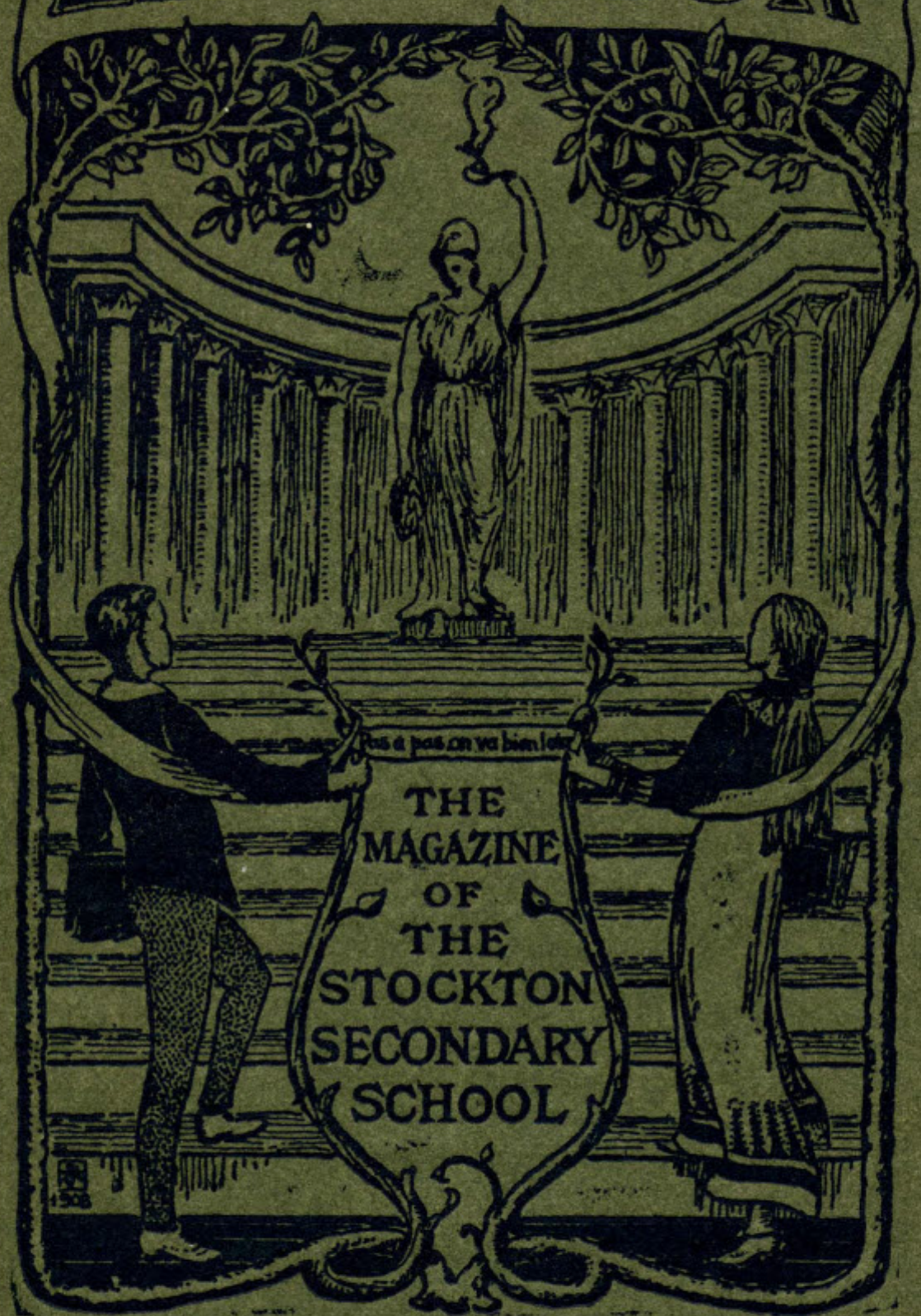


EXCELSIOR



THE
MAGAZINE
OF
THE
STOCKTON
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

4/8

GENTLEMEN!

Search where you will, you can't find
Better Made, Smarter Looking,
Lower Priced

SUITS

For Boys and Men than those
now being shown by

HEPWORTHS,


The Famous Clothiers,

130, HIGH STREET,

(Corner of Dovecot Street),

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

I strongly advise you to go there.



**CLEAN
COOL
BLOOD**

At certain seasons the Blood needs attention if Skin troubles are to be avoided. The surest way to prevent trouble is to take a few timely doses of our

**Sarsaparilla, Dandelion,
and Quinine.**

It will purify the Blood and keep it cool, thus preventing Rashes, Itching, Pimples, etc. It acts also as a digestive tonic, greatly stimulating the appetite. This preparation has proved remarkably reliable through long years of use.

Prices 1/- and 1/9.

**BAINBRIDGE & FINLAYSON, Chemists,
141, HIGH STREET, STOCKTON.**

The PHOTOGRAPH for this MAGAZINE
was taken by

A. E. BALL,

Photographer,

1, BISHOP STREET, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



FIRST-CLASS WORK. MODERATE CHARGES.

THE HAT KING!



J. W. GARGETT,

137, High Street.

KINGLY VALUE IN . . .

NEW Pleated Shirts.

NEW Knitted Ties.

NEW Cycle Hose.

NEW 'Tween' Hats.

NEW Season's Straws.

NEW Donegal Caps.

Regent Bakery.

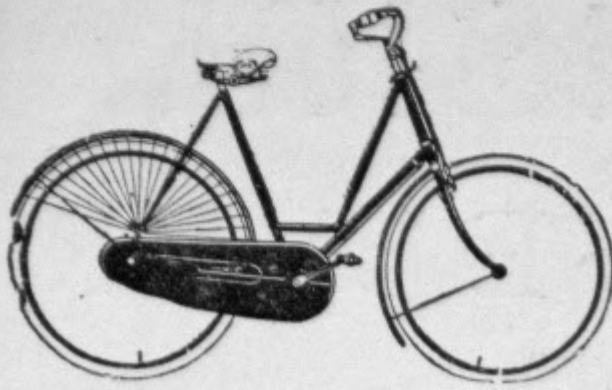
Mrs. RICHMOND,

Pastry Cook and Confectioner,

4, Regent Street, Stockton, and
66, Mandale Road, Thornaby.

— — — — —
TEAS, SOCIALS, etc., Catered for.
— — — — —

BRIDE and BIRTHDAY CAKES a Speciality.



PREMIER,
TRIUMPH,
CALCOTT, and
CASTLE
CYCLES.

