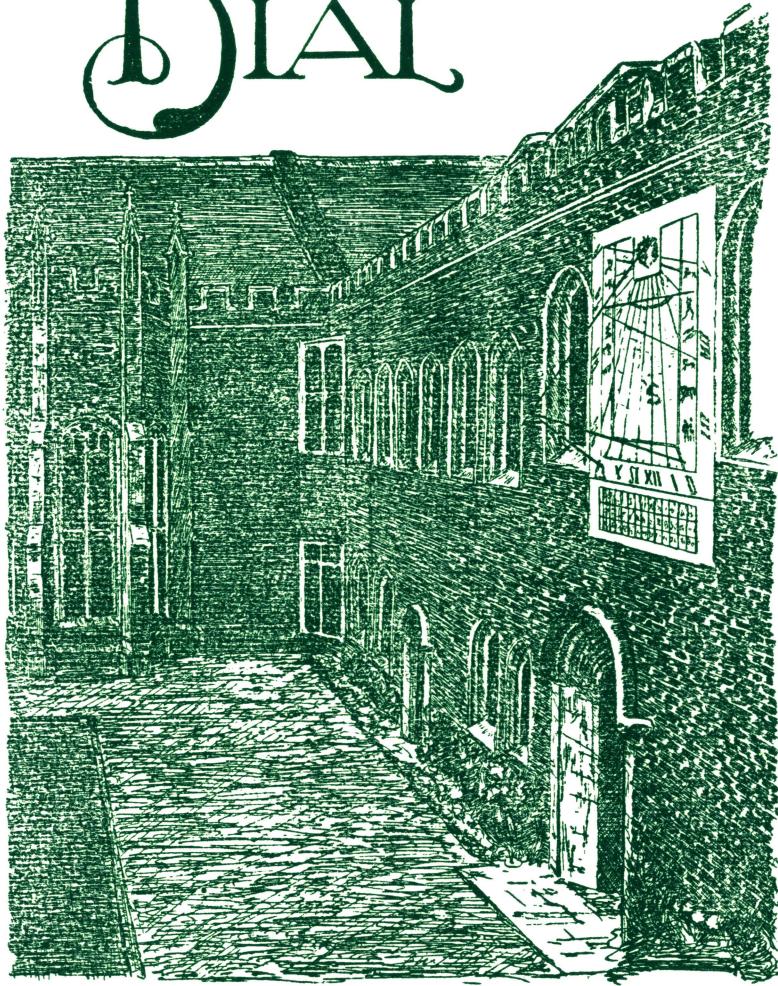


The
DIAL



Queens' College

Lent Term, 1914

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The Dial.

VOL. III. No. 19.

LENT TERM, 1914.

Editorial.

IT will be hard even for the man who skips through secretaries' reports and asks with an impatient snort why on earth they are published in *The Dial*, to fail to observe over strain common to them all this term—discontent. Some have hoped to find in Queens' an intelligent interest in the classics of literature, both ancient and modern, or in the practice and theory alike of theology, or in the sublimities of music or philosophy. Such a hope has proved vain.

A superficial man objects at once that there are so many meetings in the College, that none can prosper. This objection is plausible, and, as one might expect, specious. We do not find that a score come to this society, and another dozen to that, and forty others to a third. The

truth is that of over a hundred and sixty undergraduates about a quarter form a nucleus crew for college meetings. Most of these men are in the habit of attending the greater number, and the rest rarely if ever follow their example.

Perhaps our indifferent fellow gives us this point in the argument, supposing indeed that he has not already admitted his laziness and let the case go by default. Then he will probably fall upon a second line of excuse, his work. We point out in any case he has the vac. But he justly objects that term time already occupies over five months out of every twelve, and a man must have rest sometimes. He may not have the wits for this repartee, but he may still object that eight hours a day is his minimum. I never met but one man in this place who kept it consistently every day of every term, and he became so stale that in the end he did no better than a man with no better brains, who rarely worked more than five. Still, four in the morning leaves four for the rest of the day. Your man o' work will, of course, retire about ten o'clock. So he has eight hours after lunch in which to take exercise, to eat twice, and to do four hours' work. If once a week he cannot do this and spend one hour as well (or occasionally two)

on something which is not utilitarian, but matters for all that—well, he's no mean fool. What does he do, one asks, to fill up the time. He lounges with acquaintances smoking, breathing in and talking out hot air. He strolls aimlessly round the court, not breathing in but still talking out hot air: where it comes from, is a lemma we gladly omit to consider, through sheer impotence. Or he visits the picture palace or the "Girl in the Horse-tram," or reads *The Cambridge Magazine*, or works out Muttonfat Facegrease competitions, or talks sport for hours on end until even that inexhaustible subject fails.

But we know of an honest ass, who goes one better and really holds it impious to profane eternal verities by talking about them. "I never go to meetings," he says for that reason. The truth is that he is terribly afraid of being accused of an illicit intercourse with eternal verities. People would call him aesthetic or pi or deep, you see.

It would be foolish to draw deductions from the complaints of others, and not add our own. This term is naturally less fruitful of news than last, but surely that is no good reason why we should only receive three contributions, and those all frivolous. It ought to be a

matter of regret that in a College like ours, though we are but children weak and are treated by our betters as such, not a single man can be found to write decent verse, or to turn a hand to solid prose. No one wants us to be literary prigs. There are enough moral prigs here; we can well dispense with other varieties. But never fear the possibility. To be a prig is after all to be in the chains of the law, to be ignorant when the letter of a rule and its spirit disagree. And, however fast bound we be in the chains of a moral code, for us a literary or philosophic law does not exist. We cannot be in bondage therefore.

The truth is, we are under a tyranny not so much of canons as of facts. How often, for instance, one hears some statement of a general principle greeted with insistent cries of "Instance;" not so much by way of real inquiry as to prevent the discussion from becoming too "deep" by confusing the speaker. It is the same method by which some cheap fellow acquires kudos and catches the audience by shouting "Name" at stated intervals in an opponent's speech. Not but what it is right for a man to challenge what he considers a false statement; but the creature who has no other form of argument is precisely the one who has no

moral right to challenge other people. "It is such a relief to get back to solid fact," a man said the other day after a controversial paper (based on two assumptions), which he took to be fact and admired *qua* fact. The uncritical mind loathes to go beneath the surface. In history it is content with events, in poetry with the obvious, in ethics with instinct. The spiritual is not hard and fast enough for those who want some material foundation for their structure. They do not comprehend that in the long run facts are not the important thing. They are eventually only indices of what we often choose to call fancies—the interpretation of facts, the eternal verities, the moving principles of human life. Truth is not fact, but what underlies fact. Thus a story is true if what underlies its details is true, not if the details are historically correct: which is why a belief in inspiration can be consonant with a disbelief in the historical value of traditional accounts of the birth of the human race. The seen is temporal: it is the unseen that is eternal. This is the lesson of all art, which we could learn if we would only be humble and see it. It is just because we here are not humble and do not understand, that we show so little enthusiasm for literature and philosophy, than which no surer

test of the real prosperity of a community exists. But probably only the other sort of reader will have waded through as far as this, and to him this is all platitude. For the other people will have gone about half way and said "Rot," "Hot Air," or something equally polished, and given it up as a bad job. To those that endured to the end, congratulations and apologies: to those that did not, supposing this last sentence catches their eye, sincere condolences.

