



Mrs. NORTH-BAILEY:

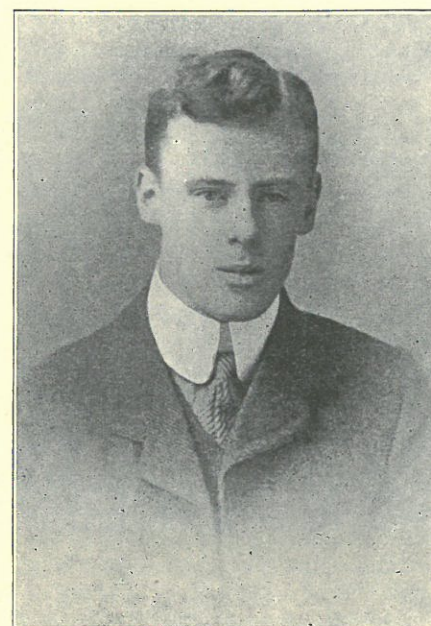
I don't think your little boy is very nicely behaved.

MAID-OF-HALL-WORK:

Oh! isn't he? I *am* sorry. He's really such a sweet child.

## Men of Mark.

(No. 2).—H. W. T. REED, Ex-President of the Union.



No undergraduate we venture to say has a more intimate knowledge of the 'Varsity, and is more qualified to form opinions thereon than Mr. Reed. Born in Durham itself in 1884, his whole life has been spent, almost entirely amongst these mixed and massive piles, and so when he came up as a "fresher," he knew more of the inside of the 'Varsity than many a man in his third year.

The chief incident of his childhood was a violent attack of scarlet fever, which (to quote his own words) nearly did for him. He recovered however, and in the following year entered the Cathedral Choir, whence he passed five years later into Durham School.

Here he took up Rugger, and was on the School 1st XV. in the Season 1900-01, regularly as a wing three-quarter. He also went in for Rowing. "That is," he said, "they shoved me into the House Boat to fill up, and told me to pull like blazes, and they tubbed me vigorously twice-a-day, and then after all the race wasn't rowed. Still though I'm no use I'm very keen on it," he soliloquized modestly, "and I am sorry I haven't been able to take it up here."

Mr. Reed came up to the 'Varsity in Michaelmas Term, 1902, and was immediately recognized as one of the best forwards on the Colleges XV. The following season he was Secretary, and this last year has filled the exceptionally difficult position of Captain.

But his successes have been greater in other pursuits. He passed his First Year with First Class Honours, and in last December won an Exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, whither he proceeds next October.

For the Easter Term of last year he was elected President of the Union, thereby gaining the greatest honour that his 'Varsity has to give him. Needless to say he made an excellent President.

He was also one of the two Secretaries who with much tribulation and with considerable trouble, made last June Week the success it undoubtedly was.

We refrain from embarrassing remarks about either beauty of person or character, and will content ourselves with a trite remark—We shall miss him when he goes down.

Here's to you, little Tich!

"Not for me, thanks, I'll have a whiskey and soda. Well, the facts of the case are as follows: Mickey and I dined last night with the Warstells—"

"That accounts for a good deal, no doubt," suggested Pussy, but the other ignored his remark, and continued:—

"We had a very good evening, and our host and hostess looked after us right well. Personally I was feeling perfectly content with myself and all the world, and our parting night-cap only tended, if possible, to increase this soothing condition. How Mickey was feeling, I cannot say, but he looked happy enough, as he stood in the glare of the hall lights, and paid and dismissed the dusky driver, who had waited to take us home.

He turned, as the conveyance disappeared, and linked his arm in mine, and then we set out.

I left everything to Mickey, for he had been here before, and moreover he had dismissed the buggy without consulting me, and so I held him responsible for whatever might happen.

Apparently he was perfectly indifferent to his surroundings, as he strolled along with his hands in his pockets, head erect and humming "For we're off to Philadelphia in the morning," while I kept silent, and waited for some development of the proceeding, which came sooner than I had contemplated, and from an unexpected quarter.