Agent:

J. W. BATESON,

15, Central Buildings,

Norton Road, *STOCKTON-ON-TEES.*

REPAIRS a Speciality.

A good stock of ACCESSORIES at LOWEST PRICES.

D. J. TINGLE,

Bible, Book, and Stationery Store.

FOUNTAIN PENS,

6½d., 1/-; with Gold Nibs 1/9, 2/9, 3/6, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 upwards.

Large Selection to suit all writers.

BO OKSO FEV ERYPU BLI SHERG OT TOOR DER.

Exercise Books, Pens, Pencils, Drawing Instruments, Drawing Paper, Boards, etc., and all School Requisites, at

134, High Street, Stockton.

PRINSKY, MY JEWELLER,

Stockton High Street,



**Will Clean and Carefully
Regulate your Watch for 1/3.**

A Printed Guarantee is given in every case.

NEW MAINSPRING fitted for 1/3.

EVERY JOB GUARANTEED.

THE
"Excelsior" S. S. S. Magazine.

VOL. I.

MIDSUMMER, 1909.

No. 6.

NOTICES.—This Magazine will appear once every term, at Xmas, Easter, and Midsummer.

Subscriptions are now due and should be paid to the Form Representative. For extra copies apply to Mr. D. J. Tingle, High Street, Stockton.

Subscriptions: per annum post free, 1s. ; Single Copy, 4d.

Terms for Advertisements:—Outside Covers 10s. per issue.
Inner Pages, 7s. 6d.

Editorial.

THE Summer term is the shortest and yet the most exciting in the year. It is really the testing time and all of us have been working hard so that we may chalk our names as high on the school records as our friends, the Former Pupils. The way some of these departed "glories of our school and state" speak of the old days, would make one think the S.S.S. would never again be the same. But we suspect if we had been behind their backs in these "good old times," we would find they were very like our own, with ups and downs, triumphs and defeats. And after all, our name is "Excelsior" and you know what that means.

On the 14th of June, the Matriculation Class went up to Newcastle for its trials. You will find an account of it all in another column. Then one day came Mr. Powell to see what the French Class in Forms VI and V had been doing all the year in French conversation. We are told that he asked one candidate: "Croyezvous réussir dans cet examen?" The answer was, "Non, mais j'espère que oui." The other classes are now in the heart of their Cambridge Locals and Term Examinations. Our wish for them all is: 'Good luck in the questions and care in the answers.'

The Editor has formerly had a grievance, namely, that scholars did not take an interest in the various competitions with sufficient zeal. This however is no longer the case; the number of entries, and entries which showed great perseverance too, was most encouraging. You will see on a subsequent page the names of the lucky prize winners in the various competitions. We hope that those of this number will receive as hearty a support.

I'm afraid you will say that the Editorial is nothing but a pack of grievances, but I really cannot forbear a word or two

with regard to the Sports. The girls started Cricket at the commencement of this term and were allowed one hour and a half out of school hours to make themselves proficient in it. We expected exciting matches and brilliant results, but all our hopes have been vain.

Some of the contributions for the magazine have been very good, but a speedy improvement in Form Reports is absolutely essential. In the last few numbers the majority have not been worth reading, and we are really afraid that the blue pencil will have to come into more frequent play if the style of report does not improve. One comfort is that all Magazines which are sent to us from other schools have the same complaint to make. Here again, then, our name is "Excelsior."

We cannot leave this article without a few words of acknowledgment to those who have contributed to this number. The members of the committee, the judges in the competitions, as well as those who have written articles, have all stood in and worked, and we hope that they will accept our heartiest thanks. Once again, our name is "Excelsior" and if there are faults to be remedied, we can only try to find them and put them right.

N.D.

In Memoriam.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our school-fellows, Gertie Barclay, whom we lost during the Easter holidays.

This cast a gloom over the holiday and the deep sympathy felt was shown by the number of scholars who went to the funeral.

Gertie was in the Sixth Form and had been at the school for some years. She always looked bright and happy and was a favourite with her companions. She took a keen interest in the school sports and played on the Hockey Team. She also contributed a bright article to one number of the magazine which was much appreciated.

* * *

Another little friend whom we have lost is Lewis Guest, a small boy who was in IV C.

Naturally he had not yet entered fully into the school life and was not known to the senior scholars. Nevertheless, his teachers say that he was a very quiet and diligent worker and promised to be one of our best scholars.

THE POETRY PRIZE.



IN our Easter Number we offered a prize for the best translation of the following Christmas Carol, by Théophile Gautier :

“ Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche ;
Cloches, carillonnez gaïment !
Jésus est né ; la Vierge penche
Sur lui son visage charmant.
Il tremble sur la paille fraîche,
Ce cher petit enfant, Jésus ;
Et pour l'échauffer dans sa crèche
L'âne et le boeuf soufflent dessus.
La neige au chaume pend ses franges,
Mais sur le toit s'ouvre le ciel :
Et, tout en blanc, le chœur des anges
Chante aux bergers : “ Noël ! Noël.”

A record number of competitors took part, though it must be confessed that in some cases the flagging Muse had to be spurred on by the teachers. The poems submitted are however a credit to the good taste and ability of all concerned.

Once again the Committee asked Miss Nelson to be the judge ; and she has decided that the following translations are the best and most worthy of publication. Strange to say, the prize poem was the only one which came to the Puzzle Editor through our letter-box ; and stranger still, there is no signature. Would the author or authoress kindly come forward and claim the prize ?

Ring, ye joy bells, merrily ring
Over the cold hills sleeping in snow
While the white-robed choristers sing,
He is born who shall ease earth's woe !
Shivering chill in his cradle cold,
Sheltered by animals nestling around,
From the blasts that are born of the wintry wold,
And over the roof that gapes wide to the sky—
Over the roof where the icicles cling—
Under the cold stars flashing on high—
Sing ye his glories—Happy ones—sing !

Charles Fraser (Form VI) has been given 2nd place in the order of merit. Were we meant to see the very faintly written pencil note on his paper, “ Don't laugh ! ” We had no desire to : his poem shows a good grip of both form and sense.

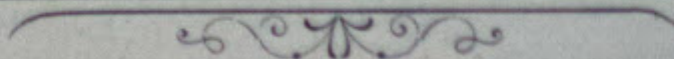
The sky is black, the ground is white ;
The bells are gaily chiming !
Jesus is born ; the Virgin stoops
O'er him with visage shining.
He trembles on the sweet fresh straw,
Jesus, this child so dear ;
As if to warm him in his crib
The ass and ox breathe near.
The snow and straw his valence form,
The clear skies o'er him ring
As hosts of angels, all in white,
"Christmas" to Shepherds sing.

