

No. 11.

DEVONPORT
HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER, 1907.

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JOSIAH CLARK & SON, PRINTERS, CUMBERLAND STREET,
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DECEMBER, 1907.

Vol. IV.

Editor ... A. M. JACQUET.

Sub-Editor ... L. W. RALPH.

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

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

SCHOOL NOTES.

Our Cambridge Local Candidates took the Examination in July instead of December.

* * *

The List burst upon us one sunny day in August with a suddenness quite alien to its sober December brother.

* * *

Yet it was brighter than that very bright day!

* * *

Early in the Term two successes came to hand unique in the long roll of Devonport High School Honours.

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All details can be safely left to the Head Master's Report.

* * *

For the Prize Distribution is at hand.

School v. Treville A.F.C. at Greatlands. Won (4—0.)

Although in physique the School were inferior to their opponents, their power of endurance proved much superior and, after the interval, the visitors were completely outplayed, goals being scored by Clarke and Rawling (2). Clarke also scored in the first half. A feature of the game was the goal-keeping of Love who successfully negotiated two penalty kicks.

School v. Devonport Pupil Teachers at Greatlands. Won (5—4.)

In an evenly contested game Rawling early scored for the School, but the Teachers with the hill in their favour temporarily obtained the upper hand, and the half-time score read:—Teachers 4, School 1. In the second half, School carried all before them and succeeded in netting the ball four times through McKenzie (2), Rawling and Symons.

School v. Dunheved College at Greatlands. Won (3—1.)

In our annual match with Dunheved College a great rivalry has always existed, although the visitors have generally proved our superiors. Indeed, only upon one previous occasion could victory be claimed by the School. The weather was not propitious, but the encounter did not lack interest. Early in the game Dunheved were awarded a penalty which Love saved in a splendid manner, and just before half-time Symons gave School the lead. Soon after the resumption the score was augmented by Mr. Ralph converting a corner from Symons. On the restart the College, through Smith, succeeded in reducing the lead, but before the close of the game Symons again scored from a corner.

School v. United Banks at Batten. Won (7—2.)

Although playing for the first time away from home, School outplayed their opponents in all departments and won easily by 7 goals to 2, through Symons (3), McKenzie (2), Clarke and Rawling. Love again saved a penalty.

School v. Wadham School at Liskeard. Won (7—1.)

This match was played in drenching rain and a high wind, but School proved much the superior side and netted the ball no less than 7 times to their opponents' single point.

School v. United Methodists at Greatlands. Won (13—0.)

As the result indicates the School completely outclassed their visitors and scored 13 goals through McKenzie (4), Clarke (3), Rawling (3), Tresise (2) and Cumming.

School v. St. Boniface College at Beaconsfield. Won (6—3.)

In this match School was represented by a weak team and hampered by the small ground but succeeded in snatching a victory. Scorers :— McKenzie (3), Rawling (2) and Cumming.

School v. Treville A.F.C. at Greatlands. Won (2—0.)

This encounter provided the most exciting game of the season, the teams being very evenly matched. Just before the interval Rawling gave School the lead, and immediately afterwards Love brought off a magnificent save from one of the visiting forwards. In the second half School assumed the upper hand, but the Treville defence was sound, and only one goal was registered, by Rawling, from a penalty.

School v. Callington A.F.C. at Callington. Lost (2—0.)

This fixture provided a very pleasant trip, and a ten-mile wagonette journey to Callington was thoroughly appreciated by members of the team. School unfortunately lacked the services of Mr. Ralph at centre half and consequently the defence was seriously deranged.

The first half was very evenly contested, although Callington scored twice, but after the interval the home team had much the best of the game, but could not score again, thus winning by 2 goals to nil.

School v. St. Boniface College at Greatlands. Lost (1—2.)

In this match School was represented by a very weak team, no less than four reserves obtaining their places. The game was evenly contested from start to finish and a draw would have indicated the general run of the play. Indeed, the visitors winning goal came as a great surprise for, to all appearances, the goal-keeper saved the shot. Smith scored for School.

School v. Kingsbridge Grammar School at Kingsbridge. Won (2—1.)

This match proved one of the pleasantest of the season and was much enjoyed by all. The game was a strenuous one and though the

home team scored first, School succeeded in equalising just before half time. In the second half School had much the best of the game but could only score once more. Rawling scored both goals.

School v. Hoe Grammar School. (Won 3—1.)

On Saturday, 23rd November, at Greatlands the School won a keenly contested game with our old opponents. Playing down hill the School managed to score once in the first half, through Rawling, and prospects of the second half were gloomy. However, after the change, the School had all the best of the game and in spite of Hoe drawing level through a double mistake on the part of our defence, we ran out comfortable winners by 3—1. The goals in the second half were scored by Rawling and Smith.

Record. Played 12. Won 10. Lost 2. Gls. for 58. Gls. against 17.

