

Æge Quod Ægis.

The
John Ruskin
School
Magazine,
Croydon.

July, 1920.



HEAD MASTER'S FOREWORD.

To the Boys of the John Ruskin School—

This Magazine is our first effort at corporate speech, and, like most first efforts, will have plenty of defects, which, we hope, will gradually disappear in future issues.

Our School, which has now been open for six months, is the newest offspring of the Croydon Education Committee, and is shewing itself a most promising and robust infant. You all know that our motto "*Age Quod Agis*" is taken from the stone in Shirley Churchyard, erected by Ruskin to the memory of his parents, and that we translate it as "What you do, do thoroughly;" or, if anyone prefers a Biblical rendering, "Do *all* that thou hast to do."

I think we can claim during the last six months to have been increasingly successful in carrying out this precept. What is more, we have been able to combine *thoroughness* in work with *happiness* in work. Each of you is able to say, with truth, that he goes to a school where no punishment of any kind has been awarded since the opening of the school.

As the average age of the boys of the school increases I shall expect you more and more to govern yourselves by your own elected representatives. That is what your parents have to do in the government of our town and of the whole country, and much depends on the wisdom of their choice. The experience of representative government which you will get on a small scale, will be of great value to you when you become full-fledged citizens.

For the preparation and editing of this Magazine we are indebted to Capt. B. V. Pring, D.S.O., M.C., whose humorous description of the glories of the Hotel Ruskin is, in my opinion, the gem of this issue. He has selected the most suitable of the articles submitted by boys, and has made suggestions for revision and improvement in the few cases where this was desirable. The Form Notes stand as they were written by the respective contributors, and their faults of style and construction will give you ample opportunity of exercising your powers of criticism.

With these few introductory words I call on you all to wish success to this new venture, the latest feature of the activities of the John Ruskin School.

John Ruskin School Magazine

No 1.

JULY, 1920.

SOMETHING WORTH TALKING ABOUT.

"I regret to complain," said the Voice at the rostrum, "but the practice of late-coming must cease, at once."

The three late-comers standing in front of the school shifted uneasily on their feet.

"Nine o'clock has been fixed by the Education Committee as the hour for you to attend this school. Some of you come from long distances and occasionally trams break down."

The trinity of late-comers looked up hopefully, all eager to explain that the trams had, that very morning, gone and broken down again.

"As this is often the case, apparently, the Education Committee," (our eyes positively gleamed with bright expectation at the mention of that august body) "the Education Committee decided last night" (our hearts thumped with pleasure at their doings), "to provide every boy with" (five hundred ears curled forward a couple of centimetres to catch the next words)—"a motor scooter!"

Only the iron discipline which is a feature of this particular academy of learning kept us from leaping to our feet and standing on the chairs to cheer.

"The motor scooters will be delivered at your homes by the first delivery to-morrow morning."

The strain on our feelings was tremendous. One boy fainted with delirious joy and had to be carried out.

"Is there," said the Voice, "any boy who cannot ride a motor scooter?" Five hundred eyes searched incredulously amongst the gathering for the strange being who might dare to admit he preferred to walk. There was no such being in existence as far as could be ascertained: we were all motor scooters, every one of us. Five hundred eyes clicked in their sockets and focussed their intelligence on the speaker.

"Then there will be in future no excuse for coming late. And further, the Education Committee"—here two boys so far forgot themselves as to begin to cheer, but with great presence of mind recovered their self-control in time to change their action into a violent blowing of their respective noses,—“the Education Committee have decided to provide lemonade and doughnuts every morning at eleven o'clock to the whole school.”

Fortunately just then one of the masters felt it necessary to open a window. The atmosphere was electric, and the fresh breeze cooled our fevered brows. "If there is any boy who prefers soda water and plain lunch biscuits" (again half a thousand eyes swept the throng curiously to see if there were any abnormal fellows among us) "if so, no doubt it could be arranged."

Our breaths had become short and sharp: five hundred lungs were working at top pressure.

"During the summer term," the speaker continued, "every afternoon will be spent at physical exercises." Fatty Jones and Tubby Roberts were seen to lean back in their chairs while beads of perspiration rolled down their ruddy cheeks.

"Physical exercises," the Voice continued, "in the Swimming Bath." Five hundred pent-up breaths were released in a delighted sigh, and more than two hundred smiles beamed like rays of sunshine through a passing cloud. At least one boy stooped under his chair to pick up his handkerchief and pinch his neighbour's leg for sheer delight.