Dialiana.

WE returned this term to find that the memorial presented at the end of last term to the College Meeting with respect to gate fines, had found its way and had effect. The fine of threepence between ten and eleven has been remitted, though sixpence is still charged after eleven. We should like to take the opportunity of thanking the President and Fellows of the College here for this improvement. People who wish to see their friends out of College, when the day's work is done, or to stay in College for interesting discussions, or enjoy some other form of recreation, can now do so without that worried feeling of running up the threepences which used to haunt them.

G. B. Harrison, who is well reported of as a speaker at the Union, is one of the candidates for election to the Com-

mittee to that Society. We hope that by the time this appears he will have been successful. It is some time since a Queens' man was prominent in that arena.

A fine sketch by H. M. Tulloch of Rev. J. H. Gray, as one of the personalities of Fenner's, appeared in a number of our contemporary *The Granta* this term.

W. C. Cassels, A. D. Ellison and E. D. Spackman played in the C. U. Wanderers Trial Game on March 7. The former has been given his Wanderers' Cap.

On Sunday, February 22nd B. S. Maine, organist, gave an organ recital in Chapel, a collection being taken for the College Mission. The soloist was S. F. C. Stackard, Choral Scholar of King's College. On Sunday, March 8th, Mendelssohn's "42nd. Psalm" was rendered by the choir.

By the kind permission of the President and Fellows a Smoking Concert was held in Hall under the auspices of the St. Margaret Society on Thursday, March 12th.

J. Birnberg has been playing for the University at Chess. H. F. Garrett has played in the Lacrosse team.

Men of Mark.**XVIII.**

H. W. ARDEN.

HUMPHREY WARWYK ARDEN made his first introit—dignified, of course—on Friday, May 13th, 1892. Despite the omen of this singularly unlucky date he was fortunate enough to be born in Vancouver Island, B.C. After a few months' bliss he paid his first and only visit to Europe, being conducted on a tour to Malta by his parents. Having spent some time here, he was transferred to Glasgow. No sooner had the inhabitants begun to entertain for this tiny speck of humanity an admiration which they have never lost, than Winchester claimed him. Here he began his education. He now entered on a phase of his life, which is hidden by the murky fall of London fog. But it appears that about this time he proceeded to Lynam's, Oxford; from which place he won a scholarship at Radley. For his looks were as winning as his work. He played the usual games, and sang the usual chants. Then came a tragedy: his fine alto voice gradually pined away, until it broke. But he found his vocation in stop-pulling on the great organ. Gradually he made his mark on the river, and a year before



Photo by]

[Hills & Saunders

leaving he stroked the boat at Henley. Besides this he was, of course, a prefect and ran the choir for some time.

His fame preceded him here. His first term he made a splash, rowing in the winning Trial Eight. His second term he stroked Queens' up four; one oar. Also the winning Clinker Four; two oars. His third term he stroked Queens' up four; three oars. Also the winning Wyfold Four; four oars. He naturally became Boat Captain: for he strokes with admirable judgment. His skill and his accomplishments soon made him a Kangaroo. He is Vice-President not only of the United Clubs, but also of the St. Bernard Society. For he is an enthusiastic debater, and has a passion for music. This he indulges on the organ, in composition, and in quartettes. (Also he plays the piano for his own amusement).

At this point we turn to his intellectual attainments. He hopes to snurger the examiners of the Classical Trip. He once contributed to *The Dial*. And so forth.

Leaving the more obvious accomplishments aside, let us pass on to review the great feature of the man, his dignity. Who can fail to be impressed when he receives some sally with, 'I don't think that's very funny'? Or when, being asked whether such and such a debate is likely to be funny, he says, 'I believe there will be some scope for the professional humorist.' We believe that only once has his majesty failed him, and

that was when reproved (so rumour has it) by his tutor for wearing a blazer during lectures. The reason for this misfortune is that he happens to possess a rather fine set of brass buttons on one of his suits. For our hero is a Leander, you see.

Billy is a genial bigot who sees the absurdity of trying to look at things from other points of view than his own : he feels it to be a sort of moral squint. It is for this reason that he doesn't quite see that 'Billy' fits him admirably : though it is an opinion shared by his best friends.

He is the librarian of the Q. C. C. U. and secretary of the S. T. C. He will perhaps be going to Cuddesdon next year, and at any rate it is his hope to be ordained some day. We hope the fair fortune which has up till now attended him will never desert him, and that he will remember as many of us as will never forget him.

St. Bernard Society.

UP to the time of writing all the entertainments provided by the Society have been particularly successful. The fact that copies of the Rules and Regulations which govern the procedure of the Society are possessed by all, has proved to be a blessing to both the garrulous and the legal-minded. No doubt the Standing Orders will be the subject of many private business motions in the future. Hon. members are becoming very skilled in parliamentary procedure. We have

had amendments and points of order and the moving of the previous question. A motion to "report progress" has even been threatened.

We expected much of the Dons' Debate and we were not disappointed. With the names of two Union Ex-Presidents on the Order Paper together with those of our two other old friends the success of the evening was assured. An ingenious dilemma devised by the Dean did not deter the House from asserting the consciousness of its own self-righteousness. The debate with the St. John's College Debating Society should produce an interesting evening.

Concerts have been of no ordinary character. There was one arranged by Mr. E. H. King—than which a more noble effort is hardly possible to conceive. The efforts of the band were both vigorous in respect to activity and lusty in respect to tone. Few will readily forget the display. To all those who, whether wittingly or unwittingly, whether in concert or in debate, have delighted the assembly, we tender our heartiest thanks.

A. H. C.

Q. C. B. C.

THE LENT RACES.

THE first boat ascended three places at the expense of Caius I., Trinity Hall I. and Sidney I. on the first, third and fourth nights respectively. All these bumps took place prior to the Red Grind.

The crew rose to the occasion in the races after indifferent performances in practice. We are now eighth on the river.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. R. A. Dobb of Pembroke, who coached during the larger part of training. Also to Mr. A. Swann for his careful foundation work, and to Mr. Chamberlen of B.N.C., for his finishing touches.

The second boat could not expect to escape from Jesus III., who would have gone up even in the first division. They rowed over on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday ; their performance on the latter day being especially meritorious. To Mr. W. S. Oaten of Sidney Sussex B.C., are due our very best thanks for all the trouble he has taken.

H. W. A.

CHARACTERS OF THE FIRST BOAT.

