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THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND

OCTOBER. 1915.

Published once a Term.

Annual Subscription, 2/6; Posted, 2/9.

Editor
Sub-Editor

C. R. WONDERLEY.
C. H. H. JENKYN.

The Carter-Watson Co., Printers, 65 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.
From its first conception—in the minds of men—to its present concrete form, the University of Queensland has evolved with marvellous rapidity—thanks to those who have laboured untiringly and zealously in its cause.

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How vain are theories as to the results and duration of the war has been demonstrated by what has taken place during the last year. A year ago many people were quite certain that three months would see the restoration of peace, and if anyone had twelve months ago predicted the state of affairs that exists to-day, a special committee would have been formed to inquire into the state of his intelligence. When the Press financially crippled and commercially ruined the Germans two or three times a week, it was only natural that we should be optimistic. But we can say that we are not less hopeful of ultimate success than we were twelve months ago, but we regard the position much more seriously, as is evidenced by the increase in the number of those who are doing their utmost to secure the return of peace by offering personal service in His Majesty’s armies. We offer them our sincere appreciation of their action, and all good fortune.

DIGNIS DETUR HONOS.

Student members of the University of Queensland at present serving with His Majesty’s Forces. (The editor will be glad to receive any missing details or corrections with regard to the following list).

R. C. Aland, 2nd Lieut., 31st Infantry, Arts I.
D. E. Baldwin, Sapper, 4th Field Coy., Engineers, Eng. III.
F. G. P. Barbour, Pte. No. 1 Depot Battalion, Arts I.
F. J. Biggs, Sergt., Officers’ School, Eng. II.
S. S. Bond, Lieut., 25th Infantry, Arts II.
P. H. Browne, B.E.
P. G. Browne, Sergt., Officers’ School, Arts I.
W. H. Bryan, B.Sc., Gunner Artillery.
K. M. Brydon, B.E., Sergt. 11th Reinforcements, 15th Battalion.
R. J. Cassidy, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar, 1913).
E. C. Cribb, Sapper, 4th Field Coy., Engineers, Eng. II.
W. V. Diamond, Pay Corps, Military Board, Arts II.
W. F. Donisch, Lieut., 25th Infantry.
W. M. Douglas.
F. Fielding, Pte., 26th Infantry.
L. H. Foote, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Science III.
D. Fowles, Gunner, Artillery.
J. D. Fryer, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Arts I.
T. Francis, Lieut., 9th R’fts of 9th Batt. Eng. II.
E. Francis, Sergt., Officers’ School, Science I.
A. B. Grimes, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Eng. II.
C. C. Jameson, Pte., 2nd Depot Battalion.
C. H. Jones, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts I.
E. W. Kennedy, Gunner, Artillery, Eng. III.
N. A. Lloyd, B.E., Sergt., 1st Division Engineers.
R. H. Mellor, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar, 1912).
L. F. Macdonnell, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Arts II.
G. O. Newton, Pte., 11th Rfts of 15th Batt., Eng. II.
J. A. Noble, Gunner Artillery, Science II.
E. H. Partridge, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts II.
R. A. Percy, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Eng. II.
W. J. Reinhold, B.E., Sergt. 11th Rfts of 15th Battalion.
J. A. Robinson, B.A., Lieut., 26th Infantry.
H. E. B. Scriven, Gunner Artillery, Eng. III.
F. T. Small, Q.M.S., 1st Division, Engineers, Eng. I.
E. A. Thelander, Sgt., 26th Infantry, Eng. II.
C. Ward, Pte., 26th Infantry.
G. H. Wilson, Science III.
Members of University Staff—
A. C. V. Melbourne, B.A., Capt. 9th Infantry (twice wounded).
R. J. Cholmley, B.A., Member of Senate—
Sir David Hardie, M.D.
Members of College Staffs—
A. W. Oakes, M.A., St. John's College (killed in action).
E. P. Norman, B.E., St. John's College.
G. N. Croker, St. John's College.
W. E. Gray, B.Sc., Emmanuel College.

Editorial.

An institution such as a University is bound to be overrun with ideals, ideals of many kinds, ideals varying in both quality and in extensiveness. Some are narrow attainable ideals, some are broad, mysterious ideals, and dimly seen through the barrier by which they are surrounded—a barrier arising out of the limitations which are imposed on human effort. No doubt, every ideal is styled by its pursuers as laudable or even noble, yet there are few ideals that can escape censure from all quarters. Some are censured because they are too close to the real, and some because they are too far away from it. Some ideals are abstractions—admittedly abstractions, and even when fully realised can account for and secure the well-being and efficient working of, as it were, one wheel of the watch of the universe. Other ideals claim to embrace the "all" of the universe, the significance of a glorious and divine purpose, for which we are drawn out of infinite nothingness, into the puzzling state known as life. Such an ideal may be called knowledge of an ideal—the aim to which the life of individual and collective man is directed.

The place and significance of man in this gigantic scheme is a subject of research, which has claimed the attention of great thinkers ever since the time when man existed as man. Poets and philosophers of every race and creed, both good, bad, and indifferent, have submitted to us conjectures on this point. But the hopelessness of reaching a satisfactory conclusion is evidenced by the writings of many poets who have, when confronted with this perplexing question, cheerfully replied, "Give it up," and have written accordingly; and it is to such failure on the part of these thinkers that we owe some of the most beautiful verse that has ever graced any language—languorous, enchanting verse, embodying thoughts that are as poisonous as they are pleasurable. If we examine "Omar Khayyam," the writings of Horace, and Catullus, and the thoughts expressed in the "Lotus Eaters," we will find therein formulated a system of philosophy, which is not unpleasant, which requires little or no arduous thought, and which for these very reasons has attracted scores of admirers. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to find that the idle philosophisings of these cheerful shallow-minded birds looked upon as sayings of the profoundest wisdom; and this is all the more surprising when we consider that the
bards in question would be the last to believe in the truth or moral value of their sayings. We have in our language several works that are masterpieces in poetic artistry, but which as far as the thoughts expressed in them are concerned, could be described as literary drugs. To believe that—

'Tis all a chequer board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays,
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

And a thousand other thoughts in the same strain must be extremely comforting; but yet must have the same affect on the soul as the deadliest drug. If we compare such works as these to the works of Tennyson and Browning, we may imagine that the latter can supply the most acceptable philosophy for prosperity, the former for adversity. When a man has made gradual progress in material prosperity, has found the world a pleasant place to live in, and has reached a stage when the struggles of life are over, when he can look back upon the past with satisfaction, and the future with hope, then it is quite natural that he will readily accept, and even reverence the morally virile teachings of Tennyson and Browning. An optimistic outlook on the world and the progress of the human race comes easy to him, and we can imagine him in confidential chats with his sons, and grandsons with all the heirs of his line, quoting with an air betokening the deepest insight:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

And discoursing on the dignity of effort, and the certainty of gradual progress from the human to the Divine. But it must be a different matter for a poor unfortunate who has not found life's path spread with primroses, and who, by a course of events, not altogether within his control, has been beset with the bitterest misfortune. It must be difficult for him to believe or to preach a doctrine of such inspiring hopefulness as his fellow man, whom prosperity has unceasingly attended. It is almost resistlessly tempting to him to impute the fault not to his own folly, but to the machinations of some malevolent destiny, at whose caprice mortals are tossed hither and thither, and that the world as we see it is not the manifestation of an increasing purpose, but a chaotic mixture of good and evil.

It has been truthfully said that no man can entirely shake himself clear of his environment. Even those who aim at complete independence of judgment inevitably fall into some of the fallacies which are the common property of all members of his community. Just as Bacon said, there were idols of the tribe, and idols of the cave, it might possibly be said that there are idols of philosophy. The master geniuses of philosophy, whose doctrines are wide-spread to-day, probably formulated and wrote such doctrines in an academic atmosphere, or one nearly akin to it. In a quiet study lined with inextricable rows of book-filled shelves, with a liberal pension, they are in an excellent position to ignore as unworthy of notice, such insignificant affairs as the insistence of land ladies, and ever-increasing washing bills, and to condemn in uncompromising terms the filthy lust of lucre. In such an environment they are in danger of insensibly falling into that attitude of mind so strongly condemned in "The Palace of Art."

To the ancient Greek philosophers individual ideals and national ideals were one and the same thing. The subservience of the individual to the State was so strongly insisted upon, that the individual could not be regarded as anything but a means to the perfection of the State. Ethics were identified with politics, and individual and social psychology were but two aspects of the same thing. The present war has revealed to us that nations can have souls, and how the moral laws, which exist in man's intercourse with man, can also be the spring of national moral activity. When nations, apparently composed of virtuous individuals, could have as their aim to work their brother nation wrong, it is a source of great pride that our nation was directed in its action by the sublime moral laws which control man's dealing with man.

To resume, we may say that ideals exist in every nook and corner of a University, in every individual, in every faculty, in every branch of a faculty, and, no doubt, in the University as a whole, and there would be endless wrangling and quibbling if that
The morning bombardment of the beach from the flanks had begun. The first shell had screamed over not five minutes before, as our pinnace came ashore, wrecking a pile of bully-beef; we ducked from missiles made not only in a Turkish arsenal, but at Lake's Creek and Pinkenba too; a one-ration tin of beef, sent hurtling by a hurrying shell, makes a stunning weapon. Lloyd, with a hand-grip, belied by that casual raising of the brows in recognition and by that Eton-boy's grin of his, looked as though this villainous enfilading made his business one of urgency. Those masked batteries on both flanks might any minute wreck the hospital for whose transfer this gang was preparing a refuge. More leisure to talk would have been worth much. All questions as to himself he ignored, and went on to say Small's knee had turned dog on him again, and sent him back to Egypt. He had returned to duty, and the first night been hit with a clod raised by a shrapnel-burst, and was back in Egypt again. This is known technically as—rotten luck! "Low-born clods of brute-earth! They aspire . . . . ." —You remember the chorus of demons in the Dream of Gerontius?"

The fortune of war bandies the engineers to and fro, divides and sub-divides them, attaches them to this and that. It may be months before I see Lloyd again. Let's hope both he and Small may go on, like
the Apocalyptic warrior, conquering and to conquer, and finish gloriously in a passing rush with a Teuton helmet down the gardens of Potsdam—as Baxter foresaw...