Top Goal Scorers. Rawling 18. McKenzie 15. Clarke 8.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

When a team holds such a record for the season as that which is now our boast, the task of the critic is a pleasant one, for he may speak his mind without the disagreeable sensation of "kicking a man when he is down," and with the comfortable assurance that the members of the team criticized are far too satisfied with their prowess to be affected by the pin-pricks of a school magazine editor. At the time of writing we have lost two matches, one against a team which last season we should not have dreamed of challenging, when we lost by two goals, and the other against opponents whom we had recently defeated without difficulty, but whom we met on this occasion with only two of our regular forwards. Even then, some there are who watched the game closely and stoutly affirm that the match ended in a draw. The best test of the merits of the team as a whole may be applied by examining the record and the goal average. No further comment upon the effectiveness of the attack or the defence is necessary.

To take the team singly—

RAWLING has proved an energetic and capable captain. At centre he has been prolific in goals and has lost none of his cunning; neither, unfortunately, has he lost the trick of ubiquity. At the same time he remains the most dangerous of our forwards, and has scored some goals delightful to behold.

CUMMING, vice-captain, has developed into a strong back, much more certain of his kick than last year and remarkably effective at tackling.

SHARPE, left-half, has recovered his old form and with it more restraint, with the consequence that he now comes through with the ball as well as the man at his feet. Absolutely untiring and fearless he is one of the most invaluable in the defence.

CLARKE, B., has also improved very greatly, even in his shooting, which was good last season. He keeps his place and uses his weight well.

SYMONS, who has just left us to take up an appointment in a Bank at Bristol, started the season in splendid form and, although at outside-left, was for a time top-scorer.

LOVE is now quite the best school goal-keep I have seen. Goalkeepers have no terror for him and his coolness in face of a rush is extraordinary.

CLARKE, W., is the mainstay of the back division. He is not only very strong and reliable and an unerring tackler, but in clearing he can use his head as effectively as his feet. He has saved more games than one almost unaided, and with Cumming, makes a penultimate line of defence most comforting for a weary centre-half.

McKENZIE, inside-left, has improved past recognition. A fund of resource and energy hitherto latent has appeared this term in his play, and he has increased not only in foot-ball wisdom but in stature, so that now in front of goal he takes a great deal of stopping.

BAWDEN, at right-half, has filled a gap very creditably and is now a regular member of the team. Although rather small, there is plenty of him for his height and he goes for his man pluckily. He should develop into a very useful player.

HOLMAN and SMITH, at outside-right and outside-left respectively, have recently been playing for us, and both show considerable promise. They will both do better when they have grown used to their new positions.

THE SECOND XI.

The Second XI. (Captain HOLMAN, Vice-Captain JEWELL) have not been very fortunate this season. Their ranks have greatly weakened by supplying their best men for the First and they have never been able to command the same team for two consecutive matches. This must largely account for their record of three wins and three draws against four losses; at the same time they must remember that a team, which plays with five forwards and five backs well in their own goal, is not likely to meet with astonishing success. The halves must realize that they are there to help the forwards, just as much as the backs, whom they more often hinder than assist by dwelling on the penalty line.

THE THIRD XI.

The Third XI. (Captain MONK, Vice-Captain DOLLEY) can congratulate themselves on an unbroken record of five wins and two draws. They include some players of great promise, amongst whom my attention has been drawn especially to Jacquet, in goal, who is rapidly learning the game. The prospects of next season's Second Eleven look bright.

L. RALPH.



DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

Chairman of Board of Governors—

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	H. C. MOORE.	W. HENCZENBERG.

Preparatory Department—MISS C. COLLINGWOOD, *Senior Camb. Local.*

Boarding House Master—MR. ANDREWS.

FEEES.

Preparatory Class	1½ Guineas per Term
Forms I and II (Age 8 to 12 generally)	2½ " "
Forms III to VI	3½ " "

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

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

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

Fees for Boarders (inclusive of the above)

Under 10 years	12 Guineas per Term
10 to 14	13 " "
14 to 16	15 " "
Above 16	16 " "

ALL THE ABOVE FEES ARE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

W. H. CRANG, *Clerk to the Governors.*

CAVONA'S SILVER DINNER SERVICE.

A CHRISTMAS EVE GHOST STORY.

Of all my school-fellows, Allaume, Benity and Cavona are the only ones whose ups and downs in the world have ever and anon awakened in me feelings of joy or sorrow. Allaume is a brandy merchant near La Rochelle, Benity a detective in Paris and Cavona one of the leading bankers of Bourges. We were great friends at school and, when we mingled with men, we never failed for many years to spend a week or two together about Christmas-time.

We invariably met at Cavona's—because he had been the most lucky of us. An uncle had left him an income of 6,000 francs a year and a country house in which he was living with only two servants, man and wife, the former being gardener and coachman, and the latter cook, housemaid and parlourmaid. The house was of good aspect, although old; but it was hardly the right sort of dwelling for a young bachelor's household gods. Standing outside the bounds of Bourges in a valley running deep between two densely wooded hills, it could only be reached from the high road by means of a short carriage-drive which the thick hedges and the entwining branches of the big walnut-trees on each side made dark even in day-time. No other habitation was near, save a forester's cottage on the ridge of one of the hills. Yet, in spite of its solitary position, Cavona liked the place.