Bow K. W. Pain, 11 st. 3 lbs. Exceedingly stiff with his shoulders, which makes him heavy with his hands, and consequently late into the water. This is especially marked round corners ; but he rowed well in the races.

2 J. I. Cohen, 11 st. 10 lbs. Is very uneven in the use of his legs, and so swings right out of the boat at the finish. A great deal of power is thereby lost ; and labour thereby increased. Nevertheless, a trier.

3 H. E. Chandler, 11 st. 5 lbs. Was unfortunately handicapped early in the term by illness. He is only intermittent in the use of his legs, and his work therefore does not come on till the middle of the stroke. In attempting to catch up, he lies right back at the finish. Very eager.

4 E. S. Orme, 11 st. 7 lbs. Is very deficient in the right idea of the true beginning. He comes forward in a very cramped style and so does not gather himself on the stretcher for a solid drive. His puddle is too small at present ; but should increase with growing confidence and more ease.

- 5 F. W. *Gentle*, 14 st. 2 lbs. Is rather slow at both ends of the stroke, as is usual with heavy men. If he would sit up more and combine agility with strength, he would transfer more of his weight on to the end of his blade. He must work *all* the time in practice, and should go far if he does so.
- 6 O. H. *Robertson*, 12 st. 2 lbs. A little bit jerky at the finish and inclined to hurry forward and then wait. His beginning is often excellent, but it should be carried right through. Made a very good six.
- 7 G. C. *Holcroft*, 12 st. 12 lbs. Does not quite realise his responsibility as seven, in checking and controlling the crew. He is inclined to be short at the finish, but this should come right in time. Must make the most of his previous experience. If he goes on improving as at present, he will do well.

Stroke *H. W. Arden*, 12st. Has got into very ugly habits which spoil his efficiency. Very slow with his hands and recovery. Often fails to impart life to the crew. Has a predilection for a crisis, especially ahead of him.

Cox *W. N. Craigs*, 8 st. 13 lbs. Barring the fact that he does not mind taking grinds. or even the bank on occasion, has a good pair of hands and a serviceable voice, which should be reserved for the right occasion. First rate in a race, and very largely responsible for the successes of the crew.

NAMES AND WEIGHTS OF THE SECOND BOAT.

				st. lbs.
<i>Bow</i>	T. W. L. Parker	10 3
2	E. T. Symonds	10 5
3	E. N. Pedley	10 10
4	E. F. Wilkinson	11 1
5	L. Hewitt	12 10
6	B. E. Eldridge	11 5
7	C. W. Good	9 8
<i>Str.</i>	I. C. Barltrop	10 11
<i>Cox</i>	F. E. Briscoe	9 4

Q. C. C. U.

THE work of the Q.C.C.U. during the term calls for little comment. The attendance at Friday meetings has often been singularly disappointing, all things being considered. The labour incurred by the executive officers of the Christian Union in drawing up a programme of speakers is by no means light, and a little display of enthusiasm brings much encouragement. When exceedingly busy men give up their time to come and address gatherings such as ours, the least we can do is to show our appreciation of their kindness by turning up to hear them. That this complaint has to be made is all the more surprising when it is remembered that so many men, quite inaccurately, imagine that the Friday meeting is the chief if not the sole activity of the Q.C.C.U. A little more keenness in this respect is to be desired in the next academical year.

The Tuesday Devotional Meetings give cause for thankfulness. While the attendance has, in general, hardly been up to that of the previous term, yet it is on the whole a great advance on that of last year. It may be useful here to say that the Tuesday evening meetings will go on throughout the Easter term.

The first series of Bible Studies has come to an end, and a considerable number of people are now studying "The Missionary Motive." Reports as to the progress of these new circles are very encouraging.

On the whole there is cause for great thanksgiving for achievement already permitted to us and much reason for earnest prayer that there may be further advance. The Committee would desire men to remember both.

A. H. C.

3l Freshero.

A newly discovered fragment attributed to John Milton.

H ENCE loathéd School (or College)
Of stinging Canes and Impositions born
In dull form-room forlorn,
Midst racking desks, and Work and painful Knowledge.
Find out some greener boy
Whose callow denseness draws the master's wrath,
As the thin cane comes forth,
And on *his* duller mind and fallow brain
So empty and inane
Your Greek or Mathematic lore employ.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
Cambridge University,
Seat of endless sport and mirth,
Whom muddy Rugger at a birth,
With one other sister more
To cunning-footed Soccer bore ;
Or whether, as some sager sing,
That pleasant sport that comes with spring,
Cricket, with keen Rowing playing
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on the banks of sluggish Cam,
Where the coaches curse and damn,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair
So buxom, blithe and debonaire.
Haste thee, nymph, and come although
Thou bringst with thee the Little-Go,
With quips and cranks and horrid snares
Posers, howlers, black nightmares

Such as lurk in papers blue,
 Aye—and in the white ones, too—
 Sums which wrinkled Care gets wrong,
 And Paley drivelling hot and strong.
 Come, we'll Trip it later on
 Helped by an enthusiastic don,
 Or in our fourth year, shall be
 Pleased to get a poll degree.
 And if by luck I do get through,
 Queens', admit of thy crew,
 For some three years to live with thee
 In undisturbèd leisure free.....

The manuscript here ends.

H. A. C. B.

Q. C. A. F. C. 1913—1914.

H EARTIEST congratulations to the Soccer XI. on having regained the place in the clear altitudes of the First Division, which they were unfortunate enough to lose last season. However misfortune has proved a rare stimulant to the College Soccer, and one doubts whether there were many better-balanced College teams in the University than Queens' I. They have got through the season in League Matches with twelve victories, one defeat and one draw. The goal average was something in the nature of a record, fifty odd goals for, eight against ; not that there was a goal-keeper for the sake of appearances either ; he had plenty of work to do, and the figures prove the no-meanness of his skill. They deserved their success as well as the prandial commemoration and the post-prandial jollity which they enjoyed *more maiorum* in the

Bernard Room, thanks to the kind permission of the Tutor and Dons. The second XI. finished third in Division III. Led by a noted instrumentalist they enjoyed a very fair measure of success (apologies to the half-penny press). It was distinctly rough luck that they should have suffered from the shortcomings of the First XI. last season, by being compelled to depart undeservedly from Division II. into Division III.

C. J. H. Treglown and G. V. Pagden have played for the 'Varsity and J. L. Wood has turned out for the Casuals on several occasions. Congratulations.

FIRST XI. CHARACTERS

G. V. Pagden (goal). Brilliant and safe. Plays with great judgment and has the knack of reducing the goal space to a minimum.

C. O. Skey (right-back). Delights in the sportsmanship of the British public. Still retains his powers of entertainment. A good steady back. Passes well.

N. H. Langley-Smith, Capt. (left-back). A very energetic player, who tackles and kicks with no mean skill. A capable captain both on and off the field. A good connoisseur of wines.

H. P. Smith (right-half). Very sound on defence. Rather slow and should get rid of the ball sooner. Has a good understanding with his right wing.

