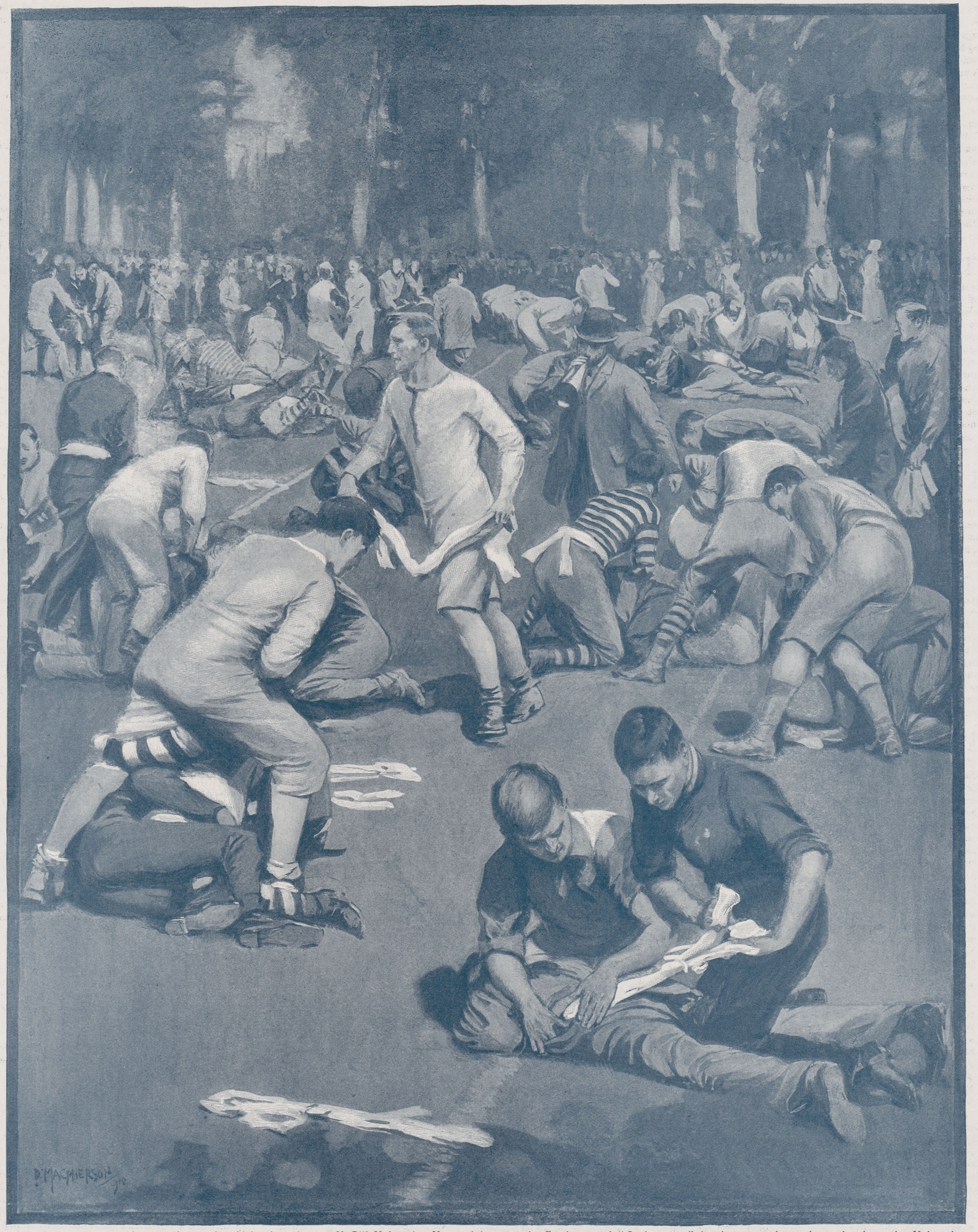
A NOVEL GAME AT McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

THE ANNUAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN FRESHMEN AND "SOPHOMORES"



This picture represents the annual struggle which takes place at McGill University, Montreal, between the Freshmen and "Sophomores," that is to say, the students already at the University. The little function is intended to make Freshmen and Sophomores thoroughly at home. The two side arm themselves with bits of canvas and line up at opposite ends of the football field, where they are roped in lines or "Morgues." The object is for each side to tie up its opponents and carry them off to their own Morgue, where the prisoners sit until everything is over. Whichever side has most of the enemy in their Morgue in twenty minutes is claimed the victor. The Freshmen always get the worst of it, as they do not know each other and cannot combine like the Sophomores. The whole College turns out to watch the sport.

