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In answer to a question as to what kind of books he preferred, William Bede Dalley on one occasion smilingly replied, "New Books." Undergrads may have neither the wealth of experience nor the extensive knowledge of Dalley on which to ground a similar pronouncement, but it, nevertheless, remains true that at times new books lure us with the deadly fascination of sour grapes.

Annually, there is much lamentation, much irritation, and much gentlemanly recrimination indulged in by both buyer and seller over the perennial elusiveness of text books. The same curious psychological phenomena have recurred with an eerie regularity since the opening of our Varsity.

The booksellers are to be blamed for their unduly exorbitant charges. The balance of what blame there is must be shouldered by the Varsity authorities.

Naturally, vendors desire profits. Books are sometimes recommended—expensive books—and when they are duly procured, the will of the gods has changed—another book is recommended, and the seller is left with his former purchase on his hands. This consignment is paid for by unfortunate undergrads in their succeeding purchases. Another factor in the high prices at present ruling is the uncertainty as to numbers required. Instead of there being a clear understanding with one bookseller to handle all new and second hand books, and so make for stability of business, there are at the present time competitive sellers of small numbers of books, with a resulting tendency to sky the prices, and a kind of peddling exchange of second hand books carried on at the Varsity. Over all, there broods a nagging spirit of weary discontent.

Undergrads, through their union, have tried to overcome some of these disadvantages by their ultra vires action of appointing an "official" bookseller to the Union, hoping in return for such a hallmark of distinction to gain a certain modicum of consideration in their subsequent purchases. Such a bargain must needs stand condemned of futility and sappiness. Under the existing conditions of things, one may as well stir the sea with a toothpick as try to prevent a vendor from insuring against losses sustained by unavoidable overbuying and inconsiderate cancellations.

The true solution lies in the Varsity's officially indenting its own prescribed text books. For the efficient working of such a scheme, every professor and lecturer would be required to hand in his list of recommended books at least six months in advance. When such lists had been duly received, the actual drafting of the order could be accomplished by any ordinary typiste (and ours are all above that!) in the course of a day's work; any customs agent could clear the parcels and deliver them at the Varsity; the comparatively
few books needed could be unpacked and put on the shelves in at most two or three days by any handy man; the selling period would extend over the first week in term; and thus the intermittently recurring operation would be completed and financed by a trifling increase on the cost of each volume.

So that the enthusiasm of youth may be adequately discounted by allowances for inefficiency, we would be quite prepared to see a condemned I.W.W.-ite do the work, trebling all the above calculations, and still the resulting cost of books to undergrads would be much under that at present paid.

Though we are naturally in strict accord with the eight-hour principle, yet we merely hint that, for a little extra remuneration, judiciously distributed, the present staff would be quite sufficient to do the extra work, or perhaps, in the business of procuring text books and additions to the library, our worthy Council might well find gentle relaxation from their present arduous duties.

Should there be a tendency for surplus books to collect on the shelves, the simple device of setting the same text book a second time—if there were no “standing” text books—would soon clear the shelves, since good text books, well chosen, cannot become obsolete in a year or two. Failing this device, a gorgeous highly inflamed bargain sale might tempt swotting undergrads to make a corner in “good things” in examination books. Sic itur ad astra.

However, to return once more from detail to principle, we are of opinion that the duties of University authorities do not end with the provision of regular lectures. They inevitably incur other responsibilities towards their students, and in our special case, one such responsibility is the ample provision of the selected text books before the first lecture on any given subject is delivered. Only thus can the initial flush of a student’s enthusiasm for his course be fostered, and his awakening interest be sustained.

ELECTIONS.

Our present purpose is to discuss, not tickets, but times. Should we or should we not continue to hold the bulk of our elections during first term? Our year is a comparatively short one of thirty weeks or so, whereas ten weeks alas! constitute third term. In order that as little as possible of the precious first term may be consumed in preliminaries, we believe it to be eminently desirable that all electioneering should be done towards the end of third term.

Bound up with the question of times is the question of the enfranchisement of freshers. At present they are allowed to vote though largely unacquainted with the workings of Varsity life and ignorant of the respective merits of the men standing for election. Of this position there are at least two logical consequences: Firstly, it makes more possible than would otherwise be the case voting by faction—if such should ever arise in our midst. Ignorance, though blissful, is not an unknown field for exploitation. And secondly, it makes it more difficult to preserve the traditions of past effort and accomplishment. We hold no brief for tradition as such, but if there is ever to be aroused and fostered in our university that subtle “atmosphere,” which is so eminently desirable, time must be given to each new-comer to rise to some level of appreciation of our Varsity’s hopes, ideals, and modes of thought, before being entrusted with the franchise. Captains, presidents, secretaries, and the like count enormously in a community such as ours, and it is not always the cleverest student or the most versatile “sport,” who embodies the breadth of view and the sense of values, which should be the possession of all who are entrusted with leadership in any branch of our activities. We fully grant that a vague general recognition of such considerations, characterises most of our elections, but until this vague sense of fitness is bodied forth by a ripe experience of our special needs, it remains true that freshers have the power to exercise, in ignorance, an undesirable influence on our elections. Of course a third-term ballot is not a panacea for all obtuseness, but it is reasonable to hold that added experience should give enlightenment, even if it doesn’t. For the rest, so far as we know, neither statues, fools nor mummies ever have been, or perhaps ever will be, amenable to the influence of “atmospheres.”
But apart from the question of the enfranchisement of freshers, there are even more potent reasons for a change. At present, our all-important first few weeks of the academic year are almost wasted. The officials who are nearing the end of their term are naturally averse to committing their immediate successors to a course of action, which might appear to them eminently unwise. As a consequence there is delay and time-waste at the most critical period of the year. Were the various committees elected in third term, they would have the long vacation wherein to map out definite plans for the succeeding year’s work, and with the opening of the term they would immediately commence putting them in operation. As they came up, freshers would be immediately canvassed and within the first week, the relative strength of each society would be definitely known, and activities would at once begin according to plan. In short, there would be vim, energy, and conscious clear-sighted direction of affairs at the most vital part of the year.

As things are, a committee elected, say, in third week of term, has then to originate a plan of campaign—if it ever does—and before its various members have come to know one another’s ideas and peculiarities, more precious weeks are lost. During third term activities of committees decline to almost a vanishing point, and there tends to ensue a period of suspended animation until the next election revivifies the official corpse.

Such periodic rush and rest cannot give the best results. It is a system foredoomed to limp lamely where a better system would advance vigorously towards a foreknown goal.

Mahsamah.

"The —th and —th Divisions will move from — to — in flights of — thousands daily. Two-hundred-and-fifty camels will be allotted to each flight for baggage-transport. Mahsamah will be the end of the first stage. . . . You will proceed to Mahsamah, taking with you —— thousands’ rations, establish a depot, and issue rations to the flights for twenty-four hours."

So ran the Order. Confound the flights! Why can’t they train it? Mahsamah’s out of the world. These camps in desert places are ghastly. We shall be enforced hermits. Entaining, they could get the whole thing over in four
days; this way it'll take fourteen. The weather's getting midsummer. The Battalions have just had a fresh boot-issue. They'll be sore-footed and sick, and sun-stricken. What's the game with Headquarters—to harden the men, or impress the natives?

What's that to you? You've got to go—whatever garbled motives Headquarters may have. So get your supplies aboard, and your men, and leave in the morning.

So we found ourselves sweeping over the desert at nine a.m.; with tents and camp-equipment in the guard's van, and half-a-dozen trucks laden with supplies trailing behind. The sweet-water canal tore beside us, and patches of irrigated land emerged at intervals into the field of vision, and the low sand-dunes standing away towards Ismailia grew higher; and before the canal fir-groves could become more than a blur in the East we halted and got down, and had our trucks detached; and the train moved off canal-wards; and we set about looking for a site on which to build.

And there was no time to waste. The first flight had left Tel-el Kebir that morning; and any moment their advance guard might loom up on the heat-hazed horizon and come in soliciting grub.

A permanent camp of Royal Engineers close at hand, lent a fatigue. By three o'clock the virgin depot was well-established.

At four, through a cloud of dust, the advance-party (mostly staff-officers on horse-back), rode in—very hot and very thirsty. Brigade-majors boast a thirst at any time, and in any weather. Aggravated now, it had first to be assuaged. The Battalion of Pioneers who followed us by train had mapped out the plan of camp on paper, and now proceeded to conduct Battalions; for they followed close in the heels of their staffs; dusty and sweating under their packs, and dragging a weary way through the yielding sand. Lucky majors rode; and surveyed their perspiring men from the cool and luxurious height of a horse. The Battalions plumped down in the sand and the sun where they stood. The camel-trains followed, plonking along with their flat-spreading feet and aspiring noses and loads of ration, blankets, tents, tables, and general camp impedimenta. Their Indian "Draves" led them by the nose. They gurgled with the heat; and foundered on very slight provocation indeed.

By five the whole flight is established in bivouac lines. For a couple of hours there is feverish bustle at the Supply Depot. Half the issuing is carried out by lamp-light. The Battalions settle down to sleep with the sun, and there is little energy left for horse-play—though there is a good deal of singing—and even concerts improvised.

But the whole camp is quiet by nine; the men are sleeping in the sand under the moon; there are no lights except in the two tents erected for staff-officers.

You're wakened at four the next morning by the camp astir, to be off at sunrise. But they have their ration, and you don't get up; but thank heaven you're a part of no flight.

A part of nothing—for the moment. That's the beauty of this mission. You're subject to nobody. You've brought your own supplies, built your own depot; and can dictate to staff-captains and colonels and to all the tin-hats who may approach you for ration. A supply-officer is deeply respected, ex-officio. Though he be a mere subaltern it is known he holds the distribution of fleshy favours. The officer drawing ration who is incivil is in danger of being the worse for it; only the respectful get Baksheesh.