"And last of all," the Voice went on, "enough has been saved out of the rates this year to enable the Education Committee"—here two boys put up their hands and asked if they might go into the fresh air as they had weak hearts—"to give every boy a shilling a week pocket money, to spend as he pleases." Three boys were seen to unloose their collars, and more than a dozen others quietly pinched themselves in the arm and leg to make sure that their ears heard aright.

When I mentioned these things afterwards, I was told I must have been dreaming. I may have been. Anyhow, I've written down my dream in case the suggestions might help the Education Committee.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We beg to tender our thanks to the Staff of the Central Croydon Library for the interesting list of books of adventure and novels dealing with the Americans. There are lists in each room to be consulted in borrowing a book from the Central Library.

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Each Form has now its own library in miniature, and any further gifts of books are very welcome, as well as the better sort of Magazines. Exchanges will be made so that the books may be passed round and read by as many as possible.

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The whole school, as well as visitors, have greatly appreciated the excellent entertainment given on various occasions by those who have provided music and singing. We congratulate Cousins, Brown, Smith and Kelly on their musical ability and hope to hear them often. Perhaps a little more trying has been the task of those who acted in the Scene from Sheridan's "School for Scandal" and Browning's "Strafford," but quite a number gave a good performance: the more we see and hear of them the better.

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Several interesting excursions have taken place to the enjoyment of all concerned, among them being a visit to the Old Palace, a day's sight-seeing in London, a twenty (or was it a hundred?) mile ramble round Oxted and Tandridge, and a couple of interesting school journeys.

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Everyone has been amused by the excellent sketches appearing from Room F. It will be wise always to look one's best in case the Artist catches one unawares and a laughable likeness appears in an illustrated weekly over the initials C.H.D. A large number of students are glad to have the opportunity given them for extra help and practice.

* * * *

Our best thanks are given to our Sports Manager who spends so much time and takes so much trouble to obtain football and cricket apparatus and arrange games for everybody. It is up to every boy to *think* when he is on the playing fields how he can most give others a good game and enjoy one himself, and *do* all those little jobs of collecting gear and seeing it safely back into its proper place after play is over.

* * * *

It was generous of the Education Committee to make up for the loss of a bicycle stolen from the shed. All the more reason for rules of the Committee and the school to be obeyed in future. It would be unreasonable for anyone after this to expect a loss to be made good which is only due to not taking proper precautions. But where were our budding Sherlock Holmes's? Is Sexton Blake a myth after all?

The Hotel Ruskin will open very shortly and dinners at moderate prices will be provided on the premises. It is hoped that there will be iced drinks, a French *Chef*, and a Jazz Band consisting of nine trombones, nineteen niggers and ninety-nine drums, and in addition, perhaps, a moving staircase for the overfed. Anyhow, everything comes to him who waits,—if he waits long enough.

* * * *

A handsome prize has been offered by the Chairman of the Governors of this school to be awarded to the boy who produces the best essay on "Why I came to the John Ruskin School and what I intend to do there." Mr. Councillor Muggeridge has helped Masters and Scholars of the school in more ways than can be mentioned, and there will be keen competition to show him we are worthy of his unflagging interest even without the inducement of the prize which he has generously offered.

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Evidence of the good spirit in the school has been shewn by the way in which many lads have brought cricket gear, books and sports' subscriptions: everyone has done his best, and in some cases it has not been too easy. All the more honour to those who have given what help they could in spite of difficulties.

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Many boys of all forms have sent in contributions, humorous and serious, for which they receive our thanks. They are not quite good or suitable enough for printing but every contribution has been read and considered. That need not stop them from trying again, for practice makes perfect as anybody knows who falls downstairs.

* * * *

The greatest disappointment we have had is that our Camp scheme has fallen through. Money, the root of all evil, was one of the chief reasons. The Council could not see their way, like London, to allot public money to assist School Camps, and the expense of hiring Camp equipment and providing food at the present high prices, made it impossible for us to attempt a Camp holiday this summer. We tried to obtain a hut or a few tents from the War Office, the Ministry of Munitions, Church Army and other bodies, but even with the assistance of a member of Parliament we could get no help. Anyhow, a good many highly placed Government officials have heard of the John Ruskin School by now.

Examiner :—"How many legs does a fowl stand on when roosting?"
Boy :—"N minus one."

Tommy :—"I say, Johnny. Do you object to my presence at your birthday party?"

Johnny :—"That depends how you spell it."

MY PET VIC.