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS MACPHERSON

BETWEEN OURSELVES

It is about this time that the Spring Poet begins to make his appearance in the comic papers. Whether he appears in real life I cannot say. Poets have sung of autumn and winter and summer with equal fervour; it is hard to believe that there is a special class which carols only in the spring. Were I a poet, I should raise my voice in the winter exclusively. Beautiful thoughts would come to me in the other seasons, but I should have no leisure to put them down on paper. In spring one must be outside, away from pens and ink. The most I should do would be to jot down "flowers" and "bowers" (oh, yes, and "showers") on the back of an old envelope—manuscript which would never be allowed to get as far as the printer . . . I pause here for a moment to wonder why in books people always note engagements, debts, and so forth on the "back of an old envelope." Who ever kept old envelopes? I can see no need for them at all, except as a clue when your body is found in the Thames. But perhaps that is an eventuality which Spring Poets have to face.

Though the serious Spring Poet may be a myth, the comic Spring Poet is an ever-present danger. His line is the celebration of spring-cleaning. Spring-cleaning is one of the household jokes; it is supposed to be painful for those who are mixed up in it; it is very much more painful to have to read humorous verse about it. Statisticians have calculated that there is one man in every road in every suburb who burst into comic song upon it last year, and who will burst again this year. That is the worst of it—you burst again. It is as bad as drink. Nothing but the firmest treatment will put it down. All the brutal jokes which you read about editors and spring poets would, if applied to spring-cleaning poets, appear humane to the point of sentimentalism. Anybody who writes about spring-cleaning *now* should be publicly "decimated," as the ha'penny Press says.

I say "now," because I want to emphasise the fact that spring has been here before. In their enthusiasm many people forget that, I fancy. The public's memory is very short—luckily for writers, unluckily for those readers who remember more than their fellows. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in one of his books, has advised young journalists to mark off on a calendar the dates of important events, so as to be ready with topical articles upon the impending subjects. Thus you put a cross against Michaelmas Day, and then weigh in with a life of the goose. For Shrove Tuesday you write about pancakes—"History of," "Their Effect on the Digestion," etc., etc. On the Fourth of July, America—straight from the encyclopædia. This is very jolly, for the young journalist, so long as he is able to forget that there have been other Michaelmas Days, Michaelmas Days, indeed, before he was born; so long as he has no idea that there may be people who are (to put it vulgarly) fed up with goose. For these people. . . . Yet perhaps there are no such people after all. We are all willing enough to forget.

In a few days the Boat Race will be rowed. Once again we shall look for and welcome the "History of the Race." We shall pore over the "Results from the Beginning," that dear old one which was "rowed in a snowstorm" ("f" is it or "g"?), that jolly one when bow lost his oar! We shall wonder again at that wonderful crew which included six future bishops—eighteen seventy something (there you are, you see, I've forgotten!); we shall read breathlessly the same old "famous finishes." Yes, I understand how we read them, forgetting the many times we have read them before, but how do they write them? Unconsciously, cynically, or hating the business? It is hard luck to be born so late; think what a time the first man at the first race must have had! On second thoughts, he would have nothing to write about; his "Results from the Beginning" would have been a lifeless affair. But the first man to welcome Michaelmas—what a delightful essay on the goose he must have delivered! No sudden misgivings for *him* that the thing had been done before.

Talking of the public's poor memory, I must mention something which troubles me sometimes. I am often puzzled by things which have probably quite simple explanations; as, for instance, the "live fish, cleaned for cooking," advertisements which appear in all the papers. (Or the more rare, and more difficult, "hot buttered eggs, by post, a shilling a dozen;" the only hot buttered eggs I know couldn't possibly be sent by post.) Well, this particular trouble is, Where do the people come from who throng the Strand on Sunday evening? One would single out the Strand on Sunday as the dullest spot in the Empire, yet it is always crowded. They cannot be German spies, because no invading army could ever hope to get past the crossing at Wellington Street; besides, they talk English too incorrectly, too much in the vernacular. They cannot come up from the country, because they stay out too late for the last train. My own explanation is that they come from the remoter suburbs, in order to see the Strand. Now you will only want to see the Strand once, and yet it is obvious that, in order to fill the streets as they do, many of them must come again and again. Therefore, it must be that in the course of the week they forget what the Strand is like. They go to refresh their memories.

