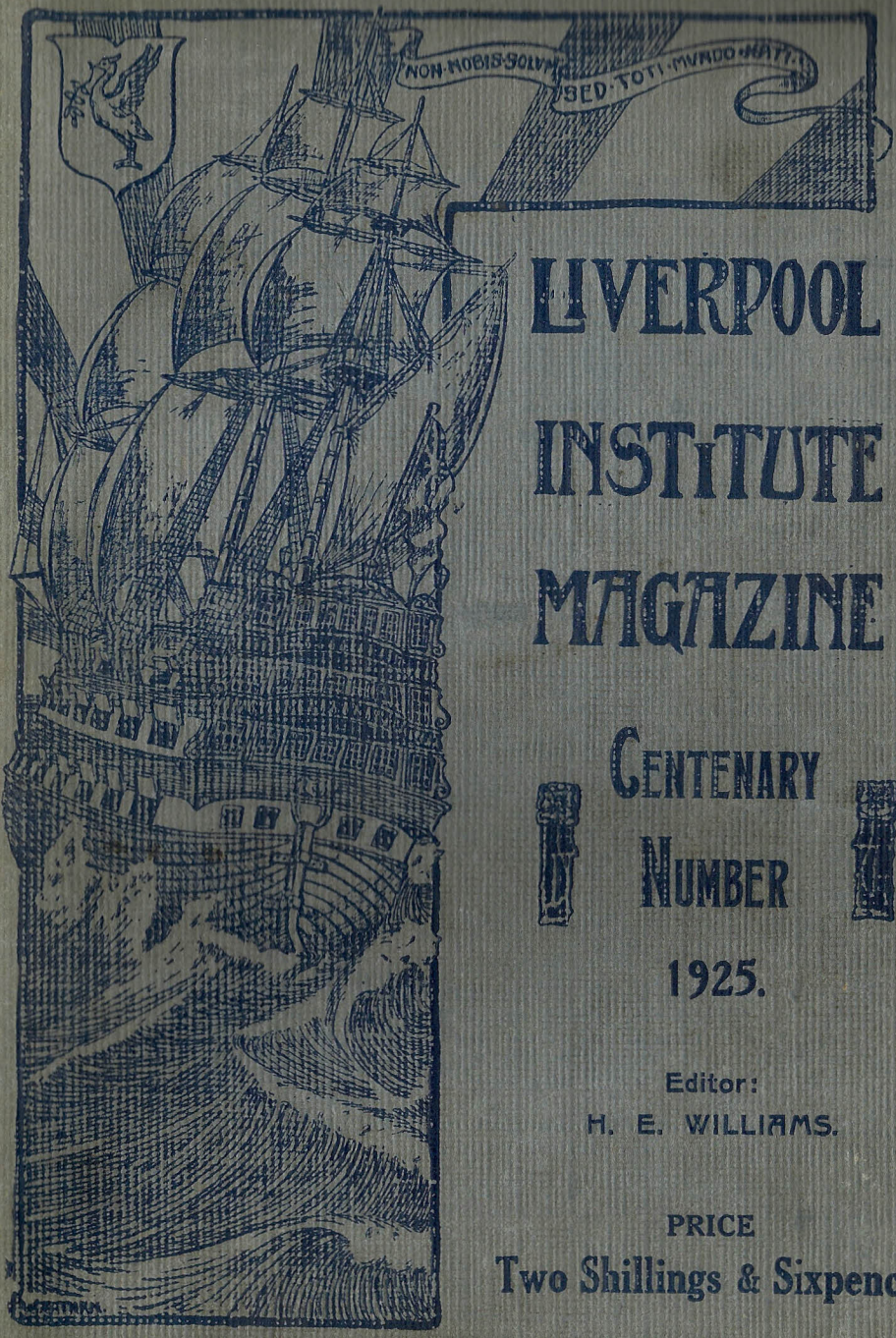

LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE MAGAZINE

CENTENARY NUMBER

1925.

Editor:
H. E. WILLIAMS.

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EDITORIAL.

A VITAL IDEA.

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN."

WE celebrate in this number the Centenary of the Liverpool Institute. It is our first Hundred Years. There are other Schools that can look with pride on the achievements and progress of three or even four centuries. Not so ours! As a School, our age is less than a hundred; it is the parent organisation—brought into being by a group of generous and public-spirited men and women on the 8th of June, 1825—whose hundred years we commemorate.

But if we have less to boast of than others in the matter of longevity, there is one characteristic of the history of the School on which we, perhaps more than other schools, can pride ourselves. In many another school, the course of education has been restricted by the conditions of a Bequest or the terms of a Trust. The administrators in such cases have experienced the thwarting exercised by the dead Benefactor, and found great difficulties in adjusting the terms imposed on them to the needs of a new generation. It has not been so with us. Our hundred years is a record of help continually renewed by living benefactors, of an attempt to realise a high-minded and generous idea, of the continual adaptation of effort to changing conditions and of a noble persistence in pioneer-work in the face of difficulties and discouragements.

To watch the inception of a generous idea, to mark the steps taken towards its realisation, to note the adaptation of its original form to the altering needs of time and place, and to appreciate the vitality which strengthens it to surmount difficulties and to prevail over opposing forces—all this is an occupation of the finest interest and delight. The successful achievements of such a struggle are greater than any in the merely physical world: they inspire men to efforts of that class to which belong all actions that raise the level of true civilisation in the world. The proud motto adopted by our founders—"Not for ourselves alone, but for all the world are we born"—seems to be not far removed from the spirit of its subsequent benefactors and governors.

The Institute began with the object of "the promotion of useful Science and Learning among the Inhabitants of Liverpool, especially the Mechanics and Working Classes." But it was bound by no dead hand; no bequests from the past limited its activities or thwarted its aims. It has been upheld and maintained by generosity continually renewed and by breadth of view constantly exercised. Its methods have been restricted by no stereotyped rule. When one scheme, owing

to changes of time and circumstance,—was seen to be failing in effect, another took its place. When one method of education was supplied by other organisations, the power behind the idea turned ungrudgingly to other methods and still wrought on.

That this is so may be seen merely from the record of those means by which the Institute has endeavoured to accomplish its aim, and which it has, as occasion arose, seen fit to abandon. At the same time our readers will not fail to notice that in nearly all of these methods the Liverpool Institute, so far as local education went, were pioneers. Before the days of Free Public Libraries, the Mechanics' Institution had a Reading-room and a Library of more than 16,000 volumes. Before there was any University of Liverpool or any University College, the Institute by its Queen's College scheme endeavoured to open an Academic career to the people of this city. When there were no Municipal Technical Classes or Schools, it did its best to supply Technical needs by its Evening Classes. Before there was a Museum or Art Gallery owned by the Municipality, it provided these for its Members. When the University Extension Movement was yet in the throes of birth, the Institute was arranging and organising lectures of the University standard.

All these, through the development of Public Spirit and Municipal activities, were superseded, and all in their turn were abandoned by the Directors. Their abandonment did not, however, imply a slackening of effort in realising the idea ; it merely caused a diversion of energy to other methods, or a more direct application of attention to the organisations that remained.

When in 1902 the Balfour Education Act was passed and the State took up the control and some of the burden of Secondary Education, the Directors adapted themselves yet again to changed conditions. In consequence the Institute Schools in 1905 ceased to be privately controlled and were handed over to the Liverpool Corporation. But even then the idea of the Founders showed persistent vitality. Many, whose forbears and predecessors had given generously and wisely in the past, still carried on the fine tradition. Directors of the Institute did not fail in interest because the Schools had come under the control of the Education Committee. To this, many munificent gifts and scholarships are witness.

In the pursuance of the original idea of those who met to found the Institute there is to be noticed a remarkable spirit of self-effacement. Time after time, princely gifts have been made to the Institute, and the donors have either avoided formal thanks or insisted on anonymity. This generous reticence has become part of the tradition, and the record is one of which any school and any city should be proud.

The Rev. H. H. SYMONDS,
Head Master.

The Rev. JOHN SEPHTON,
Headmaster, 1865-1891.

Mr. H. V. WHITEHOUSE,
Headmaster, 1901-1923.

What the effect of this century-old idea has been on civic life, no one can measure. In estimating the worth of any school, it is futile to enumerate the successes of one year or of one period; every school has its years of triumph as well as its years of failure. It is misleading merely to count up the open scholarships and great successes won by its pupils. It may interest the hearer, it may stimulate him, to be told of the year in which in the Oxford Locals the Boys' Schools claimed the first place in the Senior and Blackburne House the first place in the Junior Division. It may arouse enthusiasm and effort in the boys of the Institute to hear that an Old Boy was awarded such a widely esteemed honour as the Nobel Prize. But to assess the full value to the community something more is needed. A list of successes by itself is little guide to the measurement of the good effect of the education given in any school. What is needed is some estimate of the effect on each boy turned out year by year, and that calls for a Calculus beyond our best Mathematicians. Only old pupils, looking back on their school-life and seeing the effect on their own minds and characters and multiplying that effect by thousands, can come somewhere near the truth. But to those who are not old pupils, the history of the idea, so generously planned, so wisely developed, so self-sacrificingly pursued for a hundred years must serve for a standard of appraisal and cannot help but elicit a thrill of admiration and pleasure. It would almost suggest that the School motto and that of the City should be combined: "God has provided these privileges and opportunities not for ourselves alone but for the whole world."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTE.

IT is quite possible that some of our readers may find useful a brief summary of events marking the progress of the Liverpool Institute through its hundred years of life. Dr. Alfred Holt is at present engaged in writing a History of the School, which it is hoped will be published next year. It is not our intention in any way to forestall his work. The present article does not merit in any way the title of history; it might be described rather as a Date-card.

In 1824, through the activities of Dr. Birkbeck and Lord Brougham, there was founded in London the first School for Mechanics in England—the Birkbeck Institution. Partly in emulation of that enterprise and partly because of the need of better education in the district, a meeting was held on the 8th of June, 1825, in the Concert Hall, Bold Street, at which meeting "The Liverpool Mechanics' School of Arts" was

instituted. The members of it paid an annual subscription which entitled them to free admission (either for themselves or for nominees of theirs) to some of the Evening Classes that were proposed, and to reduced fees for others. Amongst those who were the prime movers in this scheme should be specially mentioned Dr. Traill and Sir John Gladstone, M.P. The Right Hon. Wm. Huskisson, M.P., was the School's first President.

The Evening Classes were held first in the Old German Chapel in Sir Thomas Street, a picture of which is given in this number. Considering in how many respects the Liverpool Institute has led the way in matters of local education, it is significant that the site of the Old Chapel should be covered by the Education Offices. It is also a coincidence worthy of note that the rooms in which the Evening Classes were subsequently held—at the corner of Slater and Duke Street—were used, on the transference of the Classes to Mount Street, as the first home of the Public Library and Museum.

In 1832 the Directors altered the name of the school to "The Liverpool Mechanics' Institution," a name which it retained for 24 years. The years that followed showed a great deal of activity. In 1835 a School for Boys—afterwards known as the Lower School, and later still, as the Commercial School—was begun. Its first Headmaster was Robert Lander of Edinburgh. In 1837 a new building in Mount Street, in outward appearance at any rate much as it is now, was opened. In 1838 a High School for Boys was added to the activities of the Mechanics' Institution, and in 1844 a School for Girls—Blackburne House. That the Institution at this period was thriving may be gathered from the record of the numbers of its members: 1837, 970; 1838, 2,286; 1842, 3,767.

In 1840, '42 and '44, there were three Exhibitions organised by the Directors. The first lasted a little over six weeks and was visited by 100,000 persons. It made a profit for the funds of the Institution of more than £2,000. The other Exhibitions were almost as successful. Dr. Holt's book will furnish the details, which indeed are exceedingly interesting.

In 1856, owing to the fact that the character of the educational work was changing and the old name was becoming misleading, a new name was adopted: "The Liverpool Institute and School of Art." In the same year, the Directors added a Ladies' College, and in 1857 Queen's College, to their educational schemes. These were intended to provide collegiate instruction at moderate expense and to offer facilities for obtaining University degrees without residing elsewhere. Queen's College was not, so far as degrees went, a great success. In all the years of its existence (1857-1881), only nine of its students took degrees.

In 1883, new buildings were erected for the School of Art,

which up to that time had been housed in the same building as the Boys' Schools. Subsequently, additions along Hope Street were made to these, and at the same time, Sandon Terrace (in Duke Street, facing St. James's Cemetery) was pulled down in order to make room for the school yards.

In 1905, as the visitor to the School may read on the brass plate on the left of the entrance lobby, the Schools of the Liverpool Institute were handed over to the Education Committee.

The rest of the School History, as it is well within the memory of living man, may be left unrehearsed.

CHAT ON THE CORRIDOR.

(The Editors, remembering how persistent a feature of the School Magazine the "Chat on the Corridor" has been, have realised that Old Boys would not feel at home without it.)

* * * *

The Bust of Maecenas, on the landing above the entrance to the Hall was a gift of the British Association to the Liverpool Institute in 1837 as a recognition of its services in "the advancement of science."

* * * *

The following is perhaps, one of the best stories of the past. A master—let us call him B.—was "cheeked" by a boy. He took him to the Headmaster and fully expected the boy would be severely punished. The Head, however, simply said "Leave him to me, Mr. B. and I'll give him a few words of counsel." B. returned to his Form. The boy soon followed, and promptly repeated his offence. B., losing his temper, hit him, and hit him so hard as to send him flying against a cupboard with such force that the panel was broken. The boy then went to his place, buried his head in his hands and wept. Enter the Headmaster. He gave a glance round, saw only the weeping boy, and said, "Ah! Mr. B., you see what a few words of fatherly advice will do!"

* * * *

H. M. Lay (now in Canada) writes, that the first time he had a Prize presented to him, he found it was "Lays of Ancient Rome."

* * * *

It is not unusual that the shop in Mount Street should be put "out of bounds." In the old days "Pat" used to serve the boys who went there for dinner, with bottles of beer and stout in the pockets of his short jacket. Boys used to take these and add the price to the bill. But school in the afternoon seemed a very sleepy place for them.

Some of the Old Boys and Old Girls who are acting in the Plays on Tuesday, the 10th November, propose to form a Dramatic Society. Any who would like to join are asked to send in their names to Mr. A. G. Russell at the School.

* * * *

There have been so many disappointed by failing to get tickets for "Tilly of Bloomsbury" that it is proposed to give another performance in the School Hall on Wednesday the 25th November. Tickets will be on sale at the Centenary meeting on Friday night.

* * * *

One of our oldest Old Boys, John Evans (1853), tells us of the dining arrangements in his day, outside the School: "Mrs. Jones of Pilgrim Street was the caterer for the first-class boys; she sold meat pies. Mrs. Doubleday of a cellar in Knight Street was caterer for the other boys; she sold spice balls, etc." A nice distinction in diet!

* * * *

Boys of the School think it is an excellent idea that the 8th of June should in perpetuum be held as a holiday in honour of the founding of the Liverpool Institute.

* * * *

The old-time Report on a boy's work for the Term had in it several pleasing features. The Headmaster's remarks at the foot are worth remembering, but most readers will be even more pleased with the fact that there is a remark on the boy's manners and deportment.