Eileen Ordish's poem suffers from a fault often found in essays in junior forms, change of tense. Otherwise it is well worthy of her high reputation as a contributor to the Magazine.

Christmas bells, ring out your welcome
O'er the snow and darkened sky !
Christ is born, and Mary greets him
Smiling as she watches by.
And restless on his bed of straw
The little infant Jesus lay ;
The ox and ass, with true goodwill,
Breathed on and warmed him night and day.
The snow lay glittering on the fields,
The door of Heaven burst open wide,
The shepherds, wondering, heard the call
"Noel! May peace and joy abide !"

Another poem, by Florrie Gill (Matriculation Form), is well worthy of publication :

Hark how the bells chime ! For Jesus is born,
While white is the earth and dark is the morn,
And the Virgin bends her glorious head
To behold the child on his lowly bed.
In a rude manger is the Christ Child laid,
There the three Wise Men to him tribute paid ;
But the Babe trembles on the scattered hay,
So the Ox and Ass warm him night and day.
Upon the hard ground lies the pure white snow,
But the light breaks through on the roofs below,
For choirs of angels all sweetly sing
To the shepherds of Christ, their new born King.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AS EDITOR.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley had a most interesting experience in his life, that to my knowledge, has never been revealed to the public, but my friend Addison's articles describing his experiences are so well received that I have decided to publish this further adventure.

You remember, about a twelvemonth ago, a splendid magazine, teeming with school-life fun was published (I won't reveal its name). Well, Sir Roger was so pleased with this magazine, that he wanted to copy its example and publish a magazine on the same lines. His idea was to advertise for contributions, offering prizes for the best. He thought, by this means, to urge on young boys and girls, to cultivate any talents they had for writing.

In order to make his magazine of personal interest to as many as possible, he offered to give reports on any kind of sports without charge for insertion. Thus the magazine would be written by boys and girls for boys and girls.

This did not turn out quite as he expected, but then it will be best to relate the incidents as they happened.

The day after the advertisement appeared, Sir Roger waited in his office to receive all prospective authors.

He had not long to wait. At about half-past nine, a little ragged boy knocked at the door. Sir Roger invited him to come in, and asked him what he wanted.

"Well, I saw your advertisement in the paper asking for sports reports, so I thought I would give an account of our team's football match."

Sir Roger, like the kind-hearted fellow he was, did not want to disappoint the boy, but to print his report was out of the question, so he thought he would pretend he was going to insert the account, and so get rid of the boy.

"Well, what are the names of the teams?" he enquired.

"Casey Court's United and Happy Alley Juveniles."

"And which was the victorious one?"

"Well, we don't know exactly. You see Casey's seemed to be winning, having two goals to one, but Billy Smith's mother came and took him home, because he had been sent an errand and had stopped to play football on the way."

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I can't report the game if it wasn't finished. Never mind, run along home and here's sixpence for your football club."

The boy was going out when a noise of shouting and scuffling was heard. Sir Roger asked him to go and see what was the matter. But it was only an old gentleman, who, bringing an article to Sir Roger, had strayed inadvertently into the dentist's on the lower floor and had a tooth extracted by mistake. Fancy, objecting to having a tooth pulled out for nothing!

The next visitor was a girl with a dark green and pale blue hatband, who handed Sir Roger the following story for publication in his magazine :

"A party of our girls were going to see the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and not being used to theatre-going, they did not know the prices for admission. But they listened for a while at the door of the theatre and heard them shouting "Circle 1/-, pit 6d." They had just decided to spend the night in "Paradise," when they heard a voice in the distance shouting, "Programmes a penny each:" so they decided to have a penn'orth in the programmes."

The next youthful author was a boy with a badge of a golden tree on a chocolate ground.

"I've brought the excellent composition of a budding genius"—

"Let me see it," interrupted Sir Roger.

"This is a poem composed by a most wonderful author—namely, myself." I shall recite the lines to you so that you will lose none of the effect :

"Life is but an empty dream"—

"You've stolen the whole of that line from Longfellow."

"You're a mytho-maniac, I have not stolen it, I have only borrowed it."

"Life is but an empty dream
Lessons and detention seem
Rewards for work.
We have *one* social every year
The only night that we do dare
Homework to shirk."

"I seem to have heard that somewhere before, but never mind. Leave your manuscript and I will see what I can do for you. Good morning. Oh, here's another contributor. Good morning, miss."

"Good morning. I-er-have brought a really good piece of poetry for your magazine, and although it is my own work I can assure you it is a splendid piece of work. I read it to the

girls at school, and it was received with shrieks of laughter. But I could not quite understand their mirth, because it is rather a serious subject:—"Christmas Day"—Still I'm sure you will like it."

"Well, just leave it here and I shall read it through, I am rather busy just now."

"But I should like to recite it to you, it will sound far better." Here is one of the most effective verses:

'Alas, alas, alas, alas,
And there did stand that poor old ass,
Who ever and anon would cry,
"Why can't I in that manger lie?"'

"Now, isn't that nice? Wouldn't you like to hear the rest?"

"Yes, but I'm sorry I haven't time to stay. If it's not two o'clock I'll have to hurry if I want to see my friend, the Spectator."

And Sir Roger once more vanished into the mists of the 18th century.

I.M.



The Pleasures of Country Life as enhanced by the Study of Physical Science.



FOR some time, for some years in fact, this question has been the bane of my life. I could never understand it. How on earth could the pleasures of country life be enhanced by work? Of course everyone in *this* school comprehends that the study of physical science simply means work.

I never believed that physical science could enhance the pleasures of any life; country or otherwise. Not until the other day, that is. I spent a few days in the country last week, and a few scenes that I witnessed there enlightened me on this point. So much so, in fact, that now I declare that the study of physical science does, by chance maybe, enhance the pleasures of country life, sometimes. Perhaps many of you do not believe me. Well, witness the scenes in the spirit, as far as you can, which I saw in the reality, and *then* give your verdict.

SCENE I.

Picture a bare-legged urchin splashing about in three inches of water. Hunting for worms or tadpoles, or perhaps trying to catch minnows. So thought my uneducated mind recalling the days of its youth. But this boy was doing no such thing. Worms were beneath him and he would not have dreamt of taking the other poor and innocently dumb creatures out of their native element. No! he was not doing any of these deeds. He was "studying 'Pond Life.'" He was investigating the daily life of newts and other creatures of a like kind. What he discovered I do not know. The splashing, I thought, was enough to frighten every self-respecting newt into its secret hole. At any rate, he was enjoying himself. The water was, undoubtedly, wet. I thought the boy looked so too. I might have been mistaken; but he was happy. There was no mistake about that.