The Fortress Company of Anglesey Engineers camped permanently, who had lent an emergency fatigue, turned out to be a boon and a blessing. It took less time than usual to penetrate the admirable English reticence surrounding their companionable qualities. The penetration began with a neighbourly invitation to their Regimental Sports, held conjointly with those of a detachment of Hyderabad Lancers camped at Mahsamah for patrol purposes. They united in a half-day's competition in foot-racing, football, jumping, tug-o'-war, cycle-racing, and the rest of the athletics common to Indians and Britishers. Beside, the Hyderabadis gave exhibitions in horseback-wrestling, tent-pogging, elevating the lime at the gallop, and allied exercises; in which Englishmen do not compete. The captain of the Lancers was a young Indian aristocrat
who spoke English faultlessly; and was a regular and interesting member of the Anglesey mess.

The English gentlemen who drew him, and the supply-officer were in no way roughened by a six-months’ campaign at Suvla Bay. Gordon was an Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin, who had preceded his course in engineering by reclining in Arts three years and browsing richly and refraining resolutely from cram: an engineer balanced ideally between the world of mere mathematical horse-sense and a gentle other-worldliness— and rich in a fitful and whimsical Irish humour that was good to live with; a man devoted to duty (when any was put in his way; which was seldom), otherwise exercising himself genially upon self-appointed surveys, geological rambling, artful shooting, photography, and banter. No tongue in the mess was a match for his; he emerged from argument with ease and credit always—and left his opponents floundering. A fearless, tender-hearted, courteous Irish gentleman, modest to the point of self-effacement and able to the point of genius. His mother was a friend of Edward Dowden, and his circle; and Gordon had in store a rich fund of anecdote relating to Academical Dublin.

The medical officer—Doc., familiarly—was a Scotchman with a burr and a subtle uncaledonian quality of humour; and a sparkling intellectualty quite out of harmony with the traditional Scotch lumbering cerebration. Doc. was lovable; and a butt through his popularity—though not a butt who took it lying down. But he was never a match for Gordon; though he usually routed the captain—also a Scotchman—whose hobby was the facetious discussion of ways and means to getting a competent M.O. attached. The Doc.’s duties were purely nominal—the care of any who might fall victims, amongst the Angleseys, to tooth-ache, boils, vermin, colds, gashes,—any ills, in short, to which men in a desert camp might be liable. For the rest, he shot with the mess, dawdled with “films,” perused his Scotch newspapers, improvised schemes in sanitation, dabbled in canal-parasites and mosquito-larvae, and forged jokes.

Seymour was a highly-intelligent animal (taking seven-and-five-eighths in hats), who argued with a kind of implaceable ferocity; and, when he sat down to bridge, would never stop before two or three. But all his argument was for mental exercise, and not from conviction; and his fiercest encounters were won’t to end in a thrust of bathos at which the mess roared. He was a fine intellectual and physical animal—as keen in riding and shooting and bathing as in dialectic.

The captain was a diminutive, ceremonious Scotchman, commanding deference out of doors, bullied to death in the mess by his subalterns. The contrast between out—and indoors was striking. The last letter of the law in discipline and ceremony was observed outside the mess; but at table no Australian officers’-mess was ever more informal. Barriers of rank were thrown down; and none but surnames tolerated by the least even unto the greatest.

That mess was as luxuriously appointed as a civilian home. Easy-chairs, writing-tables, messing-tables, and their appointments, punctilious servants, matted floors, made one forget for a few hours daily that a war was in progress. For the man who makes himself at-home on service, you are commended to the English officer. And in a permanent camp such as this, he excelled himself. Eating was delicate, glass and silver shone, and the dogs—now and then—a dozen shot-guns and as many boatmen; and came himself, carrying a gun (and proud he was of his shooting; and justly so).

One man one skiff was the order. We would set out at four-thirty, after tea.
and return at eight. The danger was to forget the duck in the still beauty of the evening. As you watched the reddening west over the reeds, the birds coming across the ruddy ground would recall you to business. Shooting was easy; so we got a lot. The place was untramelled. Except for an occasional General who came up for a day's sport (the staff had got to know the Mahsamah Lagoon), there was little shooting done; and the water had not yet become a scare-area. The Sheikh did all on his own account. The underlings he provided knew their work and would ejaculate and advise in Arabic: Talihena! Bakasheen Kebir! (snipe—big one!)—in a hoarse, excited whisper, as the birds rose on the breeze. Ayuwah, you matter, making ready. They would strip and go into the reeds waist-deep for birds fallen there. Quaiys Kiteer! (fine), greeted a hit; and if you missed a consolatory Malish! (never mind); Bukrah (perhaps tomorrow) uttered with a gentle ironical intonation. Rowing back there was always Baksheesh in cigarettes or cartridges—or both; and some, with their skins wet and muddied from wading, deserved it. Some did not.

The natives fished the lagoon systematically with nets, at night. You encountered them as you pursued duck. They regularly exported crates of fish to Cairo and Zagazig. When the nets were spread they would "beat-up" the fish with tom-toms in the boats. You might hear their solitary cries and their rhythmic tattoo on the water all night.

They fished with lines, too—to order. If you gave them an order at the camp for a dozen they would have them back in half-an-hour, wriggling on a string. They were proud of their craft, and would throw you a triumphant glance; as who should say: "Let's see you do that!"

The Arab village lay on the banks of the canal. Comely villagers they were—with well-featured women, and men with a continent, contented air—living by fishing or growing of crops. The camera they funk'd; and that distinguished them from the rancous, dissolute denizens of Cairo, who delight to ape attitudes for the photographer. They showed all the best qualities of the Fellahaen. There was no obsequiousness in the men—as in the capital. There is no crowd more cowardly and vil-lainous than the Cairene mob. But the men at Mahsamah, when the sojourning Australians attempted to commande their canal-ferry, pushed them incontinently into the stream. This was conduct unprecedented in the Egyptian. A town-and-gown fight ensued. Skulls were cracked; and the Australians had by no means the better of it. There was a dash of the old fighting Bedouin blood in these fellows. There was to be no bullying here; and there was none.

Only the station-master had forfeited his independence of spirit. He alone, of the whole village, was in habitual contact with "The Public." It had wrought in him a fawning plausibility the more contemptible by its contrast with the sturdiness of the surrounding natives. He lied by habit; the fictitious way was more natural with him than the way of truth. In official dealings he lied first, and afterwards modified it into truth. Regardless of consistency, he said invariably what he thought would please. Railway time-tables with him varied with the estimated temper of the enquirer. This seems incredible; but it is true. He was the only village inhabitant who ever invited you to take coffee; and he (the potentially dignified station-master), alone, in all the village, was ever known to solicit Bakshash—an oily, yellow, perennially-smiling, small-bodied, altogether small-souled railway official; in him seemed incarnated the slavish spirit of officialdom in all Egypt.

Bathing in the canal was forbidden along its whole length. There lurked a parasite that played Old Harry with liners. It ravaged the natives, in rare cases—though, having drunk and washed in the canal from infancy, a sort of immunity was claimed for them. But there were victims to the parasite to be seen amongst them—no pretty sight.

A favourite walk at sundown was the canal-bank. The reed-shot lagoon on the East, traversed by sporadic, crying duck—the gentle wind, blowing warm off the Libyan Desert, drifting the silent dhow—a solitary Fellahaen on his ambling beast—an Arab doing his devotions in the tiny praving-crib on the water's brink—the west darkening behind the palm-tufts over the illimitable sand. There was a peace here little known to our other halting-places in the Delta.

—H. W. D.
The Tramp and His Dog.

A Little Tragedy of Life.

He was a beery, weedy individual, unkempt, unwashed, and unknown; with an emaciated countenance protected by a dark, luxuriant growth of close-cropped bristles, all standing outwards perpendicularly to the plane of his dial after the fashion of a quantity of iron-filings clinging to a magnet. He was engaged in the vastly diverting occupation of endeavoring to produce a little smoke from the stubby extremity of a well-worn cigar, probably rescued from the vicinity of some neighbouring gutter. But he puffed in vain, and succeeded in extracting nothing from the offending article but a stubby extremity of a well-worn cigar.

"Veujillez," he said, transferring the remaining ash from his lips to his grubby mauler, and grinning like an over-ripe tomato, "veujillez me donne un match." Then, perceiving no doubt my smile of sarcasm, "to light a pipe, for my capacious mouth," he concluded, reverting hastily to the vernacular.

Naturally, the only course for me to adopt under the circumstances was to humour the fellow.

"Well," I answered him, "I can see your capacious mouth alright, but," with an ironic glance at the stinking residue of carbonaceous matter between his thumb and forefinger, "I'm hanged if I can see the pipe."

Thereupon his raping visage became wreathed in most seraphic smiles; his whole face was transfigured—reminiscent of a recent zoological specimen I had witnessed.

"Ah!" he said, shaking his head sadly, "non est melioribus, sed sinequa non!"

I smiled in a superior manner.

"Aliquam dicat." I began, puffing methodically at intervals to emphasise the phrase, "que vous etiez non compos mentis. Car, qui est ce voulez délectoribus, et juxta rationem, pro patria illustratio rergerandum erat." Then, seeing the look of startled concern on his face, I added, with great gusto, "Freta statemente est, terra firma."

He barked wearily, broke into an uneasy grin, and launched forth with, "Oui, oui, oui, certainement! Stabat mater! Il penseroso juxta concern. Elle a vu la dame a la porte. Tarn ut teneus fugit etcetera, odum profanum vulgus."

Now, this was really too much, or, as the poets have it, "over the fence," and he knew it. The last phrase especially—"odum profanum vulgus"—the hideousness of it.

"Shunt," I said emphatically.

He said not a word. He just shunted.

"And," I called after him, as he side-stepped round the corner, "for your benefit, I may as well point out that it is not odum profanum vulgus, but odum profanum vulgus, which, being interpreted means, the profanity of the vulgar mind. (Dies ist mir zu bunt!—Ed.)"

Next day I passed the same place, and beheld on the pavement a strange sight. He was unshaven and unwashed, but, forsooth, respectable.

"Salve, o bone!" he hailed me. "Quo Vadis!"

Now, this was something like! And the fellow appealed to me. A remarkable chappie he was altogether. His hat he wore on one side of his head, at an angle of about 15 degrees centigrade to the horizontal, and in his arms he nursed a de-lapidated walking stick in a most affectionate manner, pointing diagonally across his chest after the fashion of a rifle at the port.