My pet, who is a dog, goes by the name of Vic, for there is some doubt as to whether he is a mongrel or an Irish Terrier. Everyone I ask seems uncertain, so I must content myself that he is a Vic terrier.

While taking him out one day, I had exceeding trouble in trying to keep him out of a front garden. On the return journey he managed to get in and find the dustbin ; I waited outside sometime, calling until I was hoarse. At last a man came up to the gate and said, "What are you doing here ?" I told him that my dog had gone into his garden, whereon he went in to find him. "No dog here," he said, "He must be next door." I went in and explored the next garden, but no dog was to be found. Arriving at this conclusion I waited outside again, until at last when everything was quiet, Bang ! Crash ! off came the lid of the dustbin, which I heard the man put on when he went in, and out came Vic, running, or rather, flying down the path like mad.

A few days after, I took him out the same way and off he went again. Being late, I did not wait for him but whistled him continually. I went all the way there and back calling until I gave up all hopes, because I thought that he had come out and lost his way. Leaving him to his fate I returned home. I had not been home long when I went into the back garden—and there was Vic staring me in the face, yelping pitifully at the dustbin. Something convinced him that the bin was his deadly enemy, and he regarded it as the cause of his troubles. So he had returned to give it a piece of his mind and challenge it to mortal combat.

W. J. CASSELDEN.

RATHER A MISTAKE.

All was quiet and still in Miss Tompkins' Nature Study class, for Mr. Philpotts, the stern, chief inspector of the East End Schools, had just arrived.

"I hear you've made *great progress* with the aspirates, and the a's and i's, Miss Tompkins," he said. "I will just give them a little examination in—Oh ! Natural History you are taking ? Start from the right hand corner and answer my questions in turn," he said sternly to the boys. "What is a bison ?"

This puzzled many of them, until it came to Johnny Johnson, who had been pondering deeply. When the inspector's eye fell upon him he mustered his courage, sprang up and blurted out, "Hi know sir, a bison is wot yer wash yer fice in."

F. H. JAMES.

THE DISAPPEARING OF PROSERPINA.

Once the maiden Proserpina,
Daughter of the fair Demeter,
Wandered o'er the hills and meadows
With her friends to gather blossoms.
Soon she saw a sweet Narcissus,
With a hundred heads upon it ;
White as snowflakes was the colour,
And the stem was green as ivy.
Quick she stooped to pluck the flower,
But as she was bending o'er it,
All the earth around rent open,
And appeared four coal-black horses
Drawing from the depths a chariot ;
At the fore was seated Pluto,
King of dark and mighty Hades.
Swift he snatched up Proserpina.
'Neath the earth he quickly bore her,
There to be his Queen for ever.

R. CRAIG.

FORM "A" NOTES.

As I have been requested to write notes for my Form, that is A, I have duly set to work, and in consequence my efforts appear below.

During the football season of 1919-20 our team, under the captaincy of R. Walter, made a pretty successful debut, being placed second in the inter-class league ; but you may be sure that we mean to occupy the premier position at the close of the next football season, with a team that includes such stalwarts as Walter, Tindall and Farndale.

Some boys have remarked that swimming is not very popular at present ; it may be that the loss of their " beauty " sleep in the morning does not appeal to a number of young gentlemen, and in consequence the swimming is rather slack. However, despite this, Form A is not lacking in aspirants who wish to become swimmers.

Now to deal with Cricket,—in my opinion the best of the bunch. At present we have not started the inter-class league, but hope to commence very soon with Form B as our antagonists..

This game is extremely popular among the boys although there may be a few who tremble at the sight of a Cricket bat. You ask why ? Simple ! Some boys often have arguments at home with their betters in which a Cricket bat usually comes into play. Although the victim protests that such an article is supposed to be used to hit a ball with, and not for chastisement, it is of no avail, for by that time the irate " pa " is imagining that he is young once again and slogging sixers on the village green.

C. PARSONS.

FORM "B" NOTES.

One eventful term has already passed over the heads of the pupils of the "John Ruskin," and Form B can look back with pleasure on the events of last term.

Our football exertions were amply rewarded with the gaining of the Inter-Form Championship, and we hope to be equally successful in the coming Cricket Season.

To captain our cricket team, we have elected E. Street who will be ably seconded by L. Rickett. We have great reliance on their ability, and with such strong hands at the helm we hope to be able to steer clear of the rocks of defeat.

In the two senior matches the school have played, B boys have taken a prominent part. The two highest scorers in the former and the second scorers in the latter being in Form "B."