* * * *

Richard Burn of the Indian Civil Service, who unfortunately is not able to be present at the Centenary, recently paid us a visit. It seems that he is responsible for the founding of the Chess Club. It will be recalled that his uncle, A. Burn, is a chess player of world-wide reputation.

* * * *

It seems also that Burn and E. J. Phillips began the School Magazine. So now we know whom to blame for it all.

* * * *

Attention is drawn to a volume or two shown in the School at the Centenary and bearing the book-plate of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution Library. Where have the other 15,990 volumes gone?

* * * *

In spite of all their efforts, the Editors have not been able to discover the source of the School motto. They would be glad to hear from any Old Boy who can enlighten them.

An official history of the School has long been needed. The many sides of educational experiment which the Institute has through the last hundred years been making, for the benefit of Liverpool, should make such a history, when written, of an interest which goes well beyond the limits of the School and of its Old Boys. Such a history has now been put in hand by Mr. Alfred Holt, M.A., D.Sc., who is Deputy Chairman of the Governors and by his own name, as well as by his private interests, peculiarly qualified to write the book. It is hoped that it may be published in the spring of 1926, and all who read this Magazine are asked to subscribe for a copy. Details will be sent to all Old Boys later.

* * * *

If any Old Boy who reads this has not already joined the Old Boys' Association he is asked to send in his name forthwith to the Secretary at The Institute, Mr. H. E. Williams. The Old Boys' Association forms the only possible link between the different generations of the School's life, and is an extraordinarily valuable stimulus both to present members and to past. Not only can Old Boys, through the Association, help the present School by their support of its games and social meetings and activities of every kind, but they can also, very often, by their position outside the current life of the School, see things to which those who are inside the School will generally turn the blind spot on their eye: the friendly critic from outside is one of the most useful of people.

* * * *

May we also remind Old Boys that the Florence Institute, the boys' club in Mill Street with which the School is officially connected, is largely staffed by Old Boys of The Institute, and that all offers of help on the different evenings of the week will be very gratefully accepted by Mr. H. J. Tiffen at the School or by the Warden at the Florence Institute. Those who cannot give service may be able to give subscriptions.

* * * *

A Parents' Meeting was held for the first time, a little while ago, and it is intended to hold others at intervals in the future. The value of such meetings is that both sides of the bargain, parents and teachers, may have some reasonable chance of getting to know each other better.

* * * *

In his article on the School and the Rev. John Sephton, Mr. E. J. Phillips of the *Manchester Guardian*—as all former Editors of this Magazine will observe—rather gives away, incidentally, the secrets of the Editorial sanctum.

The article on the Old Boys' Dramatic Company is from the pen of Sir Fred. M. Radcliffe, K.C.V.O., an Old Boy of the School. He is an Old Boy of wide interests, and our readers will be interested to note that he is Chairman of the Liverpool Cathedral Committee.

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IT is nearly 'sixty years since' I entered the Commercial School of the Institute, under the Reverend Joshua Jones M.A. as Headmaster. My family had come to Liverpool from Aberdeen in 1864. A year or so at the Caledonian School in Oldham Street had given me some insight into English ways, and induced my father to let me substitute trousers for the kilt I had always worn up to then. I was placed in a class of boys all rather older than myself, but I cannot now recall their names. The masters I remember better. There was 'Old Conolly,' with his short cane, always in action on his desk, or on a pupil, and his wild Irish temper. We knew how to stir him into fury—and did, whenever the lesson was dull. There was 'Paddy' Adair, with his stiff military bearing and his precise Dublin English, whom we respected rather than liked; and his brother 'Simon,' an excellent mathematical teacher. I remember to this day the lesson in which he first introduced us to Euclid. His demonstration on the black-board of the first proposition of the First Book thrilled me—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.

'Simon' was an artist: he obviously enjoyed himself as he built up the simple proof, and ended with a triumphant "Which was to be done: have you anything to say against it?" I hadn't, but a new vista was opened before me: this then was Geometry! It became less exciting as we worked through the later propositions, naturally; but to me at least 'Simon' was never dull. 'Johnny' Beck, conscientious, rather uncertain in temper, and quite devoid of humour. He laboriously toiled through English Grammar, 'parsing and analysing' Wordsworth's *Excursion* and Spencer's *Faery Queene*. We never got a hint from him that these were literature. To us they were mere quarries, out of which you dug 'subject, predicate, object, extension,' and so on. It was many years afterwards that I discovered that they were poetry, and could be read, and tasted. 'Inky' Stewart was writing-master, a gentle soul, whose class was the quietest in the school; his own voice was seldom raised, yet he seemed to induce silence, rather than to enforce it. He was followed by the lively and efficient J. H.

Wright, of whom we became very fond. Mr Milliken taught us the art of Arithmetic, not the science. He gave us the rules, but not the explanations. It was not till later that I discovered the reasons for the rules. I was happiest, I think, in the Chemistry class-room and laboratory, under Mr Ewart. His oral lessons and practical demonstrations were a delight, and I owe to him my first love for science and its methods. He was intensely interested in his subjects, and of his pupils few failed to catch something of his enthusiasm. Other masters there were, whom I recall but dimly; but the impression on my mind is that the Commercial School in those days was very much alive, and that it was really educating, in a somewhat narrow range of subjects, the boys who passed through it.

The Reverend Joshua Jones, whom I hardly knew by sight, left us for the Isle of Man as I was getting near the top of the Commercial School; and the Reverend John Sephton took his place as Headmaster. The School was soon sensible of the change. If I am not mistaken, its grimy walls were all repainted, the School play-ground was improved, and the Headmaster, jingling his bunch of keys, was seen constantly in class-rooms and corridors. It was whispered that all canes were to be abolished except his own! We got to know him, and he seemed to know us and like us.

It was I suppose some small success of mine, in 'Local' or 'South Kensington' examinations, that made him send for me. After a genial cross-examination, he bade me tell my father that I ought to be moved into the High School, and take up Latin and Greek, so that I should be free later on to go to the University, if I were good enough. My father, after an interview with Mr Sephton, consented, and I was straightway placed with a new set of boys far ahead of me in most things, and told that I must catch up with them by extra reading at home. Latin, French, German, and later on Greek, had all to be tackled at the same time. But for the help of Mr Sephton, who from time to time took me privately in languages, mathematics, and science, I should hardly have managed it. Some of my new school-fellows also, who were keen on making progress, introduced me to the Free Library, and to the evening-classes in 'South Kensington' science held in connexion with the adjoining Museum. Robert Sloan, afterwards an able engineer, H. Savage, who did well in the Indian Civil Service, S. H. Overend, afterwards of the Public Record Office and Secretary of the Viking Club, and some others, made a group with me for co-operative study out of school, and we helped each other to master subjects that were not in the school curriculum. I know that, more or less for the fun of it, and perhaps because the Science and Art Department of these days paid the evening teachers 'by results,' we were

sent in for all the Government examinations, and between us accumulated many certificates, and a satisfactory number of prizes and medals also, in mathematics, heat, electricity, mechanics, and steam. In the High School Mr Kennedy, a ripe Oxford scholar, pushed me on in the classics; Mr Burton, himself a bit of a poet it was rumoured, gave us a real taste for English Literature; Mr Froysall somewhat slowly doled out lectures on Mathematics; Mr Ewart carried us on to more advanced regions of physical science; M. Gaillard, the author of *French Orthoëpy*, was our vivacious and original instructor in French; and Herr Sachs was our stimulating and assiduous teacher of German. These made me love the languages we studied together, and the Headmaster, who was as much linguist as mathematician, tested and encouraged us as we went along. The lion-headed Kempster occasionally came to teach and illustrate the art of Elocution; and Mr Finnie, no mean artist himself, tried in vain to make a draughtsman of me; but these were but 'extras' in the school-course—interesting episodes rather than formal studies. About 1870 some of the boys at the top of the sixth form showed the mettle of their pasture by winning scholarships at Cambridge: Hugh McCann, the most gifted school-boy I have ever met, E. T. Simpson, and A. Pollard, were successful at Trinity; Patterson at St Catharine's, and Genese at St John's. Several others, McCann among them, swept the board in the Honours Division of the London Matriculation. In the Senior Oxford Local Examinations the Institute won the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th places in the First Division. All these honours braced the youngsters who remained at school to emulation, and as our group, which included Hughes, J. R. White, J. A. Owen, and S. F. Bigger, got nearer the top of the sixth, we felt bound to support the credit of the form in our turn. For the next two or three years the lists of scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, of the Home and Indian Civil Service, of the Science and Art Department, of the London University, and of the 'Locals,' contained many Liverpool Institute names. There was at that time neither University College nor University at Liverpool, and those who thought of an academic career had to face the expense of Oxford or Cambridge. But Mr Sephton's success stirred the interest of local benefactors, and they began to found leaving-scholarships for promising youths. The Albert, the Holt, the Tate, and perhaps certain others, are of about this date, and I was lucky enough to get a share of them. Balliol and Worcester at Oxford, and St John's at Cambridge, offered me exhibitions. Mr Sephton, who thought I had more aptitude for mathematics and science than for classics and history, advised Cambridge. With all respect to the sister University I have never regretted that my father followed his advice.

When I left the Institute for St John's in 1873, it was with a sense of gratitude to the School, and to its able and lovable Headmaster, that has but deepened in after-life, as I have come to understand better what they did for me.

DONALD MACALISTER OF TARBERT.

MY SCHOOL LIFE FROM 1856-9.

I MAY commence by saying that in those days I lived in Bootle Village, which was then a country suburb of Liverpool, and I had to walk from there to the Institute and back each day, some nine miles or so in all. A railway journey was a luxury I seldom got. Between Great Homer Street and Everton were fields, and this was the place in which warring with stones took place between the roughs of the neighbourhood and Liverpool college boys. The Institute boys who passed that way home had to look out that they did not get attacked. The Headmaster in my time was A. MacIlveen or "Old Mac" as the boys called him. He was a clever, clear-headed Scotchman and a good Headmaster, was fond of reciting to the boys: "A Man's a Man for a' that, The rank is but the guinea stamp, The Man's the Gold for a' that." This he used to give with his Scotch accent. When he came round to the different class-rooms to announce a holiday, he would say: "Now, boys, I am giving you so-and-so as a holy day," which was his way of saying it. Milliken was the Arithmetic master, a stern one, but clever at sums, and woe to the boy who did not do them correctly or who cribbed one; he was not a favourite. Connolly was the Geography master, and he was a crippled, bad-tempered Irishman, and all the boys were either "pokey nokeys" or "scheming idlers." He used a bamboo cane with a smaller cane fixed in the end for a pointer, and he also called it his smacker, and when his temper was up he has been known to strike a boy on the head with it, and the smaller cane would fly up to the ceiling. He lived about Windsor Street, and went home along St. James's Mount, and one day some of the "idlers" collected a lot of sods and pelted him with them, taking care to hide themselves. Temple, the writing master, was a nice man, a good teacher, and his pupils mostly turned out good writers. His left leg was a cork one, and a boy one day tried with a pin to find out which was the false one, and pricked the wrong one. It was a case of touch flesh in more ways than one. Scott, the chemistry master; Finnie, the drawing master; Taylor for Euclid and algebra; Beck for grammar, were all good masters, and the School was noted for giving a good commercial education. I must not forget to mention the tuck-shop kept by Mother Doubleday

in Knight Street. She used to make hot-pots, treacle toffee, and other good things for the boys. It was a good place in which to compare exercises and to crib one if you felt inclined. At breaking-up time we used to adjourn to the Lecture Hall and songs and recitations were given by the boys. On one occasion I was given "Casabianca, or The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled." "Old Mac" stood at the back of the hall and I was perched on the platform. I commenced to recite and tried to put a little expression into it with my hands. Mac at once stopped me by saying, "Don't use your arms like a pair of pump handles." That closed up the recitation, and the boy didn't stand on the burning deck again. I may mention that D. C. Browne was the singing master in those days. I conclude by saying how pleased I am that the Almighty has spared me to see the centenary of the good old School, and to witness the good work it is doing.

J. A. Padley.

UNDER THREE HEADS.

THE present article deals with the period 1858-67. For a short time the Head Master was Mr. McIlveen, an elderly and burly Scot whose rugged features inspired fear. He used to have a row of delinquents before him, shake them all by the chin and call them "scheming idlers" whether industrious or not. He was succeeded by the Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A.—a little sharp-featured man of strong individuality, in both speech and writing. He had won all the Honours in Mathematics Oxford could bestow and, like several other distinguished men, left Oxford without a Fellowship. He took the greatest pride in the success of the School and his enthusiasm was contagious. In 1866 he accepted the Head Mastership of King William's College, Isle of Man. A legacy caused him to change his name to Hughes-Games and he became an Archdeacon. His successor was the Rev. John Sephton, M.A., fifth Wrangler 1862, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to whose sturdy upright character and merits it is impossible to do justice in a short sketch. Liverpool was not then so keen about education as it now, happily, is; and it was a constant regret with Mr. Sephton that he could induce but few parents to allow their boys to remain at school to prepare for a higher career. He had risen from poverty and was anxious to help others. The present writer will ever be grateful to his memory for the loan of £150, without security, to make Cambridge possible. He taught his pupils self-reliance: if one failed to do a problem, he would say "read such and such an article more carefully and try it again."

To turn to the Assistant Masters. The outstanding figure was Edward Scott, M.A. (T.C.D.) teacher, in both schools, of Chemistry and Physics; tall and determined, he was a splendid disciplinarian. The teaching was interrupted (no one objecting!) while he cross-examined the culprits sent to him; he generally concluded with "you would lie thro' a tin-kettle"—and the cane. There were two exceptionally good teachers in the Commercial School, viz., Miliken of Arithmetic and John Taylor, nicknamed "Snip," of Mathematics. Large classes were successful under their tuition, though Taylor's transparent kindness was much abused by the boys. Tho' Taylor worked hard, for a ridiculously small salary, he could yet, out of hours, send for the present writer, then a boy of eleven, and impart to him a life-long interest in geometry. Temple, the Writing-master, was a big man with a cork leg which the boys stuck pins in, running the risk of choosing the wrong leg. A strong character was Conolly, the teacher of Geography—an old sea captain with a long rod and a cane at the end of it to reach distant boys. In the High School, the principal master was Mr. Kennedy (Latin and Greek)—a tall, dignified gentleman, highly respected. His Sixth Form was, however, of too mixed character (some boys actually beginners—promoted from the lower School) to enable him to do much. The teachers of English, Brewer, then Burton, were excellent. Those of French, Pagel, then Gaillard, were good and pleasant fellows—the latter offering hospitality at his house in Princes Road. M. Gaillard was especially keen on pronunciation; he used to walk round exclaiming "you cannot pronounce correctly unless you put the organs in the proper positions," more easily said than done.

