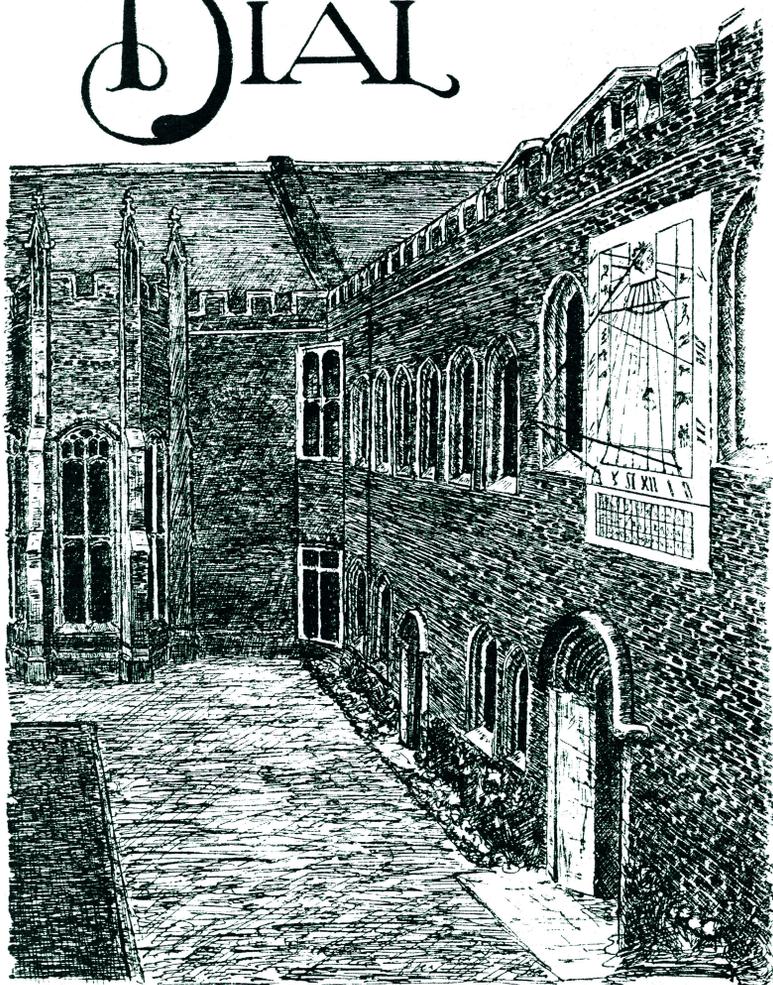


The

DIAL



Queens' College

Lent Term, 1907

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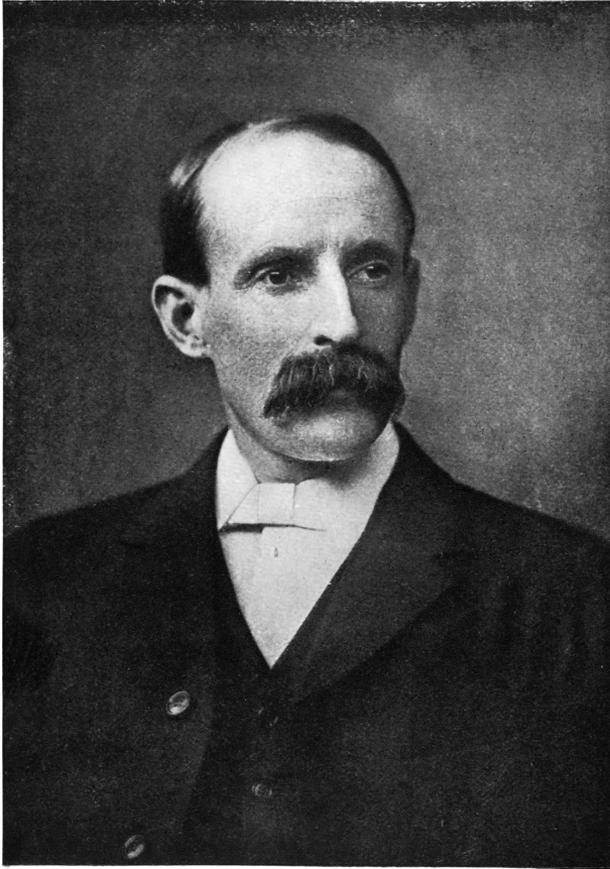


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Thomas C. Fitzpatrick

The Dial.

VOL. I. NO. 3

MARCH, 1907

EDITORIAL.

THE discretion shown by those whom we might have expected to contribute to the magazine has been atoned for by the zeal with which they have criticized. But so short a time has elapsed since the publication of the last issue, that judgement, whether upon its merits or its reception, must still remain in suspense. Moreover, the general tone of its opinions cannot have a proper estimation till they have informed a second number, especially when those opinions were not fully fledged in the first, where we could only give some general outline of our intentions and our hopes for the future. In the present issue these will be seen in a more fully developed form: certain additions and corrections have been made, certain aspects more rigorously emphasized or less frankly displayed. Details have been recast in several ways. But—and the reminder seems necessary—while the form has been altered, the essentials remain the same. The

original idea which prompted its creation is still to be the motive of the periodical as a whole.

The struggle between the individual and the community is not confined to the political arena. It is found in families and clubs, and all institutions where men gather together to their mutual benefit—or its opposite: nowhere is it more strongly marked than in the life of a College. Intermingling with the corporate acts of any such body there runs a current of individuality, capable, in its final effect, of making or marring the spirit of the whole. This result is not immediate. A College is far more than the aggregate of the individuals of which it is composed: it has a separate existence, with separate aims and traditions, which make up its particular character. One is occasionally tempted to feel thankful for this fact. Certainly, in attempting any enterprise, whether serious or trivial, to which the name of the College is attached, this must always be a very present consideration. It is the only standard by which a College production may be judged, and, to the outside eye at any rate, that production will always be considered as typical of the spirit of the College. To those who stand beyond our walls we are reckoned in the mass, not as individuals, and whatever unworthiness we may show through weakness and carelessness is only pardonable if it keeps strictly within the bounds of private existence. There are numbers of people who would shrink from degrading a friend in any way by their faults, who nevertheless fail to grasp how vitally they are wounding an institution of which, in their more exalted moments, they are proud. It is therefore necessary to judge these pages, not in the light of personal desire, but as an effort,

however poor, to create a College magazine in the truest sense.

We have never attempted to deny that such an ideal is difficult of access, nor have we begun our task with any real hope of attaining it. But we would emphatically assert that this fact is not in itself any argument against the pursuit of the ideal. Experience, awakened interest, and the possibilities of the future may raise to its proper level an endeavour which fails for the moment through the unworthiness of its present upholders: but if once the ideal is abandoned, we must give up also any hope of the power which may arise afterwards to support it worthily.