He liked the country: towns had no charms, no attractions for him at this period of his life. Generous and hospitable, he lived there with his two servants, satisfied with the present and regardless of the future. He never troubled about other people's affairs and, as meanness and malice were unknown to him, he was most careless about everything he possessed.

When Allaume, Benity and myself remonstrated with him on his keeping in his dining-room on a large sideboard, within reach of everybody's hands, a silver dinner service of great value which, among other heirlooms, he had inherited from his uncle, he always answered us that he did not show it out of vanity or for tempting his fellow-men's covetousness, but because it reminded him every day of the dear dead one who had made life so easy to him. And there they were plates,

forks, spoons and knives, over fifty pieces in all, shining bright on the top of the sideboard, when I entered the dining-room, late in the evening, on the last Christmas eve that I spent with him at his old country house.

Allaume and Benity had just sent in a telegram. They had met in Bourges and expected to be with him before 10 o'clock, weather permitting. The snow had been falling at intervals during the day and there was a rather thick layer covering the ground. But as they had already come so far, we comfortably sat down near the fire, feeling certain that we should see them at the appointed hour, and Cavona rang for a bottle of his best Champagne and a box of "londrès" to while the time away whilst waiting for them.

At 10 o'clock, the cook transformed into parlourmaid entered the room and began to lay the cloth for four. She told us, whilst taking down the pieces of the silver dinner service which were required for the supper, that the snow had ceased falling and the stars were shining in the sky. This piece of intelligence greatly cheered us. Now that the night was looking promising, our friends could not be far off. A vain hope! time went on, but they did not come. Towards half-past eleven, after having well weighed the pros and cons of their absence, we came to the conclusion that it was useless to wait any longer. Cavona rose and called to the servant to serve up. Before we had, however, sat down at the table, a loud ring at the front door sent a thrill of joy through our frames.

"There they are at last!" cried Cavona, and off he went into the passage to open the door. I heard him talk with some one and presently he reappeared in the room followed by an old man with a thick white beard, a broad brimmed hat over his eyes and a knapsack on his back. Instead of our two friends, there stood before us one of those beggars which are too often met with at remote places where it is difficult to enforce the strict orders against mendicancy, which are placarded in all villages.

He told us, in a doleful tone, that on coming to the gate at the end of the carriage-drive, feeling tired, cold and hungry, he had thought the kind gentleman of the house would not refuse him an hour's rest and a crust of bread on such a bitter night.

On hearing this, Cavona took pity on the poor old man and told the servant, who had just brought in the potage, to take him into the kitchen. We then sat down to supper more depressed than before. The arrival of the beggar, which we had taken for that of our friends, had cruelly dispelled the hope that the ringing of the bell had suddenly revived in our hearts. Whether the excellent wines or the "recherchés" dishes that were successively placed before us had worked a miracle, we had, however, almost got over our disappointment when an extraordinary noise attracted our attention just as the clock on the mantel-piece was striking the strokes of midnight.

The noise came in the direction of the window. It was a noise similar to that produced by the slow grating of a nutmeg on a grater or rather by the planing of a knotty pine-plank with a blunt jack-plane. After listening to it wonderingly for about fifteen seconds, we both rose and walked to the window. But when the heavy curtains that hung down in front of it were pulled aside, we instinctively drew back struck with terror. There outside was a man wrapped up in a white shroud, who was grinning at us, now scratching the panes or the woodwork with the ironed end of a huge stick, now gesticulating as if asking to be admitted—altogether a most horrible apparition!

"My old uncle!" cried at last my horrified friend; "his very face! and clad as he was when laid in his coffin!"

"Impossible!" I retorted in a choked voice, "there are no such things as ghosts!"

"But I tell you," continued Cavona, "that I recognise him. Good heavens! he is going to smash the window!" And in fact, the ghost was now pushing at it with one hand, whilst with the other he held up his stick as if ready to knock the panes in. Whatever was the impulse, I advanced to stop him in his evil design and then, instead of striking as I expected, he withdrew a few steps and started a series of contortions such as I had never witnessed before.

"Come! compose yourself," I cried to my friend; "he is afraid lest I should come too near to him. Let us go out and see what it all means."

Off we went and, when we had opened the front door, we saw the

ghost moving rapidly towards the hill facing the house. He was still brandishing his stick, with an occasional glance at us. The cook's husband whom we ran against in the passage had followed us and, being three to one, we decided to try to overtake the fugitive. But it was in vain we pursued him. At the foot of the hill he turned round once more, made a few cabalistic signs to us and plunged into the wood. As to go further now would have been sheer madness on our part, disappointed and perplexed, we slowly retraced our steps.

