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THERE is very little school news needing comment just at present. A fair amount of curiosity has been excited over the identity of the author of the *commedietta* to be performed in May; but, with that exception, affairs are as dull as the proverbial "ditch-water." With regard to that exception there are theories without number; and, as we have no reliable information on the subject, we prefer to leave the problem to be solved, naturally, in the course of the next two months.

Among the studious, one just catches the first faint whisperings of the approaching Oxford, and the rather more pronounced murmur of preparation for the Science and Art examinations. In this connection it may be stated that Dale has been offered a sizarship at Cambridge, which, however, he has thought fit to refuse.

We have just a word to say to the fifth form. We have the very highest regard for the gentlemen contained in that form, because it is from them that the future sixth form heroes are drawn; but all our regard does not blind us to the fact that we are not as much supported in that quarter as we might be, either in the way of contribution or subscription. In fact, we are quite sure that if the slightest effort were made, our circulation in that form might be doubled. Is it too much to ask each member of the fifth form—in both divisions—to just try and prove that proposition for us by making a point of buying just double the number of this issue he did of the last? If he do so, he will earn our deepest gratitude, as we do not like to make false statements in these pages—or, at all events, if we make them, we don't like to be found out.

EN PASSANT.

WHO is it? Who is the mysterious playwright, whose farce is to be staged next May? I confess I don't know. I have taken a violent interest in German poetry, in the hope of drawing out Burn; I have praised Barnett's drawings to the skies; I have become an enthusiastic anti-coercionist, in order to propitiate Long; I have stared at Ursa Major through Dale's telescope till I'm practically blind; I have given up my lunch for a week that I might the better minister to the sweetness of Chisholm's tooth—all in vain. The chosen six are incorruptible—indifferent alike to flattery and bribe. In these sad circumstances what is an inveterate gossip to do? Manifestly his best course is to tackle some one who is not on the committee, in the hope that some crumbs of information may have fallen upon the outsider's ears. This, also, I did, but with little success. All is conjecture—bare and profitless conjecture. Still, I give the result of my inquiries for what they are worth. The first favourite, then, is Armstrong—why, I can't conceive (for he left for Singapore weeks ago), save that he is a friend of Burn's. Then comes Spencer—more likely, but still hardly probable. Dissatisfied with these two names, it struck some genius that the "Old Boy" was merely another "Mrs. Harris," and that the real author was Burn himself; or, if not Burn, Millard. This idea I can contradict definitely. I am absolutely certain that the "Old Boy" is a real genuine article. In the meantime, if you want a guess from me, I should give my vote for Hayward. He is just the sort of fellow to waste—I mean to employ—his spare time in such an occupation, and I wonder that no one has fixed on him before. Still, as I have remarked before, it is all conjecture. The only thing that is certain is, that the author, whoever he may be, will certainly deny the soft impeachment himself. As the secret has been so carefully guarded by the six committee men, it is hardly likely that the person mainly interested will throw himself away.

Before I have done with this matter, I am going to blow my own trumpet a little. If the reader will refer to my notes in the first number of the present volume, he will see that I was the first to announce the fact that an "Old Boy" was at work on a comedietta. The name of the author was, of course, kept a secret, but I know that even so far back as then, at least, two members of the society knew who the "Old Boy" was. My informant, who was one of the two, would mention no names, so I had to be content with the bare announcement.

By the way, I hear that another "Old Boy," Bridson, will be down here next month to enter for the valuable Liverpool scholarship of the Royal College of Music. He has already gained one scholarship at the college, and I am sure that we all hope he will succeed in obtaining this one. For the last two years he has given us valuable assistance at our entertainments, and it is a matter for regret that his studies in London will prevent his doing so next May. JANUS.

L. I. L. D. S.

JANUARY 28TH, 1889.—The subject for this date was a paper by an "Old Boy" (Mr. Jenkins), on "The Two Living British Statesmen." These were Gladstone and Salisbury, but the speaker expressed his fiery Radical views by enthusiastic praise of the great Liberal leader's financial, home-rule, and foreign policies; while the present Premier's views on Ireland and other subjects were very adversely criticised. The paper dealt almost exclusively with the public career of these two great men, and Mr. Jenkins was enthusiastically applauded by the Liberal politicians at some points. Millard, Armour, and Williams, all

opposed the essayist more or less in his views; while another "Old Boy" (Mr. Simon), Long, and Dale, championed the Liberal or Radical cause.