Supplies are our peculiar care. Australians in the trenches get a ration more varied and nourishing than we thought practicable. And they are justifying the foundation of truth in the somewhat loose saying that they fight on their stomachs. What they have done has been beyond praise. This is said without prejudice. We have seen 'em at it. One is wise, in general, to discount the eulogies of journalism when it is speaking of our own men; in this case, all the newspapers had said of our men had been true. One felt Australians could justifiably go on being proud of their men to almost any degree. And Mr. Asquith and the rest of them spoke from far other motives than that of mere good-policy when they praised as they did, the Australian performance on Gallipoli. So much has been written of that initial landing late in April, that our sisters knew the contour of the ground almost as well as we. It is doubtful whether any other troops could have done it so well. The fighting-initiative of the Australian made it his peculiar business to storm the heights of Anzac un every hand the navy says, Amen! They have an admiration almost inexpressible for the Australian. He is always their good-friend; the esteem is mutual. They will make sacrifices in the way of money and tobacco to bring him comforts ashore which they never would make for British troops, and they say so. The Australians vocabulary of oaths is said to have struck a sympathetic chord in the breast of the navy, which has endeared him forever. "Gor' bi' me"! said a Gunner, "our boys weren't behind the —— door when swears we're passed round; but your chaps —— well, liek creation!" There is a fable, that on the morning of the landing, as the boats rowed in under cover of the darkness, many naval men were so absorbed in the utterances of their freight, that they neglected even a mechanical use of the oar.

Australian heroism is written-down for ever. It is a shallow saying that it is generated in the stomach. The Turk is fighting well. He is a splendid advertisement for simple-feeding. The ration of our men is luxurious beside his monkish diet; it is doubtful whether he eats any meat. But he is fully-nourished, and finely-developed.

The Indian-ration we disembark is curious stuff. All manner of exotic foods have to be imported for him, with his quasi-sacramental feeding. He insists on killing his own flesh; live goats must be kept at hand for him. But the beggar repays it all in the quality of his fighting.

For obvious reasons, the provisioned-lightgoers go ashore, and are unloaded at night. The steam-over begins at sundown across the placid sea. The rugged head of —— changes momentarily, the grotesque segments into which he cuts the sun dropping red behind him through the summer-haze. The long Aegean twilight settles peaceably down. Nothing is heard but the dull throb and pank of the engine, as the tiny trawler laborers before her heavy burden of rations, and the periodic cry of the watch in the bows that all's well; or his cry of false-alarm at a floating box in the distance, contorted by his long-tryed nerves into a periscope. It's hard on the nerves of these North Sea Herrings; there is incessant danger of the torpedo in their goings to and fro, and incessant exposure to fire at the end of them, and without a prospect of retaliation or defence. They get hard hit; now and again they get disabled. Their steering-gear gets shot away; they lose a man here and there; they're sitting at mess when a shrapnel intrudes and they are shaken for days; a shell bursts in the engine-room, and where are you? The armour-plated bridge-house is no protection. This is not trench-fighting; but something far more trying. The result is that standing on deck below the bridge, moving in, in the dusk, and whilst still seven miles from any Turkish battery, you light your pipe, the nerve-racked skipper roars from above: "That's right! Have a flare-up! It don't matter if we're —— well shelled, do it?" You protest he's unreasonable. It makes no difference. He roars then about the glow of your pipe. Poor devil! He's not to blame; he needs to be relieved—'that's all. The strain for him is ghastly. It makes him illogical; it gives the A.B. in the fo'c'sle'sle nightmare; he screams like a child; his mates rush down, he has only been dreaming of submarines and of shrapnel. They treat him with compassion—there is no chaff; they are obsessed themselves.
By nine-thirty you are passing the Hospital-Ship, lying there like a fairy-boat, under the great stars—one delicately-luminous green and red cross. Horrible paradox! It is the deathly charm of the ancient mariner's nocturnal sea-serpents. This ship lies there glowing ethereally like some subdued pleasure-barge of Cleopatra; below are strong fellows screaming for deliverance from their torment. It's a type of the contrasts which war is continually thrusting before you. There, on the Peninsula, is the perpetual beauty of heroism made visible only through the carnage which lives for ever in the brain of him who once has looked upon it. There is the paradise of beauties of quiet pastoral slopes. From the denots winding up the slopes are their twinkles with lights like Manly over Sydney Harbour. The whole camp is as busy as can be. On the pier the lanterns and rush-lights are swinging and bobbing. There is an incessant hum and rattle; the unloading has commenced. The infantry-fatigue is at work in a queue two—may-be three-hundred men long, which moves in an endless chain between the barge and the depot. From the depots winding up the slopes are long lines of lantern-bearers marking the route of fatigues moving towards the trenches with the day's biscuit and beef, jam and vegetables, tea, sugar, and rum. The Supply-Officers are distracted, shouting their orders, hurrying from point to point. Privates are cursing Captains in the dark: "Get out of the road! Gor'struth! lend a hand here!" The Captain obeys, sometimes, like a soldier. Fresh fatigues are organised and getting on with many oaths. The King's business demands haste. If that beef is not in the trenches before dawn, there's no food next day. If can'tles are not dealt-out to the engineers in the advance-trenches, the sapping will be held-up, and our own trenches—as distinct from those of the Turk—blown to the devil by counter-sapping. There is no time for palaver. The bullets whistle their tune overhead without respite—a howitzer in our battery above thunders, the din of a charge on the height overbear the din of the fatigue about you. But these things have no meaning for the supply-bearers at present; possibly at this stage do not emerge into the field of their consciousness . . . . One moves along the beach. The pumps from the water-bags are thumping; another fatigue is filling and hoisting the water-bags. The trenches must have their drink—before their beef. Summer is come in; the mid-day trenche is hellish hot; the cry for Gunga Din is insistent at three in the afternoon, with the enemy eyeing our parapets or feinting a charge; bitter are the froth-lipped curses if water is not at hand.

At four o'clock the barges are empty. We get aboard; the pinnace takes us in tow. The lights up the ravines are out this hour. The dawn is breaking. The honey-comb of dug-outs begins to show its detail. The first white kindling-smoke of the cooks' fires curls through the glittering glow of the morning. A periodical officer crawls from his sandbag retreat, rises and stretches his cramped limbs. Men begin to appear all over the hill-side crawling forth, shaking their matted hair, and rubbing eyes that deserve far more sleep. Some fellows have got down early for a bathe, and are larking in the quiet water. The first shrapnel screams over the hill and bursts amongst them; three splash back, and are "gone to salute the rising morn." Both flanks fire simultaneously. The beach is ploughed and smoking. The hill is cleared: "Every man in his dug-out"! A shell tears over us and bursts to port. The pellets cut the water like the swish of whips. We gain speed. The world has awakened to another day of work and death.

How long will it last? The Turk is fighting bravely and tenaciously; he is officered by skilful and courageous tacticians. He is fighting for his existence. We are fighting with Constantinople as an objective, and all that that implies, and with the conviction subconsciously important, that failure here would visit us with the loss of prestige through the whole Moslem world. That is a side-issue; but one of increasing
importance. Here are we, thinned and bleeding from the havoc of the landing, painfully disembarking, by the pound and the pint, all we eat and drink, fighting over a country woefully well-prepared for us, against an enemy who lives on next-to-nothing, who is fighting cleverly and desperately for life itself, and whose hobby, in any case, is fighting.

O Lord? But we shall conquer; but not cheaply.

Vale,
Always Yours,
HECTOR DINNING.

College Notes.

EMMANUEL.

Our numbers which were unusually small this year, have been further depleted by two more of our members enlisting in the Australian Imperial Forces, W. E. Gray, Esq., B.Sc., tutor in Physics, has become Pte W. E. Gray, of the Machine-gun section, of the 31st Battalion, and F. G. Barbour, who went out to Enoggera at the beginning of the term, is an Acting-Sergeant at No. 1 Depot Battalion. On Saturday night, 25th September, a farewell was given to Mr. Gray. Speeches were made, drinks were drunk, and cigarettes were smoked. The guest of the evening made a fitting response when he was made the recipient of a pair of pipes, and alleged as a reason for the brevity of his speech the fear of insensibly lapsing into the camp vernacular, at which he had becoming surprisingly expert in the course of a few weeks. The meeting over the guests dispersed to their various occupations, many of which amounted to nothing more noble than a visit to continuous pictures, and a subsequent petit souper.

The internal events of the college can supply little worthy to be chronicled. Social activities such as debates have entirely ceased. Third term is proverbial for quietness even under normal conditions, the present conditions have intensified the quiet atmosphere. The students turn their activities to eating, working, and sleeping. With regard to the last a wave of enthusiasm has spread through the College for sleeping a la belle etoile. Many beds were divided up into their component parts, taken on to the verandah, and reassembled where their occupiers might enjoy the sweetuntainted breath of heaven, instead of miserably suffocating by adhering to the insane convention of sleeping in a room. One of the devotees of this new custom was questioned by a sceptic: "What if it rains," He received a reply from the undaunted enthusiast as follows, "I will carry my mattress inside and sleep on the floor." "That will be comfortable won't it?" "Anyone who has slept on the mahogany floor of a hut with a single blanket as the only comfort, won't mind sleeping on a mattress on the floor." Considering himself outargued by the eloquent outburst, picturing the frightful ordeals experienced by robust sons of the soil on the lonely cattle ranches of Western Queensland, the sceptic held his peace; but being still unconvinced awaited developments. He did not wait in vain. Within a few days rain did come. The next morning the sceptic overheard the "hardened son of the soil" borrowing a stretcher to keep in his room for a rainy day.

Another open-air fanatic is in the habit of carting his bedclothes bodily on to the verandah, and sleeping there without even a makeshift for a bed, and such is the pertinacious faith of mortals in their own inventions, that when questioned by the sceptics as to the comfort of his night's repose, he has actually got the face to make the remark (certainly convincing if true), "I'll bet you I had a more comfortable sleep than you did, anyway."

JOTTINGS FROM JOHN'S.

Now that the awful Third Term has come, a holy calm has settled down on this noble institution. The afore-time gay young sparks have relinquished their sinful pleasures, and waste their time trying to decipher illegible notes or "stew up" text books. Why it is considered almost a crime to leave the premises at night, or talk on the 'phone! But there are exceptions to every rule.

A gloom was cast over the College when it was announced that the Bursar, Mr. A.
prominent, we are glad to say that this is being eradicated.

_The rifle Club suffered a decrease_ in patronage during the beginning of term owing to a superstition about work. But we are glad to say that this is being eradicated by a more rational spirit, and the old phase of “come and have a hundred up” is once more heard after lunch. Tennis, too, seems to have declined; boxing is fast gaining in popularity. And this is greatly to be desired. For without wishing to be nasty, one might advise some of the enthusiasts that “practise makes perfect.” The object is not to stand a long way off, and wave the arms about like a windmill in distress.