On entering the court, the sight which met our eyes sent the blood running cold in our veins. All the lights in the house seemed to be out. We hurried on to the front door and no sooner was it opened than human groans, which we distinctly heard, still increased our fears that something had gone wrong during our absence. Our surmise, alas! became soon a reality. In the kitchen, by the glare of the fire, we discovered the cook gagged and tightly bound to a chair in a corner. As to the beggar, he had disappeared. She told us, whilst we were freeing her, that the old man when left alone with her had succeeded, after a fierce struggle, in overpowering her, put out the light and rushed out of the room. Without waiting to hear more, we all went into the dining-room.

The two lamps on the table were still burning, but very low. When they were turned up, our surprise at the discovery we made was so great that we looked at one another for a moment aghast and speechless. What Allaume, Benity and myself had predicted had happened at last. Cavona had just been the victim of a most daring robbery. Not one piece of his silver dinner service could we see in the room. The beggar and the ghost had played their parts well. What was to be done? Nothing—but to go at once to Bourges and warn the police before the thieves had time to quit the neighbourhood.

Leaving the husband to look after his wife who was still in a great state of agitation, Cavona and I went out to harness the horse. We were taking him to the trap which was under a shed at a short distance from the house, when we perceived down the carriage-drive two men walking fast, each carrying a bag. No doubt they had noticed us for, on entering the court, they made straight towards the place where we

stood watching them. "Confound it all!" I suddenly cried, as they came nearer: "Allaume and Benity!"

"Yes, Allaume and Benity, in flesh and blood," replied our two friends; "but you, old fellows, what are you doing here with that horse?"

We acquainted them, in a few words, with the chief events of the night; and, to account for their delay, they told us that a fire having broken out in one of the houses adjoining their hotel soon after they had sent the telegram, they had helped till a late hour in putting it out. As they were looking rather tired, Cavona asked them to go into the house, promising to see them before he started. A few minutes later, having put to the horse, we went into the dining-room ourselves.

Great Scott! there in front of the fire stood the beggar and the ghost laughing at our scared faces, whilst on the table and sideboard were the pieces of the silver dinner service just as we had left them on leaving the room in pursuit of the man who had so faithfully personated Cavona's uncle at the window.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I cried threateningly.

"That you had better go and tell the servant to lead the horse back into the stable," replied jokingly two voices which we recognised as those of our friends. "We are the thieves and whilst eating, for we are terribly hungry, we will explain our strange conduct towards you." They divested themselves of their disguises and we all sat round the table.

"As we knew," began Benity, "that we should be late on account of the fire and this is the night when ghosts; earthly ghosts, I mean, generally dare to appear to other mortals, we decided to prove in an undisputable manner that it is unwise for anyone, excuse the epithet, Cavona, to be careless about valuables, especially on Christmas eve. This idea, of course, came to me as, in my capacity of a detective, I am always on the alert for deeds of daring, and Allaume endorsed it to enjoy the fun. So, we took with us all that we wanted to disguise ourselves on coming near the house. Allaume played the part of the old man and I that of the ghost—with what effect, you well know now. But what we did, others might have done. This time, however, as th

proverb says, 'All's well that ends well,' and I wish everyone of you a merry Christmas."

His wish was echoed by each of us, with a few appropriate words as to his ingenuity and, delighted to be once more together, we did not go to bed until a late hour in the morning. And from this day on, if what I have been told is true, Cavona has kept, and still keeps, his precious dinner service, not upon the sideboard but inside it, in a special compartment cleverly contrived and securely locked:

A. M. JACQUET.

BEES.

The bee, from its wonderful instinct, its activity, and the useful products of its labours, has from the earliest times attracted attention and interest.

The common and best known bees (*Apis mellifica*), which are kept by apiarists, are divided into three distinct kinds, namely the Drone, Queen and Worker.

The Drone is distinguished from other bees by a thicker body, rounder head and absence of sting. It makes a humming noise when flying and from this peculiarity derives its name.

The Queen is larger than either the Drone or Worker and she lays eggs from which the bees are hatched.

The Worker is the smallest of the three kinds, and its legs are peculiarly constructed so as to facilitate the conveyance of materials. Its duty is to explore the surrounding country in search of food and other materials, collect and bring them to the hive, and apply them for their various purposes. It also attends upon the Queen, and defends the hive from its various enemies, chief among which are the wasp and hornet.

The combs of a bee-hive are formed in parallel vertical blocks, each of which is about one inch in thickness, the distance between adjoining blocks being large enough to admit the passage of bees over both surfaces. Each cell is hexagonal in shape, and opens on both surfaces of the comb, but is divided by a partition of thin wax which runs through the centre of the comb parallel to the sides.

The Queen deposits her eggs, laying one in each cell. In a few days the egg hatches, and the inmate has the appearance of a small white worm. The bees feed it very carefully, and twenty-one days after the egg has been laid a perfect bee appears.