And now the Boys. Facile princeps was R. J. Lloyd, who, at the age of 12½, obtained a first class in the Oxford Senior Local Examination with three separate first classes in Honours—Mathematics, Science and English. It is probable that in the last fifty years no other young boy has approached this record. Lloyd was, unfortunately, then taken away to business: but he continued to study and ultimately became one of the first Doctors of Literature of the University of London. His end was sad: whilst rambling among the rocks near Geneva he fell into the Rhone and was drowned. For some years after he left the School, the Masters used to tell stories about his power and determination. His example stimulated the ambition of the present writer—considerably his inferior. With him were Alsop who did such good work for the University of Liverpool and Ewart (Yates Scholar) who took a London Degree and became teacher of chemistry in our School. Also R. D. Roberts, the pioneer of University Extension Lectures. Later Lumb, afterwards Sir Charles F. Lumb, M.A., LL.D., Puisne Judge, Supreme Court, Jamaica; Amos Burn, now Chess Editor of the

Field, who won Continental tournaments, and earned in Germany the nick-name of Boule-Dogue, for his tenacity in play; Adam Pollard, Trin. Coll., Cam., 17th Wrangler 1871; R. V. Edwards, M.A., Oxon, double firsts at Mods. and 2nd in final Classics; his brother W. Edwards, a triple first Oxford, H.M.I.S., then Chief Inspector in Wales and Honorary Doctor of the University of Wales; E. J. Simpson, M.A., and Wrangler, Cambridge, Head Master for a long period of St. Helens' Cowley School and a wonderfully successful teacher; the brothers Blease, well known in Liverpool; Jas. Hodgson, J.P. since 1900, member of the Mersey Docks & Harbour Board, etc.; Rome of the Liverpool Board of Commerce; A. H. Patterson, M.A., Camb., Honorary Canon of Durham.

R. W. GENESE.

IN THE FIFTIES.

I WAS a scholar in the Commercial or Lower School of the Institute (then named the "Mechanics' Institution") for about four years prior to the year 1857, when I left to enter business. The Masters at that time were:—

Head Master: McIlveen, who was a rigid disciplinarian and a terror to evildoers, as I have reason to remember. When a boy was reported to him for some offence, McIlveen had a habit of thrusting his fist under the boy's chin and raising it so high as to cause intense pain in the jaw, with some danger of dislocation. If the offence was only a minor one, this punishment might suffice, but would be followed by flogging if the fault were more serious. In spite of these and other eccentricities, "Old Mac," as we called him, was really a favourite, especially to those who had reached the First Class and were taught by him.

Milliken, the Arithmetic Master, was a very competent teacher and respected for this and for his ability to rule and to command order and obedience in the class-room. Some of the methods he taught I use to this day, though I have not met with them elsewhere.

Beck, the English Master, knew his work, but was weak in discipline, and his almost suppliant appeals to the boys for good and orderly behaviour were consistently ignored, so that the class-room became a disorderly playground and little was learned by any of us.

Connolly, to whose room we went for Geography, was an irascible Irishman who ruled by fear and with a cane fitted into a sort of bamboo handle sufficiently long to reach the head of any offending victim. If, however, the boy was out of reach he was invited to "travel up here, you

pokey-nokey and I'll give you Paradise." All the same Connolly taught well and occasionally amused us boys by spouting Byron or some other poet to illustrate some section of his subject, and his tragic airs and gestures in this performance usually led to the punishment of those unable to restrain their levity.

Scott, the Chemistry and Science Master, was a gentlemanly and able teacher, universally liked and appreciated.

Temple, the Writing Master, taught copper-plate writing, and I wonder what he would think of the "script" writing now taught in the schools. He had a cork leg, popularly supposed to be a receptacle for pins pushed in by the boys.

Blundell, the Preparatory Master, was a kindly and much-liked teacher of the younger scholars.

During my time, class-singing was taught each Wednesday in the Lecture Room by a Master whose name, I think, was Rogers. The songs were mostly of the patriotic variety, and as the Crimean War was on at that time the boys took the liberty to alter the words to suit Britain's determination to let the Russians know that we should come off conquerors. The year I left school was the time of the Indian Mutiny.

T. C.

REMINISCENCES OF 1860.

THE picture at the top of my testimonial represents accurately the Liverpool Institute in those days—Left hand side High School on top side and on the lower side (right hand side) Commercial School. The playground I used was this side, the West side of the School.

The positions of the several schoolrooms overlooked the playground. The various classes re-formed in the playground every hour, for different Masters—the Bell being rung from Mr. Beck's room. Geography was taught by Mr. Connolly, an Irishman—English by Mr. Beck—Arithmetic by Mr. Milliken—Chemistry by Mr. Scott—Writing by Mr. Temple, and Mathematics (Algebra and Geometry) by Mr. Taylor. The latter was also a High School Master for the same subjects, and was nicknamed by some of the boys "Snip." Mr. Connolly was rather irritable or warm-tempered at times, but all were good Masters and Teachers. I remember on examination days, all the class stood in a semi-circle with backs to the windows opposite his desk. He had a long pointer in his hand for use on the maps. Occasionally only, when irritated, he would call a boy out with "Come here you," and then drop his pointer on the boy's head. This was, I believe, contrary to the rules, but I am doubtful whether I was not sometimes a deserving sufferer.

Mr. Temple was a tallish man, middle aged, with a lame leg. I think it was a cork leg. He was lame and would walk round at the back of the boys, when writing, and in a deep voice be constantly saying: "Be quiet boys!" "Quiet boys!" and he got it.

All the boys went into the Yard or playground (whichever you like to call it—not two places) every hour, for changing class-rooms, and formed up in "Queues" in procession.

Mr. MacIlveen, the principal, was generally then in the Yard. He was a fine elderly man (I thought) who had had a stroke or was palsied, and had a fashion of "chinning" the boys conspicuously there if he thought they did wrong. I remember on one occasion when I was playing "leap frog" rather roughly, his coming over to me and with his shaking right hand under my chin, conspicuously chinning me, and I have no doubt I deserved it.

The organ in the public Hall, opposite the middle entrance in the front, was blown by hand in the Chemistry room behind it, by two boys.

There was a hot dinner on the ground floor, where hot roast meat (generally beef) was provided for those who wanted it, with vegetables, I think, for 7d. My mother who had to look well after the pennies (with a large family of eight—seven boys and one girl) in those days, usually gave me the money for this purpose once or twice during the week, and I well remember missing this on some occasions by spending a penny or two in one of the basement tuck shops in the bottom end of Mount Street, between the School and Berry Street, and going to the Cornwallis Street Baths with the rest of the money—unknown to her.

Robert Genese was in my class when at school—in the first division of the third—Commercial School—and I remember going to a boy's party over his father's picture shop in Paradise Street, on the East side, not far from the Custom House. During the evening, a maid brought upstairs a supper tray. She collided with me, and crash went the valuable china to the floor, and was smashed. This was about the time I left school.

In my school days I crossed morning and evening by walking from Higher Tranmere to Birkenhead Ferry, and crossed from the top of Tranmere luggage slip to Birkenhead Ferry—both known as Fernihough's—by a long wooden bridge across Tranmere Pool, with an opening in the centre to admit small craft to Redhead's ship-repairing yard, and the coal wharf, then in Abbey Street. This is all now filled up and covered by the extension of Laird's yard and the present entrance opposite the Castle Hotel—then known as Fernihough's Hotel. Formerly Laird's entrance was at Monks' Ferry, and stopped at the road at Birkenhead Ferry.

All the Ferries had sloping stone "slips" as landing places—no stages in those days either at Woodside, Monks' Ferry (Railway) Birkenhead, Tranmere or Rock Ferry—all were stone slips, which at dead low-water spring-tides, obliged an old steamer to be put at the bottom aground to cross to the end of the slip—as they were all too short on those occasions. They still remain at Monks' Ferry and Rock Ferry. In foggy weather the steamers ceased running, except Woodside (as often as possible). We had often to cross in that way by Woodside slip, and the old lighthouse at the top of it is still preserved there, but the old paygate, houses and approaches have long since been removed, and the place modernised.

Crossing the river was then more dangerous, as it was full of sailing ships and small steamers. The almost complete abolition of the former and the increased size and reduction in numbers of steamers, now makes the river look comparatively empty.

It must then have been $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' journey to School and the same back every day, but it was a good School, and worth it. There was no age limit for compulsory attendance in those days.

The High School had different Masters. It was more classical and less commercial—having mostly other Masters for Languages, Drawing, etc. I think I remember that Mr. John Finnie was Drawing Master.

I had to leave school in 1860, for America, where I was sent to the Skinner School, Chicago. I only stayed one day there, as Johnnie Bull got fighting with the Yankee boys, and then I began in business—returning to England in 1863, I think, and have been in Liverpool ever since.

JOSEPH U. HODGSON.

THE OLD BOYS' DRAMATIC COMPANY.

MY introduction to the Dramatic Company was fruitful, and it was due to my acquaintance with Langley Russell, who, I fancy, was never a pupil at the Institute. He asked me one evening whether, on the next, I would take the part of a family butler in "New Men and Old Acres," which the newly-formed company was to present. I was thus saved the horrors of anticipation, and learnt to swim by swimming.

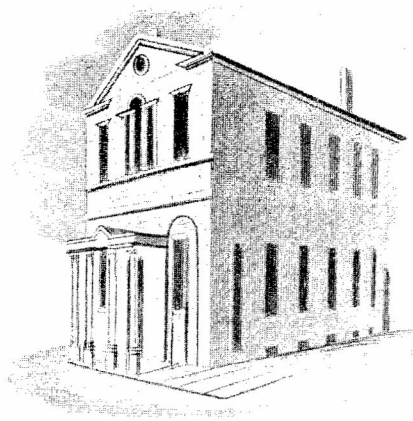
The programme of that evening will serve to introduce most of the members of the Company. Appropriately, the first item was a play by Charles Sharp, the then Secretary of the Institute, who was the initiator of the Company, and

its President throughout its course. Who that knew him can forget his whimsical personality, his love for everything that was beautiful, his firmness beneath a manner which seemed sometimes quavering if not weak? He was a devotee of Charles Dickens, whom he much resembled in feature and the arrangement of his beard. He was an advocate with the powers that ruled the Institute, stilling their doubts as to the propriety of play-acting in a school, and procuring for us many privileges. On occasion he could act a pathetic part, such as David Fallen, in Lord Lytton's "Not so bad as we seem," and Triplet in "Masks and Faces," when the natural pathos of his voice and manner suited the part. But neither as playwright nor as actor did he shine so much as in the spiritual influence he exercised on others, whether by intercourse, by letter, or by the charming lectures and writings of his later years. Quaker, mystic and semi-recluse, he seemed an unlikely figure for President of a Dramatic Company; yet he was its main spring.

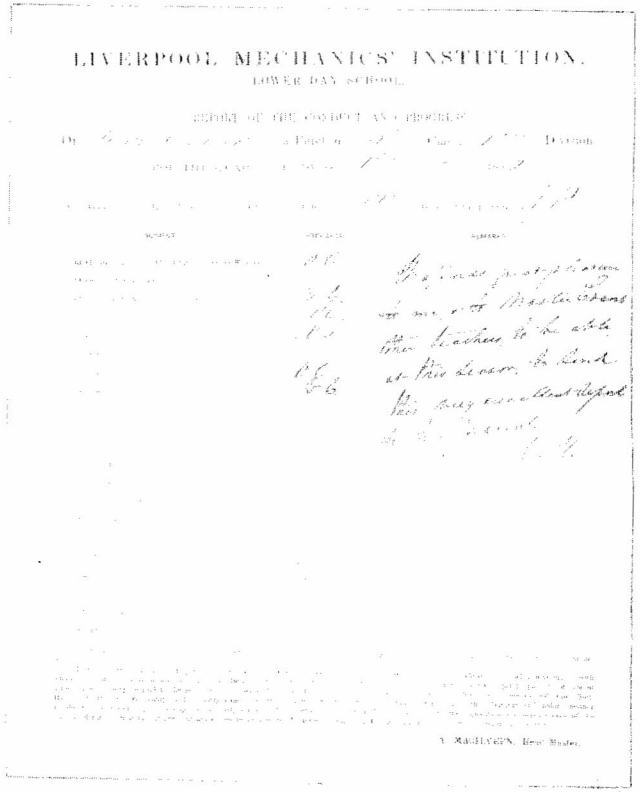
Since he introduced me to the Company, I should next mention Langley Russell, the second son of the late Lord Russell of Liverpool, and the father of the present peer. At the first performance of the Company, he played two female parts — Cissy Hardman in Charles Sharp's comedietta "Griddles," and Lilian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres." Not all the female characters were played by males, but I think there was, at first, some hesitation in asking the help of ladies young enough for the girlish parts. Langley Russell made a good Lilian. His wig of abundant golden hair was convincing, his skirts were reasonably passive, and his voice, though a trifle fruity, was not, as yet, fully masculine. How he would have fared in these days of bobbed hair and short skirts I don't know; but I think the illusion would have been harder to maintain. Thereafter he shone greatly in comic parts, such as Shadowy Softhead in "Money," Zekiel Homespun in "The Heir at Law" and Mr. Spanker in "London Assurance." He married the daughter of that great comedian Lal Brough and took up the stage as a profession, as did three or four others of our small company.

Here I might mention that, after the first performance, the programmes expressed our thanks to the Lady Amateurs, but did not give their names. But these notes would be incomplete if I failed specially to mention Miss Leighton, whose charming elocution and refined and powerful acting were a great aid to our success. Though the silence of the programmes does not help me, I recall twelve parts at least in which she made her mark.

Before I mention other members of the Company, let me say that in 1878, although the star of T. W. Robertson had risen, to lead—or as some may think, mislead—the stage to

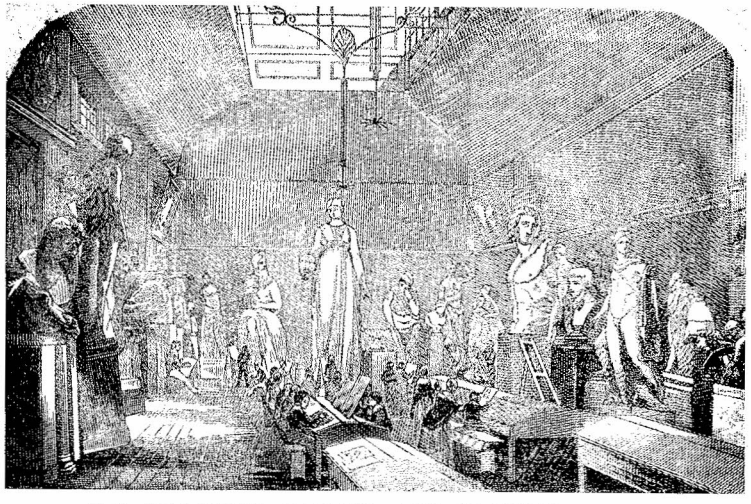


CONCERT HALL, BOLD STREET,
in which the first meeting of 8th June, 1825 was held.