THE PRESIDENT.

FOR four hundred years Christ's College has owed us a debt: for it was a President of Queens', Bishop Fisher, who was bidden by the Lady Margaret to play the part of foster-father to her young foundlings. But if their debt to us was great, it has been greatly paid. They gave us the Bishop of Ely, though it was only to be for five years: and now they have given us our President—for a much longer period, we hope. It is hard for us to condole with them on our own gain: but it is only fair to remember that we have taken him away from them at a time when they have recently suffered other losses: and without being hypocritical, we may offer to them at once our condolences and our thanks.

Pity the interviewer who would seek to extract information about his life from our new President,—no longer 'new' to us in College: he would find him as adamant. We must be content, then, to give a bare chronicle of his life.

He was educated at Bedford School, of which he now is an active governor. From there he won an open scholarship at Christ's for Natural Science at Easter 1881: and he was promoted to the Foundation in the following year. In 1883 he took the First Part of the Natural Science Tripos, and two years later the Second Part: in both he was placed in the first class; and in the latter he was also awarded a special mark of distinction for Physics. In January 1888 he was elected to a Junior,

and five years afterwards to a Senior Fellowship. He had already been made Dean in 1890, a post which he held for sixteen years. It is not for us to speak of his work in his own College: suffice it to say that there have been few men there in the last twenty years, who have not known him as a friend. He took a prominent part in the Restoration of the College Chapel, which was carried out a few years ago by Mr Bodley, the great architect who built our own Chapel. In many ways he did service to the College, with characteristic activity and generosity.

Besides directing the studies of the men in his College, who were reading Physics, he was also for many years Assistant Demonstrator of Experimental Physics at the University Laboratories. He has given up this appointment now, but he still continues to lecture in the Laboratories.

Of his general tastes, probably the most marked is his passion for mountaineering. He has not only 'done' many of the harder Swiss climbs, but is the possessor of a striking set of Alpine photographs which he has taken himself during some of his ascents. He has also travelled a good deal in other parts of the world: indeed it is rumoured that he is a formidable rival even to Dr Wright in this respect!

AN OLD COLLEGE BILL.

MR MEREDITH.

June 28, 1644.

	Received...	10	00	00	
Expended:	Taylours bill	00	12	00	
	Burgersditiij log :	00	02	04	
	admission monney	00	05	00	
	given him upon his owne bill of expences	00	08	00	
	Erasmi adag.	00	08	06	
	given him upon his owne bill of expences	00	11	00	
	given him for his journey & other expenc.	00	16	03	
	y ^e Bursars bill for y ^e 1st monets	00	16	04	
	ffriday night supper	00	00	06	
	his bill for bookes	00	10	00	
	for Scapulars lexicon	01	02	00	
	for a paire of Shooes	00	04	00	
Received	} for his owne bill	00	03	00	
Aug. 7, 1644		} M ^s Willbores bill	06	02	00	
4. 0. 0			} y ^e Bursars bill for ye 2d mon :	01	07	10
	Brigde mon. and admiss :	00	10	00	
	his owne bill	00	04	00
	given him for a journey to Bassingbr :	00	10	00
	given him	00	02	00
	to y ^e Burs : mon : 3d	02	02	05
	Chamber rent	00	10	00
	Landresse for washing and making	00	09	08
	T ^{he} Barbars bill	00	06	02
	Bedmaker	00	05	00
	T ^{he} linen drapers bill	00	14	00
	Expended this q ^t :	19	03	00
	Received	14	00	00	
	debet g ^o	05	03	00	

This bill is in an old MS. account book of John Smith, a famous Tutor of Queens'. It is now kept in the MSS. Case in the Museum of Queens' Library, to which it was transferred from the archives in the Lodge by the present Bishop of Winchester when he was President of our College.

It is dated June 28, 1644, about the time of Cropredy Bridge and Marston Moor. The University had then fallen upon evil days: two years before the Colleges had sent most of their plate to the King on his promising to return the value of the same when he came into his own again. The Parliamentarians, greatly incensed by this act, determined to make a clean sweep of the loyalists in the University, and the Earl of Manchester was therefore sent down to dragoon the dons and scholars into humble supporters of the Covenant. At "Queenes Colledge" the Master, Fellows, and Scholars were all turned out for their loyalty to the King and others were put in their places. Good Dr Martin, the Master, was carried up to London, imprisoned in the Tower, and treated with shameful indignity. What happened to the poor Fellows and Scholars thus turned adrift is not known. Fuller, the pious historian of Cambridge, suggests a solution of the difficulty by quoting the old Greek saying, *ἡ τέθνηκεν ἡ διδάσκει γράμματα*, without venturing an opinion as to the relative desirability of these alternatives.

The treatment of the College buildings may be inferred from the following quotation taken from the account given by William Dowsing, who was commissioned by the Earl of Manchester "to remove vestiges of Popish superstition":—

"At Queens' College, Dec. 26th, we beat downe
"about a 110 Superstitious Pictures besides Cherubims

“and Ingravings,.....and we digged up the steps for
 “three hours and brake down 10 or 12 Apostles and
 “Saints within the Hall.”

Soldiers were occasionally quartered on the Colleges, exactions of all sorts were inflicted upon them ; and there is no reason to suppose that Queens' suffered less than the rest. One collegian complains that “ Some of the inferiour part of the Towne that durst discharge a Musquet made it their practice to terrifie us, and disturbe our Studies by shooting in at our windows.”

There is, however, no doubt that the majority of those who were put in the places of the ejected loyalists proved by no means unworthy of their position. For example, the gentleman who wrote our bill, John Smith of Emmanuel, who was made Fellow and Tutor of Queens', was considered a first-rate mathematician and a good all round scholar, though, as the bill shows, he allowed himself considerable latitude in the matter of spelling and simple addition. He should be well known to every Queens' man, especially as his merits are well described in the Dean's standard History of Queens' (for the free use of which in this article his old pupil is duly grateful). Smith's brilliant volume, *Select Discourses*, is perhaps rather too prolix for the modern palate (the copy in the Library, somewhat superfluously labelled NOT TO BE TAKEN OUT, still rests like many of its neighbours in undisturbed repose) ; yet so great an authority as Matthew Arnold considered his book to be worthy of high praise. He was an ideal Tutor, of great learning, exemplary conduct, and charming personal qualities ; and his singular sweetness of temper seems to have been quite unruffled by the bitter party struggles of the period.

It is true that the University suffered much during the

Civil War, but the wonder is that it did not suffer more. If horses were stabled in King's College Chapel, we have cause to be thankful that the magnificent stained glass windows were left untouched. It should be remembered also that, in spite of the expulsion of so many Fellows and Scholars, the lectures and general work of the Colleges went on much as usual, scarcely at all interrupted by war and rumours of war. At this time the collegians were supposed to attend College Chapel at 5 a.m.! Lectures were given from 8—10 a.m. and 2—4 p.m., thus leaving ample time for dinner about noon. Supper was served in the evening, and supper seems to have been found the most convenient meal for social entertainment.