In his wake there sniffed an ungainly, ginger-haired Irish mongrel, who growled spasmodically at sight of me, rumbled off into silence, then fell to searching diligently for a number of aggravating and elusive inhabitants in the neighbourhood of his left flank.

But the most remarkable thing about the tramp himself, and which struck my eye most forcibly, was his moustache—a black, fierce-looking affair waxed at each end into a rapier-like point, and slightly upturned in Kaiserish fashion, imparting to his countenance at once a look of mingled ferocity and benevolence.
"Bon jour, mon bon ami," I answered, not to be outdone. He smiled in a superior manner, pulling the aforementioned appendage with vigour and dignity, and replied:

"Cum veras constatorem, in sempiterna curriculum, jus pridie amandum est. Tum homo, praetens dumibus amavero, sed quo mavis et vinum cornibus."

By this time, I was pretty well out of my depths; and seeing this, the fellow followed up his advantage, and steamed ahead as follows:

"Quem adamatantis," he went on, still patting his upper lip, while the Irish mongrel thumped his tail intermittently against the asphalt, "persecutus et affectatio in amanto, duum perambulatari pro drinibus ad hotelibus!"

I grasped at the last phrase like a drowning man at the preverbal straw—"perambulatari pro drinibus ad hotelibus!" Surely that meant something about going the hotel for a drink. "Good! Thank heavens my little stock of French was not yet exhausted, I stuck out my chest.

"Ah," I said; "vouz seriez perambulatari ad hotelibus pro drinibus. Car, ad infinitum, il fait tres chand pride."

"Tum," he said. "Tum, quae cum ita sint— !"

But I would not let him say more. It was too risky. I grasped him by the arm, and propelled him gently ad hotelibus.

After a long time he emerged from the depths of his tankard, and smacking his lips with intensity, said, huskily:

"Ah, this does seem like old times to me."

He broke off, sighed reminiscently, and stroked the mongrel's head.

I waited patiently, and said nothing.

"Many's the time," he went on, "in days long past, I have sat as you see me now, in my robes of state, with the various professors and lecturers—a long beer in one hand and a fat cigar in the other."

"What!" I asked, in surprise: "you sat with various professors and lecturers? How is this?"

"Sir," he said, rising with dignity, while the dog growled and rumbled like the rolling of distant thunder: "I was once an important functionary at a University."

A deep silence brooded in the room.

"Tell me about it," I whispered, after a long time.

"Ah, my heart is very full to-day," he answered, with unmistakable emphasis on the anatomical organ, and absentmindedly gazing into the empty mug.

I called the barman.

When he had imbibed long and freely, he looked up, wiping his mouth, rested his hand lovingly on the ginger-haired dog, and began:

"I had two staunch friends. One was a Professor of Classics. We shall call him Professor Patricks. What he didn't know about languages and antiquities wasn't worth thinking about. The other was a lecturer in mathematics. We shall call him Parsons."

He paused, imbibed, and went on again.

"Professor Patricks was big, ungainly, and elephantine. Parsons was a little fellow with small legs and a large head. The two were fast friends. They boarded together, and walked down together every morning."

"Now, Parsons, systematic in all things, always endeavoured to keep step with his gigantic friend. But owing to the difference in length of legs, he found it a rather difficult matter. At first he tried the plan of taking two steps to Patricks' one. But he soon discovered that such a course not only made him appear ridiculous, but also gave him terrible pains in the legs. At any rate, after much forethought, he went home and worked out by differential calculus, that, walking with the free vibratory motion of a rigid pendulum, it would be necessary for him to take 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) steps for every one of Patricks'..."

"What happened then?" I asked, when he had emerged, curious to know the result.

"When Parsons tried the ratio of 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) to 1," he said, laughing softly, "he was run in for drawing a crowd and creating a disturbance in one of the principal streets."

After a time, he continued more soberly.

"Parsons was in love with one of the typists—a lovely young girl named Ulah or Volga, or something foreign, at any rate. Anyhow, he wanted to marry her, but her brother—a gussy foreign-looking chap, stepped in and said, "No!" After
that, of course, a deadly hatred sprang up between Parsons and the brother.

I waited for him to appear again, and asked:

"What happened?"

"One day," he went on, with a happy smile, "the two friends were walking down the street, when who should come along but the brother, attired in great style. Now, here was Parsons' chance, and he took it. As the brother went by, Parsons let fly some rude remark to Patricks. The knut stopped, inserted his eyeglass, and staring coldly at little Parsons, said, "I say, fellow, did you, ah, speak to me?"

Parsons turned, looked the enemy over coolly, then addressed Patricks. "I say," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the brother, "did I speak to this?"

Patriks, after a few moments thought, said, "Yes, now you come to speak of it. I believe you did say something."

"What happened?" I asked eagerly.

"At that the brother requested Parsons to accompany him to the "Courier" lane, where he would 'show him a thing or two.' When they reached the lane, the brother proceeded to divest himself of his coat and to tuck up his sleeves. 'What are you going to do?' said Parsons, smiling happily. The brother answered, 'I'm going to teach you manners.' 'Right!' cried Parsons. And they proceeded to deal into each other.

"How did they get on?" I asked curiously.

"Well, you see," he replied, "Parsons was a former bantamweight champion. The result is obvious. He just passed over a red-hot left-hander and the brother proceeded to spread himself over the ground like a fried egg. He hadn't lost consciousness; he had simply lost interest. Of course, after that Parsons removed himself from the scene of the accident, very happy, but a little overheated and dry, though not quite as much as I myself am at this moment."

I took the hint, and engaged the barman in a short conversation.

"And after that?" I said, when he had somewhat reduced the level of the liquid in his mug.

"After that, of course," he answered, "the brother removed all objection to the marriage."
Modernised Myths.

II.

TITHONOS.

Aurora lay in the cool shade of the veranda gazing dreamily out on the wide stretching plains of "Nesta." The homestead was placed on a moderately high hill, round the base of which slowly curled the river on its devious way to the Pacific. A recent storm had transformed the scorched grass into a carpet of verdant pasture, and the young gum trees in gratitude, had shot forth tender twigs, whose brownish-yellow tints decked the grey-green tops with a sham-autumn splendour of colouring. But despite the quivering stream of life pulsing through tree and shrub, the day was sleepily quiet. The sun shone brightly, and the steam quivered from the damp earth. The birds sheltered in the leafiest branches to find what shade they might. Only here and there a fluttering swoop and slow return to their perches above showed that they were still awake and instinctively keeping partial watch for any lizard basking incautiously on bole and log. And in keeping with the dreamy day was the monotonous never-ending drone of the cicadas.

As she sat there, it seemed to Aurora that the pressing weight of a dead day rested bodily upon her shoulders. But the physical lassitude was not caused by the warmth of the sun. No idea of it was in her mind. Always her captive thought hovered around one thing; always was she engrossed with the one problem—her husband.

As now her thought raced to its wonted goal, a shudder passed through her body, and returning to a momentary sharp consciousness of her surroundings, a gleam of horror shot from her eyes as she vaguely gazed round, seeking to locate the direction whence came the shrill cieada drone. How the things irritated her—and what myriads there seemed to haunt the paddocks of "Nesta."

Yet to "Nesta" she had come willingly. She had planned for it, and had won her desire. It was not that she had craved to be mistress of the fair old station property. It was indeed beautiful, but it was not for it she had pined. "Nesta" had to her been summed up in the person of its master. Of ripe middle age, broad shouldered, vigorous, well looking, and intensely masculine, he had exercised over her a potent fascination. How proud she had been when with unheeded words she had been pronounced his legal mate! How scornfully had she rejected the guarded suggestions of her intimates that her marvellous womanly beauty was worthy the crown of a fitter love than his! With all the mastery of his strong body, he had called; she had answered with all the passionate idealism of her youthful soul.

As the thronging memories jostled through her mind, there was not wanting an almost inordinate wonder. Why had she done this thing? What had been his charm? And as she wondered a surge of physical repulsion sickened her.

They had been married ten years. Still in her prime, its development had but added to the charms of her person. The shadow of restraint that now permanently looked from her eyes enhanced the spiritual beauty that radiated from her face.

Thinking still on the past ten years, a sudden stiffening of her muscles and an odd shuddering gleam of repulsion in her eyes, indicated that she had received some hint of his coming. As she awaited the approach of the slithering, shambling figure of her mate, she wondered at the trick of brain by which the monotonous drone of the cicadas became a shrill outcry of protest. Of course, it was natural, she hastened to remind herself. He had so often come on the same errand, in just the same hurrying shuffle of feet, and with the same ominous muttering, that she knew what would now be the burden of his plaint, and she involuntarily calmed herself for the coming scene.

"How many times must I tell you not to talk to those devilish insects? Selling your soul here to the demons of hell! Listen to the damned brutes! What the—"

In his mouthing fury, he happened to catch the full glance of her eyes—deep, quiet wells of power. It was her only weapon, yet it never failed to quell the impulse to violence which on many occasions had been evident enough. The paroxysm as usual vented itself in physi-
cal exertion. Wildly he shuffled down the garden path into the paddock in search of the trilling cicadas. Now here, now there, he made his muttering way, to find for the thousandth time that on his approach, the startled insects ceased their singing, only to burst out with renewed vigour when his departure from their vicinity calmed their fears. Madly he cursed, as swiftly dividing his crazy mind, he pursued his exhausting way.

As her lord, bent and scraggy, slithered on in frantic feebleness, Aurora wearily resumed her meditations on the long years of their walk together. The day of his sudden illness, soon after their marriage, she remembered as though it were yesterday. She recalled her girlish prayers for his recovery—in her grief she had thought eternity all too short for their sojourn together, and she had fiercely prayed to God that her husband might be spared, even to the utmost bounds of time. From his bed of sickness he accordingly arose. He was very weak, and he was very dull. The drowsy locust had charged upon her patience and self-control increasingly insistent. When first the knowledge of its cause had come to her, she had with intense bitterness watched the growth of the sway of senility; this bitterness had, with time, turned to resigned pity, but the mortal horror of her husband’s presence she could never overcome. She shuddered at the very recollection of the appalling emanations of decay which heralded his approach. Death in this aspect was a thing of sense to be felt.