B. S.

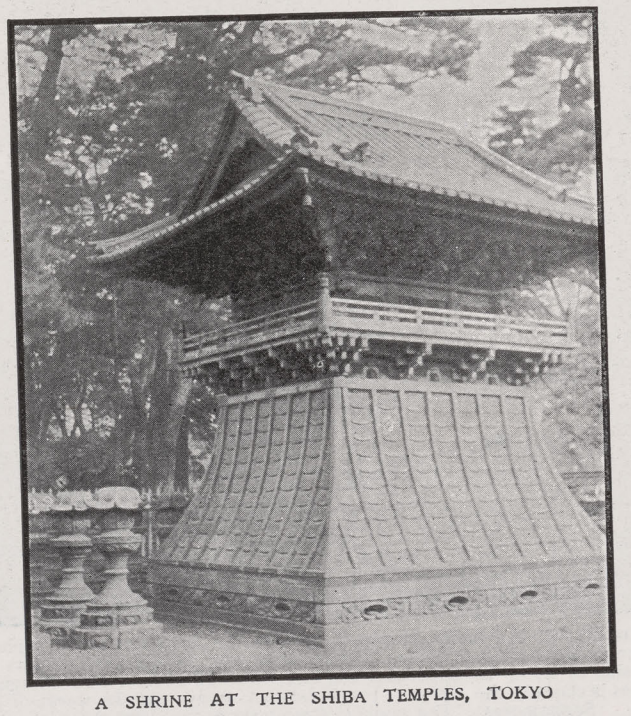
PICTURES OF OLD JAPAN

THE GOLDEN PAVILION AT KYOTO
In the Kinkaku-ji, one of the finest gardens of Japan.

A correspondent of THE GRAPHIC has just been visiting with his camera many of the scenes which are to be reproduced at the Japan-British Exhibition in London this year. He writes from Kyoto:

"One of the most famous gardens in this land of gardening miracles is the Kinkaku-ji, outside Kyoto, which was the capital of Japan till the revolution of 1868. The noble family which called the garden into existence reared on the shore of its miniature lake a 'Golden Pavilion' (Kinkaku), a gem of architecture in one of the finest gardens in this land of horticultural miracles. Under the wide-spreading eaves of the mansion close by is a singular specimen of the curious art by which trees are trained—not merely cut, like the bird-shaped trees occasionally seen in front of old English cottages—into fantastic shapes. In this case a pine-tree has become a ship, of a rig probably never seen even in Japanese waters, with a high prow curling downwards at the tip, and a pyramid of flat, disc-like branches to represent the mast and swelling sail. Kyoto's greatest charm to me lies in its many old temples. Their weird and monstrous overhanging tiled roofs are familiar to us all in pictures; and, to a less extent, so are the avenues of tall stone or bronze lanterns, offerings of the faithful, leading up to the shrines themselves.

"The most picturesquely situated temples in all Japan are, of course, those at Nikko, ninety miles north of the Imperial capital, Tokyo. Here the temples, and the tombs of Ieyasu (founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns) and his grandson Iemitsu, hide their loveliness amid the still lovelier forest of towering cryptomerias which cover the mountain-side. But the temples and shrines in the Shiba Park at Tokyo itself are scarcely less rich in themselves, though they lack the setting of mountain slopes and giant trees, and though their external beauty is concealed by the plain dark wooden screens put up to shield them from sun and rain. The expenditure of time and of art lavished upon these shrines by the infinitely painstaking genius of painters, wood-carvers and enamellers, can scarcely be imagined. Happily, an exact model of one of these gem-like temples is being sent over among the many treasures promised by Japan for the coming Exhibition."