The mental pabulum dispensed by the Colleges was fairly solid. Our bill mentions Burgersdicius' famous textbook on Logic, Erasmus' *Adagia*, which was a very popular Classical Anthology, and John Scapula's *Lexicon*—the seventeenth century Liddell and Scott. The main part of the education was theological and was instilled by oral lectures, attendance at which was enforced with far greater strictness than in the present day.

As to the recreations permitted not much is known. Our Puritan predecessors lived in the pre-athletic era, when Milton's "plowman neer at hand, whistled ore the furrow'd land" where now the young idea learns to shoot, when the roads right up to the College gates were generally mere quagmires, and the river was an open sewer. It is on record that "dice, cards, fencing, cockfighting, bear and bull-baiting, and bathing and washing in the Cam" were prohibited under severe penalties; but as university regulations were in those days not seldom more honoured in the breach

than in the observance, even the non-reading man (if he then existed) need not have found life very dull.

The College charges, judging from our bill and others of the same period, were still more moderate than those of to-day. Ten shillings for three months' chamber-rent seems by no means exorbitant, even when we have allowed for the decrease in the purchasing value of money, and for the fact that three or four men often shared the same study. When the Bedmaker's fee was less than a penny a day, she would hardly have been able to keep a spouse at home to rock the cradle as some of her modern successors are supposed to do. That the "Barbar's" charges should be in excess of the Bedmaker's is not satisfactorily accounted for by the frequency with which the hair of the youthful Roundhead would require tonsorial attention; no doubt the six shillings and twopence included fees for some of the simpler operations of surgery and dentistry practised by the "Barbar's" of that day.

The old-fashioned mode of writing sums of money explains itself; "q^b" stands for quarter and "g^o" for *ergo*; "y^e Bursar's bill" was for board, &c.; "M^s" is the old abbreviation for Mistress; "Brigde mon. and admiss." means Bridge money (or toll) and admission (fee).

That no injustice be done to the pious memory of Mr Meredith, it should be mentioned that according to further entries in Mr John Smith's account book the balance of £5. 3s. *od.* was duly paid.

F. G. PLAISTOWE.

MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEWS.

“ I AM here to interview you,” I say, assisting myself to a “Gypper,” whilst I watch the blood curdle in his face. He is nervous, I decide. But soon I change. It is not that. Now he has leaped from his chair. His eyes flash. He is one quivering mass of electrical vivacity. Of this he himself seems not unaware, for holding his coat by the top button and button hole, each in its respective hand, he begins to speak with flying words, emphasising his speech by continuous flapping of the said garment.

“ I know exactly what you want, you want to know my tastes, and my opinions, and my ideas”—three flaps give vigour to the sentence—“ I adore art—I absolutely revel in art. Even to think of such men as Shelley, Beethoven, or Velasquez sends a million thrills coursing through my veins. Ah Shelley—Shelley is *my* ideal of a Poet. You say I am very decided in my opinions.” This time he tugs at his coat four times, and I recall that it is Mr Balfour that affects the self-same habit—(without the flapping, please—*Editor*). “ Socialism—Oh, so few really understand Socialism. I have it at my finger-tips. I can explain every one of the countless intricacies that its philosophy professes. No! I am not a Socialist—Oh no—but I believe in it all the same. Classics?—Yes I revel in Classic literature. What! *you* not read in Classics! I—I—”

“ I can decline Ego,” I said with the due modesty that such a confession may require.

“ Ego—Ego—” he cries—“ I, too, can decline Ego. It is the most beautiful thing in the Latin tongue. I love *Ego*. Listen! Ego—me—note the inflexion on the *me*. The rest—you say—of course—its me—ME—ME!!

THE ZODIAC.

II. TEA-, AND OTHER, THINGS.

ONCE upon a time there was a Golden Age. As a matter of fact, there have been several; but I am only concerned with one, the Age of Conversation. I have found quite distinct traces of it in History, and I know very little about it. But I am convinced that it was a time when people lived, although they were unmoral, and had a deeply catholic interest in life, which they did not allow to sink into the oblivion of silence. They talked. Moreover, they talked to some purpose: for, in 1799, Napoleon banished Madame de Staël because a prominent member of her *salon* had made a displeasing, and presumably inspired, speech in the Tribunate.

Precisely one year later, De Quincey, aged fifteen, entered Manchester Grammar School. The Sixth Form received him kindly and regaled him with brandy, "which at once reinstalled me in my natural advantages for conversation." I will not transcribe the debate which followed; the words are too long for decent use, and the whole affair is

"Pretty, but I don't know what it means!"

My ideas in regard to the years which intervene between the above date and the present day are vague. Yet I know that there used to be many people whose table-talk was not limited to such remarks as, "May I trouble you for the mustard?" These people survive in the modern novel, but everyone knows that the modern novel is mere fiction. If ever I write a Book, I shall be unpopular, for

all the talk will *not* be of an esoteric nature; and, for reasons which will appear later, it will all take place at a certain fixed hour. The Art of Conversation will not worry me, or my hypothetical reader. The Art of Conversation is dead. Long live— what?

At the hour when the world is truly at peace with itself; when the last footballer limps home or hails the loitering cab; when unpaid lecturers, droning to weary benches, reverse the parlour-trick of Orpheus; when the curtains are drawn, and the fire draws; and when, if the gods are kind, the kettle boils—in short, when it is about 4.30 p.m.; then is the time for Tea.

I have often noticed that at tea-time the least loquacious man finds his tongue, perhaps because it is jealous of his teeth; while to the orator—my stars!—nothing in the way of epigram, aphorism, or the like, seems to come amiss. In fact, it is the most natural time for a human being to talk: hence one of the peculiarities of my books. Then are the flood-gates of memory flung open, and a turbulent stream leaps forth, bearing upon its heaving breast the richest treasures of imagination—and the deadest dogs of thought!

It is always the same. The Athlete hopes that you don't mind his coming, uninvited and unchanged. You do: but no matter! Perched, as it were, upon the headland of a single interest, i.e., between the bites, he summarises the performances of *all* the teams in the 1st Division of the League, proceeds thence to the 2nd Division, and refers to many individual players by Christian and other names. The remainder of his stay is enlivened by a dis-

cussion with a representative of the sister game concerning the South Africans' latest record; and the two finally depart collaborating in a football competition which is appearing in *Tips from the Touchline*. The Man from the Union, who has kindly dropped in, regards the muscular brethren with ill-concealed scorn; but he manages to make a friendly remark anent the brutalising tendency of organised exertion, before delivering his daily harangue on the abysmal idiocy of the Union executive. Having exhausted that topic, he attacks the Prime Minister or the Leader of the Opposition; and hints dark things of "pig-iron," foreign tariffs, food-stuffs, and the Mother Country. Then he is translated into the glory of the Union, murmuring, "Please don't mention it!" Two or three very ordinary men are present, having been invited, who contrive to talk to one another of Bridge, the theatre and the leading lady, current literature, amateur sport, politics, *Punch*, and many other things of general interest. They are rather amused at the Union Man, and sometimes lead him on with great caution, until they fail in self-control, and furnish him with a new text.