FEBRUARY 4TH, 1889.—Debate: "Is Tobacco-smoking Injurious?" The speakers were Clark (affirmative) and Williams (negative). Both tried to shelter themselves behind medical talent, and Clark endeavoured to prove that diseases proceed from the habit. The latter also gave King James's opinion on the subject; while Williams endeavoured to rebut the nicotine argument against tobacco. The interest shown in this subject was shown by the debate which followed, Ewart and Long strongly on the affirmative side, Armour and Burn on the other. Ker, Chisholm, and Nolan also spoke; and an interesting, if not exciting, debate was closed by Williams gaining the day by 6 to 4.

FEBRUARY 11TH, 1889.—Subject: "Coercion," by Long. This was another extreme anti-Government paper, and the speaker entered into the details of the question by giving instances of Balfourian coercion, all of which came in for pretty severe condemnation. A letter from Mr. Pictou, M.P., on the Harrington case, was read, Mr. Gladstone's attitude lauded, and the futility of opposition to Liberalism expressed. The strong Liberal character of the Society was shown by all the speakers, except Armour, strongly opposing coercion. These were Jenkins, Nolan, Dale, Ewart, Phillips, and Burn.

FEBRUARY 18TH, 1889.—Subject of debate: "Is the Existence of Parties in a State favourable for the Public Welfare?" Dale opened the case for the affirmative, and asserted that parties ensure full discussion for a measure, and, further, exist only where there is constitutional government. He dealt also with objections to his plan. Ewart, for the negative, touched upon the evils of the present system, among others, the exclusion of capable men from Parliament for political reasons alone. He ascribed the rejection of Home Rule to the party system. The subject was then debated, Long and Armour supporting the affirmative, and Burn the negative. Chisholm also spoke. The division showed a majority of 1 for Ewart (5 to 4).

On March 4th the society met to listen to a paper by Phillips, on "Pickwick." There was a very good attendance, and the paper proved thoroughly interesting, the reading of several extracts from the book by the essayist being particularly popular. Altogether the paper displayed an intimate knowledge of the book, combined with a fervent though discriminating admiration for its author. The essayist was followed by Ewart and Burn; and on the motion of Armour a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Phillips for his paper.

HON. SECRETARY.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The cricket team promises very well for this season. With almost the same eleven as last year, and some very good additions from last year's second eleven, it

certainly ought to obtain more than seven wins—last year's record. Proceedings have been set on foot to see if the Waverlree ground can be obtained for this season, as a better cannot be obtained within reasonable distance; and as it answered very well last year, both for cricket and tennis, it is to be hoped that the negotiations will prove successful. The only objection is that the rent is too high; but if the company can be persuaded to reduce that a little, we shall certainly take it for this season.

The formation of a Tennis Club for this season has been commenced by the tennis partisans, and a meeting will shortly be held to elect officers. About a dozen have already promised to join, so it ought not to fail for want of supporters.

Inquiries have been made about the Swimming Club, but as yet no meeting has been held. However, it is quite time for those who take an interest in swimming to be making arrangements for the season, and it is only to be hoped it will this year be as great a success as it was last.

The leading feature in athletics for this month will be the competition for the shield. It is about time some of the schools were seriously bestirring themselves to try and wrest it from the present holders, as they have now had it four years in succession; but I am afraid the Institute will not be that lucky school, although it will not fall far short—perhaps fourth in order of merit

NISUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—In your issue for last month there appeared a letter on the Literary Society, which had for its object the glorification of Burn and Ewart and the vilification of Long. Now, I have no objection to giving the first-named gentleman full credit for his very excellent abilities, but I do object, and very strongly, to the ridiculous lengths which some of his friends go when speaking of him in this magazine. If the plain truth be told, he is the very reverse of a good chairman. His authority is practically *nil*, or he would soon put an end to the tumultuous scenes which generally preface a meeting of the society. True, he is a good speaker, but something more than good speaking is required in a chairman. In the same letter we have an elaborate puff of Ewart, and something more than a hint that he is the only member fit to succeed Burn in the chair. Ewart is another good speaker, but as he never opens lips except to pick holes in somebody else, he is not likely to be too popular when the time comes for the election. But the most astounding portion of this astounding letter is reached when we are told that Long is bigoted, and are left to infer that Ewart is not. Long is certainly opinionated, but he is a perfect model of toleration compared with Ewart, whose speeches are almost rabid in their bitter intolerance. I don't presume to dictate to the society as to whom it should elect for its new chairman, but I certainly hope it will conduct that operation without being influenced in the slightest degree by the wordy log-rolling of "Seuqcaj."—Yours,

A MEMBER.