When a sufficient number of eggs have been hatched, if the weather is favourable, the young bees leave the hive with the old queen, who appears to know that if she stays she will be killed by the young princess when matured. The Queen settles on a tree or bush and the "swarm" gathers around her in formation not unlike a huge bunch of grapes. Unless the "swarm" is shaken into a new hive soon after it has settled, the bees seek a home for themselves in a decayed tree or similar place and are generally lost.

A few days before the "swarm" leave its hive the commotion and increased number of inhabitants render the air impure, making extra ventilation necessary, as bees cannot live unless the hive is well ventilated. To this end a certain number of bees fasten themselves with their feet to the floor of the hive near the outlet and rapidly move their wings as though flying, so that this whole force, which would carry them at a great pace if they were at liberty, is exerted on the air, which is driven backwards in a powerful current.

Sometimes as many as twenty bees are thus engaged. Each bee generally continues its motions for about half an hour, and is then relieved by another, which takes its place.

The old-fashioned method of apiarism was ruinous to the bees when the honey was taken. The hives consisted of straw, and when a sufficient amount of honey had been gathered a fire was kindled under the hive and the smoke drove them out. It generally happened that either the bees were suffocated and dropped into the fire, or the flames singed their wings, with the same result. Hives are now constructed so that, by removing the top, the honey may be withdrawn without injury to the bees by the apiarist, who is, of course, wearing veils and gloves.

It has been proved by specialists that in a fruit-garden which is frequented by bees fruit grows more abundantly than in a similar garden unvisited by these insects. This is the case because the bees

inoculate the buds of the fruit-trees, and some fruit-growers place a hive of bees in their gardens for this reason.

It is much to be lamented that members of the working-class who have the opportunity, and who are frequently in want of occupation, should neglect apiarism as an easy and pleasant source of emolument. For articles that could be raised at home in every respect as good, with very little outlay of either time or labour, large sums are paid every year to foreign nations.

Moreover, as has been pointed out, apart from its commercial value, the bee is well worthy of more study for its own sake. Its unerring instinct in finding its way back to the hive, its skill in constructing the comb, and the many and varied parts it plays in social and domestic life, combine to make the study of its habits well repay the time devoted to it.

R. LOVE.

A DAY WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS.

The meet took place at Notter Bridge on the Lynher, and a great number of persons attended, having come in all kinds of vehicles and on foot. The huntsman with his pack of ten couples created some excitement, but the two little terriers were the objects of the greatest interest. These animals are of great value for the purpose of rousing an otter when it is in its burrow, a kind of nest several feet below the ground, which is entered by means of a hole close to the water's edge. They were covered with scars and scratches from head to tail, the marks of many a desperate encounter, for the otter when at bay is a match for any dog of ordinary strength.

Punctual to time, the master drew his pack towards the river and began to search every spot that was likely to cover an otter. The field, keeping behind in order to give the hounds every possibility of doing their duty, formed a straggling column extending for half a mile along the banks of the river. This was due to the obstacles which had to be encountered on the way, for we had to advance sometimes crossing one by one over a miller's stream by means of a shaky plank, or climbing through barbed wire fences and over hedges with thick set bushes.

At last a halt was made, and the hounds were called off to try a small stream, which on previous occasions had provided an otter. Hoping to have luck again the huntsman worked his hounds with caution, but in vain. Once the hounds, having perhaps alighted upon an old trail, gave signs of scent, but the only game to be seen was a rabbit disturbed from its morning nap, which scurried away across the fields and gave an excellent bit of fun to the more athletic members of the hunt. We continued searching up this stream for a mile or so when a severe thunderstorm swept over the place, forcing the huntsman to recall the hounds.

After half-an-hour's torrential rain and thunder it cleared up, and we came out of our shelters to dry our clothes which had been more or less damped, and in a few minutes the neighbourhood resembled the drying ground of a laundry.

Following this, the hounds returned to the main stream, and again the huntsman made every effort to find an otter. This time his efforts were rewarded. A little way ahead the hounds had by mutual consent set up a constant howl, a sure sign of an otter. Immediately the crowd rushed along the banks to the spot. A "stickle"—a line of men across the river—was formed at the top and bottom, in order to keep the otter within a limited space, thus affording the on-lookers a good chance of seeing the chase. Somehow I managed to find myself in the middle of the lower stickle, standing in a foot of water, and keeping a sharp lookout on the water for the otter if it should rise up to breathe, which it has to do after a few minutes. Very soon the otter, a brownish animal, about two feet long with short ears and large prominent eyes, came swimming down stream until within a few paces of the stickle, when it must have become aware of the stockade for it turned rapidly and again swam up stream. This movement gave it a fresh start, as the hounds cannot turn with the rapidity of the otter. Accordingly it was temporarily lost. Someone said that it had passed through the lower "stickle," but this was false, although many rushed back to see if they could locate the quarry, whilst one man, about twenty paces behind me, anxious for a better view, stepped on the very brink of the river's bank and fell in.