H. A. K. Barker (centre-half). Has been one of the mainstays of the team. An untiring player with a very vigorous tackle. Played exceptionally well at Oxford.

W. C. Couch (left-half). Was most unfortunate in getting crocked towards the end of last Term. Always works hard and has a good knowledge of defence.

- B. C. Westall* (outside-right). The fastest forward on the side. Has improved a great deal in his centring. Has been known to lose his head (and a hat) on more than one occasion.
- D. Boumphrey*, Hon. Sec. (inside-right). Has been a most enthusiastic Secretary, and should make an efficient Captain next season. Plays a hard game and goes straight. Is a good shot.
- C. J. H. Treglown* (centre-forward). Has led the forwards well. A skilful dribbler. Is faster and goes much straighter to goal than last season. Shoots hard, but is sometimes erratic.
- J. L. Wood* (inside-left). A very useful asset to the team. Fairly fast and heavy and shoots well. Is not always there for the centre. Motto—keep smiling!
- G. H. Kingdon* (outside-left). Fast and clever, but does not make the most of his abilities. Should put more energy into his play. Has played well on several occasions.

SECOND XI. CHARACTERS.

Played 14. Won 8, Drawn 3, Lost 3. Goals for 28, against 15.

- B. E. Dreyfus*. A safe and heavy goal-keeper, who cannot be bribed, his financial position being already assured. Will look well on an elephant.
- W. F. Jary, W. H. Green*. Both very sound backs, who head very well. Should remember they have a goal-keeper. Are a trifle too slow for both of them to keep right up.
- C. J. Couch*. A much improved half, who tackles well, but should pass a little more accurately. Sometimes plays for the First XI. disguised as his brother.

- A. D. Ellison.* A hard-working and vigorous centre-half, dribbles well but far too much. Is still growing out of his "shorts."
- C. A. Duke-Baker.* A truly bustling half, whose improved passing has been useful to the side. Should keep the ball on the ground as much as he is there himself.
- E. D. Spackman.* A speedy winger, clumsy, but quite good when he catches sight of the ball. When wound up resembles a "golly-wog."
- E. H. King.* Another speedy forward, who has had bad luck with his shooting. Describes intricate evolutions with his legs to everyone's delight. Has conscientious objections to League Matches,
- A. F. J. Hopewell.* An energetic player, who has performed well at centre-forward. We wish he could have played more this term,
- H. A. F. Catmur.* An energetic Captain and Hon. Sec. A clever dribbler and good shot. Should learn to shoot with his left foot. Once turned up early for a match. Has strewn the field with coins he has forgotten to pick up after tossing with them.
- P. Ingleson.* A much improved outside, who by means only known to himself gets the ball down the wing, and centres it accurately. Has scored one or two good goals. Has his own views on the game.
-

Queens' College Musical Society.

JUDGING from the attendance at the first meeting of this Society on Jan. 31st, musical feeling in Queens' seems to be at least dormant. But the programme revealed rather remarkable taste, not on the part of the performers, but on the part of the "squash," such composers as Herbert Oliver and Landon Ronald being preferred to Wagner and Pucini. It may be said there is too much similarity between the St. Bernard Society Concerts and the meetings of this Society. One of the rules of this Society runs thus: "That the aim of the Society be to draw men in the College together for *good music*, both instrumental and vocal." Realising that there are various opinions in the College as to what "*good music*" is, the original intention of the illustrious founders of the Society seems to have been to provide classical music for those who wish to attend the meetings, and classical music can roughly be described as anything from Mendelssohn upwards. Another point is that men in College seem to think that it is necessary to perform in order to be a member. This is false. If anybody wishes to finish off the week by hearing some *music* (the only definition of what is meant), let him turn up one Saturday night, and he will be promptly elected a member.

A word as to this term's doings. The meeting on Jan. 31st was held in Mr. Maine's rooms, and the programme arranged by Mr. C. O. Skey. The Queens' College Quartette kept up a good musical standard by their choice and delivery. Mr. C. G. B. Stevens of Emmanuel sang Opera in correct operatic style and delighted most people. The other items were average.

The programme of the 2nd meeting was arranged by Mr. W. S. Thompson, who was "at home." This was very short owing to the long-windedness of the Dons in the St. Bernard Room. Nevertheless it was very good. Mr. Palliser of Corpus played Chopin and Débussy; the latter was excellent, not so the former. Mr. S. J. A. Evans of King's delighted everybody with Schubert's "Erl-King." Mr. G. J. Partridge's singing was very good, not so his choice. The Queens' Quartette (minus Mr. H. W. Arden, plus Mr. Evans) made us feel comfortable.

One more meeting is to be held this term which, being at the time of writing in the future, cannot be commented upon. [Alas! Ed. Stop press.]

ORPHEUS.

The Quaerists.

ON Wednesday, January 23rd, Mr. Bertrand Russell read a very interesting paper on "Mysticism" to a large audience. He defined metaphysics as the dispassionate pursuit of the ultimate nature of the universe. Our reason, with consistency as a criticism, was the instinct which analysed these data. The data he held to be derived from two sources; firstly from intuition which he identified with instinct, and secondly a scientific investigation of the external world. Mr. B. Russell traced how the moral idea had gradually been driven out of all the sciences beginning with astronomy and ending with psychology. All philosophical study was futile if influenced with pre-conceived ideas. Religion preserves an even attitude towards life, but it must be in no way identified

with a creed, since that implied an ultimate reality with which Philosophy alone is concerned.

Mr. J. S. Wane was unfortunately unable to read his paper on Feb. 11th, but Mr. C. M. Hobson read a very interesting paper on Dickens on Friday, Feb. 27th.

March 4th. "Thackeray" H. Spencer.

March 11th. "The Tempest"

May Term.

May 6th. A. B. Cook, Esq.

B. C. W.

The Greatness of Dickens.

WHEN Mr. G. K. Chesterton tells us that "Great" is the first adjective that the most supercilious modern critic would apply to Dickens," few indeed would dare to question the truth of his dictum, but there must, I think, be some who are inclined to wonder what it means. I speak as a child in matters of literature and art, but I must confess that I have often asked myself wherein lies the real difference between good and bad books. Why is it that almost before we are able to read we are told that it is good for us to read Scott and Dickens, bad for us to read William Le Queux or Charles Garvice? The stock in trade of both firms seems at first sight to be the same. They both deal in murders and robberies, in sentimental love-scenes and languishing heroines. And yet while the output of what I may perhaps term the cheaper firms scarcely survive five years,

the labours of the others are like to bear fruit for centuries. If we are to trust to Sir A. Quiller Couch, the final standard of greatness in a work of art rests upon the answer to various minor questions. Is the plot well conceived, so as to excite our interest, proportionately worked out so as to solve itself naturally at the end? Are the characters so developed as to win our sympathies? Is the language such that, while it excites us to a state of feverish anticipation, it does not disappoint us in the outcome or move our laughter by its exaggerated style? These are the qualities that have kept the *Oedipus Coloneus* and *Macbeth* alive for centuries.