Meanwhile the Host has rather a busy time, as he has only the usual allowance of arms and ears. His remarks are worthy of preservation, though not as literature. "Who did you say? More tea? O yes! Didn't he play for Tottenham Thursday in 1901-2? I say, do help yourselves to cake, you men! No, I've only read the review of it. *Who* did you say was secretary now? Biscuits, anyone? Joe's still ill. Pass —'s cup along. Yes, wasn't she ripping? Are you going on Tuesday? No, I meant the theatre. Yes, they scored first. Still, you're

a dead snip for it next time. Haven't seen *Punch* for weeks. Who's it by? Benson? It was two goals to a try, I think. What? Didn't he unblock your diamonds? Yes, rather! Later!...etc." What brilliance! Given a man of universal tastes, or one of ripe imagination, this sort of thing doesn't matter once in a way. But it is a great strain, especially if you add to the above mixture a strong dash of something which I have just remembered.

He is a man of kindly nature, and he is charitable enough to estimate everyone's intellect as highly as his own. At times he exhibits a strong taste for philosophy, and, if the vulgar idiom may be pardoned, is "all over" Root-principles. As a rule he avoids gatherings as motley as that which is depicted above: but, if perchance he does assist at one, his ruling passion sometimes disregards its environment, and acts up to its adjective. The subtle by-ways of metaphysics are trodden hard, and the paths of conventionality are reduced to slush. Passionate schemes of reform, mental, moral and physical, are hurled into being; and the host has to readjust the stresses and strains which already threaten his tottering intellect, and seek for equilibrium. I would not say a word against this dear Juggernaut: of course, the indolence of the host's mind is alone blameworthy. But I deeply feel that, even as the shops have an early closing day, so also tea-time is sacred to banality. Besides, as the Art of Conversation is dead, Juggernaut is at most an interesting survival, and perhaps an Anachronism!

In conclusion, I hope that no one will try to trace a definite line of thought in anything I have written.

There are some insults which are practically unforgivable :
and I rather pride myself on being up-to-date !

THE CRAB.

P.S. Is every secular topic of conversation also
profane ?

VISION.

AT times—though such times are but rare—
Even the imperfection of our worldly eyes,
Befoul'd by wrong, or dim with care,
May see the Vision, hallowing and fair
That ever, though unseen, before us lies.

'Mayhap 'tis when, the veil of Night withdrawn,
Each little bud, new-open'd, bears a pearl
Of wondrous price; and when, upon the lawn
The quiring birds hold service, and the dawn
Has found each daisy ready to uncurl.

'Mayhap 'tis when the bright gates of the west
Have closed upon the day's full, ardent light;
And when the earth, scarce-breathing, sinks to rest
In sleep's kind arms, and—dearer still and best—
Receives the shadow'd blessing of the night.

Yet still the Vision comes—and still must fade;
For sorrow seems as Death, and sins bring scorn,
And often love lies hidden in the shade—
Yet, sometimes, we see all as it was made,
Long, long ago, when Life, and Love were born!



Photo by J. Palmer Clarke, Cambridge.

MEN OF MARK.

III.

A. P. SPENCER-SMITH.

(President of the St Bernard Society.)

ARNOLD PATRICK SPENCER-SMITH (see diagram) happened on the 17th of March, 1883; hence St Patrick's day. The stories of his infancy would be interesting if they were known or fit for publication. He first emerged from obscurity at the early age of eight, when he was entered at the Westminster City School. There he captured a prize, and having reached long trousers (on Sundays) and thirteen years, went to Woodbridge School. The history at this point becomes crowded with detail, and we will omit most of it.

At Woodbridge he gradually acquired that passion for serious work, which is now, as it were, his besetting sin. His ardent young spirit entered freely into all athletic vice: he became Captain of Cricket, Vice-Captain of "Footer," a member of the Gym. Six, Fives-Champion, Head of School House, School Prefect, and what not. He has been seen in bathing costume. For some unknown reason he was presented with a round dozen of books, which he hopes to read some day.

London and a Crammer claimed him for two years, but in 1903 he passed the Littlego and matriculated. His scholastic career has been varied and brilliant. Unfortunately, in 1905, both iron resolution and buoyant spirit succumbed to influenza and Part I, Hist. Trip.—Aegrotavit!

No one knows what he has done since in the academic sphere.

He tried rowing, but gave it up owing to fundamental difficulties. He is a member of the Association XI ; plays cricket and tennis casually ; is President of the St Bernard Society, and edited the first number of the College Magazine.

As regards his personal appearance, we are asked to contradict the rumour that he was not made all in one piece. His lithe and lengthy form, studious stoop, pallid brow, neatly-groomed head, mediaeval raiment, decadent pumps, and inevitable Woodbine, are familiar in the courts (of the College). It has been said that he has *charming* manners. All these attributes, combined with his firm but gentle expression, and his expressive but elegant vocabulary, combine to make him—what he is. N.B. Please refer throughout to diagram.

THE UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTION.

A PRECISE definition of that which constitutes the comic element in life would prove a difficult subject for the analyst. Our attitude towards the world at any given moment is so much a matter of temperament, that what appears humorous to one man draws tears from another ; and, even in the case of a single person, it is almost entirely the mood of the hour which determines whether he shall call a thing ridiculous, or denounce it as infamous. The preacher or the philosopher, seeing an

object which does not harmonize with itself and its surroundings, is moved to lament the imperfections of human nature: those who, on the other hand, believe that "life is too serious to be taken seriously," treat the matter as a jest, and so gain happiness, although they are not so helpful to their less clear-sighted fellows. In treating the subject in either fashion, some apology is needed to those whose attitude is different. The class of persons concerning whom this sketch is written is so evenly distributed between humour and depravity, that in describing them it is difficult to be consistent in treatment: the sense of the ludicrous is occasionally almost forced to give way to indignation.

The homage which we consider due to Convention may be paid or it may be refused; it is never a welcome imposition. Regarding it in this light, it is not surprising that there are many minds possessed of an individuality too vigorous to submit to such an unreasonable tyranny, which prefer to make a path for themselves, and pay no heed to the world's allegations of insanity. Many people, who use the garb of convention as a convenient means of covering their own mental nakedness, see in such actions nothing but perverse hatred of accepted customs. But there is another class—much more dangerous, and daily gaining ground among us—which perceives well enough the cause of this transgression of custom, and by modelling themselves on such great apostates from the law, proceed to gain a living by, as it were, forging the character of great men. Or they may be perfectly sincere in their behaviour, their initial mistake being the incapability of recognizing wherein lies the criterion of true greatness.