One thing only Aurora overlooked in her memories—how from the soul-records of her wretched hours, had been born that wonderful forbearance which a pure woman feels for him who was once the object of her adoring love.

With a quick catch of her breath, she awoke to her surroundings, and heard the calling of her mate. "Aurora! Aurora!" he screamed; "take the blasted thing off; take it off, take it off, I say!"

In his wanderings he had disturbed many cicadas from their tree-trunk resting places, and in their flight, he had done what he could to pursue them to their death. At length, he had become too exhausted for further pursuit; and with the accession of physical weakness the paroxysm of mental activity had died down. In this plight, by one of nature’s not infrequent freaks of irony, a drowsy locust had chanced to settle upon him and had straightway sent its song of content vibrating into the hot summer air. The shrill quavering, in its sudden startling nearness, roused him to a fresh fury of mingled fear and hate as, with violent contortions and piteous cries, he continued to make abortive slaps at various parts of his body.

Quickly Aurora ran to her man, but before she reached him, he lay still. The added excitement to his worn-out brain had had the long-looked-for result, and he lay insensible and paralysed—a shrunken yellow mummy-like caricature of a human being in sleep. In his skinny claws was grasped the crushed form of a cicada.

With trembling hands, she disengaged the insect from his relaxing fingers, and as she curiously looked from it to her dying husband, the singing of the cicadas seemed to increase tenfold. In that emotion-filled instant, with her eyes upon the twitching features of her lord, and her nostrils filled with the odours of death, at the stimulus of the insect song of triumph, her eyes were opened, and looking beyond the form of flesh into the hidden meaning of real things, she read the sentence of her God.

In the fulness of time Aurora knew the burden of the summer, the stress of weather, and the flight of years. At "Nesta" she remained, and if ever, on a summer’s day, she was tempted to shut her eyes to truth, and wonder why she had come to the place, the answer was given to her in the shrill carolling of innumerable cicadas, who sang the requiem of Tithonos.

—DRYASDUST.
Teaching as a Profession.

To the majority of University students, their undergraduate days are the final period of preparation before undertaking seriously their life-work, yet how many realise this? The student who undertakes an Engineering or a Medical course has decided on his career, the particular branch of that faculty will reveal itself to him as he proceeds. One thing however is certain: he will be an engineer, he will be a doctor. What must be said however about the hundreds of students who adopt an Arts or Science course? How many have any definite idea of the course of their future life? They may teach in secondary schools, lecture, confine themselves to research work. Many do not attempt to ascertain which of these is their bent till the close of their course—then they drift into teaching. It is probable that a student cannot fathom his particular bent during the first year, but by the close of the second year, if he is to be successful in the line he will ultimately adopt, he must decide, else how can he bend the resources of training at his command to the end in view? No one can hope to use his attainments to the highest of his ability in a profession into which he has merely drifted, because it has offered least difficulties in the way of his obtaining a position and for which he has received no definite training. The engineering student, the doctor both in their course attempt to develop those qualities which will make a successful engineer or doctor. A man who is to be a teacher, if he neither knows nor cares what his career may be, cannot train himself to that end. Then is the profession of a teacher such a generalised and cosmopolitan business that it requires no particular qualities, no definite training.

To answer this question, the ideal, I might even say essential characteristics of a teacher must be considered. Let us go back to a comparison with a doctor. He has to deal with that complex organism, the human body, therefore his touch must be light and sure, his knowledge exact. The teacher has to deal with that assuredly more complex organism the human mind—then must this touch be less sure, his knowledge less exact, his training less careful. Especially is this true in the case of children, a wrong touch on the child’s mind administered through lack of training and knowledge at the most impressionable period may do untold harm to his temperament and qualifications. I venture to state that there is no profession which demands such a reserve of nervous force; for there is often a struggle of wills, and patience and self-control must be exercised at all costs. Other qualities too are essential for a successful teacher—tact, fairness, sympathy—an aggregate of characteristics only equalled by that essential to a successful clergyman. Yet though these qualities are agreed by all students of education to be essential, there are hundreds of undergrads going through our universities who still continue to adopt teaching as a profession, simply because it holds out fair proffers of short hours, long holidays, and is—in the face of things— an easy job. To those however who enter into the spirit of their work, it is practically unceasing exertion, and the holidays are absolutely essential to maintain their work at a high standard. What happens then to those who have “drifted” into teaching? Either they are confirmed slackers, merely putting in time, and drawing pay for the smallest amount of labour, or they do their work doggedly and conscientiously without the inspiration of joy in a chosen profession, which alone can make one’s life-work a pleasure, and no occupation can be greater drudgery than teaching, if that inspiration is lacking. Let us see to it then that we either have that inspiration or seek some other career.

H.C.

FAME.

Oh you mothers!
Ours the fight and the shouting—
Yours the fear and the doubting:
Ours the glory of dying—
Yours the weeping and sighing:
Ours the pages of history—
Yours the silence of mystery—
Oh you mothers!—Dryasdust.
Quaeque Ipse Misserima Vadi.

[On assuming office, we had handed down to us (under the above heading) a manuscript, which has been an important heirloom to the magazine, written by one Pius Aeneas, apparently a past undergrad of an enquiring turn of mind. We shrewdly suspect that the signature is only an alias to hide the writer's identity. Professor Sphinx has consented to edit this Ms. for us.—Ed.]

There are many reasons which have led people to visit that "undiscovered country" from whose bourne, as a rule, no traveller returns. Odysseus went to hear the latest gossip about his wife; the pious Aeneas went to consult dad about his future; Dante went to visit his friends in the infernal regions, and was led by pressing invitations to stay for afternoon tea with Beatrice, who, gossip says, on that occasion thrice gave him the glad eye; other individuals have been led into necromantic pursuits by the mercenary desire to "back a cert" on the tote; perhaps the prevailing motive, however, is mere idle curiosity or ennui, sometimes hastened by love sickness (mal-de-mer). My motive was, I dare to think, something out of the ordinary. I had been studying up the Varsity library for an article to the magazine, when I was forcibly, but metaphorically, struck by the lamentable gaps in our knowledge caused by many persons, ancient and modern, alive and dead, neglecting to keep proper records of their beings and doings. For instance, has not our worthy arts professor worn himself to a shadow in trying to solve the Homeric question, all caused by Homer's neglect to state in writing whether he actually lived or not. So it is, too, with the problem as to the "arithmetical status quo" of our local matrimonial agency, the vagueness of information on which subject has caused needlessly many a sleepless night.

There seemed to me to be but one satisfactory solution of these problems—to visit the world to come, and obtain the required facts and statistics at first hand. Hence this record.

But how to get there? For in ancient times good and bad alike repaired to Hades, but our more exact modern scientific methods had changed all that, and had made my enterprise doubly difficult. For to carry out the exhaustive examination, I desired, I would have to visit both Heaven and Hell. But I was entirely without information as to the route or the means of conveyance. Odysseus' account of his journey has suffered much at the censor's hands, and is, in any case, topographically (even money!—Ed.) incorrect. Virgil does not help us much more. He says, "Facilis descensus Averno," from which one may infer that the lift is always working, and the ferry more reliable even than the Ena. Also he says, "Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis," from which we may further infer that coloured labour still exists in those benighted regions, and that the Six O'Clock Closing Act is unknown there. Beyond this, Virgil is useless as a traveller's guide. The other authorities consulted were no better.

I decided to make inquiries. I went to the University offices; they told me to go to the registrar. He told me to get a gown on. His voice was husky, and I thought he said "dungarees," so I fled. I walked down George street, and met a man with University written all over him. "The smile on his face was only a mask," for he was from St. John's, and he had a serious commission on hand. I asked him the way to Heaven. "Get married," he said. I thanked him, and passed on. The next person I asked the way to Hell. "Get married," he said. Many others I asked, and they gave me divers replies, also a fill of tobacco (to get rid of you?—Ed.) Piecing their information together, applying the rules of the syllogism, and allowing for the Personal Equation, I discovered that to get to Heaven was impossible, and to do so would be useless in any case, as all the persons I wanted never had a dog's chance of getting there. I could get to Hell quite easily, I knew, by living an unrighteous and godless life, terminating in an inglorious death—the gallows, suicide, being cut off by the censor, etc. I could not brook delay; expedition was everything to me. Into the short space of one week I accumulated all the acts of consummate impiety and immorality I could conceive of. I systematically purloined tobacco and matches, I
parted my hair in the middle and wore a bow tie, I traversed regularly the road to ruin, I cut lectures and tutorials, I haunted hotels, I gambled, I cut my best friend dead, slew with a glance an unoffending individual who asked me the time, and, finally, I went to the Weary Pictures. All I had to do now was to die. I went home and ate a home made pancake. I sank rapidly. Three minutes would see me dead. Till the fated moment should arrive, I recited "in solemn tenor and deep organ tone" the pathetic lines of Aristophanes' "Frogs." I had barely finished when (horror exorcentis) I died. I had a curious feeling that my legs were floating from under me, and that I was finished and deep organ tone." Should arrive, I recited "in solemn tenor and deep organ tone" the pathetic lines of Aristophanes' "Frogs." I had barely finished when (horror exorcentis) I died. I had a curious feeling that my legs were floating from under me, and that I was moving through space at an incredible rate. Then I seemed to hear a faint whisper of music as I drifted past. It was sweet and low and mysterious and seemed to be wafted to me from the uttermost depths of the abyss. Then it sounded nearer and nearer, slowly rising to a glad, triumphal refrain; it was the song of the syrens. It was nearer now, and softer again, and now it sounded in my very ears; strains of a luring tenderness, bringing back visions of childhood and happy playing fields, and the wings that stirred me seemed the soft touches of a mother's love; an overwhelming pathos affected my being to the depths; this was soon followed by a vague but painful sense of loneliness and desolation, and it seemed to me that I wept though without knowing why. My youth came back to me, with all its glowing enthusiasm and kindling hopes, now blighted and withered; that last wild week of dissipation, thrusting itself upon me in all its horror and futility, urged my despair to madness; my parched lips moved, and from the depths of my larynx there emerged such a cry as living soul assuredly never uttered before, whilst with hands and feet I vainly beat the air. The spell was broken; those strange, sweet notes that filled the air changed to sounds as of terror and fear, and rapidly died away in the distance. I felt myself falling, falling, yet with the music still reaching me in ever fainter and fainter waves. Just as its last echoes died I heard the noise of waters, and a harsh voice, crying:

Ye that are dead, ye that are damned!
This is the way to Hell!