_The rifle Club has many enthusiastic supporters at John’s._ Especially is this the case in the matter of signalling. There is zest added to this pursuit when one is “warned.” Some timid souls have taken fright, but others of more manly courage are still willing to do or die for their country.

There is a very dangerous habit of “early to bed and early to rise,” which is becoming unpleasantly common. To those who give way to such weaknesses one would ask, “How would you like to come home at a fairly respectable hour, and find everybody in bed?” Or “do you think it kind to wake a fellow creature an hour before prayers?” Can such men blame one man for developing a “pro-German” disease, or another for talking on the ‘phone to a stranger, thinking the same to be his cousin. Work is all very well; but as the wise men of old said, “Do nothing too much!”

Another feature about the College lately has been the absence of “serpents.” Why, you can insult a man to his face and he won’t throw any water over you. Perhaps this is due to the influence of the Christian Union; perhaps it isn’t. Why there hasn’t been a decent argument for ages!

One could not close fittingly without a reference to the noble influence of the University Musical Society. The tendency to sing has become very noticeable. And this tendency has had a most beneficial effect. We all know now that “faint heart never won fair lady,” and that “Somewhere a voice is calling.” Who can doubt that the soothing influence of music will raise and elevate our minds, even the lowliest among us is stirred up to great achievements at the forthcoming exams.

**KING’S NOTES.**

There are one or two matters which make one dread the end of Third Term. One of supreme importance is the fact the notes are required. The other, and quite trivial in comparison, is the exams.

We certainly have little to record this term, except change. Our numbers have again diminished, and we are now left, as regards university students, with two. Needless to say, there will not be any personal references, as it would be impossible to give space or time to refer to all, and some may be offended if they were overlooked. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. P. H. Brown on his having qualified for his B.E. Mr. Brown has brought great credit to King’s during his course, and we are proud of the fact that he, with others similarly situated, has decided to offer his services to the Empire.

But Mr. Brown has graduated in another school. It is rather difficult to place the degree. It certainly is not a Bachelor’s degree, it may be a Master’s; but cases have been known where the term Master was quite inapplicable. However, it is a very popular degree just now. Good-luck, Doc., you have our heartiest congratulations! Messrs. R. A. Percy and A. B. Grimes have taken their departure and are now in camp out at Enoggera. They have both enlisted in the A.M.C.

We must congratulate Mr. Eric Francis too, on having successfully passed through the School of Instruction, and qualified for his commission. Pending the granting of this commission, he has been appointed Company Sergeant Major.
As a “send-off” to those men who have just left us, we held our College Dinner. There was a spread worthy of such an occasion; but, oh, how soon we reach the limitations of these frail human bodies. Many pairs of sad eyes gazed longingly at jellies, ices, etc., which were quite within reach, and yet one would think they were forbidden, since they were not touched.

Other pairs of eyes seemed as if they belonged to members of the crustacean class as the effect of numerous cigars. In this connection it is worth recording that, as an indirect result of our dinner, one member of a neighbouring establishment was seen about midnight leaning over the verandah rail, apparently making painful endeavours to look under the house. The repeated efforts he made showed his determination to get there, or else do something desperate—which latter he did.

THE WOMEN’S COLLEGE.

At the beginning of the term College was redolent of the Reef, both by reason of the conversation of the valiant scientists who had gone down to the sea in ships and braved tropical storms, and the coral which was boiled in the laundry until it created an atmosphere, which would have done credit to Stalky and Co. when bent on vengeance. Relics of the Reef remain in the ravenous appetites of some of the younger biologists, who invariably come into lunch famishing. A still small voice issuing from a Geologist, occasionally takes up the cudgels for Woody Island; but here—might is right. Should the biologists be asked about Mammalia in their approaching exams, we are confident that their answers will be perfect, as they study members of that section in the person of Joseph, who is being tamed in one of the vacant horse-stalls. As thistles are his favourite diet, the lawns are being well cleared of the Lover’s Oracle. Joey, however, does not ask whether “she loves one” or “She loves one not.” A true John Gilpin chase occurred one Sunday afternoon when he escaped from his dwelling place, and was pursued by a number of students and visitors to the accompaniment of shrieks and sounds end sights unholy.

Since the last magazine was published the College has been surprised by the discovery of the histrionic talent of three of the students, exhibited at a party given in honour of Miss Herring, the Travelling Secretary of the Christian Union, who spent some time with us on her last visit to Brisbane. Some of the girls acted “How He Lied to Her Husband,” photographs of scenes from the same on application to the College photographer. John’s may be interested in the evening suit.

The College girls are beginning to brace their shoulders and pay some heed to their department since the arrival of the new gardener, a fine old sergeant over six feet, sometime drill instructor at one of the large boys’ schools in England. Muscular development is sought too by some who ply the oar on the ferry boats, thereby calling down the blessings of the Charons of the Brisbane.

Dire disease laid low one of our number for the space of two weeks, during which time Oskarsholme resounded with “Measles, German,” and similar opprobrious epithets. While the victim suffered in silence, there was a sound of revelry by night when Chislehurst invited the rest of the College to a supper-party in honour of Miss Shield, the announcement of whose engagement to Mr. Weston has caused considerable stir in our academic establishment.

On Some Interesting People.

Everybody has read Hazlitt’s delightful essay entitled, “Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen.” It is one of the most genial productions of that not notoriously genial writer. It has even an almost Elian flavour, due no doubt, in a large measure, to the foremost place taken by Elia himself in the essay. For whenever he touches Charles Lamb, Hazlitt seems to mellow a little, and his tone to lose something of that hard edge which is perceptible in all his most characteristic writings. So great is the influence of a winsome personality.

The subject contains, of course, unlimited conversational possibilities, and when there are gathered together two or three persons of unramped imaginations, reading men for choice, it can become particularly fruitful. A discussion of this nature...
does not necessarily resolve itself, as might be expected at first glance, into an impromptu panegyric on a dozen or so of immortals. In Hazlitt's essay, for example, Lamb's fancy is not for Shakespeare, Milton, or Spencer: he bars these three expressly, and states his reasons (typical Elian reasons), for their exclusion, and for the choice which he subsequently makes, viz., of Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville. On such an occasion one chooses one's men by whim or by prejudice, by anything rather than the general opinion of the world. If you have a secret tenderness for Jezebel, or Tiberius, or Titus Oates, you are quite at liberty to indulge it, by an able defence of your choice, you may even win the suffrages of some of the company for those usually unpopular figures.

For my part, I should like to meet Horace, for one. My classical scholarship is a lean thing, but it has always been a humour of mine to imagine Horace as a congenial spirit. Juvenal, now, would be a most uncomfortable companion; but I am sure that I could stroll delectably round the Sabine farm with Horace for the whole of a summer's day, especially if I were stocked, and I should certainly take care to be stocked, with a budget of the latest news from town—word of the movements of trade, a spice of politics, and scandal in any quantity. Would not his comments be sparkling? Yet they would not be ill-natured, nor spoken as from one on higher ground. Indeed, the attractiveness of Horace consists largely in his ability to see himself included among the folk at whom he is so quietly amused. When we had made the round of the estate, not forgetting to admire the outlook from different vantage points, and had laughed together over the newest good story from the city, I think we should be ready for the "carnal considerations" with which the boy had laden the table, set among the vines in the garden. On my leisurely way back to Rome, ruminating the memories of my visit, I should find myself smiling now and then at the recollection of some twinkle in my host's eye, or some delicious dryness in his tone, at such and such a period in the conversation; and from that time on the warm-natured poet would have a permanently snug corner in my regard. A physically small man, I should think once slim, but now—well, comfortable. Such at least is my idea of Horace.

There is another figure of literature whom I should much like to meet: he of whom Garrick said, with some malice, that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." It is precisely this conversational ineptitude of Goldsmith's which would make me secure at the prospect of an interview. Not so with his associates. A seat in a corner of the room where the brilliant company were met, Burke and Garrick and Sir Joshua and the burly Doctor, with half-a-dozen other men of scarcely inferior powers, would certainly give one an enviable experience, but to be tete a tete with any one of them would be much too formidable for my fancy. But I should like to have Goldsmith completely to myself. I could guarantee to him all the deference for which his gentle vanity thirsted. It would be hard if I could not, by some manner of means, draw out of him a more or less coherent description of his adventurous youth. I might even induce him to confess that Moses, of the Green Spectacles, was copied from some ludicrous blunder of his own. In any case, and whatever his mood, I should be enchanted to "hear honest Goldsmith run on," whether he talked as Garrick heard him three centuries ago, or as the world has heard him ever since.

Horace and Oliver Goldsmith are for intimacy. On the other hand, there are some men one would like to have seen and heard from a little distance, men of a rough heroic build, who were made for world-disturbing actions, and wanted the small graces of life. I have just read Voltaire's "History of Charles XII," which presents two remarkable men of this kind, the Swedish king himself, and Peter the Great, of Russia. Peter the Great has the unique distinction of having raised a horde of barbarians into a great empire within the limits of his own lifetime; while the adventures of Charles XII are almost as incredible as those described in the books of chivalry which Don Quixote was finally induced to burn. As the Swede was a despot infatuated with the sole pursuit of glory, and the Russian had the manners of a savage, it is obvious that familiar association with them would have been neither easy to attain nor very pleasant.
when attained. But I should like to have been in the retinue of, say, the French Ambassador to the Swedish, and again to the Russian Court, for the opportunity of seeing with my own eyes something of the characters of these extraordinary men, "the most singular personages," Voltaire calls them, "who had appeared for twenty centuries."

For what are you to say of a man who made himself master of Northern Europe at the age of eighteen, but for victor’s spoils took only the fame; whose habits were severe to asceticism; who knew neither magnificence nor any kind of diversion; whose invariable dress was the sheepskin of a common soldier; who was a Napoleon without the carriage loads of plunder, and an Alexander unflushed by wine; and who, refusing to abate his haughty front even when a defeated fugitive in the hands of the Sultan, ultimately won for himself, by sheer browbeating, force of personality, an honourable journey home and opportunity to repair his broken fortune? Such was the Swedish monarch. The Russian, if not so brilliant a soldier, was a much greater man. The title of "Father of his Country" applied to him by his reverent subjects, was no mere compliment: it was merited by both the aims and the achievements of his eventful life, and has been confirmed by history. After a certain naval victory, Peter celebrated a triumph, in the Roman manner. In his new capital of Petersburg. The throne was filled by a proxy, to whom Peter, in his character of rear-admiral, submitted his report of the victory, and at whose hands he received his promotion to vice-admiral, in consideration of his services: "a queer ceremony," comments Voltaire, "but a useful one in a country where military subordination was one of the novelties which the Czar had introduced." I think I should have chosen this occasion on which to observe my man. Knowing that he had virtually built with his own hands both the fleet which had won the victory, and the great city in which the victory was being celebrated, how did he bear himself through the ceremonial? It is on interesting questions of this kind that history is silent.