Our aquatic attempts are of no mean order, and if any swimming competition takes place our fellows will not remain idle. A glance at the swimming attendance will show a great majority of B'—ites both swimmers and learners.

It is not only at sports that B excels—in work also we are prominent. Seven of us have gained positions in the senior Mathematics Form, and Doran, our brilliant Mathematician, ran a dead heat with Newman of "A" in the race for the top of the school.

A library was formed last term, an example which was quickly followed by the rest of the school. Books are being received daily, and we now have a considerable collection of interesting volumes.

Several excursions have been made, and accounts of them are being handed to the editor.

Though many forms may put forward a satisfactory record, I can safely say that none will surpass in sport or work the record of Form B.

F. H. JAMES.

FORM "C" NOTES.

This month is to be marked down as important in the calendar of Form C.

First comes the opening of the Form Library. That started first class and is still going strong. Books are continually being brought in, not one being uninteresting. G. Jurman suggested the library and was crowned with laurels as librarian immediately—he makes a very good one, too.

The next interesting event was a debate, on the subject of, "Should the Government hold rights to edit and publish newspapers?" It was rather one-sided, one eloquent speaker alone

holding for the government. He was very persuading but not quite convincing enough to win over anybody else. Speakers in Form C are not very plentiful, but we hope some are going into training.

The third event, (and the best,) was the beginning of cricket. Having got the tackle we chose the Sports Captain. Hunt was the lucky man, getting 18 votes, Jurman coming second was chosen Vice. It was a very good choice, and the Form hope that they will live up to their positions. Hurrah! for cricket. Here's health to King Willow (although most of the bats are "All Cane.")

J. DUNNETT.

FORM "D" NOTES.

Form D first let their superiority show itself when the school started. They enacted plays before the school, and that brought forward some good actors.

They started a football team, and of course the expected happened; D had a very good team, and they came out with flying colours.

Then the Cricket season came along, and we had to abandon football. At first, we were rather dismal, because we had no apparatus but, unknown to us, (and I must say it came as a pleasant surprise), some bats, stumps, balls, etc., arrived. The question then arose, should we use them, for they had not been paid for. A suggestion was offered, which was carried unanimously. The idea was that we should pay for them, or at least half the amount. So far Form D has beaten every form that they have played except C which has beaten us once, and tied us once.

It was a narrow escape for us when they tied us. They had five men yet to go in, and to score two runs to beat us, but L. Barnard, H. Wilson and G. Southey, sent down some good balls, and out of five wickets, our opponents only scored one run.

In football our captain was O'Dwyer and then Wilson, and our best players were H. Wilson, L. Barnard and S. Cruse. Now our cricket captain is S. Cruse, and L. Barnard is Vice-captain, and our best players are L. Barnard, S. Cruse, G. Southey, Hills, Wood and Simpson. Both in football, and cricket, at least two of our men have been, and are in the school team.

A little while ago, we started a Library, and every book was contributed by the boys. I think that Form D's good record is worth three hearty cheers, so let them go m'lads: hip, hip, hurrah!

P.S. If any Form would like a licking just fix up a match with Form D.

L. MAILE.

FORM "E" NOTES.

Last term we had a very good Form Football Team, and we had some very fine games including a draw with Form A and a very hard fight with Form B.

This term's "Form Cricket" has hardly started yet, but we are getting together a team, and we have appointed Fowler as captain and Harvey as vice-captain. The Form is now ready to compete in the Inter-form league.

Cricket subscriptions are coming in very well. Swimming will be more popular when the weather is quite settled, but we hope that all non-swimmers will attend the baths on Mondays at dinner times, and learn to swim this term.

Several boys in the Form are keen on Nature Study, and we hope to arrange some Saturday morning rambles in the country round Croydon.

F. BEDWARD.

FORM "F" NOTES.

Class F has had a rather unfortunate Football season, but next autumn, when football starts again, look out for your reputations. Now, in cricket it will be different, for F has some good cricketers, for instance, Honeysett, Rogers (The Fat One), Nowers and Bull.

F's Library is going strong, and Honeysett is Librarian. Honeysett is captain of the Form and Cricket team, and in fact lots more than I can think of. Bull is vice-captain of the cricket team, and he can bat and bowl very well. Finch is Form vice, but not so strict as Honeysett. There was a debate held:—"Should there be a Channel Tunnel or not." The "Fors" won, and Rushbrook (For) and Rigglesworth (against) both gave thrilling speeches. Swimming has not been fully started yet, but we shall soon all be "In the swim."