SCENE II.

I was wandering down a road, rather the worse for want of repair, I considered, when I became aware of what can only be described as a tapping noise. I do not think the noise was great in itself, but it sounded loud in the heavy stillness of the

afternoon. Rounding a corner I came across a rather curious sight:—a roadmender attired in a tourist's suit. At least he appeared to be a roadmender; he was breaking stones. But he informed me that he was a "Geologist!" As every woman, or man either for that matter, knows, geology is another branch of physical science. And this gentleman who was pursuing his geology with such gusto was perfectly happy; for he was singing. (I am obliged to use this expression for want of a better, or worse). Yes! geology had given this person a great deal of amusement.

SCENE III.

I wandered slowly along after leaving the geologist, looking about me as if I was new to the country. After a time an impression that I was not alone, gradually forced itself into my mind. Looking round I beheld a towzelled-headed youngster lying on the grass which formed an ornamental border to the highway. At intervals he munched a piece of bread and cheese. Suddenly a thrush settled on a tree near by and commenced to give voice. The boy stopped eating and made a curious inarticulate noise which appeared to proceed from the nether regions of his throat. I thought he was choking, and went and patted him gently on the back, asking him if he was any worse. I warned him against eating quickly as choking was often dangerous.

"Choking!" with a withering look of contempt, "who told you as I was choking. That's the note as a thrush sings."

I looked pitying on the lad and told him to try again. He did so, and, this time, the note was more like the shriek of an engine! The boy evidently thought he had reached perfection, and, with a beaming face, asked me what I thought of his attempt. I said it was beautiful and then had to go away for fear I should have to tell some more lies. But the boy was happy! No one who saw the beaming expression of rapturous delight on his cherub-like countenance could deny that in following up this branch of physical science that boy was receiving the greatest delight obtainable in this dull and drowsy world.

SCENE IV.

The day was waning but yet I was to receive some proofs of how physical science enhances the pleasures of country life. I had been walking along a lonely lane for some time after taking leave of the hungry boy when I encountered a group of girls and young women, all of whom were intently examining the flowers that were growing by the roadside. I understood that they were probing into the depths of botany; and everyone looked the picture of happiness. But I do not think that the

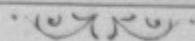
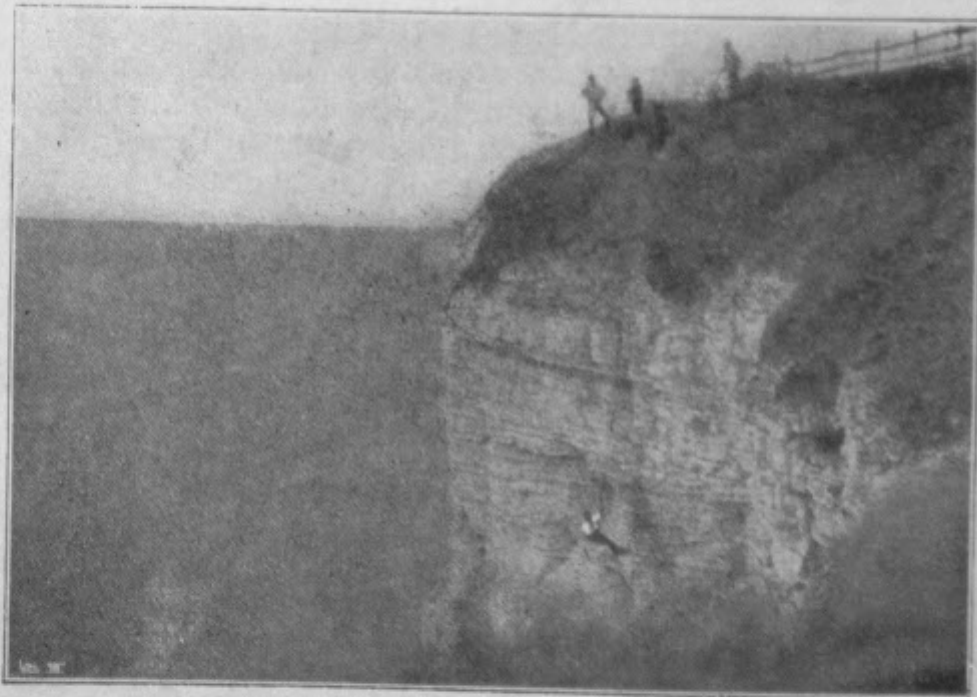
finest botanical specimen that was found excited as much interest as did a small creature which is discussed in that branch of physical science labelled "Pond Life."

SCENE V.

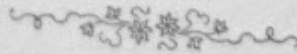
After leaving the last group of young students I wandered on for a short while without meeting a single living creature until, lifting my head, I saw in the far distance a large cloud of dust rolling towards me as if it had been endowed with life. What caused this dust? A motor car? No! that specimen of the ingenuity of man would have caused its presence to have been felt much earlier; by means of another sense. Whatever it was it was not a motor car. Nearer and nearer the rolling cloud approached and at last my curiosity was satisfied. It was a boy who, hat in hand, in full chase of a gorgeous butterfly, raised that enormous cloud which would have done credit to a young cyclone! Yes! I saw with my own eyes it was a boy; and from the expression of intense rapture on his face, alone, one would have said that the pursuit of this branch of physical science was giving him the greatest pleasure that could be obtained. The state of his hat corroborated this assumption.

Now sceptical reader, while witnessing in the spirit these scenes which I saw in the reality, have you not been convinced that the study of physical science enhances the pleasures of country life?

H. SALMON.



OUR TERM EXAMINATION PAPER.



Time—As long as you like.

Candidates may talk, look at text books and if possible, copy someone else's answers.

Of the three papers, Arithmetic, English and French, candidates may do the questions in any order, but must do all papers in the same book.

ARITHMETIC.

I. There are 36 pupils in a school and they are divided into 3 classes, so that half of the third class, one-third of the second class, and one-fourth of the first class shall be equal. How many are there in each class?

II. In a class there are 8 pupils, 4 in the front row, 4 in the second row. Each pupil in the front row is 2 years older than the pupil behind; and each pupil is also just one year older than the pupil on his right. Together their ages when added make an even number. Find the age of each pupil.

Here is a plan of the class to help you.

Pat	Tom	Will	Jack.
Sam	Ben	Ned	Tim.