Charles Lamb once wrote an essay to prove that genius was not allied to madness. He pointed out that apparent insanity was in reality a transcendent form of sanity: the dreams of the gifted imagination are more like reality than reality itself. Relying on this statement, a large number of people have begun to entertain the delusion that a natural tendency to insanity which they discover, or think they discover, in themselves, is no other than the true hall-mark of genius, and thenceforward its development becomes their chief care. It is quite common among this unfortunate class to observe whole clubs and societies of young men endeavouring by every means in their power to assume the attendant circumstances of genius. No inconvenience deters them—they are ready to wear their hair disagreeably long, to be erratic in their habits, to court every kind of personal discomfort. They are determined that no one shall say of them that they have not helped nature by every artifice at their command. Naturally, they have an aversion to any action which might seem to be dictated by motives in which other people indulge: hatred of the conventional (which they probably style *banalité*) is the head and tail of their doctrine. Their privilege often suffers from the intrusion of imitators, and so they must be for ever changing their ground: they create new traditions for their own use, only to abandon them on the approach of the too inquisitive multitude. The most successful among them finally reach a point of bewildered exaltation beyond which no ordinary intelligence can follow them, and gaze at last upon the door of the infinite.

This is their Elysium. Mysticism is their watchword,

and by a steady contemplation of this (as if it were a kind of fetish) they eventually arrive at a spot wrapped in romantic twilight—a gloom which has the power to add solemnity to the meanest imaginings, and safeguards the most unorthodox extravagances from discovery. Above all does the perfect mystic love to avoid certainties, to be

“a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,”

where he may indulge his somewhat hectic fancy, and avoid sullyng his fingers with the truths that suffice common-place humanity. He might be called a disciple of unbelief. He glides hither and thither like a graceful ghost, and indulges in observations on the endlessness of infinity and the like profitable speculations. So well pleased is he with his surroundings that he can suffer nothing greater than the blatant vulgarity of any who attempt to dispel these charming half-tints and vague lovelinesses by turning upon them the white searching ray of inquiry. Discovery means an inevitable return to the common-place (for is not the published fact every man's knowledge?), and this, by the very law of their existence, is absurd. The longer they dwell in their paradise, the deeper is their love for it, and for themselves, who fit it so well.

The separate developement of each man's universe by himself naturally leads to a diversity of opinion which conforms very well with their ideas of originality. But it also leads to the glorification of a sophistic philosophy. Man is the measure of all things to himself, and the discovery of this fact opens up new fields for them—for if a

world of mystic beauty is wonderful, much more so is the intelligence which could create it out of the dross which surrounds human life. Herein we light upon the commonest characteristic of the age—the subjective view of existence, which is always a mark of decadence. Men begin to take a very natural interest in the complex machinery of their own minds, the working of which affords them the greatest diversion and satisfaction. So absorbed do they become in this occupation that mere circumstances cease to affect them except as frames into which they may fit their subjective impressions. They are sublimely introspective, and discover within themselves food for every emotion with which they attempt to beautify life; indeed, it may safely be said that they find therein more opportunity for the indulgence of affection, veneration and even pity than can the most ardent of external persons. They spend most of their spare moments in delicate attempts to set this new house of theirs in order—not disturbing the natural peculiarities of its configuration by the introduction of any instrument of scientific knowledge or vulgar utility, but by weighing and polishing those parts of their intelligence which are productive of brilliance rather than light. Thus by a long process of infinitesimal examination they become so dazzled by the glancing rays of this highly-burnished instrument that their eyes are almost blinded to the outside world. Occasionally they are ready to open the windows of the soul and gaze upon what passes without, and in moments of exalted unselfishness are moved to write down how it appeals to them. The general attitude which the sight of humanity produces in them is one of profound melancholy—either because they find this outside existence

bulks so large beside the only real good and beautiful as to dwarf it, or else because this latter, which lies in their own intelligence, seems to be framed in such an unworthy setting.

But humanity is given some share in the profits of their speculations. A natural instinct for exposition causes the possessor to unroll at length the systems and mechanism of his brain: he makes the public the partner of his joys and sorrows. Nay, he will even go so far as to put his mind through its paces for their delectation, and coming before them proceeds, as it were, to cut capers and perform the conjuror's part with such address that he completely overwhelms his audience. Soon he becomes so full of applause that he is content to gambol, puppy-like, at the heels of the public taste: he captivates them by the grace of his compliments, or (a method still more enticing) by the bitterness of his attacks upon mankind in general. It is extraordinary how ready the world is to acknowledge the hits made by the shafts of the cynic—probably owing to the belief which most of us have at heart, that the discovery of another's faults is an enhancement to our own virtue. Men love to be shocked: and whether the sensation appeals to the emotions or the intellect, the pleasure is the same. This particular type of person is just at present very much in evidence throughout the literary world: an illustration of the fact that very often unconventionality becomes the pet of its era, and the unconventional young man begins to consider that, although to be misunderstood may be more satisfying, it is less profitable than popularity.

Their aim, therefore, being to startle merely, they

proceed to tease themselves out of thought in their efforts to reduce it to an unconventional system of surprises, paradoxes and epigrams. They avowedly aim at beauty of form and style rather than truth of idea. Uncharitable tongues might say that in their eager pursuit of this ideal they proceed to a cultivation of the meaningless, and gain some success therein: certainly they often produce work which can only be described as falling over itself in the extravagance of its own cleverness. They are more given to the exhibition of capacity than to the use of it, and therefore with them talent always takes the place of genius, and a man's mind is judged by its garment. The attitude is the important thing. It matters little what each object really is (if there be such things as objects, reality and existence) provided the correctly unconventional line of thought be assumed. They are content to believe that the beautiful—as they judge it—is the true, and refuse to consider the converse of the proposition, without which it is incomplete.

Howbeit, whether they are regarded with laughter or indignation, there may be room for pity. They are the relics of an age which has outgrown its garb, and waits the advent of a new *Sartor Resartus* to show the world upon what strange vestments it has allowed its taste to fall. And when once more philosophers with real philosophy come to dwell with men, the nations may live to thank these unfortunate creatures for the new era of which they have unintentionally been the cause.

PEPPER AND SALT.

WE regret that we shall not see again this year the statuesque figure of Mr F. K. C. of Soap fame. He has probably gone through a process of *degradation*, but will reappear Phoenix-like, next year. He has been exploring Northern Africa, where his linguistic talent no doubt proved very effective.

SOCIETY NEWS. Lord Bombasticus is again amongst us. He is still the same.

On a point of explanation, we should like to remind those whose remissness at lectures drew from the Dean a threat of clipping their wings, that no one else considers them in the light of angels.