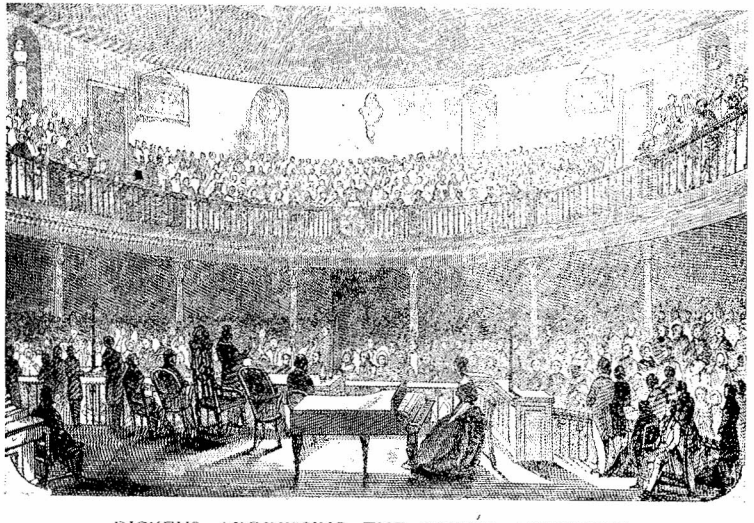

LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.
LOWER DAY SCHOOL.

FACSIMILE OF OLD REPORT, 1852.

From "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," March 2nd, 1844.



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY AND DRAWING SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.



DICKENS ADDRESSING THE SOIRÉE, LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

snappy and "realistic chit-chat," we were still in the older fashion of sonorous and balanced elocution in Tragedy, and of polished (or as others might say, artificial) dialogue in Comedy. Henry Irving (to establish whose vogue Lord Russell probably did more than any other writer) had only just begun to pour the new wine of his great genius into the old Shakespearean bottles, and to show how it was possible to substitute, for the golden music of the old school which closed with Barry Sullivan, a presentation of Iago, of Shylock, of Hamlet, which depended for its effect scarcely at all on the form and beauty of the lines, or the traditional readings of those parts, but on the actor's creation of new characters, functioning as best they might through the old lines spoken as rather staccato prose.

However much the theatre gained in variety by the change, it has, in some ways, lost more. With the advent of the new, and possibly more intellectual style, there vanished the audiences of working men who used to crowd the gallery of the old Amphitheatre at a Shakespearean play, applaud the great passages, and rise in wrath if a favourite line were omitted. We have gained in subtlety perhaps, but lost the wholesome hold which good plays and noble eloquence had upon the conservative taste of the masses, who loved what was traditional—and comprehensible.

On the sound tradition of the old school, our leading actor, Charles Fabert, had formed his style. His rich and mellow voice, with its varied compass, his fine elocution, and graceful manner, were worthy of its best days. In addition to "heavy" parts, he excelled in dignified or irascible old men, such as Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Geoffrey Thornside in "Not so bad as we seem," Marmaduke Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres" and Sir Harcourt Courtley in "London Assurance." His Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir at Law" was an admirably ripe and humorous performance.

Of others, who also appeared on the first programme, W. Y. Stewart excelled in old men, and J. B. Adams was a polished and cynical villain in polite comedy; H. C. Farrie, who then, and to the end of his useful life, employed his talents with great effect in the "Echo" and "Liverpool Daily Post," appeared with us on that occasion only.

Later, we had H. Whalley, full of humour and ability; Charles Cameron, excellent in comic parts; and W. Erskine, a singularly handsome figure in romantic parts.

Between April, 1878, and November, 1880, we produced, I think, some twenty plays at the Institute, always to crowded houses. We also produced some half dozen plays at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the old Amphitheatre, and various public halls.

In the choice of plays we enjoyed the advice of the late

Lord Russell, perhaps the most influential and accomplished theatrical critic of his day. He put us on plays such as "The Heir at Law," Lord Lytton's "Money" and "Not so bad as we seem," which were seldom presented; few of our plays were trivial; several were of the class attempted by few amateurs. When we announced that we were to play "London Assurance," a London friend remarked "Well, I don't know how I shall like your London Assurance, but I must say I admire your Liverpool cheek." I think we must transfer to Lord Russell some of the responsibility for an ambitious spirit.

For myself, I find that I played about twenty-three parts in less than three years. This could not last for ever. A state of tension arose between the sister muses of the Law and the Drama, and parental authority came down heavily on the side of the more staid and thrifty sister. But, as I look back, I am convinced that never was the leisure of three years better employed. To make a fair show in a Dramatic Company a youth must keep fit, he must learn team-work, he must practice self-discipline and concentration; he must train his memory. In studying his parts he will learn much about human nature of which he will learn not less from the study of his fellow actors. The Drama is well worthy to form a kind of post-graduate course in so great a School as the Institute, and I rejoice to hear that it is to be revived there. Only let those engaged in it underestimate neither their own powers, nor the taste of the public for sound plays, and they will not only derive from their work much pure enjoyment, but will confer a benefit upon an age in which good drama is threatened with extinction by the speechless over-accentuation of the Cinema, and the noisy invisibility of the "Wireless."

FREDK. M. RADCLIFFE.

THE SCHOOL AND THE REV. JOHN SEPHTON.

IT is about thirty-seven years ago since I last contributed to this Magazine. I had left School some twelve months before, and my contribution took the form of an Old Boy's musings. I remember nothing at all about it except that it ended with a bit of what Americans would now call "uplift" which I thought rather fine. So far as I know, I was quite alone in this opinion. It was written, I well remember, in response to the urgent appeal of my successor in the editorship (his name was F. Wolde) who wrote that all his school contributors had failed him and that he really must have something to fill up. It was not put very

tactfully, perhaps, but I felt no resentment because I knew how hard it was to get one's schoolfellows to write anything. Had I not more than once written nearly a whole number myself—leading article, "Chat on the Corridor," what the weekly reviews call "Middles," detailed estimates of the skill of members of the cricket or football clubs (including sarcastic references to my own lack of prowess, in order to hide my identity), and letters to the Editor criticising everything and everybody in the hope of drawing answering letters that never came?

And now again, after all these years, comes another request from another Editor—infinitely courteous this time and most gracefully phrased, but in two respects extraordinarily like its forerunners. That is to say, although he wants me to write something, he doesn't tell me what to write about, and secondly, whatever it is, he wants it at once "as we have to go to press almost immediately." How familiar that sounds to a hardened old journalist—and how instinctively he responds, however feebly, to the old formula!

Well, as Mr. Gladstone used to say, there are three courses open to me—to write about my old School, my old schoolfellows, or my old schoolmasters. I choose the last theme, and will try to give my impressions of one of those who taught in the Institute (may it flourish for ever!) some forty years ago. And as I have to restrict myself to one master (though I keep them all in my memory and bless their names), I naturally choose the Rev. John Sephton, Headmaster of the School for nearly a quarter of a century, who taught Greek and the Higher Mathematics to those who were worthy, and Old Testament history to the rank and file. As I resembled Shakespeare in knowing even less Greek than Latin and specialised in the Lower Mathematics, I cannot say how he taught the first two subjects, but he was a first-rate teacher of Scripture history. The dramatic side of it appealed to him strongly and I think he made it appeal to many of those he taught.

But it was not as a teacher that one thinks of him most, but as an influence and a presence that pervaded the whole School. Once in the morning and once in the afternoon, he made a tour of the class-rooms. Silently the door would open, the short squarish figure would come a few steps into the room, and the keen eyes, set above the prominent but thin and fluted nose, sweep deliberately through the class. Then a bow to the master, a slow turnabout, the swish of the gown through the doorway, and the formidable apparition had vanished. We called him "Johnny" among outselves, but the diminutive connoted neither familiarity nor affection. We respected him, stood in awe of him, liked him as far as we knew him, but I think few of us knew him very well. He was clearheaded, unsentimental, practical, scholarly, just, and had his sense of humour and his

temper in good control. In conversation, he had the habit of drawing in his breath with a faint sibilant sound. When he was administering a rebuke, this peculiarity became more marked and seemed to add a sting to the spoken word. His enunciation was sharp, clean and unhesitating, and no boy was ever in doubt as to what he had said. Unlike most modern teachers, he was a firm believer in examinations. Year after year in my time in Mount Street—1880-87—an Institute boy came out first in England in the Oxford Locals, and I think it may be said that the after-careers of all of them without exception justified his faith. But this concentration on examination results had one unfortunate effect. He took little or no interest in school activities outside the curriculum. The Debating Society, the Magazine, the various athletic clubs, all flourished without him almost in spite of him. We chafed under this neglect at the time and some of us still think he was wrong, but we do not doubt that he did what he thought was best for us and for the School. Certainly the School prospered and grew in dignity and importance under his sway, and those of us who came under the influence of his strong and stimulating personality will ever hold him in honour and regard.

E. J. Phillips.

LE REVENANT.

TO anyone who, after thirty years of absence, revisits his old School and haunts the class-rooms of his youth, there must arise a succession of strange sensations. Among the boys of the present, it is in a preoccupation with memories of the past that he walks. To him masters who now rule the School recall the rulers, kindly or tyrannical, of his pupilage. Prefects now vested in their brief authority are inevitably contrasted in his mind with the giants of those old days.

Such a ghost am I, and, seeing that the feelings I have had in a lengthened revisiting of the School may approach those of Old Boys in their short visit at the Centenary, I do not apologise for recording them. My first sensations on returning to the Old School were all associated with place; mere walls and corridors recalled the past. "This is the room," my memory told me, "where Mush taught us English—or left us to extract it from him. Here stood the master's desk in which we shut up blue-bottle grubs one Saturday, so that the insects, hatching out by the Monday, should give him greeting when he raised the lid." But the room is changed; it was a large room when we knew it as boys. Now by a paltry partition some of it is cut off to make another classroom; its noble proportions are gone.

Or, "This is the Old Man's room" says memory, "where thundered out that glorious torrent of Greek. Do you remember when Major, tired of your chattering, lifted W. S. and you, one in each hand, and threw you out of the room? The wall might still show where your head struck it." But the entrance—or should it be the exit?—has been changed, and the door isn't where it should be. "And this," remembrance says, "is Jam's room, where, while quietly reading all sorts of wonderful literature, you pretended to do Practical Geometry. You remember you sat as near the door, and as far from the master's desk as possible." The room is smaller—not with that curious shrinkage that seems to affect revisited scenes of boyhood—but with real diminution; they have cut the long room that used to join High with Commercial School into two.

"Then opposite," your memory recalls, "was the old Sculpture Gallery. Do you remember the delight with which you found that one of the keys from home would fit most of the doors at School—a master-key? And how in the dinner-hours you used to come upstairs to the old condemned Sculpture Gallery and wonder why it could not be used? Why, you went to the length of writing a letter to the Magazine about it." Well, here it is in use: three class-rooms take up the space, and the only record of the old room is in memory or in that quaint wood-cut of the *Illustrated London News*. Above, they have added another storey—three more class-rooms; in one of which you yourself will strive to draw lively and discursive minds into the pleasant paths of Literature or the severer passages of History.

"And close to that storey, there used to be," says memory again, "those two rooms in which Tony and Francis used to 'take you.' These rooms, too, you haunted in the dinner-hour, and when a dog, by his howling in one of the gardens of the terrace in Duke Street, disturbed you, do you remember how you bombarded it with some of Tony's stone ink-bottles until the brute was quiet in its kennel? What a glorious splash the ink made on the flagged part of the garden near the house!" But the rooms have gone. A laboratory and a lecture-room take their place. And Sandon Terrace has gone; in its place are the school-yards, and beyond, the Cathedral rises above the green shadows of St. James's Cemetery.

"At all events, then, the room where the Debating Society held its meetings," your memory hopes, "will most likely be the same. It was Johnny Sephton's own class-room. There, you remember, used to be played that very game of Private Business that still survives in the L.I.L.D.S. meetings. Do you recall that memorable evening, when the three of you that formed the Reform Association challenged the Chairman's ruling, and quoted the very Rule as recorded in the Minute

Book? And he, imperturbable in his opposition, though the page was there before him, denied the existence of the rule and refused access to the minute book. He showed characteristics that evening, that marked him out for the administration of Empire that is his work to-day. It was that incident that led to the stealing of the minute-book. Do you recall the delight with which after calling at the Secretary's house and deluding his sister into delivering up the precious book, you met the Sec. himself and persuaded him to accompany you to the Landing Stage? And when the gangways were raised just before he turned away, how you raised his wrath by taking your treasure out from under your cape and waving it at him? You were suspended from all Private Business for a month for that, but it really made no difference." But the Debating Society room has gone; all that can be said is that part of the Upper Physics Lab. represents the scene of your lively debates.

Well, then the Detention-room! "Here," says memory, "you served hours and hours. Here you suffered the tender mercies of the Writing Master. It was rumoured that he was an Angel of the Catholic Apostolic Church, but you know what sort of an angel you thought he was." Yes, this is the room, least changed of all. It is true that the black-board and the desk are not where they used to be, but the room is little altered. O, lame and impotent conclusion that the Wednesday room should show most closely as memory recalls it!

Such are the sensations connected with mere place: disappointment mostly, and a sense of being thwarted by the alterations.

It is a different matter, however, when the classes and work of the School are revisited and reviewed. The alterations are there, too, indeed, but no sense of thwarting or of disappointment. The changes are pleasant and hopeful.

English Literature, that used to be mostly a comparison of the grammar of Shakespeare's plays with the grammar of to-day, is for the boy of to-day immensely wider. Formal Grammar is not now taught in set lessons in the School. Some of the books, to purchase which you went without your dinner on more than one occasion, are actually among the Text-books. Imagine Mush taking "Lorna Doone" with you! The fact is that the Examination-fiend that sets the courses of study has become mellowed with age and now is not so inexorably brutal.

Chemistry and Physics, too! You remember how you took the extra Classes in Practical Chemistry—was it partly to escape the Detention Room?—and how even then you hadn't enough of doing things. It is different now. In an old Report of the Directors (1842), the following quaint little remark under

the heading of the Natural Philosophy and Chemical Departments is inserted: "When necessary, experiments are introduced but care is taken not to make them so numerous as to divert attention from the subject, and cause the class to be attended more from a love of amusement than for any other motive." We have moved on from the attitude of those days; the mere fact that there are two Physics Labs., a Chemistry Lab. and a Woodwork Room will show how little fear is now entertained of boys being diverted from the arduous paths of education by the lure of a "love of amusement."

The methods pursued in every subject are less rigid and severe. Take for instance the use of the Projecting Lantern, or as it is more widely known, the "Magic Lantern." (It is curious, by the way, how the name is being abandoned now just when most of all with Moving Pictures it is most nearly justified. The cumbrous and ugly name of "Cinematograph" is less suitable than that associated with the wonders of Magic.) In the School, Lantern-lessons and lectures are not at all uncommon. Wherever it is possible, the illustration given by means of the Magic Lantern is used. Geography, that seemed in the old times, such an exercise of unintelligent memory, has become a Science, enjoyable in itself and employing every means of illustration possible.

Remarkable, too, are the changes with regard to play. Some readers will remember how difficult it was to get a game of Football or Cricket. Playing-fields were very hard to find. It is true that, still, there is difficulty in finding accommodation of that sort; but where one boy could find a game in the old days, twenty have the chance now, and it is hoped that soon there will be room for every boy in the School who wishes to join in a game. It was perhaps because of the lack of playing-fields in the old days that that disastrous attempt was made at establishing Hare-and-hounds. Some will remember the enormous muster of boys on the Review Ground in Sefton Park: there were a few hundred "hounds" and the weary whippers-in were occupied far into the evening and night picking up small boys and despatching them home. Our organised games are better "run" now.