None that comes hither shall go back again;
This is the way to Hell!

Recovering from the shock of my late experiences, I thought that this must be the Styx, and the old man Charon. "I'm for hell," I called; "there's half a dollar. You can keep the change." "Keep your dirty dollar, and part up an obol." "You'll get no obols at this time of day, old boy. Think yourself lucky its silver, and not stamps or postal notes." But Charon was not to be moved. He had had a scolding from his wife in the morning, and still held out about it. I tried bribery, cajolery, threats; all in vain. I offered him in turn a fill of tobacco, a copy of "Pickwick Papers" the "ius trium liberorum"—he was inexorable. Finally, I thumbed me of a 6d. copy of "Three Weeks," which I had in my pocket. I offered him this, and thenceforward he was my slave. He not only rowed me across, but also provided me with comic papers and tooth powder for the journey; nay, he even gave me a letter of introduction to Pluto, and bad me mention his name whenever I wished. I disembarked, tipped the porter, and was by him directed to Pluto's house. The footman took my letter of introduction, and ushered me into a waiting room, beautifully furnished in the antique fashion, which, as I afterwards found, was much affected in Hell. Cerberus lay in a corner, gnawing at a skull and rose menacingly, till the footman ordered him down again.

[If am ashamed to say, reader, that at this point my flagging pen stopped entirely, and I fell asleep. When I awoke—safe and sound on terra firma—I found the editor waiting for my copy, so I had to hand it in as it is. Later I hope to publish the rest of this highly entertaining account.—Professor Sphinx]

THE FASHION
I sat beside a Red Cross girl
Whose meek and down-cast eye
Inspired a tale of how for her
I'd be prepared to die.
She nestled snugly in my arms,
Then sweetly smiled delight—
"A shilling for the Red Cross funds.
For every shilling to-night."—Dryasdust.
Pro Patria.
Dignis Detur Honos.

L. N. Collin, 2nd Lieut., 15th Infantry, Arts II. (Killed in action).
W. C. Thomson, Motor Despatch Rider, Science III. (Died of illness).

D. E. Baldwin, Sapper, 4th Field Coy., Eng. II.
R. C. Ahmad, 2nd Lieut., 31st Infantry, Arts I. Engineers, Eng. III.
E. G. P. Barbour, Pte., No. 1 Depot Battalion, Arts I.
F. J. Biggs, Serjt., Officers' School, Eng. II.
S. S. Bond, Lieut., 25th Infantry, Arts II.
P. H. Browne, B.E., Lieut., Engineers.
C. G. Browne, Serjt., Infantry, Arts I.
W. H. Bryan, B.Sc., Gunner, Artillery.
K. M. Brydon, B.E., Lieut., Officers' School, Sydney.
R. J. Cassidy, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar 1913).
H. M. Cornwall, B.E., Unallotted.
F. G. Crane, Unallotted.
E. C. Cribb, Sapper, 4th Field Coy., Engineers, Eng. II.
E. B. Cullen, Pte., 9th Field Artillery, Eng. II.
H. V. Diamond, Pay Corps, Military Board, Arts II.
W. F. Donisch, Capt., 25th Infantry.
W. M. Douglas.
G. A. Dunbar, Lieut., 12th Infantry, Arts II.
F. Fielding, Pte., 26th Infantry.
W. G. Fischer, B.A., Unallotted.
L. H. Foote, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Science III.
D. Fowles, Gunner, Artillery.
J. D. Fryer, Pte., 49th Infantry, Arts I.
T. Francis, Lieut., 9th Reinforcements, 9th Battalion, Eng. II.
E. Francis, Lieut., Reinforcements, 15th Battalion, Science I.
A. P. Frankel, Motor Dispatch Rider, Eng. III.
F. J. Garland, Unallotted, Infantry, Eng. II.
A. B. Grimes, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Eng. II.
E. C. Hall, Serjt., Engineers, Eng. II.
A. E. Harper, Q.M.S., 11th Rfts. of 15th Batt., Science II.
H. Hain, Military College, Dunrobin, Arts.
W. Hirst, Evening Student.
H. W. Horn, Corpl., 16th Reinforcements, 15th Battalion, Science II.
Huxham, Unallotted.
C. C. Jameson, Pte., 2nd Depot Battalion.
C. H. Jones, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts I.
K. W. Kennedy, Gunner, Artillery, Eng. III.
W. M. Kyle, Unallotted, Arts III.
K. A. Lloyd, B.E., Lieut., 1st Division Engineers, (discharged through sickness).
F. Manders, Pte., Pioneers.
L. F. Macdonell, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Arts II.
A. L. McIntyre, B.E., Unallotted, Infantry.
G. O. Newton, Pte., 11th Rfts. of 15th Batt., Eng. II.
J. F. Nielsen, B.Sc., Corporal's School, Fraser's Hill.
J. A. Noble, Gunner, Art, Science, Eng. II.
F. M. O'Sullivan, Unallotted, Infantry, Evening Student, Arts.
A. F. Paton, Pte., Artillery, Arts I.
E. H. Partridge, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts II.
G. C. Penny, Unallotted Infantry, Engineer.
R. A. Percy, Pte., A.M.C., Eng. II.
A. B. Powe, volunteered in England (Traveling Scholar, 1914).
J. N. Radeliffe, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar 1915).
W. E. G. Rankin, Lieut., Lytton, Science III.
W. J. Reinhold, B.E., Serjt., 11th Rfts. of 15th Battalion.
A. W. L. Row, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar 1914).
W. P. Simmonds, Corpl., 16th Reinforcements, 15th Battalion, Science II.
E. H. Smith, Trumpeter, 9th F.A., Arts I.
E. A. Thelander, Serjt., 26th Inf., Eng. II.
R. C. Trout, Evening Student, Science.
G. H. Wilson, Science III.
In Memoriam.

PRIVATE W. C. THOMPSON.

Once again the shadow has fallen upon us. Twice we have had to mourn the loss of gallant members of our little band, whom we could ill spare. And now death has claimed a third. Private Thompson was an old Brisbane Grammar School scholar, who had completed his first two years' work in science as an evening student. This year was to have seen him doing Chemistry for his finals, but duty called him away at the opening of the academic year. He left for England with P. Frankel to join the Motor Despatch Riders, but died of illness on the voyage. Though many of us, perhaps, were not previously acquainted with him, yet from this record we are assured that he was a brave man and a gentleman, and as such we lament his loss. "Upon such sacrifices ... the Gods themselves throw incense." To his relatives we tender our deepest sympathy in their great loss. Yet, did we not fear to disturb their grief, we would rejoice in one who has proved his kinship with the noblest by thus giving up all to serve his country and humanity. Were reward for such as he possible, he should surely have it in a world, freer and more glorious, and helped, by his efforts and those of many thousands more, one more stage on the upward path of progress and righteousness. But for such sacrifices rewards are neither given nor asked. For him and for us this shall suffice: his work is finished.
Lieuts. N. A. Lloyd, S. Millar.

The accompanying is a photo of N. A. Lloyd and S. Millar. The former, it will be remembered, was granted his batchelorship in engineering in 1914, when he joined the 1st Australian Expeditionary Force. He went through the fighting on Gallipoli with honour, was afterwards taken ill and discharged. He then went to England and tried to obtain a commission in the Imperial Forces, but was rejected as unfit. Finally he obtained a job in a munition factory, where he still is, working under Professor Steele. Stan. Millar obtained his B.E. in 1914, and went straight to England. He is now engaged in making munitions at Rugby. These are two sons of whom our young University has reason to be proud. And they are not the only two!

(by kind permission of "The Queenslander")

The True Problem of Peace.

With a war as the present one ever calling for recruits to fight it, and loans to pay its costs, it is impossible not to long for peace. Yet the more we sympathise with those who promise it, should we only accept their proposals, the more we must point out the deficiencies in their devices. Unfortunately most are about as little ready to listen to objections as they think us unwilling to pay attention to their advice.

Firstly, why should we look upon war as the worst possible kind of conflicts between men? Is starving a man a softer way to get him out of the way than shelling him out of this world? And the growing complexity of human life makes it rather hard to decide whether in our struggle for greater comfort we do not at times cut off all the outlets some fellowmen knew for their activity, very far away, may be, from the place where we exert our own.

When all is said, is not every conflict of human wills a kind of war? Law courts have not abolished robbers, and quakers should be thankful, human inconsequence helps them to endure the protection of the police. Why should not able and distinguished thieves, instead of breaking their country's laws, contrive to make them; and use their fellow citizens to assail and rob the people outside its borders? Shall we, for peace's sake,
ask arbitrators to decide how much we should pay them to quench their thirst for booty?

Before they talk about preventing wars, Pacifists should first enquire about the causes of war. Very few arise from causes an arbitration court could remove. Arbitrators need some principle to guide them in framing their award. Daily experience shows us how in industrial matters it is difficult for them to give a satisfactory meaning to the living wage principle. What of two powerful groups of nations at variance on the very principle from which the arbitrators should start? Poor arbitrators!

A still more fruitful cause of war is internal misgovernment. I do not mean only the case of a weak state, which, by disregarding the interests of foreigners, invites the intervention of their governments. Think of Mexico just now. Such occurrences lie at the very root of the extension of European domination over most of the world. There is a subtler and more awkward case; what, when misgovernment in a strong State places its subjects at a distinct disadvantage when compared with their neighbours across their border? Unless the government remedies it, these people might be tempted to vent their resentment on the government itself. And what shorter, simpler way to satisfy them than to invite them to plunder the more prosperous nations? Does not this hypothesis describe fairly well the cause of Germany’s mad fit?