*. We think our correspondent is hardly just to "Seuqcaj." He is quite justified in expressing a contrary opinion, but it should have been couched in rather more temperate language.

EDITORS, L. I. S. M.

ON THE MERSEY

HAVE any of you fellows done any boating on the Mersey? I do not mean have you ever gone across to Birkenhead or New Brighton in the ferry boats, but have any of you ever done any yachting, or sailing, or canoeing on the river? No! Well, it isn't half a bad river if you know how to manage a boat. But don't you go away with the idea that you can sail a boat, and consequently put your parents to all the expense and bother of having a funeral at their house, for a funeral upsets a house dreadfully, and besides, your sisters will not be able to go to any more parties for the rest of the year. However, I went out last summer with my brother in one of his boats, the "Pelican," $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, decked at both ends and carrying a mainsail, jib, and mizzen. First of all we went over to the Canoe Club slip over at Birkenhead, and there in the Canoe Club shed dressing-room got into some old boating clothes, jerseys and soft hats. I am sure you would not have recognized me for the "masher" I usually am, if you had seen me in my jersey, long stockings, cap, and wearing a pair of my big brother's continuations, which had to be rolled up for about a foot to prevent them trailing on the ground. Well, after we had dressed, we carried the various things, spare sails, cooking lamp and kettle, tin box, containing sugar, tea, jam, bread, butter, and other good things, besides boating necessities, down to the end of the slip, launched the punt, and put them in; we started for the "Pelican," my brother sitting in the stern to balance the punt, whilst I sculled. The "Pelican" was moored on the North side of the New Ferry landing-stage, and the canoe slip is about quarter of a mile further up the river than the Birkenhead landing-stage. We got on board all right, although I nearly fell between the punt and the "Pelican," and after packing away the things, tying up the punt, and hoisting the sails, we slipped our moorings and stood down the river, the wind being at that time from about the direction of Eastham. It was a grand afternoon, the sun shining brightly, and we both felt as lively as could be; I think we rather astonished the people in the ferry boats by singing them choruses of pantomime songs, etc., as we passed them. Now we are opposite New Brighton, and can see the swings, donkeys, and shows as we pass. Here we have to turn into the channel leading to Hoylake, as we are going to go there, intending to land at Hilbre Island. The Mersey Yacht Club have a house on the island where the members can sleep when they go down there. Opposite Leasowe lighthouse the skipper informs the crew (your humble servant) that he "thinks it is about time we had tea." So the crew, in the capacity of cook and steward, sets some tinned soup to melt over the lamp, and cuts up the bread. Whilst having tea, an interesting fact was discovered, which I have never as yet seen recorded in boating or scientific books, namely, that the reef points on the sail have an invariable habit of getting into any potted meat, jam, tea, or anything else that is going, not seeming to be particular what it is so long as they always get some. Just as we, that is skipper, crew, and reef points, were in the middle of our tea, one of the new line of Isle of Man steamers passed, and as we were cheering and waving to them, she gave us such a wash from her paddles that not being prepared for it, I spilt about three-quarters of a cup of boiling tea over my legs. Whilst our attention was called off by this, reef points in company with the end of the sail, took the opportunity of finishing most of the jam, and upsetting the rest on the floor. Next we washed up and made sail for Hilbre, which we reached about 4.30 o'clock. Here we left the boat, and, after a walk round the island and loitering about, we went in for a sort of half-tea, half-supper. There were some other fellows, canoeists, on the island, and as one of them could cook in quite a superior style, we had a most sumptuous repast. After this we sat and talked. Finally, what with putting the things in the boat, it was quite eight o'clock before we started home. However it was still pretty light, so we did not put up the head light, but sailed up the Channel, the wind being rather against us now and keeping us back. Just as we were rounding the corner to New Brighton the skipper suggested that I should