The other clubs are flourishing, too. The Debating Society still rags its Secretaries, and still rages in the first half-hour or so over its "Private Business." The Chess Club still follows (for the most part) its victorious way, and still tends to encroach on School work. It is not unusual for a boy, apparently deep in History or Maths., to be found really involved in Knight's Moves or an End-game.

The Camera and Field Club is really new, and what it provides for the boy of the present is enormously valuable in encouraging new interests. To the Old Boy of thirty or more

years' standing, it would have seemed an incredible thing that visits to factories, mines, steamships should be organised and led by members of the Staff. Masters in those days moved in a separate world. They were rarely met or seen outside the Class room. That they should be interested in a boy's hobbies was far praeter spem. But things have altered immensely in such respects, and the School—Staff and boys—are now more of a corporate entity, are more united and have more of the characteristics of a huge family.

It is with mingled feelings, I repeat, that the Old Boy of more than thirty years ago revisits his School. With regrets for the past he moves among the old rooms; with envy that the present is not his, he watches the life of the day; but with more than ghostly activity and in a very lively hope, he joins in the movements that promise so well for the future.

THE SCHOOL IN THE NINETIES.

THE Victorian period is the golden age of our national history. The Institute attained greatness in that period, and perhaps it will be generally conceded that the final Victorian years, 1890-1900, represent high-water mark in the history of the School. At any rate the Old Boys of the nineties boldly make the claim and challenge contradiction.

The following article, which in fact might have been written near the end of last century, deals with "The Institute in the Nineties."

* * * *

The Institute is a School of about 1,000 boys, divided into High and Commercial Schools. Its premises are a dignified pile of buildings situated near the crest of the Mount. They are plain and unembellished. If the expression may be permitted, they have no frills inside or out. But they afford solid comfort and, subject to frequent readjustments to meet changing needs, are fairly well adapted to their purposes. The playgrounds are rather confined but their irregularities of shape and surface provide valuable training in skill and ingenuity for young footballers.

The Masters, like the buildings, are plain and utilitarian. They, too, are devoid of frills save on Prize Day, when they blossom out in academic hoods of varying hues. In the boys' eyes the Masters seem to range from middle age (these being fresh from the University) to the antique. They differ very much in figure, garb and temperament. Some are grave and some, considering their advanced age, are comparatively gay.

Some are "fat" and some are "long." Some are stern disciplinarians; for example, "Fat" Lewis, past whose door you creep on tip-toe, or take the consequences. Much more indulgent is "Jam" Hartley, the Drawing Master, in whose room large card-board portfolios cover our grubby drawings and a multitude of other sins as well. But however different their methods and temperaments, the Masters all have one thing in common—zeal for the welfare of their boys, manifested in unstinted effort to turn idle young ruffians into useful citizens with perchance a sprinkling of learning. Space allows only a few instances.

Ewart, eager that with test-tube and filter we should unravel the mystery of his five-base five-acid mixtures; no less keen in cheering us to victory on the football field. Billy Snow, relieving the dullness of Latin and Greek exercises with a fine taste in literature; frequently moved to tears and even to rending of his gown by our atrocious howlers; as a man, the pattern of a scholar and a gentleman. Chief of all, Johnny Owen, profound mathematician, patient teacher, warm-hearted friend; devoted to his boys be they Senior Wranglers or stumblers at the Asses' Bridge; the guide, philosopher and friend of us all.

And the boys! See them come trooping to the School gates from all parts of the city and from outlying places like West Kirby and salubrious Widnes, the Celtic fringe strongly represented among them. Many a Jones and a Davies. Above all the Williamses arriving with almost every permutation of initials, H.E., J.G., T.J., O.T., G.P., and W.J., better known as "Loco" since the day when his express run from the half-way line ended in disastrous collision with the evening's goal-post. Who is that slightly built boy with reddish hair, pale complexion, keen eye and strong jaw: almost unique in having a bowler hat—now showing signs of wear and tear? That is Joey Wright, who can solve any mathematical problem on the back of a postage stamp. No one quite knows why he wears the bowler hat unless it be that assaults on it provide daily amusement for his friend Dick Humphreys, the 1st XV. full back. Wright recently won a Scholarship at Cambridge with a holiday for the School. He is popular with the boys and the Head Master. That round-headed boy standing close to Wright is another School hero, Jimmy Watt. On wet days he stands under a down-spout and has frequently thereby assisted to convince the authorities that there has really been a deluge and that the School must be sent home. Jimmy is very popular with the boys, but less so with the Head.

That ramshackle boy is Tommy Lodge, the eldest of four worthy brothers. He has a passion for monkey nuts and cheap literature, and a bent, which he occasionally indulges, for

mathematics and languages. Like Wright, C. G. Barkla wears a bowler hat. But his is neat and shapely. Barkla is physical in more senses than one. He has a fine voice and rumour says that he secretly practises the cornet.

In outdoor games the Institute is like a good man struggling with adversity. Our grounds are distant, inadequate and precarious in tenure. For cricket we have no regular ground at all. Yet in 1895 we won the Cricket Shield, thanks mainly to the fine batting and bowling of J. L. Hawkes and C. H. Waring. No one who saw it will ever forget the sight of the enemies' wickets falling like ninepins before Waring's lightning deliveries. For soccer football we are better provided. We won the Shield in the second year of its existence (1895), led by a skilful and gallant Captain, James Carmichael, and we are always in the running. At Rugby we have ups and downs, sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated. We have never won the Shield, but we have made many gallant attempts and produced such fine footballers as Armour, Brettargh (of International fame), Squires, the Longs (C. M., H. T., W. R.), Hall, and the Crichtons (J. D. and A. C.), better known as Old and Young Calby from a successful appearance by the former as Caliban in "The Tempest."

Win or lose, the School teams always play up and play the game. And having learnt those as two of their chief lessons, our boys leave School and go out into the world, numbers finding their way within a few years to its distant parts—Shanghai, New Zealand, Singapore, Cuba, the Argentine—to mention just a few. Wherever they go they may be trusted to do credit to their old School and to remember her with gratitude.

* * * *

So ends the essay on the "Institute in the Nineties," written in 1925, but expressing the thoughts and the hopes of 1900. Was the optimism justified? Others must judge, but we venture to think that the record will show that the Old Boys of the nineties have done good service in their day and generation. For many, alas! the years of service are ended. Death has taken the best and the bravest.

And now a new chapter opens. The old School begins her second century, possessing an advantage ever denied to human beings. Theirs is the vain lament, "*Si jeunesse savait: si vieillesse pouvait.*" The Institute goes on the wiser and the stronger for her hundred years.

The nineties, it was said above, represent high-water mark in the Institute's history. It was an idle boast deliberately put in to rouse the spirits of the present generation, to whom we veterans will gladly yield the palm. For whatever our date in the century of the School's history, we Old Boys are

all at one in our pride and delight in her great traditions and in her continued progress.

P. J. R.

THE SCHOOL AT THE END OF LAST CENTURY.

IN the late nineties the Institute was in a transition stage. Mr. Sephton had retired after many years of valuable service and had been succeeded by Mr. Hughes, a much younger Oxford man, who had brought in a number of young University masters who were in marked contrast to the older members of the staff. These last were men of a type we are not likely to meet again, many of them men of character who, never having had the chance of a University training, had nevertheless by sheer hard work in their evenings despite all obstacles obtained a London External Degree. Others of them, not so good, had yet read widely and were effective if somewhat limited teachers. One or two were of a less worthy type who would not now be tolerated! They were put to teach the Junior Forms, in those days the dump for the unqualified. Now such work would be done by specially trained teachers. I remember how excited I felt when it was rumoured that X., one of the last type, had arrived back in the afternoon the worse for his lunch. He left soon afterwards.

The School work was governed by the Oxford Local Examinations and the Science and Art and similar Exams. The Sixth Form boys in for the Oxford were allowed to stay away on odd days in the Summer Term to read up for the Exam. I spent days at home cramming up History, Geography, Shakespeare and Religious Knowledge, which were not taught to my satisfaction.

English as we now know it was not taught. Shakespeare was Shakespeare and Chaucer was Chaucer. The teaching of English is one of the many striking improvements of recent years. I don't think I ever wrote an essay in the whole of my five years, and I was never trained at all to express myself. At that time they relied on translations from Latin, Greek and French and on incidental work in History and Geography for the whole of one's training in expressing oneself and indeed it was very doubtful whether one's English would receive any attention at all.

History, Geography and Shakespeare taken together were regarded as "English" in the Oxford Locals, and were taught by a Master who was rather a character. He had a very dark room, and one of the Sixth Form boys, T. J. W., always used to select the darkest corner; which used invariably to extract

the following from " old M——" : " W——, why do you prefer darkness rather than light? Come out into the open where I can see you," and out W. would come. I always sat in another corner almost as dark, but never attracted much attention, though I regularly used to eat Tangerine oranges while the lesson was going on. I don't remember much about the work now except that we used to be set papers in History, for which 20 marks was the total, and no one ever got more than 10, except on the one occasion when the question paper was inadvertently left out. That time we all got 15 and 16, to the Master's great surprise. I may say that the marks did not count for anything.

Next door was the Classics Master, who though a good scholar was easily ragged, and used completely to lose his temper and shout and rage. You could hear him several rooms away. I remember " old M——" saying : " Mr. S. is too good a man for those young ruffians." At that time there were two brothers in the School whose father was a captain in the Cunard Line, and who were strikingly different from one another. Alexander W. never did anything wrong ; Jimmie W. was up to everything. One day S. said to Jimmie, " W., you're talking!" to which Jimmie replied, "Oh, Sir! It's nothing ; only a little joke between ourselves."

" The Sixth Form's Weekly Dread " was the lesson in French Idiom. When you entered the Sixth you started Henri Bué's French Idioms and had so many pages to do each Saturday morning, *which had to be known perfectly*. The French Master stood no nonsense. It was very difficult in your first year, but at the end of your second year, you knew the book from cover to cover. I don't suppose we were taught French in what would now be regarded as the best way. It never gave me any wish to read French Literature. But there was no doubt that we were magnificently drilled, and more than one of us has felt grateful for it when called upon to brush up his French in later years.

The Chess Club was a great feature of that time. We had two boys who afterwards played for Cambridge University, and we used to beat most of the minor teams in the district. Joey Wright who was afterwards Senior Wrangler was one of the stalwarts. I always remember him rapidly moving his pieces to get the game finished after the bell had gone, with little beads of perspiration all the way down his nose. He used to run a great deal of the way back from lunch and the perspiration seemed somehow to concentrate on his nose in a way I have never seen on anyone else.

The " Dinings," as we called them, were frankly dreadful. Everything was badly cooked and thrown at you. Only a small proportion of the many who stayed for dinner could

stick them. But to some they had the combined advantage of cheapness and saving of time. As soon as they were over, football began in the yard with a soft ball and no touch-lines. It was wonderful how expert some of the boys were at taking advantage of rebounds. By the time the bell rang, there was a surging mob of boys swinging to and fro from one end of the playground to the other, with a constant stream of new-comers joining in to swell the numbers on one or other of the sides.

I haven't referred much to Outdoor Games as the position of the School made practising so difficult that the games were never really representative of the School. We did, however, run teams for Cricket and Football. At that time there were both Rugby and Association teams, but it was clear that Association was gaining at Rugby's expense. We were perhaps best at Swimming. Most of the boys in the Upper part of the School used to go twice a week to the Cornwallis Street Baths for so much of the year as they were open.

I cannot close without referring to the School singing. The whole School used to go into the Hall once a week and bawl " The Mermaid," " Forty Years On," or some other old favourite out of the collection.* We enjoyed it thoroughly, especially when " Three Times Three " was sung. It was stopped in Mr. Fletcher's time, no doubt for good educational reasons, but we did enjoy it. And our dramatic instincts were, I am sure, developed too when by slight changes of emphasis and wording, having in mind the " Dinings," to which I have referred above, we used to sing : " Oh! the Roast Beef of the Institute," taking hold of our noses to drive home the allusion.

EOCENE.

(*The Editors have unearthed in an old cupboard a number of copies of the collection referred to above : The Liverpool Institute Song Book. These will be for sale to any Old Boy at the Centenary Meeting on the 13th November, at 1/- each.)

THE SCHOOL FROM A DISTANCE.

I SUPPOSE that when nearly a generation has been passed very far away from Liverpool, and almost entirely remote from contact with old school-fellows and old associations, a few impressions are likely to stand out clearly rather than a fairly consecutive memory of school-days, refreshed by the sight of the old places, and kindled by exchange of reminiscences.

As to school-work, my clearest memory is of a dislike for, or rather an utter detestation of, mathematics, coupled with a very kindly memory and genuine respect for John Arthur Owen.

How I used to wonder that so pleasant a man could spend his days in teaching so unpleasant a subject! Of all his instruction, only two fragments remain embedded in my memory. One is that similar triangles are to one another in the duplicate ratio of their homologous sides; the other, that $PN^2=4AS.AN$. What these mean, I have not the ghost of an idea! I have never opened a mathematical book since 1892. But there, by some curious freak, these two odd bits of mathematical lore have been unforgotten all these years. Next to that, what I remember far better, although no classical scholar, is the thorough drilling in the sixth book of the Aeneid by A. M. Kennedy. I remember almost every word of that book, in the original, to this day. Not only the original, but the very words of old "Major's" forceful translation, come back to me, as I picture the way in which he stood and drilled us. Did we value his sincerity and thoroughness as we ought to have done? As I stood, years afterwards, by the tablet erected to his memory in St. Mary's, Liscard, I felt how little we had understood the humble, earnest, sincere character of our classical Master, a true son of Oxford at her best.

Apart from these recollections of actual school-work, the Debating Society and the School Magazine stand out as my chief interests. I do not know if they are still so closely connected as they were. Probably not. Yet there was much to be said for that complete liberty by which the Debating Society elected the editors of the School Magazine. And when we broke away from such academic matters as the scientific (and socialistic) papers of A. J. Ewart, or the literary essays of Wolde, to discuss actual matters of school administration and policy, I fear that we incurred the dislike of the Head of those days! All my old copies of the magazine have vanished years ago. But I still have a vivid recollection of a letter signed "LEATHER" (whose author even now is not far to seek at Mount Street) and of my disgust at what I looked upon as an interference with the liberty of the Press in an inspired (not to say dictated) paragraph of regret in the following issue. To this day I feel grateful to my fellows who elected me as editor. I learned some things from editing the magazine which have been far more helpful to me in after-life than many things which were done in class-room. The Debating Society, too, gave me a practice in impromptu speaking which was a really valuable training; for I am convinced that one can never acquire any facility of utterance after the days of youth are over. But more than that; there were lessons to be learned there which were especially valuable for one who was debarred from football, and regarded cricket as having a painful affinity to mathematics—lessons of taking and giving hard knocks—sometimes literally so, with ink pots—of comradeship and friendly intercourse with those from whom we differ keenly.

It is forty years since I went to the old school; thirty-five since I entered the Sixth Form. As I write these words, in my little rectory in a lumbering village near the Georgian Bay, in surroundings such as I had never dreamed of in the old days, visions of the old days return, and the temptation to dwell upon them and become too prolix is great. So let me end at once.

Byng Inlet, Ontario.
October, 1925.