Instead of going down stream the otter had entered its burrow and

the two little terriers had to be employed to turn him out. They boldly entered the gates of their enemy's fort and succeeded in ousting him but not without a tragedy, for in revenge, the otter seized one of the terriers and carried it under water.

After swimming up and down for about half-an-hour the otter left the stream and took a cross-country course. On land the otter took us through marsh, wood and bramble until the hounds, being fleetest on foot, caught it, and commenced a *mêlée* for its possession. Unfortunately for them, the huntsman arrived and took the otter, which he brought to the master, and announced that it weighed 22 pounds, a weight that is rarely exceeded.

REED DAWE.

A TRIP ON THE THAMES.

The following pleasant recollection of a trip I made by a London County Council paddle boat from Chelsea to Greenwich during the last summer vacation may be of interest.

Embarking at Chelsea Pier we gently glide past the London Electrical Generating station, an immense square red-brick building with chimneys so tall as to form landmarks for many a mile. Journeying down the river we pass under the new Vauxhall Bridge which, by the way, was reconstructed by a Plymouth firm. At one extremity of this bridge is the world-famed Tate gallery, one of the finest collections of pictures in England. Soon the vessel passes piles of buildings which cannot fail to arouse interest: St. Thomas's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., and consisting of seven immense blocks capable of holding upwards of a 1,000 patients; Lambeth Palace, the beautiful residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Houses of Parliament in all their beauty of graceful proportion and wealth of sculpture. At one end of the latter building is the clock tower containing Big Ben underneath which are rooms where unruly members of the House are imprisoned until they apologise, whilst on the summit of the tower a light burns when the Commons are sitting at night. Near by is Westminster Abbey where the Kings of England are crowned, and where most of the great men of England find their last resting place. Further on, is the New Scotland Yard, the centre of the English police and detective

force. A part of the building is kept as a kind of museum containing a collection of various instruments, bombs and infernal machines taken from notorious criminals. Then, proceeding on our way, we see the great hotels, the Cecil and Savoy—palatial buildings, greatly patronized by Americans. Quite close to the Savoy is the Royal College of Physicians.

Passing under Waterloo Bridge we come to Somerset House, the Mecca of not a few D.—H.—Sians. From here to Greenwich, a distance of seven or eight miles, the right bank of the river is an unbroken line of warehouses and wharves, containing millions of pounds' worth of merchandise collected from all parts of the earth, and showing in a striking manner England's commercial greatness; on the left bank are King's College and King's College Hospital, the beautiful tree-lined Thames Embankment, and the wonderful Cleopatra's needle. This remarkable monolith lay prone on the sands of Egypt for thousands of years and was transferred to England through the generosity of a private individual. Its transit caused no little trouble. A steel casing was built round this great block of stone, forming a vessel having the appearance of a half-submerged submarine. To tow this singular ship to England was in no sense a light task. Whilst in the Bay of Biscay, the "Cleopatra," as the cylindrical ship was named, had to be abandoned and for two days was a menace to mariners. Then, however, it was recovered in the Atlantic, and without further adventure was brought to its new abode, but not before it had cost Sir Erasmus Wilson £10,000. Emerging from the shadow of Blackfriar's Bridge we gain a good view of the dome of St. Paul's, the great masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren. Billingsgate, redolent of fish and choice language, next claims our attention, and then the historic Tower of London. It will be a source of satisfaction to some of our train boys to know that in the Tower, associated with the Crown and Crown Jewels is a silver salver presented to King Charles by the people of Plymouth. A short distance east of the Tower is the Tower Bridge, one of the chief engineering feats of modern times. It is a three-span bridge, the outer spans being of the suspension type carried on stout chains which at their river ends pass over very lofty towers, themselves connected at an elevation of 143 feet above high water level. The central span

has two footways and one roadway. It is a far cry from the wooden platform heaved laboriously aloft by creaking chains, to the massive 1,200 ton leaf raised noiselessly by the unseen energy of hydraulic engines. From this bridge downwards the river is navigable for vessels of large draught. Just below the Tower Bridge are the great docks where ships flying the flags of every nation are busily engaged in loading and unloading. Soon after passing these docks we reach Greenwich with its large Hospital on the river front, and, in the background, the famous Observatory. Here I disembarked after an hour's journey through the heart of the busiest, the wealthiest and the greatest city the world has ever seen.

L. A. LAMPARD.

DOWN A COAL MINE.

By far the most interesting of my experiences in a recent holiday in Wales was my visit to a coal mine.