But perhaps the Dean mistook them for "Cherubs"?

The Plaint of the Proctorised:

SCOTLAND'S TRIUMPH

THE COOL MUNRO.

The *Daily Mail* has got its eye on us. Quit you like men, my brethren!

It is curious how history repeats itself. In the College Chess Tournament last term, stern fate decreed that Captain Webbe should again face the turmoils of a waterfall. The gallant captain refrained: *experientia docet*.

Suggestion for a Notice-board in the Court—*Via trita via tuta.* (Not all ways—C.H.J.)

Ode of a Naturally Scientific inhabitant of the "Friars Buildings"—

Our tabby cat has gone aloft,
 His form we'll see no more:
 For what he took for H₂O
 Was H₂SO₄.

We would check a ridiculous superstition which has lately been disseminated through the College with regard to the bread which we eat in bitterness. The superscription "Stone Bread" refers to the method of baking.

The task of examining Little-go papers calls for greater talent year by year. Last term there wrestled with the papers a Professor of Chinese, then a Professor of Sanscrit, then a Professor of Arabic.

Whose bad writing can have summoned this polyglot conference?

More Maudlin Mottoes: F.M.E. and A.H.P. *Vires acquirit eundo.* N.G.R. and G.N.S.-L. *iacta este alea.* W.H.W. *vis a tergo.* F.J.S. *Asinus ad lyram.*

Suggested sub-title for a new 'Varsity periodical—
 "Raglan's Rag."

ROWING NOTES.

TAKEN as a whole the rowing of the winter term was more profitable and pleasant than usual. Inspired by the success of the May Boat, a large number of "freshers" underwent the tedious but necessary process of "being tubbed." The three Trial Eights, though not striking, were well above the average, and the Rugger Boat, in spite of its want of practice, proved quite good enough to make the regular eights go all the way. The race, which was evenly contested throughout, was won by R. G. F. Wyatt's crew, which was well stroked. W. H. Webbe's crew was unfortunate enough to break a rigger at Grassey and it was beaten by all the others in spite of a game spurt at the finish.

At the time of going to press the Lent Boats are well advanced and bid fair to add to the laurels won in the May term. We have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr R. R. Evison, of Christ's, as coach for the first boat, while Mr W. A. Seaton, late of Pembroke, Oxford, is kindly advising the second crew.

Q. C. R. U. F. C.

Played 18. Won 8. Lost 6.

THE results of the past season compare favourably with those of 1905 when 7 matches were won and 11 lost. We suffered most of our defeats in the first part of the season, for it was some time before the team played together with any efficiency.

The lack of resource, the absence of scientific method, nay, rather, the want of common sense, were noticeable throughout the team. All these faults Taylor tried hard to correct, and succeeded to such an extent that 6 out of the last 7 matches were victories.

The forwards have improved. The captain managed to instil some life into the pack: but in his absence they were woefully deficient in vigour. *En passant*, one might remark that there is no rule against the forwards tackling. The halves were good: Middleton made some splendid openings for the three-quarters, while Douglas was conspicuous on the defence.

The three-quarters combined well towards the end of the season: their tackling was moderate. Krishnamma, Guy, and Anderson were the best of the freshmen: full colours were given to these three and Turner.

The team was as follows:

Full-back: Selby Lowndes.

Three-quarters: Guy, Perry, Band, Turner.

Halves: Douglas, Middleton.

Forwards: Taylor (*Capt.*), Samuel, Kerr, Krishnamma, Anderson, Andrews, Seaton, Rutherford.

E. B.

Q. C. A. F. C.

AS regards League games—Played 7, won 3, lost 4—the season so far has been decidedly disappointing. At the commencement of the season our prospects were exceedingly bright and odds were freely given as to our chances of regaining the Cup. Our first League match,

v. King's, which ended in our favour by 12—2 showed that this confidence in our team had not been altogether misplaced. However from this time onwards till the end of term we experienced our usual bad luck in not being able to play full strength, and as a consequence the form of the team sank surprisingly low. We think that the fault lay with the inside forwards, combination amongst them being conspicuous by its absence. Moreover they seemed to make no effort to fall back and help the defence or recover the ball for themselves when once they had been robbed. The defence has, except on one or two occasions, played consistently well. The one redeeming feature so far has been our defeat of Pembroke, who came to our ground with an unbeaten record. The score on this occasion was 3—1 but we think that a victory by 4—3 would have perhaps better represented the play. We feel that we *cannot* pay tribute to our opponents' shooting in front of goal. Perhaps the less said of the other games the better. The other win against Caius we admit was very lucky. We owed much in this game to a particular puddle of water in front of our goal. The game was also remarkable from the fact that our opponents scored all 3 goals and yet lost by 1—2. With a full team we soundly trounced Queen's, Oxford, 5—0, and displayed very good form indeed. But let us cover up the past and, fresh from our latest victory, play off the remaining League games—always bearing in mind the inevitable answer to the well-known question, "Are we downhearted?" There is not much to be said about the "friendlies" save that the Secretary in choosing the teams has borne in mind the probability of entering a 2nd XI. in the 3rd Div. of

the League for next season and has therefore tried to get a fairly regular team. Our numbers are considerably increasing and we hear that the Committee have seriously considered the question, as it will give an additional incentive to men to play Soccer, and at the same time help the Committee in their choice of reserves for the 1st team. We hope the proposal will be carried out and that the team will be successful in gaining admission.

VIDEO MELIORA.

HOW nice it is to rise at seven
 And greet the morning sun!
 To be in bed sharp by eleven,
 A good day's training done!
 Eschew all drinks—shun fancy cake,
 To run, or pull an oar,
 To live on eggs and raw beef-steak,
 To skip for hours or more!

Thus mused I, nobly, half-awake,
 (I got to bed at four)
 My mouth *is* dry—I wonder why?
 Life is a horrid bore.
 I really think I'm going to die—
 And thinking is a strain
 "It's gone twelve, sir"—O, go away!
 And now to sleep again.

ST BERNARD SOCIETY.

“OUR final appeal is for a greater interest to be taken in the Bernard Room, which should rightly be one of the most important centres of College life.” So ended the last report of this Society and so far as the Debates are concerned, the appeal has met with little response, for none of that loyal support and keen enthusiasm which members of the College have displayed in other parts of our common life has been given to the St Bernard Room. Apart from the subtle eloquence and resplendent oratory of our two Union speakers, few members have shown any mastery over language or argument; although the articulations of several freshmen, anxiously watched by their elders, give hope for the future.

In a series of Impromptu Debates held early in the term, many revealed their willingness to speak: while not a few rivalled Demosthenes in the historic impediment. At the Annual Visitors' Debate, Messrs R. M. P. Muir, J. K. Mozley, C. Bethell, and W. G. Elmslie showed how prettily they could toy with the following motion, “That this House deplores the growing Materialism of this Age.” By kind permission of the Tutor the Debate was held in the College Hall as a full House was anticipated. It is a pity that there were not more onlookers to appreciate the skilful thrusts and parries of these experienced swordsmen.