What part of the city we had reached, even now I do not know, but suddenly Mickey stopped before a dark crawling mass. Musing to himself, he fumbled in his pockets for a match, and finding one he struck it on his boot. It flared up and quickly flickered out, but not before I had observed that the creature crawling along the road was in evening dress, and that moreover he was a white man, for he had looked up with blinking eyes at the sudden glare of the match.

Mickey's sympathetic disposition now showed itself.

"Poor Devil!" he said, "Must have forgotten that you cannot partake as freely out here of the good the good things provided, as you can in cooler climes. Let's give him a hand, Grenville."

With considerable difficulty we hoisted him on to his feet, as he muttered "Thanks awfully, you Johnnies—Just call me a hansom—tell the cabby to take me to Star Chambers, Piccadilly, and I shall be all right."

I could hear Mickey chuckling to himself at the idea of an English Jehu straying so far West, but he only remarked:—

"Cabbies all disappeared. We'll see you home. What's your name?"

"Braithwaite," rejoined the other, absently.

"Must be old Braithwaite's son," suggested Mickey to me in a stage whisper, to which I blindly assented, although I was a stranger, and had never heard of old Braithwaite before.

"His place is not far from here," continued Mickey, "come along!"

We each took an arm, and prepared to take the prodigal home. Ten minutes later and we were struggling up the drive leading to a large

house, ablaze with lights. The night was calm, and the air was heavy with the perfume of orange blossom and logwood, while every now and then the sound of laughter reached us as we approached the building.

The glare of the lights seemed to liven Braithwaite up a bit, and he thanked us in a sleepy sort of way, and said that he could manage now.

"Better not leave him yet," said Mickey, "for he's more asleep than awake, and would probably sit down on the steps of the verandah and stay there."

We got him unobserved into a big entrance hall, whose walls were adorned with many trophies of the chase, and then pondered over our next move when a linen-clad coolie glided softly across the polished floor, and bowed, uttering the customary "Salaam ho, sahib."

I was at a loss for anything to say, but Mickey kept his presence of mind, and blurted out:—

"Braithwaite, sahib, burra sick, ho baboo, put him jeldy, jeldy bedside, savey?"

The baboo seemed surprised, and hesitated, but observing our dress jackets he evidently concluded that it was all right, and led the way to a spacious room, where we finally deposited our burden and left him.

As we once more entered the hall, a choleric old man approached us from the opposite side, gesticulating wildy, and pouring forth a stream of abuse.

"Egad, Sir! What the dickens does this mean? What's all this disturbance? Who the deuce are you, Sir? And what the devil are you doing here?"

He was talking so fast, that it was almost impossible for anybody else to get a word in edgeways, but Mickey put his hand soothingly on the old man's arm and said:

"It's all right Sir, we've only—"

"All right Sir?" retorted the old gentlemen. "All right, forsooth? All wrong, Sir, egad! All wrong, Sir!"

He paused for a few seconds to regain his breath, which in his excitement was almost exhausted, so Mickey suggested:—

"It was the heat, no doubt, Sir, just an error of judgment, you must excuse him—"

"Heat Sir? Error of judgment?" reiterated Braithwaite the elder. "Excuse him? Excuse who? Egad!"

"Your son, Sir," put in Mickey. We found him a trifle overcome by the heat, and so we took him to his room. He will be all right by the morning—a mere error of judgment on his part, I assure you."

But this was the last straw, and only roused the old chap more.

"Son?" he gurgled, "Son, Sir? Haven't got a son! You're prevaricating, Sir! I'll summons you for trespass and attempted burglary."

"Begorrah!" exclaimed Mickey, "We've done it; Let's cut! Come on!"

"Three strides took us to the door, three more, and we were down the steps and on the drive, along which we pounded, while Braithwaite, senior, brought up the rear—a bad third."

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### Mental Rustication.