A. P. Banks.

THE SCHOOL UNDER H. V. W.

THE history of the Liverpool Institute High School for Boys during the present century is for the most part bound up with the work of Mr. H. V. Whitehouse, and no picture of the School's life could be complete without an estimate of the changes which took place under his régime.

In the first place the standard of scholastic attainment was advanced. Successes in Mathematics were no new thing, but in many of the other subjects the Matriculation or "Local" examination was the goal of many boys at the top of the School. The Sixth Forms were relatively very small. Mr. Whitehouse moulded the curriculum and the School in such a way that he left it with "Advanced Courses" not only in Mathematics and Science, but also in Modern Subjects and Classics. Those who taught the Sixth in the latter years of his rule, know only too well the difficulty of almost impossibly large numbers in the upper and lower Sixths. Apart from mere standard, the change was accompanied by an added infusion of the "Humane" subjects, and there took place a gradually increasing attention to those matters of culture and vision which make for the fuller life and better citizenship and which differentiate the Public School from the Technical School or the cramming establishment.

Apart from the wider teaching of the Classics, the greater attention to English Literature, and the importance given to scientific physical culture in the curriculum, the lectures given by prominent people of all sorts on all kinds of subjects, the preparation of the School play and the development of such things as the "Hobby Show" were regarded by the Head as intrinsic parts of the real School life. Above all he, with admirable pertinacity and optimism, gave the School music. The performance of great works of music, especially Chamber music, by fine artists was a benefit unshared to the same extent by any School in the Country. Many an Old Boy, at first understanding nothing of music, looks back with gratitude on the unique opportunities the Head gave us at the School.

A man of widely varying interests and almost extreme

enthusiasms, he devoted his life to spreading in the School an understanding of and a desire for those things which are lovely and of good report. It was because he devoted himself to the School that he did not acquire in the outside world as big a reputation as has been won by many smaller men, yet those who knew him and his work realised how fit and apt was the honour conferred upon him by the University of Liverpool. Personally, I have known very many Headmasters*; but no other has so devoted his whole being as entirely to the work of his heart—the School.

The School made big advances in his day. The Commercial School was abolished, and so disappeared a system productive of much unpleasant misconstruction and jealousy. The war brought many ladies on to the Staff, and a very real benefit to them, perhaps not realised by many people, was the provision by a friend of the School of pleasant furniture and pictures for their Common Room. The kindly relations between the Liverpool Institute and the other educational establishments of the city were enhanced in these years and there has grown up largely through Mr. Whitehouse's efforts a closer bond of mutual understanding between the School and the University. The School building was reconstructed, the Gymnasium and the Organ, the Prefects' Room and the Library were presented. These are material things that symbolise the progress of the School. There would have been no such noble gifts, had the School not been worthy of them, and that the School was held worthy is in no small measure due to the wisdom and character of H. V. W. There remain in witness, cut in stone over the door of the Gymnasium, the words :—

DISCIPULORUM IN USUM
HENRICI VICTORIS WEISSE
ARCHIDIDASCALI IN HONOREM
AEDIFICATUM A. S. MDCCCCXV.

*I am not complaining.—E.H. E. H.

ENTIRELY BY THE WAY.

A TRAVELLER will often find that his keenest interest is aroused not by the show-places on his route so much as by the mere incidents of the road, the unimportant and trivial. Possibly some of the readers of this Magazine may find themselves in similar mood, may experience faint interest in the date of the founding of the Liverpool Institute (save, perhaps, to fix the Centenary) or in the lists of Scholarships won by the Schools. To such readers the present article is addressed; it deals with the beginnings of comparatively unimportant matters. The writer, while delving in a number of

UPPER SCHOOL YARD.

OLD CHAPEL in Sir Thomas's Buildings, in which the Institute Classes were first held.

Miss I. P. ASHWELL,
Head-mistress, Blackburne House

dusty old Reports of the Directors, had his attention often diverted by incidental allusions to institutions familiar to the School as household words.

Let us begin with the much-discussed question of Home-work. Most schoolboys regard Home-work as part of the primal curse, and cannot conceive of a time when it was not. Yet in a Report of 1842 there occurs the significant sentence: "Considering that lessons are not prepared out of School, the pupils of the English department have exceeded the warmest expectations of their teacher." By 1844, however, the serpent had evidently entered this Paradise. Under Dr. Hunter's Headmastership, "to encourage private study, the Masters of each department prescribe a weekly exercise to the pupils, to be prepared by them at home, so that each pupil has a part of every evening occupied with the preparation of a task for one or other of the departments." The boy of the present day may console himself, indeed, by reflecting that he is not so badly off as the boy in School in the nineties. It was then that Inspectors reported on the Home-work set and complained that it must take the average boy about five hours a night.

Then there is the Headmastership. Considering the complexity of work and organisation in a big school, neither boys nor parents can now imagine the School without a permanent Headmaster. But in the Report for 1842 occur these words: "Since the 1st April last" (which must have finished the old scheme), "the presidentship of the School, instead of being held weekly by the principal Masters, in rotation, has been filled most efficiently by Mr. Hume, the principal of the English department." In rotation! Supposing that there were differences of opinion between Masters on the Staff—a highly improbable hypothesis, of course—what a glorious chance that rotation would give Mr. A. of settling scores with Mr. B.

Now that there is much talk about school-life without rewards (other than satisfaction in good work) and without punishments, the fact that there was a time when there were no prizes offered to any boy of the High School is decidedly interesting. Yet it was so in the first four years of the High School's existence and in the Reports there is anything but complaint of the work done by the Scholars under these conditions. The introduction of Certificates is also mentioned. In the 1843 Report there is a description of a Certificate designed by the Art Master, Mr. Bishop, and engraved on steel. One or two impressions of this are to be exhibited at the Centenary, and Old Boys who visit the School will be able to compare them with the description. "At the head of the Certificate, there is a view of the Institution, and on each side, there are figures of Homer, Cicero, Socrates, Milton, Shakespeare, Johnson, Newton, Montaigne, Dalton and Michael Angelo, emblematical

of literature, science and the fine arts. At the bottom there are the arms of the Institution, a steam-engine, a printing-press, with heads of Watt and Franklin, and other emblematical devices." The printing-press depicted is ornamented with an Eagle and Serpents, and is of the type known as the Columbia. There is a hand-press in Messrs. Tinling's printing-works in Victoria Street which may have served the artist for a model.

Before the present glorious Organ, which was given by an anonymous donor in 1915, was built in the Hall—long before, there was an organ of which part of the Console is represented in Herdman's delightful water-colour of the Hall. The picture hangs in the Board-room. If any criticism of it may be offered it is that the Organist would need telescopic arms to reach the stops. The Organ is mentioned in the 1844 Report. The 'architectural design' was 'submitted by Mr. Thomas Haigh, the plan of the Organ drawn up by Dr. Gauntlett' and the building of the Organ 'intrusted to Mr. Hill, of London, whose reputation as an organ-builder is second to none.' The instrument apparently received 'the high approval of many of the best organists from all parts of the country.'

At various times in these old Reports there are references to small improvements made in the building. The ventilation of the Hall seems to have given great trouble to the Directors. There is a description of alterations intended to give both clearer lighting and purer air. The remark is made that 'the plan is quite effectual in both respects.' Boys of a later day will agree that in the matter of ventilation, the Directors of that time merely deluded themselves. On the other hand, complaints were made of "the annoyances of noise and cold air, in opening and shutting the doors." Baize doors were fitted up to prevent these annoyances in 1841. It is not right to say that the original covering of these remains. Some of the baize has been torn away.

The ancient pattern of our recent Hobby Shows must surely be found in the Exhibitions held in the School in 1840, '42 and '44. We have descended to a feeble and puny imitation. "A purchase was made of the original casts by Belzoni from the Tombs at Thebes" (long before the discovery of Tutankhamen's) "and of a Diving Bell, which was exhibited at work in a large tank in the Lower School Yard. The patentee was engaged to lay down the patent ice in the long room on the basement story of the West wing." The present Lower Physics Lab., presumably became a skating-rink. "A large panorama of Mr. Green's balloon voyage" (from London to Germany) "was exhibited by Mr. Marshall." There was also a "labyrinthine grotto" in what flippant boys of the present day call the 'Glory Hole.' The strongest point of likeness to the last Hobby Show, however, is shown in the announcement that in the Yard (now the

Covered Yard) were "wild animals of the most opposite natures dwelling together in the most harmonious manner."

Quite recently, much to the disgust of late-risers, the hour of beginning school has been advanced from 9-20 to 9-15. Let those afflicted by the change find some comfort in the reflection that it was worse in the old days. They may also find a basis for argument in this last quotation from the Reports: "It having been found that during the winter season the cases of late attendance in the morning were very numerous, with a view of remedying this evil, the hour of meeting in the forenoon was changed from half-past eight to nine o'clock, the hours in the afternoon remaining as before. This plan was tried for two months, and the result being that the cases of late attendance were not one-third of what they previously were, the change in hours has since been continued." History may again repeat itself, but instead of the cry, "Give us back our eleven days," we may hear the slogan raised, "Give us back our five minutes."

THE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY.

IT is recorded of a great Scientist that, being given a small bone of an extinct animal, he was able to reconstruct the whole skeleton and depict the beast as it was when it infested the earth. Possibly there may be some visitors to the School in Centenary week who, by examining the mere skeleton of the School, that is, its Classrooms and Laboratories, may be able to project the living entity it is at the present moment and to realise its habits and characteristics. To most Old Boys, however, a brief description of the work and play of the School, its interests and its tone, may be acceptable. No attempt will be made by the writer to draw any comparison with the past; each reader will be able, so far as his own experience is concerned, to do that for himself.

Of the curricula and educational system of the School, little need here be said. Information on these points may easily be gathered from other sources. Among the subjects taught, English and Classics have become predominant. The policy of introducing more Modern works and of lending books out has made the Library much more effective. It was, before, a room and a collection of books of which, as surpassing those of any other Secondary School, the Institute indeed was reasonably proud; it has now become a first-class means of true culture.

As to time-table arrangements, the most important change of the present time is that the Preparatory is now run almost as a separate school with its own Headmistress (Miss Robertson).

It is of course still in close conjunction with the Senior part of the School and is housed in the same building. But it takes its midweek half-holiday on Thursday afternoon, and so leaves more room on the playing-fields on Wednesday for the rest of the School.

There are now seven Houses. Owen House was formed about four years ago to meet the increased size of the School. Its name was happily chosen to commemorate the long connection with the School of one of the oldest of Old Boys and of the youngest of Old Masters, Mr. J. A. Owen. The House system has undergone some change. Boys in the Preparatory are not members of the Houses, and the School members are divided into two sections, the Thirds and Fourths in the Junior, the rest in the Senior Division. House meetings are held every alternate Wednesday morning, and in each House the two divisions meet in separate rooms. One meeting is taken by the House-Captain, the other by the House Master. The appointment of the latter is a new and highly appreciated innovation. There are no House-rooms in the old sense, that is, rooms in which House-members had their lockers (for now each boy has his locker in his Form-room) but each House has a room on the ground floor, to which in the Dinner-hour boys of that House may resort.

Discipline is aided by the efforts of House-Captains and Prefects, but lately a change from tradition has been made here. Prefects on being appointed do not change their Houses; the Senior member of a House becomes House-Captain. Thus the seven House-Captains need not be, as was formerly the case, the seven Senior Prefects.

There is the old rivalry between Houses. This is all the keener now because almost everything a boy may do, good or bad, adds to or subtracts from the marks accruing to his House. An Order Mark or a Fourth Class, for instance, mulcts his House in so many points; a First Class, or, say, taking his Swimming Certificate increases the House total.

A similar arrangement is in action among the Form groups. Each boy's achievements or failures affect the position of his Form in its group (Thirds, Fourths, etc.) Twice a Term a special half-holiday is given to the Forms that hold premier places in their groups. Both work and play count.

In the Forms themselves, in order to aid the Form-Master in discipline and to promote keen Form-spirit, generally by the boys themselves committees are appointed. When there is any matter of sufficient importance regarding the Form, the boys in it constitute themselves a Court and discuss the subject; the Form-Master, though ultimately a Court of Appeal, becomes then for the most part a mere spectator. It is hoped that self-control and self-government will by these means be developed.

In the matter of games—to refer to that in which schoolboys of all times are perhaps most interested—the School is not yet satisfied with things. There are not grounds enough for all the boys to play regularly either at Cricket or Football. In Association Football, on every reasonably fine Wednesday afternoon during the Winter, four pitches are used, and generally there are eight games. When the afternoons are long enough, it is possible to use each ground for two games (successive not simultaneous). Even with that arrangement, only 176 boys can have a game, so that often four or five matches a Term is all that the average player can hope to get.

For Cricket the long Summer evenings give greater chances of a game to each boy. But with four matches going on at the same time on the Greenbank field, the ground is a little crowded. Rugby is now provided for those below the Fourths, and it is hoped that soon the School will be able to put on the field a Fifteen that will worthily represent it.

The Swimming Club is perhaps more successful than ever. Encouragement has recently been given to Swimming by an arrangement by which if all the boys in a Form (with the exception of those vetoed by the Doctor) take out Season Tickets, a visit to Cornwallis Street Baths each week ranks as a School lesson, and is taken in School time. The Swimming Gala is always a huge success.

A few words about the Sports! Still, as in former years, the Sports occupy three afternoons of the week chosen, and still House rivalry runs high. It is a pity that more Old Boys do not enter and run in the Old Boys' Race. Perhaps it might cause wider support if there were several Old Boys' races—one for each School-generation.

Of recent institution is the School Camp. In the Borrowdale Valley, near Seatoller, a large Barn, once the Crushing Shed of the Borrowdale Lead Mines, and a field have been hired. The building can accommodate about thirty boys and three Masters, and there is also a Caravan in which there is room for four. Last Easter, a working party from the School put these in commission, and through the Summer holidays this year there were in most weeks about 28 in Camp. Much climbing was done and a good deal of ragging. It may be mentioned that during the School Terms the Caravan may be hired by Old Boys and their friends. Application should be made to Mr. S. V. Brown at the School.

Quite recently, too, have been introduced for the boys, Holiday courses on the Continent. An account of one of these is appended to this article.

The Literary and Debating Society is very popular, and in its meetings the opportunities for speaking are taken very freely by most of the members. It could, however, be more

widely supported. So also, in the matter of contributions, could the Magazine. The Editors of the most recent number suffer from the same trouble as those that produced the first number that is, from scarcity of suitable literary matter.

The Camera and Field Club was never more prosperous. This is partly because of the greater keenness of the last few secretaries, partly because it has been re-organised into sections, each under the guidance of one or more Masters. A member of the Club may interest himself in any or all of such Sections as Art, Biology, Architecture, Drama, Photography, Woodwork, etc., etc. The Field Club now "runs" the Hobby Show. The last Show was a great success; even greater achievements are expected of the next.

Against this must be set the state of the Corps. Continually engaged in a struggle against a bankruptcy of numbers, it hangs on to its O.T.C. rating by the skin of its teeth. Why this should be is a mystery to all its past and present members who are acquainted with the delightful camaraderie that exists between officers and men. The League of Nations Union is none too flourishing; it would seem that the School is "fed up" with politics.