put up the light. I got out the lamp and started to get it ready, when horrors! I found there was not a drop of oil in it. Here was a pretty plight, out on the river in the dark, with the ferry-boats and ships sailing about, and we without our light up. We deliberated over it, but finally, as we could not land at New Brighton, not knowing the shore, or the whereabouts of the boats at moorings, and as it was just as dangerous to go back to Hilbre as to go on, we decided to chance it and make for the Cunce Slip. Hereupon the whole crew, exclusive of the skipper, was sent to the bows to keep a look out. At first I had a wild idea of striking lucifer matches, and holding them up, so as to have a sort of head light, but eventually I gave this up, and settled down to look ahead. Have you ever been in a similar position? If you have not you have no idea what strong imaginations we have. Dozens of times I could have sworn I saw a boat coming straight at us, but, of course, the only time one did come pretty near us I was looking the other way, and so got shouted at by the skipper who wanted to know "where my eyes were, and whether I had a preference for sleeping at the bottom of the river that night?" Nevertheless we got on all right past Tranmere, past Birkenhead, and now we are nearing our moorings, and can see the landing-stage at New Ferry, and I am beginning to look for the buoy with the punt attached to it, when out of the darkness comes a shout of "Boat, ahoy! where are you going to?" There is a crash, and the next thing I know is that I am in the water, half-choked and with most of the wind knocked out of me, for the bow of the boat which had run us down had carried me clean overboard. The next thing I perceive is that I got a punch in the ribs from a boat-hook, which I promptly catch hold of, and am hauled on board the other boat in a very sorry condition. But where is the skipper? Ah! there is a shout, and now we can see something bobbing up and down, so we out with the long oars and row towards it and at last we come across the poor skipper, with all the starch washed out of him, and in a most limp condition, but very thankful that he is in any condition at all, as he got a nasty bang on the head from some part of the "Pelican" as she sank, and it was a wonder he was not carried down with her. Alas, poor "Pelican"! There she lies, just the tip of her mast showing above the water, and her skipper and crew looking sally at her, and the worst of it was that we had the pleasure of knowing that it was all our own fault, and though we would not have to pay for any damages to the other boat, as, with the exception of a torn sail, she was not hurt at all, nevertheless there was the poor "Pelican" in a very bad state, and here were her skipper and crew about as full of water, both inside and out, as they well could be. However the other fellows landed us, and we sorrowfully changed our clothes and eventually got safely home to the bosom of our family. Three days afterwards I superintended the raising of the "Pelican," and was overjoyed to find she was not irretrievably smashed. She has since been done up and is looking quite shipshape, and I hope soon to have another trip in her.—J. FLOTSAM

THE INSTITUTE AS IT IS

In considering the Institute as it is at present, I wish to examine the behaviour of the boys towards each other; more particularly with regard to sports. In this respect, it seems to me, they are guilty of a great negligence and want of *esprit-de-corps*. Why is it that out of 1,100 boys there are barely 40 in the football club? Similarly with the cricket and chess clubs. We boys appear to get on all right in school with each other, but once outside and there appears to be no bond of union whatever. There was a paragraph in the papers giving notice of a dinner amongst the "Old Boys" of the Royal, but who has heard of such a thing amongst the old Institute boys. The "Old Boys" football club certainly does a great deal in the

right way, but the great fault is amongst the boys now at school. Every boy ought to do something in the sports time. In summer he has the choice of the cricket, tennis and swimming clubs. In winter we have football, chess and debating. And why should there not also be paper-chases, such as we read of in *Tom Brown*. Let me also remind you of this magazine. How many of you have ever written anything for it? And why should you not write for it? Surely there are some brains in the heads of 1,100 boys. Really the apathy of the school on the whole is appalling. But there is worse behind this. Some boys, not content with *laissez-faire*, actually seem to be trying their best to lower the tone and reputation of the school. Four members of the football team have especially distinguished themselves in this way, behaving in a most unbecoming manner after the match. It is not very creditable either to be seen smoking a short wooden pipe with tarnished brass mount in Bold-street in broad daylight; yet it has been done by an Institute boy—he has even been seen smoking a *clay pipe* in one of the large streets. Now, boys, this is not the way to make the good old school we are so proud of a factor for good, not only throughout Liverpool, but through England and even the world. Let us remember our motto, *Non nobis solum, sed toti mundo nati!*

FOOTBALL.

The football season is fast drawing to a close, and ere this month is finished the Institute Football Club will have once more entered the competition for the Schools' Challenge Shield, and, I fear, once more have failed to secure that coveted trophy. However, as I have no wish to discourage the xv, I may say that, considering the disadvantages under which they have from time to time played, it must be acknowledged that they have performed wonderfully well. Seeing that a review of the doings of the team will be given in next month's magazine I will, for the present, confine myself to the doings of the footballists during the past month, viz., February. The Liverpool Schools' Committee have at last recognised the claim of the Institute to have more than a single representative or two in the United Schools' team, and have this year chosen J. J. Williams, three-quarter back; A. M. Ker, half-back; A. J. Ewart and Stoddart, forwards. All of these players took part in the match, Liverpool United Schools v. Birkenhead Park: A team, which resulted in a somewhat fluky victory for the Park by 2 goals and 1 minor to 1 goal and 2 minors, one of the Birkenhead goals resulting from a free kick. The result, however, is very creditable to the schools, as the Cheshire club men were much the heavier and older team. On this form the Liverpool Schools will, I think, prove too much for the Manchester students. All the Institute men justified their selection, and it was a great pity that Dickson was not included in the team, as he would undoubtedly have shown up better than did one or two of the "scrimmagers." He was first reserve forward for this match, so it is hoped he will be tried against Manchester Schools.