But how does all this apply to Dickens? At first sight one is inclined to believe that here is one final and convincing proof of the truism that real greatness consists in knowing when and how to break rules. I think I am hardly exaggerating when I say that Dickens not only fails to comply with almost all the canons enumerated above, but actually runs counter to most of them. Are his plots well conceived so as to excite our interest, and proportionately worked out so as to solve themselves naturally? I have dreadful memories of feverish attempts I once made to find out what really did happen in *Our Mutual Friend*, why exactly John Harmon pretended to be dead when he was alive, why he masqueraded as John Robesmith, and at the very beginning, moved by an inexplicable desire to avoid his relative, took rooms under the second pseudonym of Julian Handford. Or again an author who, after giving a superb picture of a noble nature spoilt by newly acquired wealth, finally makes Mr. Boffin explain that he was only pretending to be bad, can by no conceivable stretch of imagination be said to allow his plot to solve itself

naturally. To take another instance, can anyone imagine a greater jumble of unexplained mystery than *Little Dorrit*? No one to the end of time will really know what was the mystery connected with the indistinguishable brothers and Mrs. Clennam's extraordinary ménage. It would seem that Dickens himself did not know, for he wisely allows the house to fall and crush all its inmates, as if he despaired of solving the difficulty in any other way. To take the second of Professor Quiller Couch's tests, who could possibly feel sympathy with that colossal fool, Tom Pinch, with that prig of prigs Nicholas Nickleby, with Agnes in *David Copperfield*, whom I have always felt was cut out to be the spouse of Uriah Heap? Lastly, *Tit Bits* at its best or worst would find it difficult to rival some of Dickens' deaths for sheer sloppiness. I will quote two instances, the demise of Jo in *Bleak House*, and that dreadful last page of *The Tale of Two Cities*. The author is here so bent on producing a fine, sentimental bit for the ending that he hitches it on to the rest of the work in contradiction of every artistic canon with some such sentence as this: "If he had thought and his thoughts had been prophetic, they would have been as follows," and then meanders on through several paragraphs describing three deaths and one child with golden hair, until he gets to the final sentence we all know from postcards of Mr. Martin Harvey on a scaffold with the sun behind him: "It is a far, far better thing," etc.

If I have dwelt with emphasis on the faults of Dickens, what is true greatness, but to be great in spite of faults that would have damned a lesser man three times over? It has been said that every work of art means something different to each successive generation.

It is perhaps truer that every work of art means something different to each separate individual. To analyse one's own literary judgment is a hard task, to analyse another's an impossible task. I can presume no further than to give a hazy sketch of why I hold Charles Dickens to be the greatest English author. I do not say he has produced greater novels than *Vanity Fair* or *The Newcomes*. These I hold to stand unequalled as the greatest single works of their kind in the language. For it is not as the writer of single definite stories that I worship Dickens. It is rather with Homer that I would compare him than with Thackeray or George Meredith. Professor Ridgeway thinks the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to be nothing, it is true, other than the early legends of a primitive people, but that have filtered through a great mind. Just such a mind was Charles Dickens'. A single man has created a saga, an atmosphere like to that produced elsewhere by centuries of legendary lore.

We might perhaps dip into the future and carry the comparison still further. Suppose our civilization to be swept away for ever by hordes of invading barbarians from China or the Fiji Isles. All that would survive of Dickens would be one set of the *Daily News* memorial edition with a few, perhaps, of Mr. Chesterton's notes by way of scholia. Can't you see whole hosts of commentators swooping eagerly down on Charles Dickens, declaring that he never existed, that he couldn't have existed, that sentences like "Smart chap that cabman, handled his fives well. But, if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy, pig's whisper, pieman too," were in quite a different dialect and written in a different age from "I see those lives for which I lay

down my life, bright, prosperous and happy in that England which I shall see no more. I see her an old woman by the side of that husband whom she loves; and I know that each does not hold a more sacred sanctuary in the heart of the other than that I hold in the hearts of both," etc., etc. Can't you hear them telling you that the so-called works of Dickens were the outcome of stories passed on by word of mouth in the public houses of London? Isn't it quite clear that the same hand couldn't possibly have written all Pickwick? Why at the beginning there are distinct traces of a smaller Pickwickia having some relation to a society called the Pickwick Club. This is all merged into the larger work. Nay, the very figure of Stiggins himself, being at first a mere red-nosed attendant on the Shepherd, according to the later tradition becomes the Shepherd himself and is ducked in that capacity by the elder Mr. Weller in the horse-pond. In fact the whole book is clearly a solar myth. To take our comparisons from a slightly different quarter, can't you imagine the higher critics with their Proto-Dickens and their Deutero-Dickens? Nay the process of disintegration has actually begun, when a not undistinguished member of this college assures me he does not believe Dickens ever did write *The Tale of Two Cities*. It only remains for some future Sir Edward Durning Lawrence to maintain that *David Copperfield* was really written by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

I have perhaps appeared to dwell too long upon this fanciful picture, I can only say in my defence that I have done so with a distinct purpose in view. My point is that one can imagine all this about Dickens, and one can't imagine it about Thackeray or Scott.

What then is the logical conclusion to which we are led? Dickens has more in common with Homer and, I say it with all reverence, with Isaiah than with the other class of writers whom we call novelists. And we have no more right to call Sam Weller or Micawber overdrawn than we have to call Achilles or Agamemnon. The fact is that the figures of Homer and Dickens, and of all other sagas, do not stand upon their merits. They are enshrouded with a halo of divine romance. They lift us for a time into fable-land. The London streets about which Dickens wrote are not the London streets we know, any more than the actual plain of Troy is the plain on which Achilles fought. They both owe their charm to a sense of immortal unreality, and to impart this should be the highest aim of all art. Had Dickens lived when men believed thunder was a bolt hurled by a god from heaven, or when warriors bandied insults with one another in the hope of persuading their opponent to pop his head up from behind his colossal shield, he would probably have written something very like the *Iliad*. But he didn't. He lived in an age of hackney carriages and Old Bailey lawyers. He is however as far from writing fiction as is Homer. He took the world as he found it, and the origin of his stories is to be sought in the public houses in London. Only in taking it he imparted just the divine element that it lacked. "He touched things common, till they rose to touch the spheres," and it is a far, far better thing that he did for English literature, than any one else has ever done before, or is ever likely to do again.

C. M. H.

Q. C. C. S.

THE Classical Society was revived in 1912, and has since been in a fairly flourishing condition. One wishes however that the attendances were greater than they have been. The papers which are read before this Society are not abstruse technical disquisitions on Syntax or Textual Criticism as some people apparently imagine, nor are they lectures on subjects for the Classical Tripos. The aim of the society is rather to arouse the interest of the uninitiated in the glories of the art and literature of Greece and Rome. Wherefore, O ye, who have, with Little Go Part I, bid farewell for ever to the Latin and Greek, return for once in a way to the fold ye have deserted, and taste the sweet waters of the muses' spring (*sic*)!