Peter bred-up a nation as a man rears a pack of valuable hounds, and Charles united in himself talents and virtues which are almost of necessity worlds apart. Well, they were both sufficiently wonderful men and nothing would have served me better than to watch their doings at a convenient distance. But I should not have cared to live with them.

The Penny Poet.

I am a poet,
    Oh, the humour of it!
To sit and scribble verses all day long,
To slay this old world’s wickedness and wrong,
And bury them in a windy sheet of song.
Does the word make you dream of high Parnassus,
Or of Bocotian Helicon?
Do’st dream thou seest me, reined thereon
Draw out my linked verses’ intricate passus,
No such thing!
But like a spider that will sit and spin
Her fine-drawn threads to catch the careless fly,
I lurk in the secret corners of my mind
To catch the smallest thought just fleeting by,
And snare it in a gossamer of rhyme,
Many a day,
Just as I’ve snared some slower-footed prey,
And straight prepare
To stretch it safely on the paper there,
My washerwoman stumbles up the stair,—
And I remember there’s a bill to pay.
Once more the immortal thought has ‘scaped my brain,
Is gone, and never to return again.
But, after all, it’s not so great a matter:
I earn my living, though I grow no fatter.
It sometimes seems
That others have a better lot.
I dream my dreams,
But the printer’s devil calls,
Before I reach the crisis of the plot,
To fetch the comic sketch on “Musicalls,”
But now my threadbare thought is worn quite through;
And I wake up to find—
Not even by complaints myself I blind
How little there is I can really do.
I must to my den again and wait
Till some new fancy strikes my pate,
To tickle their choice palate
Who drive their carriage down below in state,
And never think of me up in my garret.

—SPHINX.
"Culture" for the Crowd.

If our professional paradox-mongers would only believe it, their laboriously manufactured wares are, in the American phrase, "not a circumstance" to the ready made article upon which we are constantly stumbling in everyday life. None of them, for instance, has amused us with anything half so quaintly paradoxical as the phrenema presented by a desperately book-ridden and densely unliterary age. To describe the present age in this fashion is, of course, to challenge any amount of facile and indignant monstrance. Unliterary—when books of all kinds, including reprints of famous classics of every type and period, pour forth from the publishers in a continual flood? Unliterary—when the best works of the best authors, tamedly bound and artistically produced, can be had in a dozen different editions, at a cost which brings a well-equipped library of great literature within the reach of the city clerk and the draper's assistant? Unliterary—when free libraries are multiplying on every hand, and even the most blatantly popular of "people's" newspapers vary its budget of crimes and sensations with columns of book reviews and items of intimate chatter about the intentions and doings of authors? So far as the average quality of literary output is concerned, it may grudgingly be conceded that there have been greater prodigies than this. But when it comes to a question of the spread of literary appreciation and culture among the people, is there not visible evidence of the superiority of the present age to any that has gone before?

Unfortunately, illusions are none the less illusions because they happen to be flattering ones; and the plain truth is that the astonishing eruption of cheap editions of all kinds which have been epidemic within recent years has had no appreciable effect whatever upon the "culture" of the classes which may be supposed to have provided this literary bon marché with the majority of its customers.

That the excellent and inexpensive reprints which are nowadays brought forth in such abundance find ready pur-
chasers must indeed be taken for granted, for otherwise the supply would long since have diminished or ceased. But the question that remains is, whether these cheap editions of the works of standard authors are, for the most part, bought to be read, or merely to be collected, and so provide the material for some sort of library, with a view to the augmented air of intelligence with which the mere fact of such a possession may seem to invest even the most philistine of homes.

There is, no doubt a certain minority in such classes to whom this power of acquiring the works of great writers at a cost within their means has come as a real boon, and a genuine help in their conscientious efforts of self-culture. But they, though fit are few; and, for the rest, it is a matter of common observation that the reading of the great bulk of "the people" is still limited almost exclusively to daily and weekly newspapers, penny novellettes, journals of the "bits" and "cuts" order, and the cheapest kind of illustrated magazines. If one goes a little higher in the social scale, one finds things very much the same in principle, the only difference being that the place of the story-paper is taken by the novel—too often by the second-rate and third-rate novel—and that the magazines are of slightly superior quality and tone. But there is little evidence enough on any side to suggest that people read standard literature in these days proportionately as much as it was read at a period when the possession of a library of great authors was a luxury of the rich, and when free libraries and sixpenny reprints were unknown.

One simple test there is, which is capable of being applied by anyone who moves about nowadays with moderately observant eyes. Let one make a tour of the reading rooms of a free library at its most crowded hour—say on a wet Saturday afternoon—and note the books and periodicals in which the majority of its frequenters are absorbed, and the proportion of good literature that is represented among them. If this
is not convincing, let the custodians of the lending departments be asked what kind and class of book is most in demand among their clients, and how the standard authors fare with them in comparison with the current purveyors of insignificant popular fiction. The result of the inquiry will be an "eye-opener" for the optimists who try to persuade themselves and others that the mere provision of cheap books and free libraries has been sufficient to divert the taste of the masses from their Garvices and Oppenheimers and Barclys to literature worthy of the name.

It is useless to live in a fool's paradise, and we may as well have done once for all, with the mistake of pointing to the present Niagara of cheap books as an evidence of the literary culture of the age. To a large extent it merely illustrates the commercial shrewdness of the modern publisher in appealing to a prevalent form of vanity, by enabling the purchaser of these inexpensive volumes to assume a taste for letters which he does not possess, and has no real inclination to acquire. If the truth must be told, there was never a time when the claims of good literature were so Gerald rubbish of every variety as they are to-day, or when the average man, even mischievously jostled by those of ephemeral of the better educated classes, was less well read in proportion to his opportunities. If it were otherwise, it would not have become difficult to meet an ordinary middle class citizen of the present generation who possesses even a nodding acquaintance with the works of Shakespeare. The restless rush of present-day life, its constant distractions, its perpetual movement, its ubiquitous newspapers with their ever-shifting kaleidoscope of events and interests—these things are imetical to the contemplative mood in which alone the companionship of good books can be sought with profit. As for the crowd, optimism itself may well doubt whether, at any time before the millennium, it will prefer great authors to football results and "to-day's winners"—charm the publishers never so wisely.

Notes.

The sad news has just reached us of the death of Dr. J. Meiklejohn, M.A., D.D., who was Principal of Emmanuel for the three years following the opening of the college. In 1911 Emmanuel started its career as a residential College of the University of Queensland under his wise guidance. When he had held the office for three years, failing health compelled him to resign. The doctor paid us a visit during the year. Though he was manifestly not in the best of health, there was nothing to make us suspect that the end was so near, and it was with a shock when, a few days after he returned to Melbourne, we heard that he had passed away.

We are the grateful recipients of another article from Sergt. H. W. Dinning, B.A., who in his undergraduate days was editor of this journal, and who maintains such a keen interest in it that he can find time in the short reports he gets from arduous duties to write his experiences and send them to us for publication. Though many efforts have been made to get contributions from members of the University on active service, they generally plead that they can write nothing of academic interest, and that military life has dulled their literary faculties, that they wish to give their minds a rest, and so on; so it is the more fortunate for us that Dinning is possessed of that Sophoclean trait of character which arms his talents against the danger of becoming dull in the face of the most pressing business.

We can conclude from a few stories told us by one of our members on active service that an interesting study would be the development of malapropism in camp life. Perhaps the best example is the story of the man who visited the medical officer and asked for medicine. "I am not sick," he said, "but I want to make sure, because one of the chaps in my pontoon has got the influential." The word "pontoon" is in itself a gold mine for research in this
study. One soldier in embryo was under the impression that he belonged to No. 14 balloon, and another, referring to the promotions of one of his mates, said he was now a poltroon commander.

Examinations now claim that part of our interest which is not devoted to the progress of the war. Exams have the study. Where could we find anyone who could speak in English? Where? Who invented exams? Who invented this horrible instrument whereby the profs. and lecturers may at one stroke make of an innocent victim nothing but a subject for post mortem? Quam ferus et verus ferreus ille fuit!

Of examinations much has been written. They work a great deal of ill is undoubtedly, and the deplorable part of it is that the evil that they do lives after them. But until some genius is unearthed who can find a better substitute, we must be tyrannised over by academic conservatism in this respect.

As it is desirable that the Magazine accounts be settled in order as soon as possible, all those students to whom magazines have been issued, and who intend to pay their subscriptions, are urged to do so without delay. Payment may be made to the editor or sub-editor.

After the publication of this issue our year of office closes. Before laying down the pen we wish to convey our thanks to those who materially or immaterially assisted us with contributions in prose or verse, and to those who by their commercial acumen assisted in the business management of the magazine. We beg monotonously to reiterate the complaint of the scarcity of spontaneous contributions, and only hope that our successors will be more fortunate in this respect than we have been.

**Universal Service.**

It is the warmest desire of everyone to bring this war to an end as speedily as possible. There is absolute unanimity on that point. The enemy, as well as ourselves, is straining every nerve with the object of bringing about peace. He, of course, is aiming at a peace which will leave him master of the world, and able to extort an indemnity large enough to repay him for his expenditure of blood and treasure, and absolutely ruin his opponents. We are determined that he shall not succeed. We have made up our minds that cost what it may, we shall go on until humanity and civilisation have taken a capable and wide revenge upon those who have trampled upon all laws human and divine.

There is no dispute as to the means which must be used to bring about the final victory. Men, money, and munitions are needed. In spite of the enormous sum required, the Empire shows no sign of inability to meet all calls.

Munitions were a serious question earlier in the year, but there is every reason to believe that the output is now satisfactory. Men have been raised in millions by voluntary enlistment. In spite of all this, we have not succeeded in driving the Huns out of France and Belgium, and we have not forced the Dardanelles, while on the other hand the enemy has not only held his own, but he has inflicted a terrific blow upon Russia, and is now preparing for what he hopes will be a crushing offensive on the Western and Southern fronts. And so there is an uneasy feeling that things are not going well, and that we are not making the best use of our resources, more particularly with regard to men.

The fact that we are merely asking men to come forward for military service, while every other nation except America, if she can be called a nation, in view of her "hyphenated" population, is ordering them to do so, is one which amazes those who do not understand our history.