In concluding this report on the Debates may we be permitted to express the hope that more members should attend and speak on the various motions? May the aspiring philosopher mystify both his hearers and himself,

may the slow-tongued athlete speak his well-conned lines, and may the artless freshman prattle; for, let them be reminded, the penalty of abstaining from speech is that they shall hear worse orators than themselves.

The Concerts, on the other hand, have been well attended, and under the auspices of the new Musical Committee have met with great success. The Freshmen's Concert unearthed some precious gems of talent that shone out brilliantly from the surrounding alloy; two comic singers of the first water being the most important discoveries.

The audience is generally most appreciative and listens with eagerness to any song not more than twenty years old: while such ancient classics as "The Midshipmite" and "Songs of Araby" never fail to charm.

Our thanks are due to those members who so often and so willingly have played the accompaniments.

We are still in need of a good voice and the founder of a St Bernard Room Choral Scholarship would confer an inestimable boon both on us and generations yet unborn. With this suggestion we conclude.

E. B.

QUEENS' COLLEGE MISSION.

UP till the end of last year, the College Mission continued to be in a very flourishing condition, and those who were able to attend the Reunion in October saw for themselves the splendid work that was being carried on. One of the recent improvements is the acquisition of horizontal and parallel bars which have been fixed up in

the Club-room and form a great source of amusement. Everything, however, seems now to be brought to a standstill by the retirement of our Chaplain, Mr Maunders, who has had to pass to a different sphere of work at the orders of the bishop, leaving a terrible gap behind him. It would be difficult to estimate the extent of the work that Mr Maunders has been carrying on during the last eight years, as he has had the sole responsibility of founding and organizing the Club, since the practical help that he has received from Queens' has, of necessity, been of a somewhat indefinite character. It is hoped, however, that a successor will soon be found, to continue the work that has been so ably begun, and although various difficulties will first have to be surmounted, there is every reason to hope that the Club will soon be set on a sure footing. At present the management of the Club has been left in the hands of John Mills, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for filling the position until a fresh chaplain is appointed.

THE QUAERISTS.

DURING the Michaelmas Term an important change in the constitution of the "Quaerists" was effected. At a special meeting held on Nov. 5th of last year, the Vice-President, Professor Kennett, pointed out that whilst he would desire that the Society should remain under its original constitution, a purely theological society, nevertheless in that state he scarcely saw the necessity for its existence now that the Q.C.C.U. was established.

Mr I. G. Kelly (President) explained that for some time the Society had been embracing philosophical subjects and had not necessarily adhered to the theological alone. He then proposed that in future the Society should devote itself to the discussion both of Theological and Philosophical Thought, and not, as heretofore, solely to the former.

This received the concurrence of the members. Professor Kennett then resigned the office of Vice-President which he had held since the formation of the Society, explaining that he did so because he felt that he could only be really interested in a society devoted purely to theological subjects. He, however, kindly consented to the inclusion of his name on the Committee.

A reorganisation of the Club officers having been decided upon, Mr A. B. Cook was unanimously elected President, and Mr I. G. Kelly, Vice-President.

On Thursday, Nov. 22nd, Professor Kennett gave a most interesting dissertation on "The value of the Old Testament to the Church of To-day." He pointed out that much of the present day scepticism arose from the fact that the Old Testament was greatly misunderstood. The meeting, which was in Professor Kennett's rooms, was open to the College, and two visitors were present.

The last paper of the term was given by Mr Hubback, of Trinity, who dealt with "Our Belief in a Personal Devil," in an impassioned and original fashion.

Henceforward the Society will meet as before on Thursday nights, and a paper of either a Theological or Philosophical nature will be read and discussed.

first paper. Keats has never had a keener appreciation. Mr Browning's paper was a characteristic work, conceived in that spirit of tentative humility which all have so long associated with his name. At least ten members were present.

Later on in the term, Mr Chatterji (Trinity) read a paper in the rooms of the Vice-President (the Rev. C. T. Wood).

Mr Chatterji talked to us of Sanskrit and read us a few tasteful extracts from the Dramas of that lovely language. In addition to these papers there were meetings grave and gay, at which the well-known masterpieces of our own tongue were listened to with an absorbing interest.

Altogether a most successful term.

Q. C. CHESS CLUB.

AT a General Meeting of the above Club last term it was decided to purchase new boards and sets of men. A Tournament also was organised, and a match arranged against Selwyn.

Thirty-two entered for the Tournament, which was a handicap. B. H. R. Stower gave a castle, P. St G. Kelton a knight, R. A. Hayes and F. K. Brownrigg each a pawn and the move.

Waterfall proved winner, defeating P. St G. Kelton, who was second, in the final heat. There were two prizes, the first to the value of one guinea, and the second to the value of ten shillings and sixpence.

In the match against Selwyn the College was victorious.

THE PASSING HOUR.

THE African Magician was a very shrewd person. It would be interesting to know exactly how many times he had to cry, "New lamps for old," before the slaves of Aladdin effected the fatal exchange. Also, many a "bargee" would, in all probability, have treasured the remarks with which Aladdin greeted the situation. *These things are a Parable.*

If there is one thing the average man hates it is the "jelly-bellied Flag-flapper," who is so fully execrated in *Stalky and Co.* Poor J. B. F. F.! He didn't pass the bounds of truth so much as those of reticence, and his greatest condemnation is that he meant so well! But, though it be indelicate publicly to elaborate the content of *esprit de corps*, patriotism, and the like, yet it is criminal to ignore the decay of such good old institutions; and that especially if the only recommendation of the things that replace them is their novelty. And in Queens', whitewash notwithstanding, decay is rampant.

In a large College, cliques and sets must exist: in a small College they do, and it is folly to try to be oblivious of their existence, however much it may be deplored. They are facts, and until man is much less vile, or much less "pi" than he is at present, we cannot hope for the golden age of catholicity of interest. Yet, behind all differences of circumstance and taste, there is another fact, the College (spelt with a capital C) and its traditional institutions, which affect every clique and each individual. Of course, the argument from the mere antiquity of any particular institution to its universal appeal may easily be

over-stated. The "Quaerist" Society, for example, though old enough, was founded to meet a special need, and, though that need still exists, there is no evidence that it has become more widely urgent. The same may be said of other Clubs and Societies, which though in, are not fundamentally of, the College. Their strength or decline only affects the main body indirectly, though perhaps to a larger extent than some of their opponents may imagine. Each of these organisations must, in the last resort trace its existence back to conditions which are essentially accidental.