Season 1913—1914 was opened with a paper by Mr. C. M. Hobson, which created something of a furore, and appeared in last term's *Dial*. This was followed by a visit from Mr. J. T. Sheppard of King's College, the well-known authority on the Greek Drama. His subject was the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, with special reference to the production of that play in Cambridge in 1912. We heard a most amusing story of the difficulties which Mr. Sheppard had to encounter. Ladies even, were in the foremost ranks of adverse criticism! Talking of ladies, we heard something about them from Mr. Wane in December. He knew a thing or two about "Women in Greece and Rome," and shared his knowledge with us in an interesting manner. Early in February Mr. Butler of Corpus paid us a visit armed with pictures (his own work) diagrams and drawing-pins to illustrate a paper

on "The Attic Theatre." The drawings were ranged round the walls of the room, and produced additional interest in a paper, itself brimful of it. Mr. Butler has a charming style of his own which delighted his hearers.

We are looking forward to a paper from the Vice-President, who is at present scouring the University Library for books upon his subject.

Once again, ye who have—unwillingly, no doubt—joined the ranks of the "Hoi Barbaroi," pay the Society a visit occasionally!

H. G. E.

Q. C. H. C.

WE drew a bye in the first round of the inter-collegiate competition, and met Christ's in the second this term. This is our first year in the first division, and considering how badly the second and first years have let us down in athletics, we did very well only to be beaten by 56 points to 44. P. A. T. Simey was first in the Long Jump with 20ft. 4½ ins., and H. M. Tulloch in the Hurdles with 17 3-5ths. secs. For the rest we supplied most of the second and third places.

The College Sports were held in conjunction. The following were first for Queens' in the various events:

100 Yards	...	1 H. M. Tulloch.	2 P. A. T. Simey.
Hurdles	...	1 H. M. Tulloch.	2 F. R. Kennedy.
Quarter-Mile	...	1 H. M. Tulloch.	2 M. Thompson.
Half-Mile	...	1 B. L. A. Kennett.	2 E. P. Jennings.
Mile	...	1 G. R. Sandford.	2 A. D. Hamer
High Jump	...	1 H. M. Tulloch.	2 M. Thompson.
Long Jump	...	1 P. A. T. Simey.	2 H. M. Tulloch.
Hammer	...	1 A. G. Ewing.	2 G. R. Sandford.
Weight	...	1 A. G. Ewing.	2 F. R. Kennedy.

CAMBRIDGE,

February 5th, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I was privileged to be present at Fenner's on both days of the Queens' Sports, and may say at once that, much as I was pleased with many of the performances I could not help noticing that some men showed lack of training, and some, lack of experience. That we did so well, was due, in great measure, to the fact that our best athletes shewed neither. It is now many years since my running days and I parted company, but I have had a certain amount of experience and offer it now for what it is worth.

My advice to all who wish to train at Fenner's is summed up in the three short words "Go to Alec."

If you are a novice, and the more there are of these, the better will be the athletics of the College, you must first choose the events you wish to compete in. Before choosing definitely go to Alec. There are generally ten events, differing in difficulty of practice and execution, but one of them, at least, is almost certain to suit you. You may wish to choose an event by the likelihood of its usefulness in everyday life. For instance the sprint is useful, say, when running away from an infuriated bull, and high jump and hurdles might come in useful here: the quarter mile may be invaluable in later life if you have a train to catch and are not too fond of early rising: the long jump may save time if you wish to cross a river too broad to step across, in the absence of a bridge, stepping stones, or an aeroplane: and so on. Most of the events have their useful side. If you practise, you might win a prize with the hammer, if there are not too many competitors.

Having selected your events, you go to Alec about it. You will know Alec, as I should have said before, by his waistcoat. If you are keen, you will probably buy books

on athletics, where you will doubtless find a special chapter on the events you have taken up.

I will put down a remark on one or two events, which have always been my golden rules in training and racing. Perhaps three instances will suffice.

In the 100 Yards Sprint always run as hard as you can. This will bring you to the tape more quickly than any other way. And don't forget to make a good start, when, or before, the pistol goes off. It might *almost* be worth your while to practise starting for a minute or two sometimes before the race.

A very similar rule applies to the Long Jump. Run hard at the board, take off well, and jump high. You ought to clear sixteen feet without much difficulty, and to raise the distance to twenty-four feet is only a matter of practice. Above all, don't be afraid of the mud. It is very good mud, and washes off easily if you use soap and water.

There are two ways of running the 'Three Mile Sprint.' One is Shrubbs'. He says "Run as hard as you can all the time, and if anybody is overtaking you, go on as usual until he is just level with you, and then sprint for a hundred yards. This ought to leave him standing. If it doesn't he will 'come again.' Then sprint another hundred yards as before. In time you must achieve your object" *i.e.* leave him standing. I must confess that the method always seemed to me to be more likely to leave me lying, so I never used it. The other way is one advocated by a local expert, who has more than once used it with success. "Stick to the first man like a limpet to a rock until the middle of the last lap, when go ahead, and so 'hell for leather'!"

Let this do for the present, and don't forget my three-worded advice "Go to Alec."

I am,

Yours, etc.,

ARNOLD T. RAINER.

Our Lecturers.—4.

SCENE:—*A large bare room with the walls decorated in the best Crude Style. As you go in by the door there is a wall immediately on your left containing eight windows. In the middle of the wall to the right is the fireplace: in front against the furthest wall are a small table and chair, shielded by a large blackboard from any fresh air. The room is full of uncomfortable wooden desks each of which is intended to contain two undergraduates.*

Enter first undergraduate. Opens window by dais, from outside of room. Enter second ditto: "I 'spose you haven't brought your Caesar, have you?"

First Ditto: "No, but I have my uncle's Iambica."

Second Ditto: "Oh, that'll be all right." (Sound of crunching gravel denotes advancing footsteps): "Lets go in." (They go in).

*Lecturer from outside, shutting two windows near dais: "Ptpuh" (spoken with lips only.) Enters room and goes up to dais. Ptpuh, Caesar Bk. i. ch. i. "All Gaul has been divided into three portions." Ptpuh, Galli—this is highly geographical, cf. Strabo xvii. 68, "Gaul is inhabited by the Gauls." Ptpuh. Divisa, very curious word, it is quite Vergilian, in fact it is taken from Vergil, compaare Vergil, Ars Poetica 109... or thus, Homer Odes, iv. 1, *aedes divisit*. Ptpuh. "Of which the Belgians inhabit one." Unam, this is very brachyological, of course, because a nadjectival nadverb is equivulunt to a preposishun, huvver, supposing the text to be right, we had better emend it. Ptpuh. Simly, Caesar, Satire ii. 64, *unam copia habebuerit*. "And the*

Aquitaniens another." Ptpuh, *unam*, this is *ἀπαξίειρημένον* in this sense, compaare ii. 4, iii. 18, xxviii. 462, etc. "Those who are named in their own vocabulary Celts, in our tongue Gauls." "This is highly Caesarean, compaare vi. 78. Galli, Gauls: this is a very common sense in Caesar, compaare

* * * * *

Q. C. B. C.**FIRST XI. CHARACTERS.**

H. J. Hallett. The cutting of cake caused the lamentable loss of our courteous Captain at the commencement of our campaign. His deft and dapper doings at inside-right deserve ardent appreciation.