III. Write down in a straight line the numbers 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, on the black-board. When added, they make 45. Arrange the same numbers in the subtractor so that if subtracted from the top line the result will add up 45. Here is a little help.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 9\ 8\ 7\ 6\ 5\ 4\ 3\ 2\ 1 = 45. \\
 +\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 8\ 9 = 45. \\
 \hline
 8\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 5\ 2\ 2 = 45.
 \end{array}$$

IV. Add 0 to 10 to equal an animal.

V. Take away one from 14 and make it 15.

ENGLISH.

I. Truly my first is not a man,
 Altho' the same in feature ;
 And never can a woman be,
 Altho' a human creature.
 My second oft adorns the head
 Of many a little lass,
 And thro' my whole, when still a kid,
 Each man alive must pass.

II. Spell the names of some articles you use in sewing ;
 add " S " and they become unnecessary.

III. Spell a word that means a crime ; split it in two and it
 means being amused.

IV. My whole is my third when it's under my second,
 My third is my first when it's under the sun,
 An ignorant native I'm usually reckoned,
 I'm fond of a missionary when he's well done.

P.S.—ANOTHER HINT:—I'm a man of three syllables and
 I live in Africa.

Stupendous
Fremendous V.—There are only 4 words in the English language that
 end in "dous." Name any three.

VI. A page of a spelling book was torn down the middle
 so that only the first three letters of each word were left. But
 the words all end alike, tho' they haven't all the same number
 of letters. Here they are, complete them.

Del
 Aff
 Ari
 Nig
 Bli
 Wig

FRENCH.

I. Écrivez en français la solution juste des questions
 suivantes :—

- (a) Qu' est-ce qui ressemble le plus à la moitié de la lune ?
 (b) Petits pois verts ! petits pois verts !
 Epelez-moi cela sans " p."
 (c) Quelle différence y a-t-il entre un bavard et un miroir ?

N.B.—A special prize will be given for the correct solution
 of our Term Exam. Paper.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.



WE have great pleasure in inserting Mr. Baldwin's photograph in this number of "Excelsior." Mr. Baldwin has been with us for seven years and has in addition to school duties taken much interest in the school sports, and has contributed frequent articles to the magazine.

* * * *

We were all pleased that one of our girls, Eileen Ordish, succeeded in winning an exhibition offered by the Durham County Council, of £60 per year tenable for three years. She is now in London taking another examination in which we hope she will be equally successful.

* * * *

The Matric. girls and boys are anxiously awaiting the result of the London Matriculation examination. Of course, they all say they have failed, but we do not believe any of that since they are not marking their own papers.

* * * *

"I was once lost in the Alps and wandered for hours over Mont Blanc. At last I fell down, utterly exhausted, on the summit, where my father found me." This is an extract taken from a small boy's contribution on "Lost in a Snow-storm." In a few days we expect to hear of this youthful explorer's having forestalled Lieutenant Shackleton.

* * * *

In an essay on St. Bernard dogs one budding genius made the following remarkable statement: "Each dog carries a barrel round its neck in which there is a spirit."

* * * *

A teacher was asking a class of boys to give some examples of sentences containing the phrase "bitter end." One boy said "Our holidays always come to a bitter end." The teacher, seeing another pupil who seemed eager to answer, asked him for his sentence and was rather surprised when he said "Our dog chased a cat and 'bit her end.'"

* * * *

RESULTS OF EASTER COMPETITIONS.

We are pleased to say that there were more entries for this Junior Competition than there has been for previous ones. A little more enthusiasm could still be shown however. It was

only in one respect that the entries differed, and that was in answering that division of the competition which called for some originality. Much ingenuity was shown, and it was only after much consideration that it was decided to give the prize to Florrie Turner IV A.

Special Mention—A. Ingledew, IVA.
N. Atkinson, IVA.
Ivor Bowen, IIIA.

* * * *

The Amateur Photograph Competition was also well patronised and it proved no easy task to decide who should be the prize winner.

The subjects chosen by the amateur photographers were all very interesting.

Photograph Competition—A. Griffiths, 6th Form.

Special Mention—A. Bell, 5th Form.

S. Storey, Matric. Form.

M. R.



AN OLD STOCKTON RESIDENCE.



OUR FORMER PUPILS.

IT is always interesting to hear what former pupils are doing, and what successes they have achieved after they have left school. It is equally interesting and gratifying to old scholars to know that they have not been forgotten at their old school. So in future we are going to reserve a page of "Excelsior" for "Former Pupils," and we shall be very pleased to hear from any of them. This term there are many successes to report.

* * * *

Alfred Pickworth has been successful in the final examination for Bachelor of Science, in Naval Architecture. He left our school at the age of fifteen, and became apprenticed as naval architect with the firm of Messrs. R. Ropner & Sons. To supplement his education he entered on a five years' course as an evening student at our school. He obtained the "blue ribbon" award of the County Council of Durham for evening students. With this award, a £100 scholarship, he matriculated at the Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and now he has been rewarded with his degree. He will thus be enabled to enter the profession of Naval Architects in the first rank.

* * * *

One who left our school more recently is Lilian Kelley, and we are pleased to say she has gained a £30 exhibition for Yorkshire. At the beginning of July she sat inter. B.A., London, and we have every hope of her success. We learn that she is very fond of Latin, although she did not learn that language whilst studying at our school.

* * * *

This year the Pupil Teachers have been very successful. At the beginning of the year, in January, A. Dee, H. Ransome and F. Carlin sat the London Matriculation Examination at Newcastle, and were all successful. At Easter, twenty-six pupil teachers sat the King's Scholarship Examination, and they were all successful, nine of them obtaining distinctions. The successful boys were A. Dee (Hist. Sci. Fr.), A. Hoole (Hist. Fr.), H. Ransome (Maths. Fr.), F. Carlin (Maths. Sci.), R. Harrison (Eng. Math.), T. Connelly, and F. Simmons.

The successful girl students were:—A. Hamilton (Fr.), F. Spark (Eng.), R. Wrightson (Eng.), E. Middleton (Maths), M. Brown, M. Dobson, B. Fairless, N. Garbutt, M. Howe, E. Hewitson, A. Johnson, E. Kidd, A. Little, A. Nicholson, A. Ostle, L. Perks, A. Rickinson, J. Sinclair, and C. Wormald.

STORIES ABOUT PETS.

PERHAPS some of you have seen a squirrel jumping from bough to bough in the woods and you will agree that they are dear little animals to have as pets. My auntie had a tame squirrel. One of his many tricks was to bury nuts in the coils of her hair, or if she put her hand in her pocket she would sometimes find him sitting there. His bed was a bag at the end of the cornice-pole and if a visitor was asked into the room, he would run up the curtain, into his bag and remain there till the stranger had gone.