But there it is, and twelve months ago not one of us would have imagined that any military system other than a voluntary one, was possible in the British Empire. There was certainly compulsory service in Australia and New Zealand; but in name only, and when war came, Australia and
New Zealand raised their fighting men by voluntary recruiting on the same way as every other British soldier has been enlisted for many a long year.

A great change has come over public opinion in the last few months, and the voluntary system is in the balance. The opponents urge that it is unfair, and that it is wasteful. It is unfair because it puts upon the individual the very serious duty of deciding whether he go or not, and it is wasteful because it takes the bravest and the best, and leaves the shirker and the unfit. In its place they would put compulsory universal service.

In theory compulsory universal service is unobjectionable. As Sir Thomas Erskine pointed out, there is nothing incompatible with freedom in a forced levy of men for the defence of the country, and it may be submitted to in the freest republic like the payment of taxes. Of course, compulsory service which is not universal, is highly objectionable. There are advocates at the present day for what is known as Impressment. Impressment of soldiers for the war was formerly common, and was exercised as part of the Royal prerogative. During the American Rebellion impressment was permitted in the case of idle and disorderly persons not following any lawful trade, or having some substance sufficient for their maintenance. Such men were seized upon without compunction, and hurried to the war. They were rogues and vagabonds who were held to be better employed in serving their country than in plunder or mendacity.

The modern advocate of impressment is able to point to large numbers of able-bodied young men hanging about the streets, or haunting racecourses and ‘two-up shops’ or worse places, and to ask why we let valuable men lay down their lives, while these parasites do the State no service. But such is the free spirit of our laws, that the impressment of the drones would not be regarded with favour.

There are objections also to another form of non-universal compulsory service, which is, unfortunately, often confused with universal compulsory service. That is conscription. There is an anti-conscription league in Brisbane; but its objects are not to oppose conscription strictly so-called, but is apparently merely anti-militarist, and, therefore, not of much practical value at a time when all the world is at war. The objections to conscription are similar to those which may be urged against impressment.

It was introduced in France in 1798, by a law which provided that the recruits required for military service should be compulsorily obtained from the young men between 20 and 25, whom it declared to be legally liable to serve in the army. The numbers required are obtained by lot, and there is the right to procure a substitute. If a man draws a good number, he is free. If he draws a bad one, and is able to pay for a substitute, he is equally free. So that to one man it means personal service, to another freedom, to a third the payment of a sum of money.

Those who are dissatisfied with the voluntary system, urge that any compulsory system which takes its place must be universal, not only in regard to the individual but also in regard to the nature of the service demanded of him. They define national service as the duty of the whole able-bodied population to serve in any capacity in which the Government declares their services to be needed.

If the State has any right at all against its subjects, and it is obvious that it has, the services of every man, woman, and child, may be required in such a form as the State determines. In principle, therefore, it must be admitted that national service becomes the bounden duty of every subject when called upon to perform it. No amount of sophistry can get away from this. But the question of compulsory universal service, as raised at the present time, is not an abstract question, of what is right or wrong. It is a question of practical expediency the answer to which is not easy.

There is great and manifest danger in making a change from the voluntary to the compulsory system in the middle of a great war. In the first place, there is sure to be a bitter dispute between the advocates of compulsion, and those who look with horror on the Prussianisation of our military system, and fear that an expedient forged by the necessities of war, may be restrained or a fetter upon the working classes in time of peace. Nothing short of absolutely convincing proof that the voluntary system has failed, and that our only hope of safety lies in compulsory universal service will give to the compulsory system that overwhelming weight of public opinion.
which is necessary for carrying it through
with success.

Secondly: Even were the new system
inaugurated, there are stupendous difficul-
ties in the way of organization. We hear
that every individual in Germany is card
indexed, and that the twenty odd million
required for the field and the factory are
controlled by a clerk, and a stenographer.
This may be done as the result of the
training of a nation for centuries and
years of patient organisation. But can
it be brought into operation in a few
months in a nation which has never learnt
to obey orders. Could it be expected that
even the men assigned to the field would
be equipped and trained into soldiers
within a short space of time? If not,
what use will they be?

The truth is that we have had our
chance; but we refused to take it. If we
has listened to Lord Roberts, or Robert
Blatchford, we would have had a system
of compulsory service in full being when
war came. We did not listen, and it is
now too late, for any far-reaching scheme.
But failure in the field will inevitably
bring some form of compulsion into oper-
ation, and, perhaps, the least objection-
able of these is the impressment of young
idle men for service at the Front.

Book Talk.

Dear U.Q.M.—

Men are led to books by different
motives. Some read for the sake of
the information which they expect to
obtain; some to form a style; others be-
cause it is the mode in their corner
of the world; and there are even some
unhappy people who read to counteract
yawning, or because they have tired of
looking from the carriage window. All
of these interested persons are remote
in spirit from the genuine reader, with
whom alone is our affair in these col-
umns, who reads for the simple love of
reading. Whether he be quite desultory-
minded, as he often is, or armed with
a method and a syllabus, which will
tend to rouse suspicion of the integrity of
his motives, or something between these
extremities, he is bound to be concerned
with the great question, what to read.
This problem must have been easy of
solution in classical times, or even in
the days of the Renaissance. Then your
correspondent might have read, without
unusually high powers of application,
and certainly without achieving fame,
every book that was known to the classi-
cal or to the Renaissance world. Now
the most indefatigable of readers never
hears of four-fifths of the books pub-
lished, and of those which come within
earshot cannot, if he would, read any
more than half; and to do even this
would mean complete ignorance of all
that has descended to us from the past,
which I submit is out of the question.

So I have thought of setting down, with-
out, of course, attempting an accent of
authority, but merely for the clarifying
of my own views and the eliciting of the
views of others, a rough sort of list of
some English books which the zealous
reader cannot afford to miss.

And I do not propose to say any-
thing of the Bible and Shakspeare.

Most people begin reading. I have no
doubt, with fiction; and at the word
our thoughts are carried at once, and as
a matter of course, to the three great
men whom convention has pronounced
chief in that domain of literature—Scott,
Thackeray and Dickens. Well after all,
convention is more often right than
wrong. You may refuse to admit the
ascendancy of these three; you may
call Scott prosy, Dickens a sentiment-
alist, Thackeray—I have forgotten
the stock indictment of Thackeray—but you
are virtually compelled to read their
books, their great long leisurely books.
Neglecting them, you would obtain but
the merest nodding acquaintance with
English fiction. And after them? One
must certainly read Fielding—"Tom
Jones," at least; Jane Austen in, say,
"Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice"; the
Brontes in "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering
Heights"; and "Adam Bede," if nothing
else of George Eliot's. Then there is
the sombre Gissing. He wrote multi-
tudinously, and must not be entirely
neglected: one might choose out of the
many, say, "Demos" and "The Nether
World." I had almost overlooked Anthony Trollope, two or three of whose Barsetshire novels are entitled to a place in our list.

What of Meredith and Hardy? At its worst, Meredith's style is impenetrable, but it would be a pity not to know "The Egoist" (one may skip the impossible first chapter); and "Richard Feverel," in some respects his finest work, is Meredithianly speaking, easy. In the case of Mr. Hardy, it is with the matter of his books that the critics generally quarrel; his style is one of the very greatest in the language. I am a Hardy enthusiast, and should like to name here a dozen of his books; failing that, it may at least be said that "The Woodlanders" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" can scarcely bruise the most sensitive soul. With Hardy we are brought to the present day and difficulties of perspective which must make our list. But I am suspicious that someone has said something like this before. Gibbon, of course, is monumental—inconveniently so, indeed! If your heart faints at the prospect of the "Decline and Fall" you have my swift sympathy: don't set yourself a task, but dip into the formidable work at intervals, and read while the impetus lasts. You will probably be astonished to find that an hour has slipped away. Green's "Short History" is, of course, a classic, and runs much more easily than the "Decline and Fall." Kinglake's "Eothen" and Borrow's "Lavengro" or "Bible in Spain" are notable books, unmatched in their kind, and first-rate reading.

With regard to Newman, literary historians are so well agreed on the subject of his merit, and so uncompromising about it, that I suppose he is to be read. But, for my part, I am bound to admit that the "Apologia" has repulsed me twice, though to be sure, I have read some of the University addresses with uncommon pleasure. And Stevenson—well, "Treasure Island" should be added to our first division, and you will also read "Virginibus Puerisque" and the "Vailima Letters," if nothing else. (I must be curt with Stevenson, or he will entice me out of the path.)

Talking of letters, we are told that the great letter-writers are Walpole, Cowper, Lamb, and Fitzgerald; but of these I know Fitzgerald not at all, and Cowper only very slightly. In biography, Boswell—the rods are almost synonymous.

I will close this rough list, which has insisted upon being much rougher than
The University.

I have received from my publishers lately a small volume issued by the Government Tourist Bureau, and purporting to be a guide to various places of interest in the environs of Brisbane. Among other matters, it contains a description of "that far-famed architectural monument," the Queensland University. As the subject is one of the greatest interest, I shall try the reader's patience so far as to give the substance of the description, relying on the book, of course, for facts; but being myself solely responsible for the phraseology.

The building itself, then, is a fine example of that mouldy style in architecture, so much affected by designers all over Queensland. It is built in the form of a hollow square and stands, externally, "four-square to all the winds that blow." But the unusual feature of the design is the quadrangle in the centre of the square, a feature which, though by many considered unorthodox, undoubtedly rounds off the contour of the place, and lends an added grace and symmetry to the whole.

The building is a two-storied one. On the ground floor are situated the first story, and the quadrangle. Above that is the second story, including a roof, and above that again is the sky. All around the place, and on every side, are well-laid-out gardens, sylvan walks, and delightful green lawns, reminding one of the village commons of the Old Country.

Entering the Domain by the George St. gate, the visitor faced at once by a drive. Proceeding along the latter, and—if a stranger to the place—keeping a sharp look-out near all dark places, and odd corners for professors, one has on the right hand that series of beautiful architectural monuments known conjointly as the "Central Technical College." In the bright morning sun they stand out in unveiled splendour,—a symmetrical row of quadrangular edifices, almost Grecian in their severe simplicity. In one solitary instance has this barrenness of ornament been departed from. On the central building of the lot, on the front, and over the main entrance, there is a clock. I have not space here to describe this pious memento of Father Chronus, but can only state that it is remarkable both in appearance and design. The impression conveyed by these buildings is heightened still more by contrast, when the visitor perceives occasionally a rural-looking scaffolding erected against the side of a building, with delightful men in their shirt-sleeves up on the scaffolding, or beneath it eating their dinner, and talking in a delightful patois, in which the visitor might catch now and then a "Gor' blimy," or something thus:—

"Goin' to see the stoush-up to-night, Bill?"—"Mit a book."