Moreover, if a man is asked to account for his presence in Cambridge, he does not say, "I'm a member of this Society or that!" He says, confidently enough, "I'm a Queens' man," and his assertion is of the nature of a claim. It includes a legitimate, though subconscious, pride in the past, present and future history of the College, and of its members. But, at the present time, the attitude of mind from which the assertion proceeds is rather that of the "sleeping partner"; and, if all the partners sleep, nightmares are bound to come, and there will be a most unfortunate tincture of reality about them!

The present state of the St Bernard Society seems an admirable case in point. It is to be presumed that the majority of Queens' men will in the future be men of affairs: parsons, doctors, schoolmasters, lawyers, legislators perhaps, municipal or national. Their views on many subjects will be asked for, and will assuredly be challenged; and, so far, these views are either over- or undergrown. In both cases readjustment is necessary. The hobbledehoy needs nourishment; the prematurely dyspeptic needs a disciplinary diet: both ought to have exercise. And the

remedy lies so close at hand that few see it. If there is one place in the College where men of all sorts and conditions may meet to their mutual advantage, for the interchange, formation and modification of ideas, and for the acquisition of a modest hope of future sanity, that place is the Bernard Room. Here, apart from any considerations other than utilitarian, is that chance of rubbing shoulders with all the world for the sake of which—for Triposes are merely means—schools and colleges are founded. If the word “College” is to have its full natural and acquired meaning, some common meeting ground must be chosen. Why not this one which has “the sanction of antiquity”? There is no need for it to interfere with the inevitable minor confraternities. But our particular Aladdin, the genius of our traditions, will have good cause for unparliamentary language, if the niche of corporate experience is filled by us, the men of this generation, with the pretty little Lamp of Novelty alone. We often forget that the effects of our inaction are not confined to ourselves.

Finally, the St Bernard Society has met with a good deal of criticism. But have the critics ever paid a visit of sympathy to the St Bernard Society? A moment’s thought should convince them that here is a “deserving case.” It is high time that the College as a whole should give the support which is due not only to the Debates, but also to the Football and Cricket Teams and the Boats. The crowd wins the game just as often as the team—or the referee!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to the lateness of College Secretaries in handing in copy last term, the present issue has been delayed, and is therefore published at the end, instead of the beginning, of the Lent Term.

We had hoped to publish an article on the dial in the Front Court in the first number of *The Dial*, but unfortunately the author has not yet been able to complete the necessary preparations. It is hoped that it will appear shortly.

We are glad to announce that the profits on the last number will perhaps be sufficient to pay off the deficit on the first number of the *Queens' Courier*, and any amount that may still remain to be paid, has been guaranteed by the kind liberality of Mr G. B. Finch,—Fellow of this College.

The photograph of the President at the beginning of this number is reproduced by kind permission of the *Christ's College Magazine*.

It has been pointed out by a learned critic of our acquaintance that the name of our magazine is the same as that of the paper of which Emerson was editor. The coincidence had escaped our notice: but we hereby apologize to the philosopher's Manes—and solicit his blessing!

Efforts are being made to start a special column dealing with the doings of old Queens' men. Any news of interest

regarding them will be welcome to the Committee, as a nucleus for future insertions.

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All copy for the next number should be sent to A. P. Spencer-Smith, Esq., 24, St Andrew's Street. It would—as usual—greatly facilitate matters if it were sent in *early*.

ON THE VANITY OF THINGS.

HASTE, callow youth! with shavèd blade
The unresponsive stream to woo:
And learn creation was not made
For you.

Go, pant, and pull, and jump, and run,
Or freeze, and cox an anguished crew:
Life seems so good at twenty-one
Or -two.

Young manhood's strength, youth's buoyant bliss
(And such-like things) will still attract.
'Tis sad—but all the same it is
A fact.

Ye too, ye pillars of debate,
Not good, but striving to be clever,
How late ye learn it!—(Better late
Than *never*.)

O, I might tell the full heart's ache,
And speak of all-edacious time—
And so I would, if I could make
It rhyme.

ROUND THE FIRE.

II. ON ATHLETICS.

[Dramatis Personæ: (1) *The Dapper Man (Athletic)*. (2) *The All Round Man (Phonetic)*. (3) *The Extraordinary Man (Peripatetic, with occasional rests on a sofa)*.]

THE DAPPER MAN (*to Extraordinary Man*). There's a jolly good article on Athletics in this week's "Sp-rtsm-n." You ought to read it—just the thing for you, you know.

EXTRAORDINARY MAN (*with hauteur*). Your humour is almost as low as your taste in amusements. Do you suppose I would degrade myself by allowing my eye to fall upon these chronicles of Hooliganism?

DAPPER MAN. But—hang it all!—Athletics ain't Hooliganism—hang it all!—

EXTRAORDINARY MAN (*loftily*). Really, I don't think your intellectual attainments are sufficiently high to qualify you for a place in the discussion.

DAPPER MAN. Oh, don't you—(*subsides pro tem.*)

ALL ROUND MAN (*after slight effort*). But, dear me, the whole thing can't be got rid of like that. Athletics mayn't improve the Soul—(*Dapper Man chuckles*)—but they keep you jolly fit. And that's what you come up here for. (*Then, throatily*) Besides, it gives you an appetite for Hall.

EXTRAORDINARY MAN. Really, your tendency to the luridly bathetic would be most offensive, if it were not so unconsciously humorous! But, whatever *your* opinions

may be—(*mouthing*)—I confess *I* cannot see anything beautiful in this pagan adoration of mere brawn and beef—weighing out a man's worth by his capacity to pound up men of finer material and more delicate mental mechanism!

DAPPER MAN (*reviving*). But if they're delicate they oughtn't to play—

EXTRAORDINARY MAN (*shrieking*). O Zeu!...I swear, that's good enough for the Gr——

ALL ROUND MAN (*interrupting*). But, look here, how *can* Athletics be like Hooliganism? For one thing, Athletics is largely a matter of skill and knack: you can't play games all at once, you know. And what's the good of saying they're like Hooliganism when you call it "sport"? Why, dear me, the very essence of Athletics is fair play. It's only because you don't know anything about them that you think they are—brawn and beef, and all the rest of it.

EXTRAORDINARY MAN (*in a tone of condescending banter*). I notice that any allusion to gastric economy seems to stir your otherwise placid nature! But you may still develop a——....

DAPPER MAN (*triumphantly*). Here's the article I told you about. (*Reads intermittently*) "Athletics will always play a considerable part in England's national life, because they develop those powers to which England owes her national greatness....The courage, resource, will-power and *esprit de corps* which were trained on the playing-fields of Eton, were the most valuable assets on the English side at Waterloo, because we always trust more to the character and spirit of the men and their officers than to the skill

of our leaders. And—although critics may say that there is too much attention given to this branch of training—it is to be remembered that the will and self-restraint learnt on the football field will fit a man for positions of responsibility in after life, where a higher intellect would fail simply through lack of the confidence which only experience brings.”

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