A. D. Ellison. A sound half, but has not come up to expectations: Should be good next year. A cheery Secretary.

J. R. Handford. A keen hard-working half. Tackles well, but should part with the ball sooner. A member of the K.E.H.

H. R. K. Barker. A useful outside right, who "Ploughs" his way through all opposition. Should centre more quickly, and would probably find two hands better than one.

E. D. Spackman. Clever with his stick. A bane to goalkeepers, and a devotee of the terpsichorean art.

J. R. Harris. A safe and formidable-looking back. A trifle slow. Has a mighty drive and a serious expression.

W. C. Cassels. A good centre-half, who knows the game and is quicker than he looks. Too shy to resent an injury.

D. F. Stileman. A usually sound and at times brilliant back. Has rash moments but is not easily ruffled.

J. North. Has greatly improved during the season. Keeps his head and the goal well. Has plenty of pluck.

F. O. Hoare. Quite a useful outside-left, who combines well with his inside. Is too slow in centring. We suggest a new stick.

G. V. Pagden. A bustling, hard-working forward. Usually a good shot.

E. H. King. A dashing and speedy inside-right, but rather apt to lose control of the ball, doubtless a good deal owing to his having to stoop so far to reach it. Should try a longer stick.

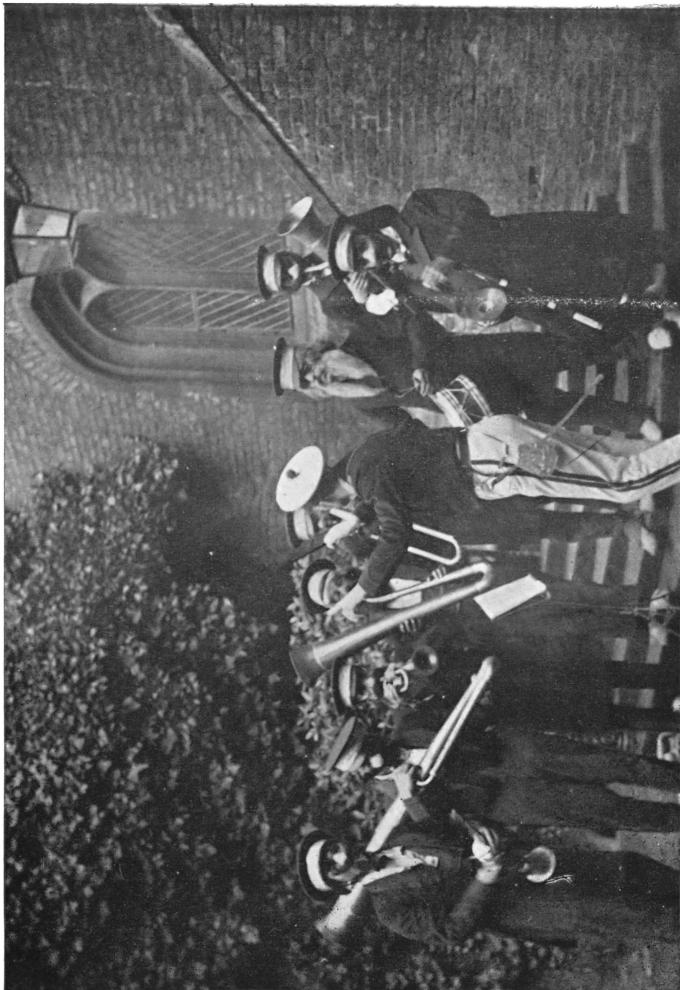
S. R. E. Davies. Good in trial games but disappointing in matches, Hesitates too long with the ball.

‘Q. C. R. B. C.’

WHAT, you will say, is the Q.C.R.B.C.? Well H.R.H. the Gazeka of Bejabers is the founder and first captain; also, our correspondent informs us, that famous taffy G. O. Llywog, Esq. has something to do with it. Presumably he is that part of the machine that makes the sparks fly. Secondly, its meetings are annual, being held on one day or other of the Lent races. Thirdly, its object is to raise a getting-at boat (you’re the person they get at), primarily for their own, and secondarily for other people’s amusement.

[G. R. Sanford

Photo by]



Their method is to see without being seen, by the agency of other people's hair, etc.

We publish a picture of the Club taken in the Pump Court on the afternoon of the annual meeting just before embarkation for the front—not the backs this time. We append below a list of characters:—

- CAPTAIN (steers)—*Herr von König-Gazeken*. ‘I’ll turn you as well as any Würm.’ A lightning conductor with a fine sense of rhythm.
- 8 *Herr Teddische Maunschell*. A stroke of genius (like this character).
- 7 *Herr Kühllass*. Will not recover.
- 6 *Herr Oswegenwaldsteincobergenschaffenhausenmarienbad-enbadenschky*. Neither beginning nor finish. Hadn’t a feather to be as light as. Wouldn’t have been as light as, had he had it.
- 5 *Herr Haupfer*. Impeded by his button, but held together by hook and crook. Owing to crease, in trouble with stretcher.
- 4 *Herr Engelssohn Bartholdy*. Stout party. Excelled in speed coming forward and in airsmanship going back.
- 3 *Herr Patenburger*. ‘Si me mente agito, viscera pungit acus.’
- 2 *Herr Glücksteinmann*. Had a golly bad run of rowluck.
- 1 *Herr Wögwög*. Best at easying. Bit of a wash-out.
- GUN went better off the mark than anyone.

Martial in Cambridge.

(i) AMETHYSTINATUS, ii. 57.

THE fellow, buckskin-shoed, whom there you see
In gorgeous waistcoat sailing down T.P.,
Of Twitter the outwitter is—a nut;
His flattened hair’s not matched by even B-sts:
Yet in his pocket scarce a tanner rests
To go to Richardson’s and get it cut.

(ii) MENS EST . . . VOLSA TIBI, ii. 36.

Blank is seen at every squash
 Wherein philosophic tosh
 Flows with tea and such-like drinks ;
 Alway says ‘I *think*, and so
 Am agnostic, don’t you know.’
 But he only *thinks* he thinks.

(iii) CAPTATOR, ii. 11.

D’you think that Giles has lost a quid,
 Or smashed his Morgan in a skid,
 Or shaving cut his chin,
 Has dropped some nasty brick, in short,
 That he so sadly walks the court ?
 Oh no, he’s lunching *in*.

(iv) NORUNT CUI SERVANT, i. 104.