* * * *

About a hundred years ago there lived a king who was very fond of animals. His courtiers knowing this would often send him presents of wild animals, which they had brought from foreign countries in their travels. One day there came a man to the palace who gave the king a tiny lion cub, which he said was of rare breeding, but if it tasted fresh blood it would become a very dangerous animal.

The animal was so gentle that the king kept it for a pet and let it wander about in the palace gardens and had a mat placed by his bed for it to sleep on at night. This was all very well so long as the lion remained a cub, but when it became fully grown, the courtiers did not like the risk of being hurt by the lion if they met it in the grounds.

One night the king dreamt he was having his velvet coat brushed by his servant and that suddenly the man began to draw the brush across his master's hand, hurting him not a little. The king cried out but the brushing still continued, until at last it grew so painful that he gave a start and awoke. His dream was not all fancy, for there, with its fore paws on the coverlet, the lion was licking the king's hand and had just begun to make it bleed. He knew that if he removed his hand the lion would spring at him, so he quietly slipped the other hand under his pillow. Drawing his revolver out he aimed and fired at the lion, which rolled over dead.

After that the king never again attempted to tame a lion.

* * * *

One day recently I noticed my Persian cat running along the garden with something in its mouth. I ran to it and found to my surprise that it had a sparrow in its mouth. Pussy, knowing that it had done wrong, dropped the bird and ran away. I carefully lifted it up took it up to a high window and it flew from my hand none the worse from its adventure.

M. L. H.

FORM REPORTS.

MATRICULATION CLASS.

Old Father Time did not put back his clock for the especial benefit of those sitting for the London Matriculation, and the 14th of June arrived with all due punctuality. Anyhow we all managed to survive the examination, and the majority are now recuperating on a diet of all play and no work, and a very effective one it is too. As far as can be discovered (to judge by the way in which each one declares that he or she has certainly failed), all are hopeful of success, but the rumour that a young lady (or is it a young gentleman?) has been measured in anticipation for an academical gown is utterly groundless.

We left Stockton for Newcastle on the Monday morning. The girls were accompanied by Miss Nelson. The boys, neglected as usual, had to look after themselves. The question of the contents of the accumulation of portmanteaux is still something of a mystery. Chocolates or books, which? We arrived in Newcastle safely, and after dinner we hied to Rutherford college for the exam. in English. The examinations lasted altogether for four days, but the less said about them the better. Those who ever sit will learn for themselves, while those who do not, can have no interest in the matter.

But of course we saw life in Newcastle. The girls lodged in the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., the boys at Kingsley House. The girls, we are told, had to get up at six o'clock, quite a new, and it is to be hoped, delightful experience. We boys (sad dogs), rose as usual at nine, and had to sprint for the examination room. We refuse to believe, however, that at the girls' lodgings, the *children* (meaning presumably the young ladies) were forbidden to speak after ten o'clock. One morning, the whole party visited Jesmond Dene, and one knowing fellow showed us a wishing bridge. The girls without exception, wished that they might pass the examination, but they were afterwards informed that if the wish did not come true in a day, the whole thing was a fraud,—and the result will not be published for weeks yet. *Telle est la vie!* To add to the harmony of the occasion, a budding photographer offered to take a photo of the group. The result defies description. We humbly commend the result to the puzzle editor as a guessing competition. No prize need be awarded as no one could possibly identify the people experimented on. Was the camera to blame or—— (personalities are odious, Ed.) We left Newcastle on the Friday, with the fervent hope that we should never have to repent the examination part of the programme.

There is little more to relate. Dry information about work done interests nobody, not even the doers. The only event of any importance is the importation of new desks—presumably to suit our growing status as embryo matriculants. The desks themselves are in-*desk*-scribable. They have a sort of go-there come-back motion, and with the addition of a lever or two they would realistically represent the aeroplane. That they can't fly is of little importance as few aeroplanes can.

After Midsummer, we shall all have the onerous task of inculcating knowledge into the rising generation. We shall still be at school once a week to torment *certain* members of the staff. Let us hope that experience in teaching will give us more stability (we need it).

D.

* * * *

FORM VI. THE great event in sixth form life this term has been the schism, when the class was divided into three divisions. Since then the progress we have made has been on the whole, good, for the smaller the class, the more individual attention each scholar receives. Those whose weakness lay in French and English have made, so we believe, unusual effort under Miss MacLenan, with the result that, with hard work on both sides, the various little obstacles which have stood in the way have gradually been successfully surmounted. It is scarcely necessary to say that such efforts are being made so as to be in readiness for the impending Senior Cambridge Locals Examination.—T.B.

* * * *

FORM V. OUR lessons this term seem to have been specially interesting. In chemistry we have performed many new experiments, one of which was to make Sulphuric Acid. Our chemistry teacher was surprised to find how few of us knew where Uraly Nook is situated. Our botany teacher one day took us on an excursion to Wynyard. We went across the fields by Norton, gathering and examining flowers all the way, and were quite sorry when we had to return home. Another lesson we have enjoyed this term is Brush-Drawing and this is what we all like. Now comes the Junior Cambridge for which we have been studying hard. Three of our girls took the Oral French examination a few weeks ago. Among the questions the examiner asked was "Avez-vous été à Redcar?" I think most of us would have been able to answer that.—M.P.

* * * *

FORM THIS term's work has seemed especially interesting
IVA. to us in IVA, probably because we are entering for the
 Oxford Local in March, and consequently have had
 some of our studies slightly altered. Literature has
 perhaps been the most enjoyable lesson. First we did 'As
 You Like It,' our teacher appointing some of us to represent
 the different characters, and so, the characters reading the
 Play, made it, if possible, more interesting than before. Next
 we read 'Woodstock,' by Sir Walter Scot, which all of us en-
 joyed very much, especially the end. Then followed two or
 three uncommon essays, one being an original story from every
 member of the class (many of which our teacher had unluckily
 read before). Another being on Stupid People. The latter one
 we were expected to excel in.

We have now attained the dignity of being permitted to
 do, in Latin, the sixth book of Cæsar's Gallic War, a luxury
 we fully appreciate, although we are suffering from it, being
 unsuspectingly 'let in' for *Latin verbs*, which we do not appre-
 ciate yet.

This term the work of the senior division in singing has
 been on entirely preparing the songs for the concert, the two
 most important being, perhaps, the Soldiers' Chorus, from
 Gounod's Faust and Excelsior. We hope the performance of
 the latter song will come up to its namesake, the magazine.