The Chess Club renews perpetual youth. A great characteristic is the number of Junior boys continually being drafted into it and learning the game. The Houses struggle each Winter for the "Paul Limrick" Trophy, and the struggle by its keenness develops the playing powers of the members. There has been begun, this year, a local Secondary Schools Chess Competition, and the Institute has high hopes of being the first winner.

One other "club" remains to be mentioned. Very popular and loyally supported throughout the year is the Wednesday afternoon detention. Its members, however, no longer solace themselves with "regulars"; some of them work at their weaker subjects, but most do strenuous exercise in Gym. dress in the Yard.

To conclude this brief survey, may we point out for consideration what a mighty effect the Institute would have on the World's history during the next Hundred years, if every one of its sons carried into action the School motto:—

NON NOBIS SOLUM, SED TOTI MUNDO NATI.

R. O. W. AND H. E. W.

HOLIDAY COURSE ON THE CONTINENT.

Many Old Boys will have happy memories of holidays spent on the Continent, under the guidance of the late Headmaster, Mr. H. V. Whitehouse. This summer, a new departure

was made, when a party of eight boys, together with a Master, attended a holiday course at the College Sophie Berthelot, Calais. It was a most interesting and instructive holiday. The lectures, dealing with the life and language of France, were neither too many nor too long, and the accommodation provided in the College was very good. The town of Calais provided much that was interesting and enjoyable, and in addition excursions were made to Dunkirk and to Ypres.

CARMEN SAECULARE.

IN praise of the Institute, the following Latin song, not long since discovered, will be sung at the School's Centenary Concert at the Philharmonic Hall on November 9th. The music has been specially written for the occasion by an Old Boy, Dr. J. E. Wallace, Mus.Doc., to whom, for his enthusiasm and skill as a teacher of choral singing, both the Boys' and the Girls' Schools have been indebted for many years and in many ways. Old Boys and Girls desirous of rubbing up their Latin are requested to communicate at once with Messrs. Lewis and Short.

Gaudeamus, eia fausto gaudeamus omine,
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.
Fortis aetas conditorum: nostra par illis erit.
Nostra virtus aequet illos: nos juventus provocat.
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.
Stirpe nostra claruerunt omnis exempli viri;
Hoc bono praecepta vitae fonte derivabimus.
Una copulabit omnes hospitalis tessera:—
"Semper in commune fidus et sodalium memor
Vitam agam pius probusque, deditus meis agam."
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.
Si quis est impar labori seu merendi nescius
Sive socors, hinc abito: nostra non talis cohors.
Si quis impendit labores, sufficitque munera
Pro virili parte nixus, ille ritu noster est.
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.
Certa mens est una nobis erudiri moribus,
Altiusque nomen altum tollere artibus bonis.
Quid, quod omnis strepitus urbis personat subsellia,
Et fragor perstringit aures in foro rixantium?
Una doctrinae salubris cara nutrix, artium
Excellentium creatrix, nostra nos tenet domus.
Illa ditat, nos beamur: carmen excitabitis,
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.
Aula reboet: omnes canite: tecta jam remugiant
O sodales Institutum provehamus laudibus.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

THE INSTITUTE COT, ROYAL LIVERPOOL CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

THREE years ago the boys of the School decided to undertake the financial support of a Cot in the Children's Infirmary in Myrtle Street. A bronze plate bearing the words "LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE BOYS' COT," together with the School Crest and Motto was made, and placed in the Langdon Ward. The School promised to contribute to the maintenance of the Cot at least £50 a year; we are glad to say that our total has each year considerably exceeded the minimum. The money for this purpose, as also that for the Florence Institute, comes out of the weekly collections made in each Form in the School.

Our interest in the Infirmary, however, does not end with that. Magazines and books are from time to time sent in to the little patients. The fortunate occupant of our Cot has first claim on the Children's Magazine, Toby, the Children's Newspaper, and other periodicals sent in regularly through the generosity of some of the boys and Masters. There have been occasional visits to the Infirmary; parties have been taken by some of the Staff, and have seen not only our Ward, but other Wards, the Operating Theatre, and the Sterilising Room.

Just before Christmas, also, there is a special collection taken in the School. Part of the proceeds of this have been used partly for the funds for the Infirmary Christmas tree and partly to help to meet the expense of the Tea given in the Out-patients' Ward. Those that have been present at either of these two functions will remember how poignantly keen is the merriment, and how tense the delight of the patients.

THE FLORENCE INSTITUTE.

At the corner of Wellington Road and Mill Street there stands a large red brick building called the Florence Institute. It was founded in 1889 by Mr. Bernard Hall in memory of his daughter Florence to serve as a club for the poor boys of the neighbourhood. The buildings are admirably suited for the purpose and contain a concert hall capable of holding about 600, a gymnasium of equal size, a library, a recreation room and canteen, billiard and games' rooms, and dressing rooms with shower baths, etc. At present the club is open from 6-30 to 9-30 on every week-day, and has a membership of about 300 boys between the ages of 14 and 21 (mostly under 17) and an average attendance of about 125 nightly. It has an excellent record of distinctions won by its teams and members in various forms of athletic and other activities.

Since the foundation of Toynbee Hall several of our public

schools have slowly built up similar institutions for work among the poor. These are mostly in London, but surely the proper sphere for the work of the old boys of a great day school such as ours is in our own city. For some years before the war several of our Old Boys had been doing useful work of this kind at the David Lewis Club or elsewhere, but their efforts were scattered and opportunity was lacking to combine them. In 1920 this opportunity presented itself. The old organisation of the Florence was breaking down, the former helpers had been scattered by the war, and the managing committee were at a loss to know where new helpers were to be found. It was agreed to establish, if possible, a connection with the School and the L.I.O.B.A. For the last five years the boys of the School have annually made a generous contribution to the funds, several Old Boys have been placed upon the committee, and many others have offered their assistance on one or two evenings per week during the winter months.

At present there are a dozen or so of these helpers and every year we need two or three recruits to take the place of those who, for various reasons, have to give up the work. That the Club is again rendering useful service seems to be confirmed by the fact that for the last two years it has won the Rotary Club shield awarded by the L.U.B.C. to the most efficient boys' club in the city. The serious difficulties are financial. Last year income fell short of our expenditure by £170, and in spite of the utmost economy it seems likely that this deficit will be repeated this year. Is it too much to dream of a time in the future when not only shall our younger Old Boys provide a constant succession of voluntary helpers, but the financial support of their predecessors shall also furnish the funds without which such work cannot be carried on? There can be no better ideal for our Old Boys than that they should offer to their less fortunate brethren some of those advantages which their old School has lavished upon them.

THE WAR MEMORIAL.

IN 1919, the Old Boys' Association initiated a movement to establish a Memorial to the four members of the staff and the 278 Old Boys who had lost their lives during the war in the service of their country. About £1,600 was contributed by past and present members of the School, and by parents and friends. Of this about £700 was spent on setting up two brass tablets in the School, and the balance £863 2s. 2d. has been invested as the nucleus of a War Memorial Scholarship fund. The Liverpool Council of Education has very kindly

undertaken to hold the money in trust, and to use the income as may be directed by a committee for the "maintenance, support, benefit, and advancement, of past, present, or future pupils of the Liverpool Institute in the interests of their education during their school or university careers or parts thereof." The said committee is to consist of the Chairman of the Governing Body, the Head Master, and two members appointed by the Old Boys' Association. The first award of the scholarship was made in 1924 to E. B. Jones, who has held it at the University of Durham.

A suitable place for the brass tablets was made by removing the statues on each side of the main entrance to the Hall, and by filling up the niches in which they had stood. To prevent tarnishing, the tablets were covered with glass, and set in hermetically sealed bronze frames of Ionic design, and to connect them there has been placed over the door a similar tablet bearing the words:

"On these Tablets are recorded the Names of Members of this School who died in the War, 1914—1918."

Harmonising with the stately woodwork of the doorway, the memorial has added a new dignity to the entrance to the School, and for many generations may serve to illustrate the meaning of the School motto now written in gold lettering on the lintel of the door.

"Non nobis solum, sed toti mundo nati."

BLACKBURNE HOUSE.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. ADAMI'S PRIZE-GIVING ADDRESS, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1922.

TO-NIGHT I am not going to give you the good counsel which is customary on these occasions. I am going to speak to you about your School, for it is that which should bind you all together and make you wish to do well.

And now for the story. In the Head Mistress' room you have all seen the large painted portrait of a man and beneath it the words: "George Holt, 1790—1861." He is in the dress of the early nineteenth century, with the long black coat, the high cravat and the dark tie which men then wore. He looks out at you with a gentle, kind expression. He is, you would say, "an ordinary person": as ordinary as people one sees to-day. Yet, when I tell you that it is due to him that Blackburne House High School exists, you will certainly admit that he could be no ordinary man. Nor was he. One of the great business leaders and cultured men of the Liverpool of his

time, he was one of the very few people who then—nearly 100 years ago—realised the need for girls' education and set himself to give it to them, and he it was who in reality founded Blackburne House High School.

It was in 1844 that Mr. Holt bought Blackburne House and leased it to the directors of the Company of the Institute at an easy rental for the purpose of a Girls' School. With a Committee, he found the necessary money for books, desks, etc., and at a time when such things were almost unheard of, Liverpool had a flourishing Girls' School. The Institute and Blackburne House worked side by side in preparation and reward. We find in Mr. Holt's diary that: "Examinations were going on on Wednesday and Thursday in both the boys' and the girls' Department," and that he "gave the prizes to the girls at eleven o'clock in one day and to the boys at seven."

That is more than eighty years ago, when all little girls wore wide, stiff dresses, poke bonnets and white frilled drawers to the ankle! Much has been done since then. Blackburne House was the first of many Schools which sprang up all over the country.

But, though Blackburne House was founded by a man, it received its inspiration from a child. In 1842 died the little Emma Jane, Mr. Holt's youngest child. We know little of her, but we read how dearly her parents loved her for her sweet and gentle ways, and how, when she left them at the age of seven, they could not believe that her sweet spirit had ceased. We may see her, I think, in her flowered print frock with its tiny flounces, its queer little pinafore, its shawl bodice so primly fastened round the little shoulders, and the frilled white drawers which reached to the ankle. The children of that time knew nothing of swimming baths, of hockey or net ball, but they had their hoops and their skipping ropes, and perhaps we may meet her one day, a tiny figure bowling her hoop along Blackburne Place.

Let us try to see her, if we may, for it was of her that Mr. Holt said in 1844 when he gave the money for the School: "I don't know that I could bestow this money in a way more pleasing to her little spirit." Some of the Cambridge Colleges were founded by women whose portraits hang above the doors of the libraries and in the dining halls. If Blackburne House has no portrait of its "Little Jane," the children of to-day may still, in imagination, look for her along the corridors and in their classrooms, and find in her a new little playmate who will never grow old.

Little Jane died in 1842. It is more than eighty years ago, but her name has continued like a sweet fragrance in the great family to which she belonged, and from 1911 until last year Lady Herdman, the Jane Holt of a later generation, was

the devoted friend and Chairman of Blackburne House. In her one perceived at once the sound scholarship and learning, the humility and sweetness, the unselfish devotion to others which made her a light among all who knew her, and marked her out in the long line of women who have striven for high ideals. Lady Herdman loved this School and worked for it, and while she was one who had experienced the higher education of women and drawn the best from it, she was also one who appreciated the essential qualities of woman, and expressed them in her own life. As long as this School lasts and plays its games in Greenbank Lane, I do not believe that her gracious memory will fade.

The two Janes—linked they stand now and silence covers them, but it is a fragrant silence, like that which rises from a country garden, deep sunk in sun by day and in dew by night. Its scent lingers on the air and remains with the heart long after we have left it. We see again its quiet shadows, its glowing beds, its tall old-fashioned flowers against the walls, we hear even the song of the birds. We say: "Oh, wasn't it beautiful! I want to be like that."

The influence of the two Janes permeates the School and should affect the lives of all who enter it. Then, too, Blackburne House stands on a hill and looks down steep streets to a vast extent of country whose importance cannot be measured. The School is, even if its walls are not bastioned and battlemented, a fortress of sound and true learning, of clear thinking, a training ground for the talents of those who go forth from it with lights and torches of hope and laughter into the darkness. It should be, it surely is, if each one of its members strive to make it so, "a city set upon a hill whose light cannot be hid."

BLACKBURNE HOUSE IN THE EIGHTIES.

BLACKBURNE House in the eighties was much the same in the construction of the building as it is to-day. The present cloakrooms and basin room are new, and some of the classrooms have been altered and enlarged, but an old girl of those days would have no difficulty in finding her way about the School.

But the curriculum is quite another story. The subjects then taught included Latin, French, German, Geometry (then called Euclid), and Algebra. There was no laboratory; therefore the science work was purely theoretical, consisting of Botany, for which there was always a plentiful supply of specimens, fresh and dried, Physiology and Physiography, the last a general name for Physical Geography, Astronomy and Geology.

Handwriting and needlework were considered very important subjects and the Middle and Lower School Forms had daily lessons in both. Even the highest form in the School had one lesson a week in writing and a whole afternoon once a month was given to needlework. There was no Drill nor any form of organized games, but a Dancing Class was held during the winter months. This class was extremely popular; it was taught by a Master who rivalled the great Mr. Turveydrop in "deportment." He never walked; he appeared to glide about the room. The favourite dance was the lancers, and when it came to "Ladies to the centre" and the "Grand Chain," there would come a sharp rapping of bow on violin and "Too much eggsitement, young ladies; too much eggsitement." By custom the younger mistresses always attended this class, and there was always a rush to secure Miss Holder or Miss Ferriman as a partner. The former danced exquisitely and was held up as a model by the Master.

The equipment of the School left a good deal to be desired according to modern ideas. The dual desks had no place for storing books; consequently everything needed for work had to be carried to and from school every day. No ink-wells were provided except in the Writing Room and slates were used in the Middle and Lower School for all subjects, even drawing. In the Upper School all papers were written in pencil, as were the examination papers of the whole School. I pity the Mistresses' eyes!

The School hours were long—9 to 12 and 1-30 to 4. No time was given in School for preparation of homework, and "Preparation Time Tables" did not exist. If you had five or six lessons to prepare on one evening, why it was up to you to get ahead with them on some other day. It was no use whining about such a trifle. On one occasion "Daddy" England, the Classical Master, unaware that his new class contained a division which had only learnt Latin for a half year (the poor unfortunates had only reached the third declension!) set the class twenty lines of Virgil to prepare and twelve lines to learn by heart (the latter a punishment for forgetting their Virgils). The writer took five hours over this and can repeat the opening lines of the Fourth Book to this day. Some of her friends declared that they took eight.

French, German, Singing and Music were taught by visiting Masters. The Music Master was Mr. Santley, the father of the famous Sir Charles Santley. The German Master was a great disciplinarian—"Might as well be a Mistress for all the fun one got"—but with the French Master it was otherwise. A casual remark about Napoleon, Waterloo or Blenheim—anything of that kind would do, even Crecy—would set him off concerning the glories of France and her superiority over all other

nations. If the remark were made in good time much trouble was saved in the matter of irregular verbs, etc. Unfortunately, or so we thought, the Head must have got an inkling of the state of affairs, for there was a sudden change in French Masters, and the newcomer was obviously old in the ways of girls. Henceforward Napoleon slept in peace.