The next item which calls for special mention is the shield contest. There are about ten schools eligible to play, but alas! already half this number have "funked." The following schools meet in the first round:—Merchant Taylors v. Liverpool Institute, at Crosby; Birkenhead School v. Waterloo High School, at Waterloo; Liverpool College, a bye. The Institute has been somewhat harshly treated by being placed against such a powerful school as Merchant Taylors in the first round, and I am afraid we will have to submit to a defeat. However, the

unexpected has happened before now, so I hope the Institute will "play up" and not lose heart. The team will leave Tithebarn-street Station by the 2.20 train on Wednesday afternoon, and, as the fare is only 8d. return, I hope the non players will muster in good force and use their lungs to cheer on their comrades. The following will probably be the Institute team:—Full back, W. H. Chisholm (sixth form); three-quarter backs, J. J. Williams, A. M. Ker (sixth); F. C. Fountain (first-class commercial; half backs, Golding (upper fifth) and Armour (sixth); forwards, A. J. Ewart (captain), G. S. R. Dickson, E. B. H. Millard (sixth), Pulford (upper fourth), Stoddart (upper third), J. J. Buck, G. Goodwin (lower fifth), Galley (upper fifth), Lloyd (first commercial); reserves, S. Wallace, Harley (high school), Millard (commercial).

The match between Waterloo High School and Birkenhead School should prove a good one, and the Waterloo boys should win. The College are given a bye in this round, and should beat Waterloo in the semi-final, thus leaving the Merchant Taylors and Liverpool College in the final. This year the final should prove a grand one, but as Winslow will be unable to play for Merchant Taylors I think the College will once more win the shield. This is very nice in theory, but perhaps the practical side of the story will be somewhat different. I, for one, sincerely hope so. The College have had the shield long enough, and as Merchant Taylors have been very near it on two or three occasions they deserve to win it this time.

The Institute are supposed to be an unlucky lot, but they are put completely in the shade by the Crosby boys, who have been twice in the semi-final and on one of these occasions, when the possession of the shield seemed to be at their mercy, they were beaten by one try after two of their best men had left the field owing to accidents.

There were some half-dozen matches on the card for last month, but only two were played. This is, indeed, a deplorable state of affairs. Two schools "funkt," and twice the Old Boys failed to turn up, giving as their reason their inability to raise a team! I hope the Institute will bear in mind these "funky" clubs when they are arranging fixtures for next season. The matches played were—

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE (at Birkenhead).—This match resulted in a win for the home team by 2 goals 2 tries to *nil*. The ground was in a wretched condition, being as hard as stone. The referee was a noble specimen of his class. Some of his decisions would have made a child laugh. He eventually left the field in disgust, saying that the Institute team *knew nothing about the rules!* Chisholm, who played well throughout the game, had to leave owing to a slight accident, and when Ker was taking him to the tent Birkenhead scored two tries. For the Institute, besides the two mentioned, Fountain, Galley, and Ewart played very well.

INSTITUTE v. WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL.—This match was played at Waterloo on Wednesday, Feb. 27th. During the morning some snow fell, and this caused two noble Institute "patriots" to absent themselves. Thus the Institute had only 13 men. A splendidly-contested game resulted in a win for the High School by 1 goal and 1 try to 1 minor. The Institute had very hard lines on several occasions. First of all, J. J. Williams run over well, but as some one gave him a not-very-gentle nudge, he unluckily lost the ball, and a minor only resulted—hard lines undoubtedly. Then our able captain (A. J. Ewart) got over the line twice, but was "called back." (N.B.—Not by Hugh Conway, but by the referee). Besides these, A. M. Ker and H. C. Fountain made several good runs, but the Institute were unable to play their usual passing game, as the Waterloo men were continually off-side. Forward—Stoddart, Dickson, and Pulford were to the fore. Dickson dribbled very well on times, but seemed to lose his head when he passed, as on one occasion, after making a grand dribble, he obligingly threw to the Waterloo, who made off with the ball and completely recovered the ground which had been gained by the Institute. Chisholm, at full-back, played splendidly. I hope he will "show up" as well next Wednesday.

HALF-BACK.