But we are loitering, and students are passing in flowing robes and eyeing us curiously, as though we were some strange animal. Advancing, therefore, down the aforementioned drive, we reach what my guidebook describes as "a superb example of scientific landscape gardening." Here are...
patriarchial trees and waving palms, green, well-trimmed lawns, beds of roses and sweet peas, and sunflowers, hedges, laurel trees, professorial tennis courts, and students reclined there-among. Nor is contrast wanting here. For, turning suddenly a corner of a garden-path, one is brought up face to face with a notice: “Keep off the Grass!” reminding us, even amid these sylvan scenes, of the ubiquitous presence of law and order, eternal enemies of romance, represented here by professorial fiat.

But our business now is with the university building itself. Leaving all this then, and turning off from the drive to the right, we have before us a portico, being the entrance to the Senate-room. This portico is in the ‘plain’ style of architecture, but is given a certain rugged grandeur by the huge stones which serve as steps up to it, which are fully a foot thick, and when the frame thus provided is filled by the form of the revered Registrar (on his way to morning tea at ‘Puff’s’), and is finished off by the clinging honey-suckle above, the total effect is awe-inspiring to a degree only fully intelligible to University students. The Senate-room itself is the ‘Holy of Holies’ of the University. Well, does the trembling student know that room! Over its door there stands for him, in letters invisible indeed, but only too legible, the awful words, “Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here.” For here appear before the ‘Board’ all ordinance-breakers, to receive their doom, whether they be chalk-throwers, or water-throwers, whether they have come ungowned to lectures, or have not come at all, whether they have counted-out their lecturers, or whether they have trod too heavy on the stair. Verily, the way of transgressors is hard, and many there be that travel it.

Beyond the Senate-room lie realms that no man knows. Since the University has been established, Walter, the janitor, has abode there in the bosom of his family. Far be it from us to encroach on that sacred region, that haven of peace and domestic felicity in the midst of a troublous and noisy world.

In this same bower crouch lumber rooms, places of mystery, that frown at the intruder stonily as he passes, and invite no further inspection. In pre-university days, this was the realm of servants, given up to the mysteries of cuisine and scullery, where Tom and Sarah fought battles royal with the duster and the broom, and other doings of the like nature filled up the petty round of daily life.

But we are gentlemen, and visitors, and such plebeian things concern us not. We hasten on to regions of a nobler fame. We come next to the rooms of the various members of staff. But of these we have little to tell. Professors and lectures are retiring characters, who do not tell their secrets to the world. Would that they did, now that exams. draw near! But they only sit in their dens, and brood darkly of the differential calculus, and the square of the circle, of the possibilities of electricity as an attractive force, of the V. L’s of Verral, of the Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum, and of the Impossibility of the Eternally Unreal. But chiefly and universally they think of the Ploughing of the Students. Almost the only occasion on which they consent to relinquish these amusements is when they “Throw down their manuscripts and marbles, and go and learn the way to fire a gun.” Occasionally, however, one of them may be seen airing his knowledge on a verandah chair. But such occurrences are rare. Professorial knowledge is of too delicate a texture to stand much airing.

All these rooms, together with the office-rooms, look out on to the quadrangle mentioned at the beginning of this article. In pre-university days, when the building was still the residence of the State Governor, these rooms were, mainly at least, sleeping apartments. One can imagine how weird whispers floated across the quadrangle on moonlit nights, whilst the stars peered in the entrance to the Senate-room. This porch itself is in the ‘plain’ style of architecture, it being left to the批量 and lecture halls to contain the professional knowledge of the world. Hence the impossibility of the Eternally Unreal. But chiefly and universally they think of the Ploughing of the Students. Almost the only occasion on which they consent to relinquish these amusements is when they “Throw down their manuscripts and marbles, and go and learn the way to fire a gun.” Occasionally, however, one of them may be seen airing his knowledge on a verandah chair. But such occurrences are rare. Professorial knowledge is of too delicate a texture to stand much airing.

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able manner the design of the whole, the rooms being arranged round the main hall which again is represented on the second story by a wide gallery running all the way round, giving off on to several lecture-rooms. One of these latter, we may note by the way, is closed for repairs, owing to the impromptu bun-fight held there by some of the staff on a certain afternoon a few days ago. The stairway leading up to the gallery is of a most remarkable design, being interrupted during its upward course by two landings, and having each step ornamented by a thick band of some unknown metal, fastened along the outer edge. Each landing is provided with mirrors for the women-students to arrange their gowns in.

The foot of the stairs is ornamented by a fancy gas-jet, used, presumably, in pre-university days, to light the foot of the stairs. This gas-jet is of metal, beautifully chased, and inlaid with rust. The gas is supposed to flow from a perennial font, which sprang-up where the winged horse "Castlemare" (the Melbourne Cup Favourite of 19—, and a rich harvest for the bookies) last touched earth, before ascending to heaven in a cloud of fire. But recent critics have pointed out that at the date of this alleged occurrence, the present building had long been erected, and the horse in its ascent must have flown through the roof. The investigations of a plumber point to the conclusion that the gas is brought by means of a pipe from a certain professorial sanctum, but so far its source can be traced no further.

The gallery on the second story gives a fine view of the main hall below, whilst the view from the lecture-rooms themselves is even better, including, as it does, a verandah, the lawns and gardens beyond, the desks and black-boards, and on rare occasions, when the weather is fine, of the lecturers.

The every-day life that centres round this front portion of the building is too well known to need any description here. There remains, then, only the common-rooms, and these, being outside the plan of the original building, and built purely for utilitarian purposes, and of the plainest materials, do not merit a place in an article which aims at being something more than a mere catalogue of rooms and of furniture. Here, therefore, our little review of the University Buildings closes. Their merits as a tour-ist resort have as yet been discovered only by unappreciative, and unappreciated, dogs, and a few stray couples, who have invariably looked very much lost, and who have departed again just so soon as they re-found themselves. To these we may perhaps, add the physical training enthusiasts from the Technical College, who so much disturb lecturers as they pass. May we venture to hope that the prominence now given to the place may bring about a largely increased influx of the same desirable classes of tourists.

RIFLE CLUB NOTES.

Apparently, enthusiasm for hard work such as drill, varies inversely with the rise of the thermometer.

"Summer is icumen in," and there has been a slight decrease in the attendance of members. But, notwithstanding this decrease numerically, there is no decrease in the enthusiasm of individuals.

Tho' hampered slightly owing to a shortage of rifles, we are making very good progress with the work undertaken. Platoon work is now the order of the day, and it is much more interesting doing the real thing,—drilling with rifles,—even though the rifles have corners. One has only to examine, and not very closely either, the structure of the human frame to be fully convinced that man was not meant for war. If he were, there would certainly be some provision made, in the shape of a fleshy pad for supporting the weight of a rifle. As it is, there is nothing but a very hard bone vulgarly known as the collar-bone, against which several hard corners on the rifle delight to rub. This bone, no doubt, would support the weight of a collar without much discomfort, but it is a misuse of nature's provisions to turn it into a rifle-bone. Perhaps, in the process of time, this may be rectified; but pending improvements members have been known to remedy the defect by means of a pocket handkerchief, applied locally.

We have established a small library of books useful to members who wish to make themselves efficient. Some of our members have decided to sit for examination for commissions on the Reserve List, and are making good use of this means of acquiring some of the necessary information.
It is hoped that the Rifle Club may be able to continue its regular parades during the long vacation. This will be done if sufficient members will be residing in Brisbane during that period.

We wish to express our thanks, as this will be the last opportunity this year, to Major Saunders for his untiring interest on our behalf, and also very especially to those members of the Citizen Forces who have taken charge of the various squads, and helped us in our endeavours to handle a rifle as if it were not a twenty-foot ladder.

_TENNIS CLUB._

The club is now practically deserted, so there is nothing much to report. Several of the most enthusiastic members have taken up boating, and, under the able tuition of "Ham," are rapidly becoming professionals.

The tournament is at last a thing of the past. It was begun "way back in '88," one might almost say, and was brought to a conclusion only a few days ago. For many reasons—the proximity of exams being, perhaps, the greatest—the majority of the competitors neglected practice, and consequently did not exhibit their best form. However, very hearty congratulations are tendered to the winners of the respective events, and especially to those who were not regular players, but were good enough sports to compete: it is to be hoped that their success will encourage more enthusiasts, not included in the teams, to take part next time.

The winners of the several events were—

Singles Championship of the University: Mr. H. V. Horn.
Mixed Doubles (handicap): Miss Bancroft and Mr. V. D. McCarthy.
Women's Doubles (handicap): Misses V. Forrest and A. Peterson.
Women's Singles (handicap): Miss V. Forrest.
Men's Singles (handicap): Mr. J. P. Neilson.

The Brisbane Sports Depot, as in previous years, generously presented the Singles Championship with a racquet.

It was found necessary to abandon the Men's Doubles (handicap) owing to the departure of three of the competitors to join the A.I.F.

A few players competed in the events of the Q.L.T.A. Patriotic Tournament, and enjoyed themselves very much. We congratulate Mr. Quinn upon winning the Junior Championship of Queensland again this year.

In the S.L.T. Patriotic Tournament, too, the University was ably, though not numerously, represented.

The improvements spoken of early in the year have not been "shelved," but will be effected in the long vacation.

Messrs. Brydon, Kennedy, Fryer, Dunbar, and Barbour have joined the A.I.F., and Mr. Graham has been "called up" to instruct at the camps, since the last issue of the magazine. We wish them all good speed and a safe return.

_CHRISTIAN UNION NOTES._

The Annual General Meeting of the above Union was held on August 3. An early date was chosen owing to the presence in Brisbane of two of the travelling Secretaries:—Miss Herring, B.Sc., and Mr. Wisewould, B.A. By this arrangement the incoming Executive were able to obtain valuable advice from these Secretaries. Following are the Executive for this year:

President: Mr. E. W. C. Holdaway; Vice-presidents: Miss McIntyre and Mr. E. C. Walker; Corresponding Secretary: Miss Fitzpatrick; Recording Secretary: Mr. L. Harwood; Treasurer: Mr. A. B. Grimes; (Men's), Miss Peterson (Women's); Mr. Crellin was appointed Assistant-Secretary.