E. W.

* * * *

FORM MOST of us are looking forward to "Speech Day,"
IVB. which is to take place soon. Boys and girls are prac-
 tising drills and singing for this great Day, when they
 will do their best, and many boys and girls will receive
 prizes.—A. H.

* * * *

FORM AT the end of this term we can look back to several
IVC. pleasant Wednesday afternoons. Though the weather
 lately has not been very delightful, we managed to ar-
 range two baseball matches. The first was with IIIB,
 whom we beat by 5-1. This, IIIB said was only natural,
 because we were older than they.

To show that we could beat our elders we played a match
 with the Fifth Form and in the end won by 6-1. Just imngine
 our feelings next morning when we told IIIB of our victory.

M. R. & J. H.

* * * *

THE event of this term was a cricket match with 4A.
FORM Of course we would have beaten them if the weather
IIIA. had been favourable; but as it was they defeated us.
 We gave them a good game however and were somewhat consoled because they were older boys.

For English this term we have studied "Ivanhoe" and better still we have conquered our first book of Euclid. Most of the boys in our form are training hard for the Speech Day, which will soon arrive. In the art lessons we have painted leaves from nature and several of the boys are looking forward to the time when their drawings will grace the walls of the Academy.—J. B.

* * * *

WE have worked much better this term than last.
FORM We have had so many "Euclid Tests" that we have
IIIB. been forced to learn our propositions. If we did not know these ready for the "Tests" we had them to write out as impositions and so we should know them. We are eagerly looking forward to the Summer Holidays, for which we are quite ready.—E. B.

* * * *

THE work this term has been very interesting.
FORM We have had plenty to do, and are all trying hard to
IIID. be top.—N. A.

* * * *

THE lessons this term have been fairly easy, and we
FORM have not had much homework to complain about.
II. But we have not had a very good attendance. We all seem to want to be wrapped up in cotton wool and put in a glass case. One day the teacher asked the Class who was the man who succeeded in swimming across the channel. One girl answered "Christopher Columbus."—D. T. N.



MAIBLUME.

LONG ago, nestling amongst some hills was the lovely village of Gladsholm. Everyone was happy; children laughed and played and the older people went cheerily to their work. But perhaps happiest of all was Maiblume, a lady whom all the village people loved. Not very far away from the lovely village was a most awful-looking building. It was built of shining, huge, black stones. Underneath this castle were the most horrible dungeons. This was the dwelling place of the wicked giant Goliwogg. The giant was just as ugly and cruel as Maiblume was lovely and kind. Now Maiblume loved a handsome young shepherd. But Giant Goliwogg loved her and determined to marry her.

The giant knew quite well that he would never be able to persuade her to leave her lovely surroundings to go and live in a dark, ugly, dreary castle, so he tried to think of another way. He was also a clever magician and could change himself into any form he chose. After a long time he decided to change himself into the form of the shepherd whom Maiblume loved. Then, he thought, he would be able to persuade her to leave her home.

The next day he changed himself so as to look like the handsome shepherd. In this guise he presented himself to Maiblume. Maiblume was very pleased to see him so early in the day, for she did not usually see him until evening. When he proposed going for a stroll she readily agreed. When they got away from the village, the giant snatching up Maiblume in his arms, suddenly changed his form again, and became a cruel giant once more. Maiblume soon discovered that resistance was useless. After some time they came in sight of the Black Castle. Maiblume was terrified at the sight of so formidable a looking building. Now the giant dared not marry Maiblume by force, because he knew that he would never be able to defeat all the knights and people who were sure to fight for Maiblume. So he thought that if he threw her into one of the most horrible dungeons, starved her and threatened her, she would consent to marry him rather than remain in the horrible dungeon.

The dungeon in which Maiblume was imprisoned was very small and very low. It was damp and unhealthy and a very unfit place for the life of a lovely lady to be spent. But this was just what the giant wanted, because the more horrible the place, the sooner she would consent to be his wife. For two whole days the giant never allowed her any food. At first, Maiblume was very downcast, but yet when the giant asked her if she would marry him and so be free, she refused.

Meanwhile, everything at Gladsholm was changed. The people became sad and mournful when they heard where the one they loved so much had disappeared to. But Carmelite, the shepherd, was sadder than any of the others. He determined to kill Goliwogg and to rescue Maiblume. Now the Fairy Queen was pleased with Carmelite and helped him. She gave him a small phial containing a colourless liquid. When a very small quantity of this was thrown on to a person, that person became unconscious. She also gave him a sword. When a door or gate was touched with this sword, it immediately opened. Carmelite, with his two presents, set out for the Black Castle. When he touched the first door with the wonderful sword it creaked on its hinges and then opened. The giant heard the noise and rushed forth. Carmelite immediately threw some of the contents of the magic phial into the enraged giant's face. The giant became unconscious and with one stroke, Carmelite killed the ugly, wicked, old monster. He then rushed on and after a long search, found Maiblume. At the sight of him she fainted, but soon recovered. Then he led her back to Gladsholm, where she was for ever happy with her shepherd lad.—LUCY ROGERS.

A PIC-NIC TO HIGH LEVEN.

HAVE you ever been to High Leven? I think it is one of the prettiest spots near Stockton. It is quite an ideal spot for a pic-nic, there are so many places of interest on the way. After leaving Thornaby the first place of interest is Old Thornaby; which is a quaint little village of a few houses and green. This green is supposed to have been a camping ground of Oliver Cromwell. Even now the South end of the green is very uneven. These uneven places are supposed to have been the trenches where Oliver Cromwell's men hid. About the centre of the green is a unique little building, which, when you get near to it is found to be a little church; one of the smallest and oldest in the country at the present day.

Leaving Old Thornaby behind us we come to the lane which takes us through the fields to High Leven. The surrounding country, all the way, is very beautiful.

Leven Bridge, a tiny village, lies in the valley, through which the Leven, a tributary of the River Tees, runs. Near this stream an interesting old flour mill may be seen worked by water. Here is a pretty waterfall, and there is another a mile or two further up the valley. High Leven Woods are always beautiful, but especially are they in the Spring-time, when they are carpeted with the primrose, violet and hyacinth.

On Saturday we intend to have a good time in High Leven, at a gipsy tea in the woods, with Miss Morgan as hostess, whom we have to thank for this delightful and enjoyable ramble.—L. M.

JOHN PECKSTON,

The Complete Outfitter.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN EVERYTHING
FOR

Men's and Boys' Wear.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,

In Strong, Serviceable Tweed,

4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6, etc.

Good Lines at 12/6 and 15/6.