Three cheers for F and put on some steam lads, for F deserve it. Hip! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

If anyone wants a licking, apply to Form F.

A. TURNER.

FORM "G" NOTES.

Form "G," although the last to be formed is not the least in prowess.

We have a good Form captain, a first rate Cricket captain, and a smart Cricket team. Our Form captain is W. Davies, whose duty is to supervise the conduct of the boys. The captaincy of our Cricket team is held by S. Beckett, commonly nicknamed "Joe." Our team

up to now has beaten classes C and E, and those that have beaten us are classes F and B. Our Library is under the direction of J. Fairchild who fulfils his duties with admirable ability. We have a fine collection of books, the distribution of which is carried out in a novel but effective way.

A. STACEY.

SPORTS NOTES.

FOOTBALL.—It is rather late and certainly far too hot to write notes on Football, but this is our first Magazine so a word or two may not be out of place. The Season was half through when the School opened, but we had a very enjoyable Inter-form League, a school six-a-side Tournament, and several games with neighbouring schools.

CRICKET.—The school can always be found on Duppas Hill any mid-day, and the Form rivalry is keen but good-spirited. Cricket of all games teaches one "to play the game." Each Form has its own set of gear; and the captains so far, have done their allotted tasks very well.

We play at least two matches a week with outside schools, and up to the present have done very well, the games with Pitman's School and Stanley Technical School being outstanding features. These games generally take place on Duppas Hill on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. We have a few Wednesday and Saturday games.

SWIMMING.—More than a hundred boys are members of this Section, and already many boys have learned to swim. Certificates will be issued to all boys who can swim fifty yards and upwards. A class for the Life-Saving Certificate has been formed. It is hoped that all boys will attend this class, and master perfectly the essential "Land Drill." Our Swimming days are Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 8.30 a.m. and Monday noon. We hope to hold a School Swimming Gala in October.

GENERAL SPORTS.—It is pleasing to note the large number of entries for the events, and we are looking forward to a great day on July 14th.

CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.—This is in a really flourishing state largely due to the energy of the Secretary, (F. James, Form B), and promises well for next winter. Several parents have sent us Chess Sets, and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking them.

RAMBLING CLUB.—The rambles have been well attended. Thirty-five boys walked to Oxted and back on Whit Monday, and spent one of the happiest of Bank Holidays. The Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have also been visited, and at the Cathedral through the kindness of the Residential Canon, we were able to visit *all* parts.

We are truly sorry that our camp has fallen through, but better luck next year.

THE HOTEL RUSKIN.

The Hotel Ruskin is one of those secluded restaurants known only to the favoured few. Its fluted exterior, dull green windows and quiet geometrical dignity are guarantees of solid and seasonable repasts within. When in full swing,—it is as yet only in its early-morning-cup-of-tea stage—it will undoubtedly become the rendezvous of future Cabinet Ministers, Poets and Captains of Industry, as well as of useful members of society. Its *menu* will be read and discussed while the newspapers lie neglected. Its *Chef* will be mightier than the throned monarch: his the power to make or mar the day's happiness.

Imagine his favorite *menu*,—a masterpiece of culinary art:—

SOUP, POTAGE PERMANGANATE.

What taste! What colour!

FISH, SKATE A LA FRIFISHOP.

What flavour! recalling the aromas of Ancient Greece and the odours of the Burnt Rubber Islands. For *entrée* there will be his famous

HASH DE MIDWEEK, ODDSANDENDS.

Who but *Monseieur le Chef* knows the ingredients of this dish? Is it fish, fowl or good red herring, this mystery of mysteries? Who would ask for anything as Sweets but

ROLI-POLI, TREACLE,

to nourish the body, strengthen the joints, line the ribs, invigorate the jaws, stimulate the system, build bone and develop the digestion? The finishing touch would be added by a draught of Veritable Eau de Tap, a liquid crystal clear from the depths of the primeval strata.

Music will aid the digestion of every meal at the Hotel Ruskin. The Medley Minstrelsy will have a repertoire to include

March.....Drill de Fourchette.

Two step.....There's a long, long queue a-winding.

Barndance.....Dig deep in Dixie.

Selection.....Chew Chin Cow.

Ragtime.....Pass your plate, please.

The band will be conducted by Mr. Quaverly Crotchet, and will include several kettle drums, ice-cornets, megaphones, trombones, hambones, toothcombs, telephones, gramophones, clarinets, fishing-nets, flutes, mutes, hoots and other instruments of percussion and discussion.