The report of the outgoing President revealed a healthy state of affairs. It was found that attendance at meetings had gone up to a considerable degree, and that interest seemed to have been generally awakened. Particularly was this true of the men.

The Treasurer's report, too, was highly satisfactory.

There have not been any religious meetings at the University since the Annual General Meeting. But this does not mean that work has ceased. On the contrary, the Executive has been very busy preparing for its year's "campaign." After the various committees had been organised, its
attention was turned to the Annual Service, which was held in the Baptist Tabernacle, on the evening of Sunday, September 26.

The service was successful from every point of view. There were fully sixty members of the University present, seats having been specially reserved for them. Mr. Elton Mayo read one lesson, and Mr. Seymour read the other. The President gave a short address on the aims of the Student Christian Movement, and Rev. Scott-Fletcher, Master of King’s College, was the preacher. The Executive desire to thank Rev. Scott-Fletcher and the officials of the Tabernacle for their kindness and courtesy in arranging the service.

The next great event in the C.U. world is the Summer Conference. It had been suggested that each University should hold a separate one; but owing to the war, this seems impracticable. For the benefit of “freshers” we may say that these Conferences are held during the long vacation, and are of the utmost importance to members of the Christian Union. Delegates and members of the various Unions meet and confer on matters which concern all branches. Nor is the social side neglected; and those members who can are advised to attend for their own profit and pleasure as well as for the benefit of the movement in general. Special terms are obtained, and students are well looked after. It has not been decided when the next Conference will be held, but it seems probable that New South Wales and Queensland will hold a combined Conference in Sydney.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society has now completed its year, ending brilliantly with two concerts and a trip. The annual concert was held on September 18th, in the open-air at the University. The concert was very successful, a good audience appreciating the programme, a full account of which is given later. At the conclusion of the evening, refreshments were provided by the women, while the collection for the University Red Cross realised over £7.

The following Saturday the programme was repeated for the benefit of the 31st battalion at Enoggera, to a fair audience. The close way in which the Society has held together throughout the year was well exemplified in the five rows of members in the motor bus on the way home. There were two seats. Much of the singing in the bus was as good as anything the Society has yet done.

The Society has every reason to congratulate itself on the regular attendance of its members throughout the year.

The following account of our programme has been supplied, based on current German communiques, which exhibit to a marked degree, the artistic and picturesque qualities that the Society aims at.

Night attack by Musical Society, southern front:— September 18th. We commenced the offensive with a direct frontal attack on the Men of Harlech, which was completely successful, two verses being taken. We encountered stubborn resistance with Old Mother Hubbard; but succeeded in hacking a way through, though with entire lack of transport. A strong party reconnoitering Jack Sprat obtained valuable information, the plateau being found unoccupied. The commissariat operations, which the Little Tommy division had in view, appear to have been unsuccessful; but we gained a slight local success with Comrades in Arms. A strong counter attack upon Laughing failed entirely, leaving us unshaken. We pursued the Shades of Evening till nightfall, temporarily shattering the usual means of communication. In the Peter Piper section the rapidity of fire caused slight local breakdowns, but deeds of fine individual effort were performed by Miss Aldridge, Mr. Cooling, and Mr. Nielson.

Later in the evening all the trenches taken were evacuated.

—E. C. H.

WOMEN’S CLUB.

We have just concluded a successful year’s activities. The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held on 20th September, when the election of officers resulted as follows:—

President, Miss Bage; graduate vice-president, Miss Phipps; undergraduate vice-president, Miss Peterson; treasurer, Miss Peberdy; secretary, Miss Bancroft.
The following members were chosen for the committee:

3rd year arts, Miss Lockington; 2nd year arts, Miss O. Adam; science, Miss K. Adam.

We desire to thank our retiring president, Mrs. Mayo, for the unselfish work she has done, and the keen interest she has taken in all the activities of the Club.

The Language of Hands.

Beneath a tree in moonlight-bathed night
Earth dwellers twain drank in the glorious
breath
Of ev'nings balmy air.
The maiden's eyes were mystic, dewy-bright,
And wonderful her brow-embracing hair.
And soft and rounded from some filmy web
Gleamed in the night her neck, but equalled
By her white passive hand.
Small wonder that the man's swift feelings sped
To thoughts of love, he hastened to demand
In quick insistent touch. Do you love me?
A spirit nestled in the list'ning tree
When thrice the answ'ring pressure thrilled his frame,
"I love you," "No, I don't," which might it be?
Heart trembling asked his fingers then
"How much?"
In cold disdain she might have turned her head—
In ecstasy she answered him instead.
—Pebble.

Training College Notes.

With the close of this term closes also the two-year scholarship of the first batch of Training College Students, and, according to the conditions of the scholarships, some will be granted an extension for another year, while some will go out into active service as teachers.

As there is practically nothing to record of this term's doings, it might be well to review the whole of the period we have been in college.

How the time has gone! It is a common enough saying but it is none the less true. It is hard to realise that two years have passed since the first body of students entered Queensland's Training College, and began to rub the corners off one another, and to talk shop. It is the privilege of members of this noble army of martyrs to talk shop, and we have certainly enjoyed our privilege to the uttermost, at times past the uttermost. And then too, some of us have had innumerable corners knocked off in the general course of our activities.

A Student Teachers' Association has been formed to further the interests of the students in every way. Matters have certainly not all gone smoothly in connection with our meetings, and we have had some most interesting—and prolonged—and adjourned debates. But even so there has been through it all a feeling of comradeship though we could not see how the other fellow—always the other fellow—could hold such opinions and still keep out of Goodna.

Of course our reason for being here is to be trained as teachers; and our period being now over, and that blessed state of uncertainty existing as to who shall be taken, and who shall be left, those of us who are staying wish those of us who are going the best of success in the work that is awaiting. Our duties may lie in fields far apart. Some of us may have to argue with a man who "whoa's" his bullock-team outside the school gate, and with his whip in his hand comes along to know "Wot right yer got ter hammer my Bill?" Others again may receive neat little notes on scented paper stating that "Gwendoline is severely indisposed, and must refrain from attending school for a few days." Truly the teacher's lot is an uncertain one. But wherever we may be and whatever our duties, we shall not forget the good times spent together.

Answers to Correspondents.

(At the present day every magazine worthy of the name, and many of those unworthy of the name, has some such column as this, no doubt, having for its object to gratify readers who are thirsting for enlightenment on miscellaneous topics. Generally these columns are headed by romantic titles such as, "Will you tell
me?" "The Question Box," Seek and ye shall find," etc., etc. We have decided to follow this precedent not blindly because it is a precedent; but making utility our prime motive. Lack of space prevents us answering all the questions submitted; but we promise that all correspondents will be dealt with severely and in turn. All letters should be addressed to Locker 50403, or carefully mislaid on the Janitor's family hearth. He wish the general public to refrain from trivialities. Questions on Metaphysics, French Polishing, Numismatics, and Commercial Travelling are strictly barred.

PERPLEXED:—The grass lawns at the University have been prepared, and are kept in order by a benevolent Senate, for the sake of providing the students with something to keep off.

ENERY:—Biology does not deal with the amorous side of life. A biological excursion is made for the sake of a purely academic enquiry in its scientific aspects.

NON SINE PULVERE:—Your "apostrophe to a Blue-bottle fly kicked to death by a grasshopper," is too extreme an example of the telaesthetic school to suit our readers' taste.

MYTH:—Your theory is ingenious, but incorrect. The Greek God "Ares" corresponds to the Roman God "Mars," and they both correspond to the Queensland "Arjace."

QUERY:—Don't be ridiculous! Of course the J. Michie who was appointed piper on the battleship is not the classics professor of the Queensland 'Varsity. I would recommend you to one of the latter gentleman's lectures to sharpen your wits.

TOUCHSTONE:—Before we print your MSS you would oblige by informing us whether it is a funny attempt to be serious or a serious attempt to be funny.

INQUIRER:—The government of the University is vested in a gardener, a janitor, and a senate.

MALADY:—Modern psycho-physiological research has discovered no more efficacious remedy for insomnia than lectures.

JACKEROO:—No! Your rendition of "Waltz Me Around Again Willie," is not at all likely to charm the fair inmates of these cloistered halls. A bow tie would probably aid you, and fancy socks; but above all, try the "Googlie Eye." It is warranted to kill at any reasonable distance. It is affected considerably by the warmth of the atmosphere; but acts best at "Two in the Shade."

MUSARUM SACERDOS:—Your sonnet on a "Toothpick" which you submitted (for criticism only I presume), discloses a rare talent, especially in its sallies of rhythmical and grammatical unorthodoxies.

LA BELLE DAME:—You are earnestly invited by the editor to be present at the official burning of your "Moonlight Melodies." The ashes of the past might inspire you with something more worthy of your peculiar genius.

VOCALIST asks for the words of the song, "The Things I did when I was Registrar." We have no doubt you refer to the well-known song beginning thus:—

When I became a registrar
I curled my fair moustache,
And cast on noisy undergads,
And on the day they grant degrees
I donned my robe of State,
And cast on noisy undergads,
A look of deadly hate.

We are sorry we have no room for any more; but you'll find the complete version in the University Calendar.

ETYMOLOGIST: Your question is a pertinent one, not to say impertinent. The suffix "ie" is a diminutive being when added to a word equivalent to the adjective "little." To select some examples at random, I may say for instance, "Johnnie," and "Michie." For further details consult any manual of classical antiquities.

TRANSGRESSION:—The highest court of criminal jurisdiction in the 'Varsity is the Board of Faculties. All offences from sneezing in academic hours, to premeditated absence from lectures, are tried before this august tribunal, which in its time has imposed colossal fines on delinquents. Si monumentum quaeris aerarium a.lspice.

ETIQUETTE:—It is not necessary to return a 'phone call, but it is so often done that the practice may be said to have the
sanction of custom. But, of course, in such matters you must be guided partly by circumstances.

SYMPATHETIC:—I have not enquired of them personally; but think it probable that the young ladies who sometimes row the gardens ferry are preparing to take the places of “B. Joe” and “Freddie,” when the latter go to the front.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, U.Q. Magazine,

Dear Sir,—As an undergraduate member of the University, I feel it is my duty to protest against the rottenness of the University Magazine.

To read a University Magazine should be a pleasure, not a painful duty; but not even the most generous-minded reader could say that he has ever read one page of the above magazine with any feelings but those of pity.

The Editorial staff is not wholly to blame, except in so far as greater encouragement is not given to the better class of articles. They follow the well-established precedent (at this University) of allowing the Magazine to be filled almost entirely with the stodgy prosaic doings of the various clubs. Of the few remaining pages the Editor fills two or three with meaningless piffle about the advantages of an Arts Course over a Scientific Course, or some other equally nauseous blatherskite.

