it would be interesting to pay master Habak a visit, so I crept around to the tent which he occupies and listened. Then I heard incoherent mutterings mixed with curses, and short sentences such as ‘Go on! . . . you know you must.’ ‘Who the deuce can the fellow be going for like that,’ said I to myself. And then I propped myself up and looked in through a hole in the tent. And what do you think I saw?”

The Colonel showed interest. “What?”

“One man, Colonel, only one man,” went on Mudge, “and he was Habak as I suspected. Good Lord! you should have seen him. Squatting on a mat he was uttering imprecations and curses. His eyes—they were horrible, all set and glassy. He seemed unconscious of his surrounding. His face worked madly. He seemed to be striving against some unseen force, with the decision in the balance. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead like little hailstones on an autumn leaf. His effort was increased, it seemed to reach its climax, then his features relaxed. He was victor, he had beaten that unseen Thing. In the midst of this mental strife, he muttered low. I caught a few words, ‘There . . . the shrubbery . . . to the left . . . see him!’ His countenance then assumed a look of the utmost triumph. I watched eagerly. Then I heard a shot from outside. It was the commencement of the grand attack. Simultaneously our Habak’s face became livid. ‘Mere Ali, fool, dog, traitor,’ he shrieked, and was about to flee from the

tent, but I tripped him up neatly, and I have him in custody for your inspection, sir, trussed up like a fowl, ready for roasting."

"Er—but," stuttered the Colonel. "I don't see what your remarks lead to. Your condemnation is unjust."

"Unjust?" retorted Mudge dryly, "if you will come around and see Bright, sir, perhaps his evidence will convince you of its eminent justice."

Nothing loth the Colonel assented. Bright, they found in the hospital wounded badly by the first piece of lead Mere Ali had exploited in his last attack. Nevertheless, he was cheerful withal. When he saw Mudge and Galloway, he smiled.

"He has a story to tell," explained the Sergeant.

"Yes, sir," said Bright, slowly, and speaking with effort, "but for this bullet," he pointed to his chest, "Gudden and I would both be dead by now, and I should be a murderer and a suicide."

The Colonel started. The wounded man proceeded to relate the experience of the former night; the Unseen Power which was forcing him to do a dastardly deed; and the timely shot which frustrated the act.

"I have heard Sergeant Mudge's story of the capers of our cook Habak, sir," he concluded, "and putting two and two together I have formed my own conclusion."

"Well, sir," cried the Sergeant, "do you see it all now?"

"By Gad! Hypnotism!" ejaculated the Colonel.

"Hypnotism!" repeated Mudge and Bright in one breath.

"But where's Gudden? I should like to hear his tale."

"Gudden's dead. He was killed in the attack."

"Further sir," said Mudge again, "note Habak—H, A, B, A, K Reverse the letters and you get Kabah."

"Kabah? Kabah?" repeated Galloway, "I have a recollection of that name. Good Heavens! it's the famous Hindoo adept, the man who is recognised throughout India as the master of his trade!"

And that was the key to the mystery. Kabah, the man most learned in the occult in India, or Habak as he called himself, had been in alliance with Mere Ali. He was the enemy within the Britishers' camp, and using the terrible power he owned, he had forced the several sentinels to search out the weapon of death which

he had secreted in the shrubbery ; to prick himself and then return the dagger to its place. The poison soon acted, and the vital place was left unguarded.

Doubtless the original plan was a surprise attack whilst the place was unwatched. This blundered twice, whilst at the third attempt the attack was premature. In the third instance Kabah had first hypnotised Gudden into a stupor, in order to get rid of both of the sentries easily. But thanks to Mudge's keen wit, Bright's steadiness, and that opportune bullet, the devilish scheme was foiled, and Kushara was saved. Kabah managed to escape, but though he failed in his project, he has instilled in the minds of three Europeans a rare thing—a belief in the Occult.

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