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Though we express our views of life in words both rude and terse,  
Our tutors and our governors have found it even worse  
(The proctors hate to proctorize, the Bursars to disburse);  
Think life a something awful bore, an ever present curse,  
And vilify existence in very vigorous verse.

The other day I heard a voice,—a somewhat mournful sound  
"By cycling round and round the Green, I'm now as round as round;  
"My soul doth magnify, you know," he looked upon the ground,  
"Its not the only part, alas! By nature I was bound  
"To be a chorus girl and sing "Why little Mary frowned."

And then a deep and sleepy voice came floating to our ears,  
"If I had energy," it said, "I could dethrone Amirs;  
"But since I've been just half-asleep for 30 something years,  
"How am I" (here a horrid yawn)—"to wake up I have fears!  
"I'm sometimes Mrs. Grundy, and sometimes Mr. Squeers."

This last seemed disconnected quite, and as I thought it o'er,  
A head and shoulders came in view, a "neck and nothing" more,  
With Stephens's best blue-and-black spilt all across its jaw;  
"My hat" I said, and there I stood firm rooted to the floor,  
For he'd pressed his knuckle in his eye until it was quite sore.

"Oh," shrieked he, in remorseful tones, "If you would happy be,"  
"Put Fisher in the fire or he'll put you up a tree;  
"The doctrine of oblivion is the one true thing for thee,  
"Forget the Northern Theory and 58 A.D.,  
"Forget, forget Galatia and think of wretched me."

MISERRIMUS.

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### Plato (a recently discovered fragment).

Concerning Flirtation (tentative).

Characters:—SOCRATES and EUTHYPHRO.

S. Good afternoon, Euthyphro, how does it come to pass that you are here, strolling about the Banks? It is indeed very strange to find you thus idle.

E. I am, by no means, idle, Socrates; on the contrary I am very busy. I have come to mark how some of the youths of Durham spend their afternoon, for I have heard of a certain pastime called flirtation being carried on on these banks.

S. I am surprised, my dear friend, but I really do not know what you mean by flirtation. I have just left a lady friend of mine, whom I met by chance, and with whom I conversed concerning the present state of the weather. Is that flirtation? Come, tell me, since you use the word so freely.

E. Flirtation is what you have just been doing, "Talking to a Lady." (Def. 1).

S. But that is not what I asked. I did not ask for an example of what constitutes flirtation, but those essential features which are contained in every act of flirtation.

E. Well, I will put it in a different way,—"What is dear to women is flirtation, what is not dear is not flirtation."—(Def. 2). For instance, you said just now that you had met and conversed with a lady about the weather. That may or may not have been flirtation, for it is not in the "matter" about which one converses that flirtation lies, but in the "manner."

S. If a lady says "What a fine day it is," is that flirtation?

E. Yes, it is most decidedly, if she says it in a deep, earnest way, as if it were a matter of vital importance, and if whilst saying it she twisted her body towards you, and held her head down, simpering, and making eyes at you, while you did likewise.

S. What do you mean by "making eyes," Euthyphro?

E. Don't you really know, Socrates? Making eyes consists in distorting the muscles of the eyes so that they assume an unnatural position, and grow large and distended, thus causing a spell or *pathos*.

S. But when do the eyes go back into their natural position, and how?

E. The appearance of a Procter, for instance, will work marvels. Their eyes will go back into the sockets with a "click," and the youth will raise his hat in adieu.

S. But surely our definition of flirtation is not yet complete, Euthyphro. Flirtation does not consist merely in making eyes, does it?

E. No. Flirtation is "the service of woman, and the service of man."—(Def. 3).

S. In what does this service consist?

E. Let me give you an example. A lady accidentally or intentionally drops her handkerchief, the youth stoops to pick it up, but instead of returning it to its owner, he places it within his own pocket, next his heart.

S. But that is stealing. Is then, flirtation stealing?

E. Yes, flirtation is "the science of taking and keeping."—(Def. 4).

S. But, is not stealing always wicked, and does it not bring evil consequences?