If to the Rugger match in town you go
 Sometimes—our modern amphitheatre show—
 Perhaps you feel this jar ;
 That while you know our men are only men,
 They fight like demi-gods. Remember then,
 They know *whose* ‘boys’ they are.

Old Queens’ Men.

The following have taken their M.A. this term :—

<i>J. K. Best</i>	<i>T. J. E. Sewell</i>
<i>T. Hannay</i>	<i>P. D. Scott</i>
<i>W. A. Jeayes</i>	<i>A. C. Sowter</i>
<i>R. G. D. Laffan</i>	<i>H. L. Stevens</i>
<i>J. de R. Phillip</i>	<i>W. J. McK. Kennelly</i>
<i>G. H. Roper</i>	<i>J. Kingdon</i>

MARRIAGES.

Rev. S. B. Baron (1912), Sept. 2, 1913.

G. B. Canny (1903) to Miss Mary Elliott, Jan. 30, 1914, at Stanmore.

Rev. G. A. W. Wilkinson (1909) to Miss Marian Corke, Dec. 10, 1913, at Morpeth, Northumberland.

OBITUARY.

(From *The Times*, Friday, Mar. 6).

The death occurred in London on Wednesday, from septic pneumonia, of *Colonel Henry Lionel Pilkington*, C.B., formerly of the 21st Hussars, who served in the Western Australian Contingent in the South African War and was secretary of the Agricultural Organization Society, aged 56.

The eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Mulock Pilkington, Q.C., of Tore, Tyrrellspass, County Westmeath, Colonel Pilkington was educated at Uppingham, Queens' College, Cambridge, and Sandhurst. He served in the 1st West Indian Regiment in West Africa and in the 21st Hussars, and in 1890 became Commandant of the local forces, Western Australia. He was appointed to the Western Australian Mounted Infantry in 1899 for service in South Africa, and was promoted lieutenant-colonel to command that corps in the following year; he received the Queen's medal with five clasps and the King's medal with two clasps. Colonel Pilkington wrote many articles in reviews and magazines dealing chiefly with rural development, and often signed himself "Patrick Perterras."

He married in 1896 Louisa Ellice, second daughter of Sir John Esmonde, tenth baronet.

CLERICAL.

APPOINTMENT.

T. H. Cleworth (1909) to be Warden of S. Anselm's Hostel, Manchester.

ORDINATIONS.

ADVENT (in addition to those mentioned in the last number)—

J. W. Partridge to Grayshott, Winchester.

W. S. Dobson to Wentwood Mere, York.

LENT.

F. C. Clare (S. Peter's, Eaton Square) priest.

H. Crick (1908) to work in S. John's School, Agra, India.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES. Besides those mentioned last term,

Farnham. *G. H. Douglas, A. Littledale.*

Ripon. *G. P. A. Dixon.*

We should be glad if any old Queens' man who may catch sight of this page, would send us news of himself or of any other old member of the College from time to time. At present our only source of information is the correspondence of Mr. Wood, and his vigilant observance of the papers: without which we should be unable to publish any account whatever. Many members of former generations have the latest reports about us from the *Dial*, while we have no opportunity of learning their doings. This inequality can be easily removed by an occasional postcard to the Editor.

Correspondence.

QUEENS' COLLEGE,

6th March, 1914.

EAR SIR,—A few weeks ago a letter sent to me, insufficiently stamped, was refused by the College servant in charge of the Porter's Lodge at the time. He informed me of the fact quite casually when I happened to enquire if there were any letters for me. At the first opportunity I went to the Post Office, but was unable to procure it, as

it is one of their rules that a letter once refused shall not again be presented, but returned to the sender. I was told that it was very unusual for such letters to be refused at the colleges.

It seems to me, Sir, rather a serious state of affairs, when letters of great importance may be refused indiscriminately at the Porter's Lodge. Could not something be done to prevent this occurring in the future? Could not a fund of, say, twelve pennies be deposited at the Lodge, so that the servant concerned may not be out of pocket, and we may get our letters safely?

Yours truly,
B. E. E.

To the Editor of "The Dial."

DEAR SIR,—I wish to draw attention to a trivial matter in connection with the College baths, of which I occasionally make use.

Unless, perchance, the first bather, one has to stand, whilst stripping and drying, in a swamp caused by the previous occupant or occupants.

The cork mats, in present vogue, are quite ineffective. May I suggest that a small wooden grating be placed in each bathroom, or some such means be found of providing a dry footing?

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
C. J. H. TREGLOWN.

To the Editor of 'The Dial.'

DEAR SIR,—May I ask a few pertinent questions?

1. Why is the furnace chimney above the library allowed to belch forth black smoke and soot into our rooms? Are not our own smoking fireplaces enough, without all the smuts coming through the windows, so that on some days it is impossible to touch anything in the room without leaving a dirty smear on one's fingers?

2. Why are our windows only clean ~~and~~ once a term? By mid-term it is almost impossible to see ~~through~~ the glass should the sun be shining on it.

3. Why are we allowed to have decomposescent sausages served up to us for breakfast; sausages so bad that the bedders have no use for them?

Sir, I drop my pen in disgust and only pick it up again to sign myself

Yours, etc.

O. M.



Advertisements

SITUATIONS.

H E teaches them cross-buttockups and dazes one another,
Len Snurger, Pugilist.

P ERMANENT occupation of some sort required. W. S. T.

S LEEPY little gentleman wants position as lay-reader. J. B. B.

T ANGO tease. Taught while you speak. E. P. J.

T WO elderly gentlemen wish to take pupils for Ryle prize.
C. H. S. K and W. L. W.

WANTS.

H UMOUR, sense of, a proper. G. H. K.

N EW tunes for old. B. H., Monotony, Cambridge.

H ELPMEET for matriculation purposes. H. E. C-p.

FOR SALE.

C ANARY. Apply at once. E. D. S.

J -M-S-N'S Polish is the best.

P ROMISING young organist must get rid of fine Tremulo at
any price. Only great swells need apply. B. S. M.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

M ESSRS. Theo Trip & Co. (1st year) beg to announce the
publication of an Anthologia Decana, entitled 'Chips of the
Old Block.'

'A remarkable combination of perfect conviction with im-
perfect knowledge.'—*Weakly Gazeka*.

*No charge is made for these advertisements, for their subjects
are generally priceless.*

Committee.

A. B. COOK, Esq.
J. I. COHEN, *Editor.*
C. M. HOBSON, *Treasurer.*
J. R. HARRIS.
G. R. SANDFORD.
P. INGLESON.
A. H. CULLEN.

The subscription to *The Dial* is 3/- per annum. This includes postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer. We should be very grateful if Old Queens' Men who have not paid up to date would do so at once, as otherwise we shall be involved in financial difficulties.

All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as the usual guarantee of good faith. If contributors prefer to enclose their name in a separate envelope, this will not be opened if the article be rejected. Contributions will be welcomed at any time throughout the year.