In either case, that of the weak or of the strong government, what can your Arbitration Court do but either bolster up bad government at the expense of better governed peoples, or interfere with the misgoverned: which, in the case of a strong one can only be done by force, that is by war.

So, we are faced with only two practical alternatives: either go on as at present, and simply avoid war when possible, or pool the military resources of all the nations willing to create, for solving their own conflicts, some superior federal authority, so that they may compel outsiders to submit to it like themselves.

Once the problem is thus defined, the obstacles in the path will appear far too plainly even to the blindest pacifist. If ever there was a case when such a solution might be possible, it is among the component parts of the British Empire. Now, leave even India out of reckoning and tell me how many people would be ready, in the mother country and the dominions, to hand entirely over to some sovereign authority, the power to override local governments on the tariff question?

If that one sacrifice makes people pause, what about the much heavier sacrifices needed to secure universal goodwill and agreement among nations?

Is it that the problem is absolutely insoluble, and that Bernhardi and his like must have the satisfaction of finding men killing each other periodically as long as the human race endures? Perhaps not. But it will take generations in any case to level the racial differences, and the economic standards and the moral traditions of the several parts of the world, so as to make possible more than temporary truces. Anyone who, with full realisation of the difficulties in the way, goes on striving for perpetual peace must have comfort at least, that he knows he cannot be reproached with working for self, and runs no risk of ever reaping the fruit of his own labour. But again, no work is of use, but what tends to remove the real causes of conflict.

CHARLES SCHINDLER.

The Esk Geology Tour.

As I gaze out of the window now, at the still trees, and listen to the lullabies of the birds—for the sun has just set—it recalls that quiet country town of Esk as it appeared to us after our day’s outing while staying there.
About noon on the 24th of May that town was quickened into unusual animation by our arrival; it evidently did not know "Varsity students.

We "put up" at the Hotel Metropole, and "mine host" beamed an hospitable welcome on us. After a hearty lunch, Mr. Walkom conducted us to Rosehill for an afternoon's work. Unfortunately, Dr. Richards was unable to be present on the tour owing to a "shop" visit from Professor Sheats, of Melbourne.

That night we indulged in music and dancing, and aroused the indignation of the local inhabitants.

The following day an eight-mile tramp to Ottaba occupied our time. The going was pleasant and the weather fine, and the radiant smiles worn by the members of the gentler sex showed that they were taking a keen interest in the work. Lunch was partaken of in the grounds of the Ottaba State School, and we journeyed back by train, singing songs with monotonous reiteration, but with evident enjoyment. It was a dusty little party that arrived at the hotel that evening, but transformations were readily affected.

On Friday the course arranged lay along the Esk-Brisbane road, and 9.30 a.m. found the party trailing along that road. At about 11 o'clock our appetites got the better of us, a deserted orange tree near by was successfully negotiated. Vigorous sucking and smacking of lips resulted. A little further on at a little cottage lunch was disposed of, after which we started back to the accompaniment of musical selections by a gentleman member of the party.

Mr. Popple, the head teacher of the Esk School, entertained us at his residence that evening, and we are grateful both to him and Mrs. Popple for a very pleasant evening’s enjoyment. Later that night strange sounds came from without. Some called these strange sounds which ‘startled the dull night’ singing, others——

A few hours later chauticleer, shortly to be followed by a noisy gong, warned us that the last day of our stay had dawned. After breakfast, the quarry was visited, where Mr. Popple shot us (with his camera, you understand).

We have to thank the various people in and about Esk for the cordial way in which we were treated. About £2 was collected and placed at the disposal of the local Honour Board Committee.

After lunch each member of the party had a "go" at the visitors’ book, and an elaborately decorated page was the result. The mid-day train was caught back to Brisbane, and before the party broke up, three cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Walkom, to whom the success of the trip was due.

Everyone enjoyed the trip, and without doubt, the participants will, in after years, recall it as a pleasant landmark in their ‘Varsity career.

Yours,

GRAPHIC-GRANITE.

Caloundra.

The excursion began formally on Saturday, May 20, when the majority of the biologists left Brisbane by the 8.30 train under the charge of Mr. Gillies, and the time was wiled away with sundry occupations, chiefly musical. On arrival at Landsborough the party divided, some going by car, some by coach, but eventually all arrived safely at the Hotel Francis, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Johnston’s welcome. After the inner man had been quietened, a short excursion was made to the beach, and a few specimens obtained.

After tea a very enjoyable evening was passed, scenes being produced from "Arms and the Man." the artistes being Misses Ward, Haines, Peberdy, Messrs. Quinn, Wagner, Broslin, after which a most enjoyable supper was partaken of.

Sunday morning began with an hour in the surf. After breakfast the party proceeded along the beach past the old "wreck," but the wind was contrary, and specimens were scarce, so the company retired, but were more successful in the afternoon on the rocks. At night games were indulged in, and it was then that
and unfortunate accident occurred, when Miss Taylor was unfortunate enough to fracture her nose.

Miss Taylor bore up with great fortitude, and when she left next morning her cheerfulness dispelled the gloom which threatened to settle down on the party. Monday was spent in a motor-boat going up Bribie Passage dredging: later a landing was made, and after a dip lunch was found very acceptable. Then the party moved off across the island, and by the courtesy of the keeper, were allowed to climb and examine the lighthouse, which is 102ft. high—the highest in Queensland. Then a walk along the shore, but the wind again was unfortunate, so, from a scientific expedition the company turned into a sports club, finally reached the motor-boat, and were again taken back to Caloundra. The night was spent chiefly in dancing and singing, and nothing serious happened, save the straying of one member into the wrong room—and his speedy retreat.

On Tuesday a successful trip on the shore was followed by the departure of the geologists, and those who remained spent the afternoon surfing, while the evening passed most pleasantly with games, etc. On Wednesday the party broke up and gradually drifted back to Landsborough, and thence to their respective homes.

Cameras were greatly in evidence on the trip, and some interesting discoveries were made by these means, but we do not feel safe in describing any such. Sufficient to say that all had a very good time; this was due in part to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Rook and family, who did their utmost to make things comfortable for the party. But chiefly do the students feel indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Johnston for their kindness for and care of one and all, which did so much towards making the excursion the great success it was.

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**Answers to Correspondents.**

Bobby.—Unless the girl immediately replies, it is safer to walk straight on and pretend you have made a mistake.

Bibulous.—Yes, brandy and soda is all right. We don’t read character from handwriting, but should imagine you were slightly intoxicated at the time.

Frankie.—Cannot at present put forward any feasible reason as to why a girl shuts her eyes when “a feller” kisses her. At any rate, send us along your photo, and we may be probably in a position to answer your question next issue.

Listener.—Your landlady is certainly labouring under a misapprehension; 3.0 a.m. is not an unreasonable time to bring your friends in. Give her notice.

Veritas.—Assuredly not. The dog is a pure bred Irish terrier from the Isle of Wight, and not a mongrel, as you imagine. Evidently you are suffering from colour-blindness.

Anxious.—Wait at the stage door till she comes out. First, get to know if she is married.

Mack.—Oh, no; that is the janitor. A professor has absolutely no right to speak in such a manner.

“Out in the Cold.”—Yes, the Women’s Round the Fireside Society exists, and is flourishing. Much dough has been cooked by it, and many a hash made. We strongly advise you to join it.

Chocolate.—Don’t be ridiculous! U.W.C. stands for the “University Women’s Club,” and not “Uselessness Without Cash,” as you make out. Apparently, somebody has been “pulling your leg.”

“Dirt”?—Yes; a certain young gentleman did invite a lady friend to the Tennis Courts to play him singles; but the result is not known. We think, however, that it was a “love” game.
Thinking of the many songs that have been forced recently upon our notice, there recurs to my mind the refrain of that stirring sea-song “Drakes’ Drum.”

The song befits the times. From contemplation of Europe writhing grimly amidst the tumult of battle, one turns to the cool depths of the translucent ocean in search of rest. But restless activity pervades the wide seas: and as of old, one finds the men of Devon playing their part right gallantly in smiting England’s enemies at sea. Devon! What marvellous name is this that conjures up before the visions of swarthy men, quaint costume, who speedily become alive with enthusiasm to seek their fortunes on the sea. That somnolent little port lying contentedly in the afternoon sun can be transformed into a very hive of industry. Devon men are eager to avenge their comrades, and seek their vengeance on the sea. Who can forget Don Guzman de Sotomayo de Soto? Who can fail to remember the stubborn pride of Amyas Leigh, and visualise the unrelenting chase in which he hounded to his doom that imperious Spaniard? Who does not recollect the fate that forced the ruthless Briton to realise that vengeful triumph is but Dead Sea Fruit!

I confess to a strange liking for “Westward Ho!” that masterpiece of Charles Kingsley. Each character has his own strong purposefulness: and each one is made to “dree his own weird,” in a way made to “dree it own weird” in a way that is instinct with the energy of life. Those hapless gentlemen, Mr. Evan Morgan and Mr. Morgan Evans, are as securely content in their certainty of Divine protection, and as zealously reckless of all paid, as John Brimblecombe, that pertinacious Brother of the Rose! Salvation Yeo, and his little maid, bluff Will Cary and the nerveless Eustace Leigh, all are made with unerring hand to contribute their quota to the life-history of the central figure. But they live in story because upon them is reflected the glory of the nation they were destroying; and as its sun sank in the west, they sailed to meet in the east the rising splendour of another vaster Empire.

How different is this from the work of Henry Kingsley,—Geoffrey Hamlyn? He chats away prosily, transporting his hero from the quiet countryside of the English county to the wilds of far distant Australia. He is no portrayer of valiant heroes, who prove themselves as stark fighters against redoubtable foes. No wreath of laurel is entwined by him for the victors of hard-fought fields! He babbles along, meandering discursively as the brook that seems to be going on for ever, although it is constantly following the downward course that leads it to the end of its journey. Geoffrey Hamlyn deals with the ordinary, everyday life of Englishmen and Englishwomen, torn from their native surroundings and amidst the strange circumstances of a new world. Unlike “Westward Ho!” this book does not transport its people across the ocean with blare of trumpets and rattle of arms. Yet there is as much of the determination to conquer in easy-going Hamlyn and peaceful Buckley as there is in the ruder Amyas Leigh and his boisterous companions. Whose character is more finely portrayed? Miss Thornton or Ayacornora? Thos. Leigh or Mary Hawker? What a study in contrasts! It is a study well worth making; and to those who have not read Geoffrey Hamlyn, I would say “Read!” Both books, if the reader wants to moralise, point the same moral, and each tale’s adorned to suit the taste of the reader. Geoffrey Hamlyn is the more mature book: but it does not lose interest on that account.