A SHRINE AT THE SHIBA TEMPLES, TOKYO

THE WARSPITE BOYS

How many of the Londoners who saw the march of the Warspite boys to the church of St. Laurence Jewry on Tuesday bethought them that they were looking on at a pageant of Imperial interest, a reminder of an historic link binding London and the Empire and the Royal Navy in one! Yet there was enough about the display to make people think. For one thing, the revival in essentials of a century-old City practice, after fifty-five years of desuetude; for another, the presence in the procession of lads attired in the quaint but eminently serviceable garb of the original "Marine Boys" when they set out to do service before the enemy for King and country according to the first idea of the institution. When the "Warspite Boys"—to use to-day's name for them—made their first march through the City to church in May, 1757, Nelson was an unborn babe. Admiral Byng was hardly cold in his coffin. Canada was not yet under the British flag. British India comprised three isolated coast factories with strips of outlying territory held on sufferance from neighbouring princes. England at the moment was in the throes of a war scare over a French invasion, infinitely more acute than our present state of intermittent feverishness about Germany, and the foundation of the Warspite Boys as an institution was one of its outcomes.

The Navy's Debt to the Marine Society

This, briefly, is the story. The Seven Years' War had broken out, and, though long foreseen, found England unready. It proved impossible to man the Navy, and in his own personal dilemma one of the Channel Fleet captains at Portsmouth, Lord Harry Powlett (afterwards Duke of Bolton), of the Barfleur, wrote to the famous Bow Street magistrate, Sir John Fielding, begging him to try and collect for him some destitute lads who might like to go to sea. The magistrate did so, and as the lads were on their way to Portsmouth a London merchant, Mr. Fowler Walker by name, met them. They had been clothed at the expense of the captain of the Barfleur, and, struck with their appearance, Mr. Walker interested himself in the idea, and set on foot in the City a subscription by which three or four hundred more boys were similarly fitted out and sent into the Navy. It so happened that the Marine Society had just been formed by a great-hearted philanthropist, a Londoner of note of that day, Mr. Jonas Hanway, together with some friends, to induce volunteers for the Navy to come forward by offering to provide a free sea-kit to enable them to make a fair start on board ship as "landmen," or deck-hands. At Sir John Fielding's instance the Marine Society took over the charge of the boys, and ever since has carried on the noble and patriotic work. In the century and a half since 1756 no fewer than 65,670 odd boys in all have been sent to sea; 28,538 into the Royal Navy; 3760 into the Indian Marine; and 28,195 into the merchant service; in addition to 5174 sent to sea during the first twelve years of the Society's work, but not classified. Not a few of them gave their lives in battle for the country, and one Marine Society's boy indeed rose to command a British man-of-war as a post-captain.

From the Beatty to the Warspite

In the earlier days of the Society the boys were clothed and drafted off directly on board sea-going ships. For a hundred and twenty-four years past they have gone to sea after a training-ship course on board the Marine Society's own ship. The first of these vessels was established as long ago as 1786, when the Society started the first training ship in the world. An old merchantman, the Beatty, was the first vessel so employed, moored off Deptford. In 1799 the Admiralty lent a 16-gun sloop of war, the Thorn, to replace the Beatty, and after that in turn two 46-gun frigates, the Iphigenia and the Venus, moored off Greenwich. In 1863 the Warspite, of 50 guns, a warship of the Napoleonic War, was lent, and after her destruction by fire in 1875 the Admiralty lent the present ship (originally named the Waterloo, and later the Conqueror), which is now moored off Greenhithe.

Famous Patrons of the Marine Society

Nelson himself was one of the Governors of the Marine Society, and in 1799, on his victorious return to England after the battle of the Nile, when at the highest pinnacle of fame he enjoyed in his life, Nelson was proud to accept the position of a steward at the Marine Society's annual banquet. Clive, Hardy, of the Victory at Trafalgar, and Lord Exmouth, of Algiers bombardment fame, are three other familiar names from the Marine Society's long list of distinguished Vice-Presidents.

A Deserving Cause

Last year fifty-two "Warspite Boys" joined the Royal Navy and 181 the merchant service. There are now 217 on board, and the Warspite could take many more—there is ample accommodation for them and a long waiting list of applicants—but funds are lacking, and many a fine, brave, poor boy with the making of a British sailor of the highest type cannot in consequence be found a place for and get his chance. Honesty is the password into the Warspite; every boy has to bring a satisfactory character. All of us who desire to help forward a noble and patriotic undertaking of proved national utility can give in no grander cause than in aid of the oldest training ship service in the world, to support the Warspite boys.

EDWARD FRASER.