In a word, once you have dined at the Hotel Ruskin, you will never forget it.

B.V.P

“YE ANCIENT HISTORIE OF YE SCHOOLE.”

Chronicled by John Newman Froissart, Knight.

OF THE JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENT, AND HOW SIR ROBERT L'EAU CAPTAINED HIS LEGION.

Now it came to pass that the time for jousting and shewing skill of arms had come, and the legions assembled themselves for to joust with one another.

These legions, thirty in all, were bade to fight to the death if needs be, for, that legion who beat all others was to be richly rewarded. After many hard battles, the victory was gained by the six valiant men under Sir Robert L'eau, and he and all his men were crowned with laurels.

Now this Sir Robert L'eau is the chief leader of the first company of knights, and has led that company into battle not once, nor twice, but many times.

OF THE BUILDING OF THE LISTING PLACES.

Now, after yet another band of knights had come to learn the noble art of fighting, the powers that be thought it good that listing places should be built wherein the knights and soldiers could partake of their food and hold tournaments and jousts. So now, all day long the noise of battle rolls, hammers falling on iron, and drowning the sounds of clashing mail within.

At last, after many weeks' labour, the listing places are nigh completion, and doubtless the knights and men-at-arms will be glad.

OF YE ALCHEMIST, AND YE DIVERS ODOURS HE DID MAKE IN SEARCHING FOR THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

Now in the schoole there is one, Sir Arthur le Morgan, whose time was devoted to the finding of the Elixir which should make men live for ever. Eke, he was working, mixing sundry elements together which, altho' they gave off many stynks did no other good. Being sore discouraged he is for finding the Professor's Stone, which should turn everything to gold.

Therefore he has been hunting among the minerals, but as yet none have heard of his success.

HOW YE ESQUIRES DO PLAYE COLD GAMES IN YE WINTER AND HOT GAMES IN YE SUMMER.

Now methinks it passing strange that the esquires should choose to play slow games in ye colde season, whereas they play fierce games in ye summer's heate. For in ye Winter ye esquire

with blainèd hands do play ye tedious game of marbles, whereas in ye hot season they do leap over one another after ye manner of frogs, and shout and sweat withal.

How passing strange ye mind of man !

OF YE MARCHING OF YE ARMIE, AND HOW SIR PERCIVAL THORNE DID NIGH DROWN HIMSELF.

Now it came to pass that on Whit-Monday ye armie did move towards Oxtede. Ye rendezvous appointed was at Purlie, from whence the armie were to march southwards.

Now a halt was made by ye banks of a wayside stream, and one, Sir Percival Thorne did take to the water, but by some mischance he did slip and was wetted through.

They dried him in ye sun and marched on !

J. NEWMAN FROISSART.

AN ALPHABET.

At Addiscombe, advertisements announce :—

“ Blue Brighton’s breezy beach brings boisterous bounce.”

Can classic Croydon captive crowds content ?

Duppas delights : do doubters dare dissent ?

Each evening every elegant expanse

Finds fagged folk fancy free from firms’ finance.

Glad golfers golf : gay gardeners grandly grow

High handsome hollyhocks, herbs, haricots.

Inhabitants indulge in imbecile

Jigs, jazzes, jinks, jokes,—joys just juvenile :—

Keep kicking kippers, kidnap kangaroos ;

Let liars lie like lunatics let loose.

Most men make magic money multiply.

Near Norbury no needful neighbours nigh.

Oppressive, obstinate, omnipotent

Proud prospering profiteers prove permanent.

Quit questionable quarrel, queasy quest.

Rise Ruskinites, regenerate, refreshed !

Seek Surrey’s sunny slopes salubrious,

Tall towering trees : take tram to terminus :

Urge upward, undelayed uphill, upon

Views verdant,—vanish vile vermillion,—

Where, whilesince, well-beloved Whitgift went.

’Xpounding ’xhortations x’cellent.

* * * *

Yet yawn ye, yodelling youths yclept yahoos ?

’Zounds ! Zealous zebras zig-zag zany Zoos !

Employer :—" So you want a job, eh ? Do you ever tell lies ? "

Ruskinite :—" No sir,—but I can learn,"

Lady :—" How is this Kill-Fly Mixture to be used ? "

Chemist :—(absent-mindedly), " Give them a teaspoonful after each meal, madam."

Talkative Old Lady to Policeman tired of answering questions :—" And what is that strap under your chin for, constable ? "

Policeman :—" That strap, madam, is to rest our chins on when not engaged in answering questions."