I had intended to write something concerning that other famous Devon story Lorna Doone,—for R. D. Blackmore has well earned his reputation by giving that tale of rustic life to the world. Space forces me, however, to confine my wanderings to narrower limits. Jann Ridd—like Tom Browne—gives a foretaste of his prowess at school; and he justifies his reputation in his encounters with the Doones of Bagworthy. I cannot chronicle here the smiling security of that heartless ruffian, Corver Doone, neither can I speak of the triumph of the giant Ridd in
his struggle for Lorna Doone, nor portray the amusing features of Tom Figgis, that courteous rascal of the road. I can point out only that the Doones resemble closely the semi-pirates of Elizabeth's time; indeed the book may be profitably contrasted with the two I have mentioned above. Study of these will pro-

dvide a pleasant interlude and will serve to show that

"... it's the herrings and the good brown beef,
And the cider and the cream so white:
O! they are the making of the jolly Devon lads.
For to play, and eke to fight."

NUNQUAM (RURUS).

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**Varsity Notes.**

Congratulations to the members of the new Senate. May their term of office be a profitable one. This election marks the change to the permanent method of constituting the Senate—ren members, that is, to be elected by the University Council, consisting of graduates of three years standing, and representative of various commercial and industrial bodies, whilst the remaining ten are appointed by the cabinet.

* * * *

We have to thank the student who supplied us with information regarding W. Thomson, deceased. Will any others who can supply additions or corrections to our list of men enlisted please do so? A note to the editors, at the University, will never go astray.

* * * *

We learn that the Senate is moving in the matter of an honour board for the names of the men who have joined the A.I.F. May it soon arrive, for it is already overdue.

* * * *

Allow us here to note the formation of the Historical Society. It has already held several meetings, which have been both entertaining and instructive. We commend the society to the notice of all wide-awake students.

* * * *

As an after-math of the Students' Dinner several people are thinking of writing a variation of Romeo and Juliet's "balcony scene." Another result of the same eventful night has been widespread perturbation in regard to a certain elusive "Cinderella," who is said to have been identified some half-dozen times. To sufferers by both these incidents we commend that piece of immortal philosophy from "The Sentimental Bloke,"—"A rose," she said, "by any other name, would smell the same."

* * * *

Please not the very latest: Our Nonsense Novellies. Surely all students have some of that in them! If therefore there be any who have lucid intervals, if there be any interpreters of dreams and of visions written on the darkness of night, if there be any whose mentality has a "witty turn," if there be any lovers of the "witty cross-fire," if there be aught of foolish or inane, if there be aught that is bred in the abysmal depths of utter bathos, to one and all we extend the same hearty invitation:—"Let 'em all come." And if anyone shall declare that we are here indulging in frivolity, to him we say, "Go thou and do likewise!"

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The Editors wish to thank all who have helped to fill our ever-lean pages. The original contributions are, we think, larger than usual. For this result we are especially indebted to all who have sent in contributions unsolicited.

* * * *

As each issue has to be paid for as it is produced, and as the price of paper has increased of late, we ask all subscribers who have not done so, especially outside subscribers, to send along their subscriptions as soon as possible.
Nonsense Novelties.
(Scraps from the Editorial Waste Paper Basket.)

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE!

Broke, Broke, Broke!
We have squandered our next term’s screw,
And have failed in our efforts to utter
One trivial I.O.U.

And bill after bill comes in,
Including the washing account;
But, O, for the touch of a ten bob note,
Or a cheque for the same amount!

Oh, well for the poor theologs,
That the great things of life they pursue;
Oh, well for the ‘Varsity grads,
Who forget all that they ever knew.

Broke, Broke, Broke!
Our course as a student’s begun;
But the wistful thought of the cash that
we’ve spent
Makes us wish it were over and done.

—CASTOR and POLLUX.

The following love ditty was found by IDIOT, together with a handkerchief, near the Women’s College a short time ago. Evidently, the owner, whoever he might be, wrote the ditty after a visit to some bazaar, where he had fallen a victim to the charms of some fascinating young lady, presumably one of the stallholders.

My dearest love, I sit and gaze,
Enraptured, at your charming ways;
For you the world I’d sacrifice,
For you I’ll have another ice;
I’ve sat enthralled from three till ten—
To-morrow will do so again, Dear Heart!

But, yet, my hated rival dares
To sit here, too—your smile he shares!
Ah! dearest, this you can’t deny—
He has not eaten more than I!
Nay, more, he has refused a puff,
Because, forsooth, he’d had enough, Dear Heart!

Ah! lend to me a kindly ear,
And give me one more ginger beer!
Aye! sell and charge me what you will,
But keep your eyes upon me still;
On other men you need not call,
Sell but to me, I’ll buy for all, Dear Heart!

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE!

But how can I show my love for you?
I’ll eat another cake—or two—
A sausage roll—if not enough,
A cheese cake—and another puff—
Or two—or even three, Dear Heart!
To show my love for thee!

Owner may have same by applying to IDIOT, C/o Editor.

—HOW TO FEED IN DIGNINGS FOR £2 A WEEK.

SUNDAY. £ s. d.
Breakfast—None . . . . 0 0 0
(DThis is on the assumption that the young fellow has been out late the previous night)
Dinner—Meat pudding and cheese 0 1 4
Beer . . . . 0 1 6
Tea—None . . . . 0 0 0
(The young fellow is supposed to be asleep)
Supper—Remains of dinner . . . . 0 0 0
Beer . . . . 0 0 9
Whisky . . . . 0 2 6

MONDAY

Breakfast—Bacon . . . . 0 0 9
Tea—Sardines . . . . 0 0 6
Whisky in evening . . . . 0 2 0

TUESDAY.

Breakfast—Bacon . . . . 0 0 9
Tea—Sardines . . . . 0 0 6
Whisky in evening . . . . 0 2 6
Wednesday (see Tuesday) . . . . 0 3 9
Thursday (see Wednesday) . . . . 0 3 9
Friday (see Thursday) . . . . 0 3 9
Saturday (no breakfast required) . . . . 0 3 0
Tobacco and cigars . . . . 0 5 0
Extra whisky to complete sum 0 7 8

Total cost . . . . 0 2 8
SONG OF THE MERRY BACHELOR.

Oh, a bachelor's life is the life of a king,
With an eye to wink, and a leg to fling.
Says I to myself, says I!
Give me the ladies, to dance and sing,
That's nothing to do with the thing.
Says I to myself, says I!
If I see a laddie with a new bow tie,
Giving a lassie the joyous eye—

Tra la!
Says I to myself, says I!

If I see a lassie should pipe her song,
Why, that's nothing to do with the thing.

Why, that's nothing to do with the thing.
Tra la!
Says I to myself, says I!

So, while you live, live merry and braw,
And if a fellow has got to die,
Why, that's nothing to do with the thing,

Tra la!
Says I to myself, says I!

—SPHINX.

WELCOME, ALL YE WARRIORS.

The call to arms is sounding
To the ends of all the earth,
The nation is upstirring,
To show the nation's worth.
'Tis gallant Belgium calls us,
Trod 'neath the foes' advance,
The blackened walls of Louvain,
And the trampled plains of France.

Then welcome, Scotch or Irish,
Or of native English birth,
From Canada, Australia,
And the ends of all the earth.

The German Huns are raging,
And the German Huns are strong;
Then let us battle for the right
And trample on the wrong.
For e'er, when blows were stricken,
We British men were first
To deal a blow for freedom,
Or die 'mid the cannon's burst.

Then welcome, Scotch or Irish,
Or of native English birth,
From Canada, Australia,
And the ends of all the earth.

We are fighting for Britannia
With all the Empire's might,
For we'd proudly challenge all the world
In the sacred cause of right.
The Motherland has called us,
The Empire's cause needs men;
Our fathers died for Britain;
We will do the same again.

Then welcome, Scotch or Irish,
Or of native English birth,
From Canada, Australia,
And the ends of all the earth.

SPHINX.

Why, that's nothing to do with the thing.

Tra la!
Says I to myself, says I!
If a lassie should pipe her eye,
Whisper her soft, as you kiss it dry;
'That's nothing to do with the thing,'

—SPHINX.

LA CHANSON DE VIE.

Did he follow you into the garden,
And tell you in accents low
Of a heart that burned of a soul that yearned,
Of a love that you fain would know?

Did he press you close against him
Till life seemed enraptured bliss,
But overhead the swallows sped,
And your thoughts sped swift to the fleeting of this?

And again as you entered the garden,
In twilight's soft embrace,
Your love unceasingly flew high, unguaged,
Till it died when you saw that place?

With head held high you left it,
The garden wondrous fair,
The world to brave, a cause to save—
To toil 'midst the toilers there?

Was that why, as we wandered together,
Down the path of fallen flowers,
Your eyes grown dim, your voice quite thin,
You spoke like this of Life's morning hours?

"Kisses from red lips that burn
And mem'ries sweet all dim'd with tears,
Petals red from a rose that bled,
Are but the dewdrops of the years.

That a sun shines high at mid-day
And dries the dewdrops rare;
That life is light, and not delight,
The strong endure, and not the fair?"
AND I FASTENED AWAY FROM THE GARDEN
For I knew that your even was born
When the dewdrop falls, and a moon
enthralls.
And the swallows rest till morn!
But my heart was sore within me
For I knew my lover untrue
And I sped away in my burning day
To seek and strive and do!

(Ripple)

FROM OUT THE CRUCIBLE OF HELL.

Gallipoli, 22nd October, 1915.