On a bright afternoon in August, we waited at the pit-mouth of the colliery for the arrival of the cage which was to transport us to the world beneath. At last a bell clanged noisily overhead, the signal that the cage had started on its upward journey. Looking over the side of the yawning chasm of the pit-mouth, I espied the cage rapidly coming to the surface. In a few seconds it was at the top, discharging its human freight of colliers begrimed with coal dust. With some trepidation we entered the cage, and now with bated breath we waited for the downward journey. Suddenly, before I was quite aware of what was happening, we were being literally hurled, at a terrific speed, into the very bowels of the earth. I gasped for breath, for the descent of the cage was every moment increasing in velocity, and I felt that we were going down interminably into inky blackness and horror. At length, after what seemed like an eternity, the cage bumped gently against the bottom and holding our smoking lamps aloft, we followed our guide along the narrow cutting which led from the shaft. It was with difficulty that we could distinguish one another in the thick gloom, but keeping close to our guide, who walked ahead, we made good progress in spite of the uneven track and prevailing darkness. On looking around, I discovered that we were traversing a long narrow

cutting about six feet wide, the roof being supported by short thick poles placed at intervals along the track. After a few minutes walking, we came to the stables, and the guide indicated about a score of fine big cart-horses all in a row. I was informed that they rarely go to the surface; in fact one strong piebald horse had not been to the upper world for fourteen years. We then moved on, and after numerous turnings, we came to the engine room. Here I saw the huge boilers and engines, and was surprised to hear that the engines pump out eighty tons of water daily. These great iron monsters never stop working, because if the water were not pumped out, the mine would very quickly be flooded.

Hence we resumed our tour of inspection, but one had to walk very gingerly, sometimes bending double in order to avoid bumping one's head against the low roof. The collier who was conducting us over the mine pointed out the seam of coal which was visible in places.

This seam was about three feet thick and extended for many miles. Many tracks of coal could be seen, ready for transportation to the pit's mouth.

Unfortunately we saw but very few colliers at work, as that day happened to be a holiday. At length we came to the place where the men had commenced a new working and, following our guide, we crawled along a space just large enough to admit a man's body. Here the miners had been working, literally lying prone, digging out the precious coal with pick and shovel. Seizing a pickaxe lying near I commenced to excavate a portion of the coal. I found that it was most difficult to make any appreciable progress, in such an uncomfortable position, and wondered how men could work under such trying conditions.

Having thoroughly explored the mine, we proceeded towards the shaft, preparatory to returning to the surface. We did not have long to wait for the cage. Very soon we heard the warning bell, and the next moment the cage came into view, and was quickly at the bottom. Without further delay, we entered into the huge iron structure, which, we were informed, weighed a ton. Suddenly the cage began to ascend, each moment increasing its speed, on its way to the surface and the longed for daylight.

Looking up I could just discern a glimmer of light, gradually increasing in size as we neared the surface, and before I could realise it we were at the pit-mouth inhaling the pure invigorating air in the midst of the summer sunshine.

So ended my visit to a coal mine, one of the most exciting and interesting experiences I have had. I learnt later, that the colliery was nearly a mile deep, and one of the largest in Monmouthshire.

F. E. JOHNSON.

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

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTES.

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

(Continued.)

LOCUSTS AND GRASSHOPPERS. Of Locusts there is only one native, and that is a large green species, *Locusta Viridissima*. Occasionally we get visitors, but fortunately the climate does not appear to be congenial, for we do not hear of them the following year. Of Grasshoppers, we have several species. Like the Locust they deposit their eggs in the earth by means of their ovipositor, and there they remain until the following Spring, when they appear as small grasshoppers. Some grasshoppers live in trees and shrubs; the majority, however, prefer the meadows and the higher lands. Those that inhabit trees deposit their eggs in some crevice of the tree. The writer once bred one from an old Oak gall of *Cynips Kollari*, the parent taking advantage of the hole made by the escape of the Oak gall fly, to deposit her egg therein.

CRICKETS. The house cricket *Gryllus Domesticus*, is the only species that forces itself on our notice by its constant chirping, which grows monotonous until it becomes a nuisance. It is said that they originally came from North Africa; evidently they cannot live in houses unless fires are used throughout the year, such as the hearth fires of country houses, and bake-houses in town. Three others live in hedge banks or

fields; one however requires mentioning, the Mole Cricket. It is at once recognised by the form of its fore legs; the femora and tibiae are dilated, compressed and turned outwards, and look very much like the fore legs of the mole, and are used in the same way for burrowing into the earth where they make long tunnels. In feeding they are omnivorous. When in Corsica the writer saw three immature Mole Crickets feeding on the inside of a potato.

ODONATA. Dragon-flies. There are about thirty seven species occurring in England, and they vary considerably in size and colour. The earlier stages of their life are aquatic. The head of the perfect insect is large and concave behind, and attached to the thorax in such a way that it possesses extreme mobility. The eyes are compound and consist of a great number of hexagonal facets; as many as twenty thousand have been counted in one eye of a certain species.

In addition to these, Dragon-flies and many other insects have three simple eyes, named Ocelli, which are placed on the top of the head, usually in the form of a triangle.