This, with a few verses of doggerel, and a correspondence column filled with impracticable and worthless suggestions, constitutes the Magazine of the University of Queensland.

On perusing the last issue of the Magazine, I find three pages on the war and the Editorial, twelve on the doings of Clubs three on Book Talk, three and a half on so-called funny matter, and three on Correspondence, and a few verses of doggerel. From these figures we see that out of twenty-four pages, less than seven have even the slightest claim on our attention. The quantity of the readable matter is undoubtedly small; but when we have read it we appreciate the feelings of a benevolent editor.

Not even the most ardent devourer of “Penny Dreadful Literature” would relish such an article as “A Man of Iron,” which appeared in your last issue. Never before has an article called forth such groans of despair; the possibilities of our language are by no means exhausted. It seems incredible that any member of a University would stoop to write such trash. Far more than any Editor would sanction its publication.

The only other so-called funny article was a skit on the University War Committee. The writer slavishly following the lines of all the existing literature of this University, sets himself out to make fun of the University Staff. The whole article is ridiculous without being even funny.

The poetry on the whole is written in approved Public School style. The writer has only one object in view; he must have consecutive lines rhyming, and in most cases this is accomplished with the entire sacrifice of rhythm, melody and even sense. The so-called Poem “as it ought to be” is a good example of what I mean.

Having pointed out a few of the defects of the Magazine, it would be unfair to conclude without offering a few suggestions.

Commencing with the Editorial, I think it might be very much curtailed, or a fitter subject might be chosen. Most of the Editorials have hitherto been devoted to developing the moral side of the Undergraduate’s character. That is all very well; but most of the readers know the Editor personally, and have a very fair idea of the life he leads. I do not mean to cast aspersions on the Editor’s character, but when a writer only a year older than most of his readers, and possessing most of their weaknesses, writes an article adjuring them to lead good and moral lives, I wonder if he would not be spending his time more profitably addressing envelopes. There is any amount of moral literature in the library. It is reviews of matters of daily interest that are needed.

Perhaps the most lamentable state of affairs is to be found in the twelve pages or more which are usually devoted to Club notes. Very few people read them, because if they are interested they have read the gist of them months before, and if they are not interested, they do not want to read them. I think we could cut these twelve pages down to six without unduly handicapping the Magazine.
The usual article on Book Talk could be continued, the writer merely being requested to be slightly more natural in his enthusiasm which at times rises almost to the comic paper height.

The articles at present conspicuous by their absence, which ought to be the mainstay of the Magazine, are not written in a few minutes without thought. Let the Editor advertise in his Magazine the need for such articles, and, if need be, let competitions be arranged, the best two articles to be published, and the winner to be awarded a trophy. The cost of the trophy would be more than balanced by the increased circulation.

The circulation of the Magazine must, of necessity, be small, but it is far smaller than need be. Each issue is not ready for sale until the last day of term; this means that many students have left on vacation, and, in consequence, do not buy a copy. At present less than 50 per cent. of the students are supplied with Magazines. Even those who wish to buy the Magazine have to hunt round for one of the Business Committee, or the Janitor. The afore-mentioned Committee might do well if in addition to notices on the board, they set about selling the Magazines with a little more enthusiasm.

All the above suggestions are practicable, and could be carried out in next issue. I would not deem my efforts to have been in vain if anyone of the above evils were eliminated; but I am sure that before our Magazine can take its rightful place in our literature, we must weed out lengthy accounts of the doings of small bodies of students, and encourage and foster real literary talent.—I am, Sir, etc.,

ENGINEER.

THE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—

As it chanced that I was enabled to read the letter appearing in this issue from one "Engineer" before it was sent to your editorial sanctum, it seemed to me that you might appreciate a further criticism from one who is in no way connected with your staff.

At first one pauses as the thought occurs that it is but rarely one sees a man engaged in the more mechanical and material side of life presuming to offer criticism on that which appertains to the higher level of mental strife and cogitation. On this account one does not stop to notice either the rather vague meaning of some of the sentences, or the doubtful quality of the language in which it is expressed. Reflection on the matter brings forcibly home to the reader the truth of Byron's words:

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

I do not wish to take up space either in criticising the faulty structure of that letter or in passing comments that will of necessity be suggested to every person of intelligence who peruses it. I pass instead to those truths which may on consideration be deduced from that review.

Criticism is, sir, of two kinds: destructive and constructive. As it is cheap and easy to destroy, so is it difficult and costly to repair. Nevertheless, it is of the latter kind that I must venture a few remarks. With mechanical precision—due doubtless to his environment—the destructive mind of your critic divides the pages of the magazine into sections of numerical exactitude: but then his acumen fails to grasp the matter in its true perspective. He complains both of the feeble nature of certain poems, doubtful in their elegance, and of the meagre wit and humour displayed in the other articles; and by a strange paradox, he complains likewise that they occupy but a few pages in your magazine. Surely this latter part should commend to him the good sense of the editor and his staff! But turning from jest to earnest, complaint is made that at least twelve pages are devoted to Club Notes, and an endeavour is made to prove the folly of such treatment by impaling the unwary reader on the horns of a dilemma. Like most trans of that nature, however, it falls into the fault of inadequate statement. It does not follow that every person who is interested in a club will be so intimate with its doings that he will not care to peruse an account given of them in the students' official record of University life. Still less does it follow that he has obtained all that he desires to
know about the current doings of other clubs prior to the publication of this magazine—as "Engineer" quaintly expresses it, that "they have read the gist of them months before." Where should such records be read but in the University Magazine? Moreover, it does not follow, because certain of those who purchase the magazine do not wish to read these club notes, that men and women who are interested in them should be penalised by their omission.

Thus vanishes in thin air the protest against Club Notes and the undue prominence given them. Of the other protests against various contributions enumerated by him, I propose to say nothing, for doubtless qualified assent might be accorded to most of his remarks in that connection. However, a statement creeps in, similar in kind to the above mentioned dilemma, in that it contains an error of insufficient statement. It is true that the periodical comes out late in the term, but that is not due so much to the laxity of the staff as to the slackness of intending contributors who delay their articles for an unduly long time. Moreover, it is not difficult to obtain copies may be magazine. Persons are appointed to take to each college magazines for sale; copies are given to the janitor and also to the librarian to sell to undergraduates. And, in addition, copies may be obtained from book-sellers in the city. In all fairness it appears that the complaint of difficulty in procuring magazines must be attributed rather to a hasty and somewhat querulous tendency to find fault rather than to the disappointment of home-endeavour.

Adverting to the statement about the editorial, in truth it must be confessed, sir, that the lucid and masterful introduction with which you provide your periodical has long been a source of amazement to me! The age of but twenty-one years (circuit) serves not to disqualify anyone from attaining a profundity of character that would do credit to a man of four score years and ten; and, doubtless, your critic read again the articles of which he wrote, he will in humble frame of mind admit that he is forced to agree with my contention.

But, sir, in conclusion I would like to notice particularly certain proposals made by that "Engineer," His idea that articles may be obtained conditionally upon the bestowal of a reward consisting of hard cash, has something in its favour. His remarks contain that small seed of perception whence may spring a veritable tree of knowledge—though, like Truth, that seed is well concealed. "The articles at present conspicuous by their absence," he writes, "which ought to be the mainstay of the magazine, are not written in a few minutes without thought." Reading his remarks literally, it is difficult to see how the absence of something can be the mainstay of anything; he would appear to have spliced the mainbrace when half-seas over in this comment! Nevertheless, the truth is there. To write for the magazine requires thought: to think well and write clearly demands concentration and effort: and to give labour gratuitously connotes a high degree of solicitude for the corporate well-being. That is why his suggestion for a pecuniary incentive to write is needed. Public spirit in the University, sir, is a quality inconspicuous in many. There is a tendency to treat the institution as a mere convenience, which is valuable because useful in giving prospects of material advantage in later life. But until this state of mind is eradicated the University Magazine will not flourish unless it offers monetary remuneration for articles thought worthy of publication. The mental processes of many of the components of the University are still in such an embryonic stage that they are incapable of appreciating the true value of the magazine; and while that condition continues to exist men of the type of "Engineer," who desires obviously the development of a production more befitting the standing of our University will perforce continue to bemoan the fact that Club Notes occupy a space relatively so large. The remedy does not lie in the enlargement of that space but in the fostering of a keener interest in the life of the Varsity as a whole, and in the encouragement of the expression in literary English of such thoughts as occur to separate individuals on interesting topics.
My remarks on this matter are inspired solely by the desire to see the magazine of this University in a prosperous condition. I do not wish to appear to indulge in personal invective against "Engineer." The fact that he has stirred himself to write what he thinks, is sufficient earnest of the coincidence of his wishes and mine. What he has failed to make clear—possibly to realise—is that the magazine has not attained the standard for which he longs, because those who criticise it adversely refrain invariably from doing anything to better that of which they disapprove. It is cheap and easy, I said, to destroy; but it is difficult and costly to erect an edifice. While the majority of undergraduates persist in following the easy way, and refuse to attempt to develop a better magazine by constructive effort, this periodical must continue to be what it is—a mere record of the clubs of the University coupled with the efforts of a few individuals. The thanks of the University are due to the editor for making the magazine even so successful as it is, for he has encountered a passive resistance which is almost fatal in such a matter. While lethargy continues, the magazine must remain in much the same condition as it is at present; when activity and hearty co-operation succeed this state of inert anarchy, the magazine will be set fair on the way to attain that degree of excellence which both "Engineer" and myself desire for it.

Thanking you, sir, etc.,

S.

A correspondent writes as follows:—The eternal question of Arts v. Science. In Germany to-day we have the spectacle of a nation obsessed with the idea of mechanical efficiency. The inadequacy of such an ideal is amply proved by its results, apart from any question of military success or failure. In England on the other hand, we have more fully expressed the ideal of complete, all-round development. Without digressing further, we may apply this to the subject under discussion. The ideal of a University training is to fit men to take the fullest possible part in the life of the community. For such a purpose as this the merely utilitarian aims of a science or engineering course are quite inadequate. We will not say that an Arts course in itself is sufficient for the purpose, but our contention is that it provides the essential basis on which a practical realisation of the ideal may be built up. We are here expressing only one side of the question, and though we would not be thought unjust to the other side, we are compelled by exigencies of space, to pass it over in silence. But may we express the hope that some engineer or scientist, sufficiently concerned with the welfare of his own genius, will pursue the discussion from his point of view.
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