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

STRONG BOOTS for

BOYS' SCHOOL WEAR,

5/11 *and upwards.*

3 and 4, Central Buildings,

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

ADAM TATE'S CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS,

42, DOVECOT STREET,
STOCKTON-ON-TEES,
and
19, LINTHORPE ROAD,

(Over Taylor's Drug Stores, 3 minutes' walk from N.E. R. Station),

MIDDLESBROUGH.

*Special Prices at both places for School Children
and Adults who dine regularly.*

RALPH SPARK,

Confectioner & Pastry Cook,

7, BISHOPTON LANE and
NEWTOWN AVENUE,

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

—•••••
NOTE.—Genoese, Fancies, Macaroons, Scotch Bread, Raised
Pies, Muffins, etc.

—•••••
TEAS, SOCIALS, ETC., CATERED FOR.

Bride and Birthday Cakes Iced in any design.



SENIOR COMPETITION :—

I.—The following phrases have been more or less adopted in every-day English speech. Where do they come from? Quote the originator and the source of the phrase. (P.S.—Do as many as you can—we do not expect any candidate will be able to do them all).

(a) swellin' wisely. (b) the milk of human kindness. (c) ploughing the sands. (d) very like a whale. (e) the where-withal. (f) a dish fit for the gods. (g) give hostages to fortune. (h) beware of widders. (i) something rotten in the state of Denmark. (j) conspicuous by his absence. (k) one touch of nature. (l) Where ignorance is bliss. (m) fresh greens and pastures new. (n) Feast of reason and flow of soul.

II.—*Correct the following misquotations.*

People are constantly quoting our great writers wrongly and often the misquotation is better known than the original words. Say where the original is to be found and quote correctly :—

- (a) "Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."
- (b) "Money is the root of all evil."
- (c) "Pride goes before a fall."
- (d) "Screw your courage to the sticking point."
- (e) "He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

JUNIOR COMPETITION :—

I.—Imagine that a prisoner is confined in a square tower. On each side of the square there a door which is always open, but the prisoner does not know which door to choose, for each leads on to a maze of passages where he fears to get lost. There is only one way through the maze out of the tower. Construct the maze that satisfies the above conditions and show the way out, by means of a dotted line. The best and most original maze wins the prize.

II.—*Jumbled telegram*:—The following telegram was cut in pieces by a mischievous boy so that one word was written on each piece. The person who received the telegram laid all the pieces in front of him and found the words in the following order:—

Mother Jones come Birmingham 33 once ill Str. very
Agnes at High

He arranged them in proper order and found a telegram of 12 words, with name, address and signature complete. Can you do the same?

All answers to competitions should be addressed Puzzle Editor and put in the School Letter-Box before September 30th.



HOCKEY.

THE question of awarding colours to those who had distinguished themselves in hockey during the last two seasons, has been discussed from time to time with no apparent result; but at last it has been decided that the following girls are to be the happy possessors of such a distinction:—

- I OLIVE BARR.
- 2 ELSIE DONKIN.
- 3 DORIS ELLIOTT.
- 4 BEATRICE FORSTER.
- 5 FLORRIE GILL.
- 6 POPPIE HARPER.
- 7 LOIS HOOLE.
- 8 IVY MORRIS.
- 9 LOLLIE MOSES.
- 10 SUSIE SAMUEL.
- 11 DAISY TUCK.

Most of these girls have been members of the hockey team for two seasons, and it is to their enthusiasm and willing support that we owe much of the success of the club. It is with regret that we have to record the fact that out of the eleven girls now possessing their colours, only three will be returning to school after the holidays.

Attempts are at present being made to form an Old Girl's Club, and with eight members of our old team as a nucleus this should be no difficult matter.

The school team must necessarily contain many new players, and though at present we know one or two probable members, there are still several places to be filled. Matches begin soon after the summer holidays, so we would urge upon all girls to join the hockey club at the beginning of the term and to attend as many practices as possible, in order that they may have the best possible chance of obtaining a place in the team.

We appeal to all girls who have not yet played hockey to join the club and to do all in their power to make hockey as popular in the school as it has been during the last two seasons.

FOOTBALL.

THE following boys have been recommended for School Colours:—Finch (captain), Harrison, Barber, Ryan, Robson, McGregor, Bowery.



Enquiry Column.

PHUNNY ONE sends the following conundrum:—"Why is the P.T. Class like a Summary." Luckily he sends the answer. Because it is the Long and the Short of it. See the joke.

* * * *

WOULD-BE SENIOR WRANGLER sends the following sample of his work:—

$$\begin{aligned} & \dots \dots \dots x = x \\ & \dots \dots \dots x^2 = x^2 \\ & \dots \dots \dots x^2 - x^2 = x^2 - x^2 \\ & \dots \dots \dots x(x - x) = (x + x)(x - x) \\ & \dots \dots \dots x = x + x \\ & \dots \dots \dots x = 2x \\ & \dots \dots \dots 1 = 2 \end{aligned}$$

The last one to see the mistake will be awarded a Very Elementary Algebra for Beginners.

* * * *

OBSERVER asks if I noticed an epidemic of cherries in IVC the other market day. I regret to hear that their career was begun as articles of ornament, but their later end was—well 'nuffsaid.

GET ALL YOUR 

Garden Requisites

FROM

Wm. STRIKE, Ltd.,

62, HIGH STREET,

 STOCKTON.

For Full Value,
Large Selection, and
Newest Designs.



COLLINGWOOD & SON,
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS.



131, HIGH ST.,
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

Attention is called to the
Repairing Department.
Only Skilled Mechanics employed.
Best Workmanship. Moderate Charges.
Old Jewellery re-mounted in Modern Styles.

THE SPORTS DEPOT,
BRIDGE ROAD, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

WANLESS BROS.,

(Late C. W. Williamson),

Practical Gun and Rifle Makers.

Requisites for Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Golf, Hockey,
Football, Billiards, and all Sports and Games.

FISHING RODS AND TACKLE.

ROLLER SKATES, from 1/6 to 21/- per pair.

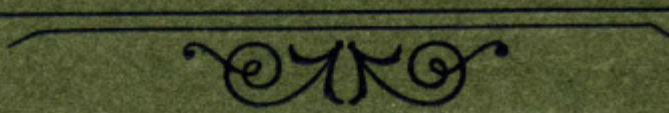
Nat. Telephone 447.

**THE HIGHEST GRADE
FAMILY FLOUR**

IS

“DAISY WHITES.”

*Ever increasing Sales prove its
Unequalled Value.*



SOLD ONLY BY

WALTER WILLSON, Ltd.,

78, Dovecot Street,

STOCKTON,

And over 100 other Branches.