They are carnivorous throughout their lives. When adult they may often be seen flying in search of flies that are too small for the fly-catching birds, although the larger species sometimes catch butterflies. This the Dragon-fly does by flying underneath its victim, turning its head round and grasping the butterfly beneath, with its large and powerful jaws and turning it upside down when captured. It then flies to the branch of a tree, cuts off the wings and consumes the body. It is an erroneous idea to think that Dragon-flies are dangerous to anything but their victims; they may be captured and handled without inflicting any injury.

NEUROPTERA. Ephemeridæ. May-flies. The larvæ of the May-flies, or Fisherman's flies are aquatic, living under stones, sometimes in the mud or holes in the banks or streams; others swim freely among the vegetation. Some are said to live three years in the larval form. The winged form is different from any other insect; in its first winged state it is a subimago, which by shedding the outer covering, reveals the final form of the fly.

- (To be continued.)

OLD BOYS' CLUB.**FIRST ANNUAL LIST OF MEMBERS.**

Andrews, W. J., L.C.P., The School House, Devonport High School ; Ash, T., 65 Hill Park Crescent, Mutley ; Barnes, T. T., B.Sc., 14 Fairfield Villas, Peverel, Devonport ; Bennett, W., 7 Stoke Terrace, Stoke, Devonport ; Blight, B., R.N.E. College, Devonport ; Blight, B., 60 Peverell Park Road, Plymouth ; Clarke, B., 11 Somerset Place, Stoke ; Clarke, G., R.N.E. College, Devonport ; Clarke, W., 5 Maristow Terrace, Saltash ; Close, A., P.W.D., Ganges Canal, Balandshahr, United Provinces, India ; Crang, K., 11 Collingwood Villas, Stoke ; Crang, R., 11 Collingwood Villas, Stoke ; Edwards, C. S., 79 Charlotte Street, Morice Town, Devonport ; Ferraro, H., "Melita," Essa Road, Saltash ; Grigg, F., 78 Alcester Street, Stoke, Devonport ; Harris, H., 12 Redlands, Hartley, Plymouth ; Hocken, N., 11 Barton Crescent, Mannamead ; Jacquet, A. M., 15 Godolphin Terrace, Stoke, Devonport ; Jago, J., 1 Knollys Terrace, Devonport ; Johns, C., 34 Albert Road, Devonport ; Lord, G., Lloyd's Bank, Torquay ; Lowden, C. G., Risedale Cross, Barrow-in-Furness ; MacDonnell, L. J., The Retreat, Thorn Park, Mannamead ; Matters, C., Eng.-Lieut. R.N., H.M.S. King Alfred, China ; Moon, C., 14 Victoria Place, Stoke ; Neale, J. H., 22 Godolphin Terrace, Stoke ; Phillips, C., 27 Victoria Place, Stoke ; Ralph, L., B.A., 27 Trafalgar Place, Stoke ; Rashbrook, H. M., London Hospital, E. ; Rashbrook, S., London Hospital, E. ; Rawlings, G., "Clovelly," Adam Street, Burnham, Somerset ; Sharp, M., Eng.-Lieut., R.N., 5 Beyrout Place, Stoke ; Smith, S., 17 Palmerston Street, Stoke ; Stivala, G., St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London ; Symons, P. A., 90 Fore Street, Devonport ; Thomas, G., 44 Fore Street, Devonport ; Tomlinson, H., 74 Tavistock Road, Stoke ; Treseder, A. F., M.A., Outram Cottage, Stoke ; Tresise, W., 10 Maristow Terrace, Saltash ; Tuckett, H., Exile's Club, Porthcurno, Cornwall ; Viggers, F., 19 Edgcombè Place, Stoke ; Woolley, G., 26 Hill Park, Mutley ; Young, W. F., 31 Alcester Street, Devonport.

An Old Boys' Football Club has been formed under the Captaincy of Mr. C. Johns. Old boys willing to play are requested to communicate with Mr. W. Bennett, 7 Stoke Terrace, who has undertaken the

duties of Secretary in succession to Mr. J. Neale, who has been awarded a National Scholarship at the Royal College of Science, London.

Mr. C. Coombes, B.Sc., was successful at the recent examination for Examiners at the Patent Office, London.

Mr. W. Bennett, who some time since was among the successful candidates for the Second Division Clerkships has succeeded in passing the examination for Assistant Surveyor of Taxes, and has been appointed to Plymouth.

Engr.-Lieut. C. Matters, R.N., the old English International three-quarter, leaves England at the end of the month for H.M.S. King Alfred on the China Station.

Eng.-Lieut. Carlisle, R.N., of the R.N. College, Dartmouth, was selected to play at half for Devon (Rugby) in the match v. Gloucester.

News has come to hand, just before going to press, that Mr. J. Johnson's name appears as a successful candidate on the M.B. and B.S. Lists of London University. We take this, the first opportunity, of offering him hearty congratulations. "Doctor" Johnson's youngest brother—a contributor to this magazine—is still with us and we trust he will follow in his brother's footsteps.