Miss Chester was the Senior Mistress. Her science lessons were so interesting that the girls grumbled if they missed one in a change of time-table. She never scolded ; being a Mistress of quiet sarcasm, she had no need to do so. Another member of the staff was Miss Ferriman. She had a remarkable personality. The discipline in the Upper and Middle School was extremely good, but in the Lower School there was a rough element which tried the powers of any ordinary teacher. Miss Ferriman never had trouble. I have seen forty young scamps sitting in front of her, all quiet attention. An onlooker would have thought them haloed saints ; those who knew them were well aware that the horns were ready to sprout as soon as they were outside her class-room.

The highest form, or rather class, was called the Senior First, the next the Junior First, and so on down to the Eleventh. There was also an Extra Class made up of new pupils who were backward in one or two subjects. The indefatigable Miss Owen worked them up in a half year and they passed out into the Fourth, Fifth or Sixth according to their places in class.

In the Senior First the girls were prepared for the Senior Oxford Examination, and occasionally for the Higher Local ; in the Junior First for the Junior Oxford. It was at this time that one of the pupils not only passed the Senior Oxford in the First Class, but was the first girl in all England.

The School year was divided into four quarters, but the holidays made a natural division of two half-years. The summer holidays *ended* on July 31st, and from that date to Christmas there was one long half, only broken by a single day's holiday, 9th November.

There was no " rest " in the middle of morning school, but a " break " of five minutes at the end of each lesson. Each Mistress had her own class-room where she remained for the morning, and the classes played a sort of " General Post " at the end of each lesson. This was done in perfect order, not a word being spoken. The five student teachers, standing at different places on the staircase, were responsible for this being carried out properly.

Dinner could be obtained in the School at a charge of 6d. No pudding was provided, but the joints, roasted in front of a huge, old-fashioned fire, were of excellent quality. No provision was made for girls who brought their own lunch, so

it was eaten in [illegible] where they lived. In summer the grass borders of the playground were the favourite place ; in winter a rush was made for some seats near the two fires in the Drill Hall. With the aid of a penknife or pencil, plain bread and butter could be toasted and changed into a delicious brown morsel.

Although there were no organized games, Rounders was played vigorously in the dinner hour. Sarah Bradburn and Maggie Clements were two famous players. It was always laid down that the two must not play on the same side, otherwise the second team would not have a chance. Shepherds was another favourite game. As it involved a line of 20-30 girls charging with linked arms across the playground, it usually had a short life. Some small child was knocked over and " Shepherds " was forbidden. Girls' memories are short and next season the game would be started again, with the same result.

The girls of Blackburne House now have many privileges and pleasures which we of the eighties never knew, yet we counted our School life a happy time, and were as proud of our School as any scholar of 1925 can possibly be, even though we had no Choral Society and Rounders Shields to flaunt before the eyes of other less fortunate, and, *of course,* inferior schools.

AN OLD GIRL.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS IN THE NINETIES.

HAPPY were the latter days of the 19th century, when if we read novels and romances and modern poetry, nobody called it work! It was pleasure—time stolen from home lessons or from something else, but it was *not* part of an examination syllabus. I suppose you can enjoy Dickens if you read him as English literature, but that he is enjoyed as he was in the nineties I do not believe. Girls of a bookish turn of mind eagerly devoured Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot—a class-mate of my own even rose early to read Carlyle ! Historical romances, such as Stanley Weyman and Conan Doyle were then bringing out, were " light reading."

In those days a fortunate (?) eye strain having prevented me from taking the daily German lesson, I was made librarian, and allowed to waste afternoon " prep." among the books. There I mended, covered, and repaired, as well as changing books for the class monitresses who came down on library days. I remember the book lists to this day. The younger children had very decided favourites, of whom Mrs. Molesworth was chief—the " Cuckoo Clock " was always in request, and

we could have done with several copies. Some of these books have been lately republished, and except that the stories do not contain motor cars, they are as delightful as any child need wish. Bound volumes of magazines were much liked, and of course there was a certain demand for the old-fashioned pious story of the "Misunderstood" or "Christy's Old Organ" type. Hesba Stretton, Silas Hocking's early books ("Her Benny" was a prime favourite!), M. E. Winchester, were all popular. So were certain American writers, like the author of the "Wide, Wide World," but these were overshadowed by Louisa M. Alcott of blessed memory. How we revelled in her delightfully human boys and girls! Andrew Langs' "Red" and "Blue" fairy-books were the beginnings of a series still popular; the "Princess and Curdie" and "At the Back of the North Wind" were there; so was "Sylvie and Bruno," which I gave to other people often enough, but to my sorrow never read.

Older girls borrowed Henty and Ballantyne, W. H. S. Kingston and Gordon Stables. We never had enough of those in the library. Why *do* girls prefer boys' books? The Girl Guide story had, of course, not come into existence, and the boarding-school tale, now so popular, was not much in demand, in Blackburne House at any rate. After these, they either took to Rosa Nouchette Carey and similar writers—and I don't know that Miss Dell's strong, silent heroes are much better than the "English gentleman" of those days;—or else they tackled George Macdonald's Scotch stories, and "John Halifax, Gentleman," and the historical romances aforesaid. Barrie and Crockett were writing, but were very new, so was Kipling, and we had no "Jungle Book." Nor had we South Sea novels with motor-boats and strange pirates, nor stories of lumbermen and ranchers who perform astounding feats for wonderful feminine flowers of fiction! Perhaps we were none the worse. As for poetry, some of us certainly read Tennyson and Longfellow, without shame—and also without coercion! But they were far too precious to be in the School Library; they were PRIZES, in crimson calf with tooled edges.

I have one yet!

AN OLD "HOLT" SCHOLAR.

OLD MEMORIES.

"Fond memory brings the light of other days around me."

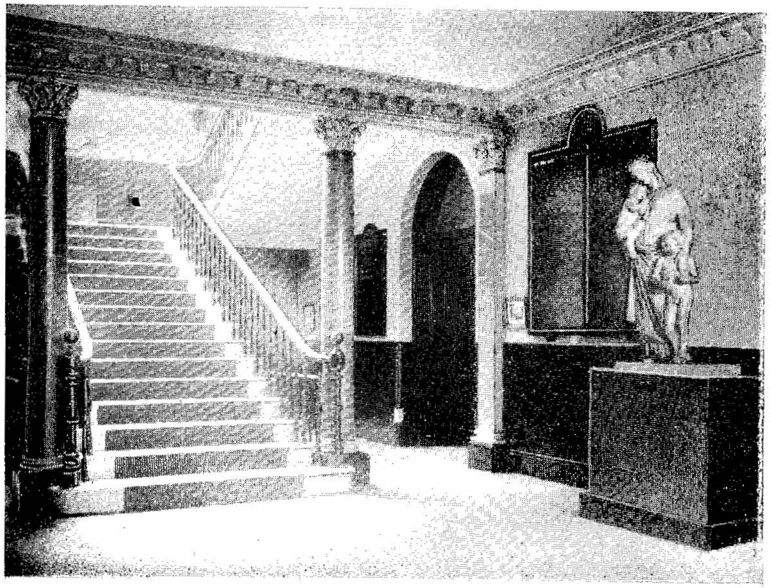
1892-1903.

WE were proud of our old School, Blackburne House, with its fine staircases and corridors, and its massive mahogany doors. In the old days there were more trees in the garden and a grass border backed by handsome giant hemlock.

Miss COOMBES.

Miss FRY.

BLACKBURNE HOUSE.



THE STAIRCASE. BLACKBURNE HOUSE.

Miss Coombe loved a garden, and as she had a suite of rooms in the School, she cultivated quite a wealth of flowers in the little garden at the back, where her faithful dog "Collie" found his last resting place. With her fine appearance and commanding voice, Miss Coombe was a splendid Principal. As little girls we had a wholesome fear of her, but in our later school days we had many opportunities of realising her kindness. Always just and impartial, her deep sense of the importance of *little* things which in our young eyes often seemed exaggerated was destined to impress us for life.

Of the Staff, we remember Mrs. Lucas, who gave us our object lessons. There were no tadpoles, nor any chestnut buds, to watch unfolding, at the best a diagram from the dark map room might enliven the lesson. Mrs. Lucas [illegible] in class and to us children the little old lady with the brown [illegible] and green bag seemed a pathetic figure. We did not know how often the Mistresses' room was enlivened with her rich humour!

Mlle. Fague was another fine personality. Those girls she took for drawing to the School of Art will remember her trailing shawl and smelling salts.

Our Form Mistress was Miss Fry. Her calmness, thoroughness, punctuality, and her wonderful memory never failed. She was always kind and bright. Hundreds of girls will be able to recall the twist of her wrist with "all may now stop work," five minutes before the lesson ended, and now that she has retired we all join in wishing her a most happy and well-merited leisure.

In 1893 the Kindergarten was opened. Its first Mistress, Miss Wallace, was admirable with children, and the older girls revelled in her collection of curios. Her father was the famous Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace.

Let us not forget the bazaar in June, 1893, when £72 was realised for the purchase of some 250 library books.

One recalls, too, Miss Chester, who used to say "if you can't be a B.A., be content to be a D.D.—domestic daughter." Dear Miss Chester! We were all very grieved when she died in April, 1900. She made the dullest lessons interesting with her pithy stories in the days when Geography was not the interesting subject it is now.

Old times have changed, and many of these good friends have gone, yet—

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
"We love the play-place of our early days."

PHOEBE MOYNIHAN (ALEXANDER).

MESSAGES FROM FORMER MEMBERS OF BLACKBURNE HOUSE STAFF.

From Miss Coombe, Head Mistress of Blackburne House from January, 1891, to Christmas, 1916.

TO HER OLD GIRLS.

I have been asked to send a message upon the occasion of the Centenary of the Liverpool Institute, but so many crowding memories of my twenty-six years at Blackburne House rise immediately that it is difficult to compress into three or four lines even a tithe of what I should like to say—and there is much in my heart as well as in my memory—so many affectionate thoughts about my dear old girls and so many cordial thoughts of my fellow-workers, both Mistresses and Secretaries. How many years some of us have worked together!

And I think also of my Committee under the old management and my Committee under the new management, and of all the interest their members took in the welfare of the girls and the advancement of the School.

To remember that Blackburne House has helped forward notably the great cause of Girls' Education and Girls' School Life is a great source of happiness to me. The pioneer work was hard, hard up-hill work, both for myself and my fellow-workers, but the achievement has richly repaid our efforts. May Blackburne House ever go forward and prosper!

My hearty good wishes also to the Boys' School for continued prosperity and usefulness.

* * * *

I send my good wishes to the Liverpool Institute and congratulations to her on attaining her Centenary. It is with pride and warm affection that I recall my years of work in connection with the Institute at Blackburne House.

F. L. STANSFELD.

* * * *

My Aunt, Mademoiselle Fague, and I both send our greetings to the Liverpool Institute on the attainment of its Hundredth Birthday—and wish it many years of prosperity in the future.

The Chestnuts,
Shalbourne,
Wilts.

GERTRUDE A. JACQUES.

* * * *

From Miss LOVELL-FRY,
St. Austin's, Bayshill,
Cheltenham.

"Congratulations! Kindest remembrances and good wishes for the future."

St. Christopher's,
Beckenham.

I look back, with the joy that belongs to beginnings, to my Blackburne House days.

I came straight from College to find myself a Science Mistress without a laboratory! But not much more than a year later the need for this was realized by the Committee and I was privileged to superintend the conversion of two rooms at the top of the house into a laboratory and lecture room.

May I send my best wishes and congratulations to all who are now associated with Blackburne House.

NORAH M. JENNER.

* * * *

I often "think back" to the hours spent at Blackburne House in the study of Music. May mutual recollection of these serve to keep alive in all of us many happy memories.

EDWARD WATSON,
National Institute for the Blind.

* * * *

Many congratulations! Best wishes for your celebrations!

M. I. HARVEY (RAILTON).

* * * *

All good wishes to the Liverpool Institute High School for Girls. I often think, with gratitude, of the first nine years of my teaching life, spent within its walls.

MARY BURN.

* * * *

Jam omnibus cornicibus superstes; O felix beataque domus! Mihi et puellis Blackburnianis dilecta ad multos—ad plurimos annos.

A. M. JAY.

* * * *

GAMES.

WHEN I went to Blackburn House, girls' schools were just waking up to the fact that organised games were a necessary part of the School Curriculum. Probably none of you realised how much Miss Coombe had this matter at heart and how anxious she was to get a field for the School.

At that time Rounders, played very much on the lines of American baseball, was the summer game for the girls, and many an exciting match has been played in the School playground. It was not scientific. It was a question of being able to hit the ball into the area! Once a year there was a whole day's tournament on neutral ground at West Derby.

The neighbouring High Schools competed and a shield was given to the winning team. We never got this. The lack of a School field was too heavy a handicap.

We excelled in swimming, and the swimming fête was one of the happiest days in the year. Belle Gibb, now Mrs. Phelp, told me when on a visit to England from her Australian home, that when her little girl fell overboard from their yacht into a shark-infested sea she was able to jump in after her and bring her safely back. She told me how grateful she then felt that she had been encouraged at School to swim, and to swim well.

All were keen at games, and there was the most delightful feeling of friendship amongst us, all the time I had the privilege of being, in a very amateur kind of way, Games Mistress.

KATE BANNER,
S. Christopher's, Beckenham.

MISS FRY—AN APPRECIATION.

THE news of Miss Fry's enforced resignation must fill everyone with regret. Many of us cannot conceive of Blackburne House without her familiar face. She is a sort of "genius loci"; present girls, old girls, and staff, in their several ways must realise that with Miss Fry's going something that cannot be estimated in ordinary terms goes too.

Sir William Joynson Hicks, addressing a School prize-giving this summer, said it was no use having a first-class brain without a first-class character behind it. All who know Miss Fry will feel that through the whole of her School career, that "first-class character" has been behind all her work. Small girls new to the School, young Mistresses undergoing their first ordeal on a staff, have instinctively realised in her a trustworthy friend; while those who have remained in association with her for a long term of years have found that first trust to be absolutely reliable and steadfast. Whatever characteristic one noticed as a heedless middle-school pupil, whether one thought of Miss Fry as Form Mistress, disciplinarian, or teacher, a few years after leaving School one found her firmly fixed in one's memory as a definite personality, standing for all that was best in school life.

One may not presume to praise Miss Fry as teacher and educationist—hundreds of girls scattered more or less over the world are doing that—but one may legitimately eulogise kindliness, reliability, a quiet humour, modest dignity, and with it all, an ability to keep fresh, vigorous, and up to date. Miss Fry's retirement will be sincerely lamented, both in the School and beyond, but this consolation remains—in unnumbered

places there are those who bear the marks of her influence in their own characters, and think of her with joyful remembrance.

The heartiest good wishes of all who know Miss Fry will follow her, hoping that she will have many years of congenial occupation and happiness, and that the School's loss may be her gain, in spite of an overwhelming conviction that never, never can Blackburne House be the same without her.

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