I slept, and lo! a wondrous dream my
slumber won.
I stood before Hell's gates awhile, and
fearful entered there,
Nerve-wracked by horrid noise,
A din unearthly;
My eyes did spy the corners,
Lurid dark 'mid lambent flame.
From out that chaos wild there rose
A form immense,
A monster giant-like, a demon-shape.
Around his shaggy top
There curled and flickered jets of fire;
The face, ah Christ! A thing of tenser
dread,
Of aspect fierce and cruel and strong;
Hands that, twitching, ever moved,
Seeking imperious desires to sate,
The Satan spake in accents vibrant, loud:
"Armageddon shall o'er the earth be loosed,
Grim hounds of hell shall course the stricken
lands,
Horrors bying to the shrieking winds."
"Lean want"—as he by his theme is fired,—
"All homes invades,
Increasing yet the pain that dwelleth there:
Pain felt for the honoured dead,
The sorely sick.
Those marred by rending hurt;
Pain for the distant friends amid the strife;
Pain for the gloom to come."
Nations on Nations madly hurl their wanton
bolts,
And charge with drunken mind and keen,
sharp blade.
The skies are shot and streaked with flame,
The air recoils with sudden hiss and mighty
shock.
And stunning sound benumbs the ear.
Yet thro' the shamble's many a stirring
act is done
Only to darken the dreadful scene.
Only to show to what foul depths
Has sunk humanity, so vaunted, praised.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Dear Editor,

Here are a few lines which were written
in the course of a "lucid interval" which I
experienced a short time ago. "Lucid inter-
vals" appear to be rather common amongst
the University students of this year. Some
survive them, others do not.

"Your darling face fills all my mind,
When far apart we are;
Your face, so sweet, so dear and kind,
My little guiding star.
The night is long, long too the day,
When you are absent, dear;
But fast the hours do pass away
When you to me are near.
The time will come, soon may it be,
When never more we'll part.
And you shall be for e'er with me.
My own, my dear sweetheart.

Q.E.D.

Round the Colleges.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

Second term has passed away in a
somewhat similar manner to the first.
Indeed, there has been very little change
beyond the fact that one section of the
college now devotes its spare time to
golf, while the other has wholly dedicated
itself to tennis. Otherwise we have led
"...A quiet life,
Larded with ease and pleasure."

UTOPIAN CONDITIONS NOW PREVAIL AT THE
COLLEGE. OH HAPPY CHANGE! CONSE-
QUENTLY IT HAS BEEN UNANIMOUSLY DECIDED
TO DELETE THE FOLLOWING FROM THE COLLEGE
NUMBERS.

"...To look upon thy angel eyes awhile,
To see upon your lips divine a smile,
The flames and e'en the geysers' fiery flood
I would defy if thou did'st me beguile."
It is impossible to think that Coleridge was anywhere but in the precincts of Emmanuel, when he wrote thusly:

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing

Should certain persons die before they sing."

For our sabbaths are marred by mournful strains arising from three neighbouring domiciles. With a view to harmony we would fain add a fourth, but 'tis ever futile; and the result is a continuous nerve racking experience. Reading (!) under these conditions is impossible, hence the desire to seek the placidity of the church pew.

"Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." So we condele with the past and present students of John's, re the young prof's. bath. Nor does our condolence end here; for yet again we have another sorrow in common. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to John's at the death of "Biff." for we have been similarly afflicted. Little did we think that the joyful induction of a dog into the college—and 'twas only this year—would be soon followed by the heartrending news of its death. Poor old "Vict" scarcely procurable.

Emmanuel was the scene of an extremely interesting little episode about half a month ago. Several drayloads of coke, fruit etc., wended their way through the college gate at intervals of about five minutes. Not the fresher are not responsible! Will someone please explain?

Great interest was centered in the tennis championships, but so far the singles are the only results to hand. Notwithstanding this we have found time to engage in friendly rivalry with other players and in each case we have carried off the laurels.

Social functions include two "At Homes," which compared favourably with most of the kind that we have honoured with our presence, but only differed in respect to numbers. But behold the scene of revelry next morning! "A veritable "state piggery" which was the object of local censure.

We are now verging on the respectability stage and next term is sure to witness a crisis as even now "Big Bens" are

JOTTINGS FROM JOHN'S.

(By A Johnny.)

The monotony of a somewhat uneventful term has been relieved by one or two happenings of note.

One eventful night a number of frolicsome students, after feasting at a certain restaurant, paid a purely friendly visit to our sacred domains. What was their surprise when, instead of the effusive welcome they had been led to expect, they were assailed at the gate with a vigorous burst of cold, wet, water from a hose in the hands of one of our worthy members.

When the storm had blown over, we all paid a visit to the "Road to Ruin," where a warm welcome was expected.

To return to events of greater moment. Our President has attained to man's estate, and received the congratulations of the only other undergraduate member in a state of like felicity. He leaves us at the end of the term, and our parting wish is "may his quips and cranks fall on more sympathetic ears than of yore." It is a wish that might easily be fulfilled.

But away with all jesting and let us all join in wishing him God-speed and a safe return.

Our Tennis Tournament is still in progress, and has provided some interesting matches. The Warden on the back mark was victor in the billiards.

Our "Bathroom Ballads" continue to flourish apace. One hears occasionally tidings of the famous Sarah who pursued her daily avocations with unceasing diligence, and the bathroom often echoes to the strains of the epic of the man who went in search of a canary and had some rather hair-raising experiences.

In conclusion, we would offer our congratulations to W. E. D. Rankin for gaining a Commission in the A.I.F., and W. G. Fischer, for being promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

This end of term sees us still flourishing but not as sweet-tempered as usual (?) We all await the coming vacation with great enthusiasm—the scientists are anticipating the joy of splashing in the briny, and of experiencing a week of arcadian bliss, while the hard-working Arts stud-
ents return home to the bosoms of their families.

We have attained great social success, and our "At Homes" seem to be becoming more and more popular. Washing-up has its charms for some of our guests as well as for the Freshers—even in the small hours of the morning. May the scientists benefit at Facing Island. We much appreciate the play which was so ably acted at our first "At Home" of the term, by the Biologists of the Senior Lab.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," and Collegians leaping from their beds to ascertain the cause thereof, espied a goodly number of dark forms approaching on the moonlit road. In a secluded nook of Kangaroo Point these overgrown goblins, with song and laughter, danced the midnight hour away. Strange tales are afloat of daring deeds done by this fairy band. We wonder if Charon could resist them.

The spirit of toil has entered into the hearts of Oskarsholmeites who aim at 40 hours a week. Those who fall short pay the penalty, and provide supper for the industrious few, for few they be.

Suppers this term have been many and varied—Chislehurst sups on food fit for the gods, provided not at his own cost. Dagmarites, although they do not rave over Scottish charm, like their wee bit of shortbread. Oskarsholme specialises in fruit salad—it was found that parsnips, though conducive to hilarity, were not popular with many. Warraweeites have a weakness for pork sausages. No wonder we hear of dreams of purple crepe-de-Chine suits.

Social study has been beneficial, if only in developing the argumentative powers of the women. With strident voices and impressive gestures we strive to set the world aright. A course in Logic is recommended, though we have it on good authority that evening classes are the more beneficial.

TRAINING COLLEGE.

The University of Queensland Student Teachers' Association held its annual general meeting, May 9th and May 16th, for the reading of the annual report and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following members were chosen:—President: Mr. Holdaway; vice-president, Mr. Harrison; treasurer, Mr. Loney; secretary, Miss Fitzpatrick; and representatives of the various years:—Misses Peberdy, Pennyviick, Hughes, and Messrs Salisbury, Weise, and Gee.

Another general meeting was held on June 6th, to consider the question of the memorial sent in to the Department, asking for certain necessary privileges for trainees. It was decided that a second letter be forwarded to the Department, containing all except one of the requests of the former letter.

This second letter was sent, but no definite reply has been received.

Our Societies.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Since last issue the activities of the above have spread yet more widely. The Bible study circles have increased in number and strength, two more having been started: one at St. John's College, and another at the University for non-collegiate men.

The Social Study Circle still continues to be most successful, and has been found most helpful. The union cannot adequately express its gratitude to Mr. Seymour for his help in this respect.

The weekly meetings have been most gratifying; the attendance on the men's part having increased greatly. A new departure was made this term in regard to the lectures, the committee having arranged for two series of lectures extending over more than one meeting. This arrangement, which was due to the suggestion of the travelling secretary (Mr. Wise), has been successful, and marks the beginning of a new method of instruction in matters which concern the union.

Owing to the absence on Active Service of our Men's Vice-President (Mr. E. C. Walker), it was decided to elect a new Vice-President for the remainder of the
present year, and accordingly a meeting was called for that purpose after the weekly meeting on July 16. Mr. F. W. Patterson was elected, and took up his duties at once. We welcome Mr. Patterson to the Executive, and feel that in him we have one who will greatly help to forward the cause of the Christian Union.

The Christian Union library has been added to, a number of books having been purchased by the committee appointed for that purpose, and a few more are due in the course of the next few weeks. Members of the Union are reminded that there are many books of value belonging to the Union, and that these may be, and are meant to be used by Union members.

Finance week yielded good results, and we are pleased to say that our finances are on a firm footing.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Although there was some doubt expressed at the beginning of the year, as to the advisability of continuing football throughout the season, under the existing conditions, the results obtained have fully justified the course adopted.

Indeed, the present team has worthily upheld the prestige gained by the 'Varsity xv. in former years.

There was a great response to the club's appeal for new members, and many who formerly had very little idea of how football is played, now have a fair knowledge of the finer points of the game. We were unfortunate, however, in losing the services of several of our backs, due to injuries received early in the season.

Football is undoubtedly one of the most advantageous of outdoor sports, for not only does it quicken the eye of the player and develop his power of decision, but also it helps to keep him sound in wind and limb, and at the same time greatly improves his physical development. Thus he fits himself for any greater tasks ahead.

Turning to the results of the season, one is struck with the closeness of the scores in most cases; and time and again the winning try has been scored in the last ten minutes. In College Grade matches we have only been defeated once, while the A team has been successful in every one of the five games played. The best match was that played against Christian Brothers on July 8th: the 'forwards,' led by Baxter, and the 'backs' by Brown, worked splendidly together, and though our opponents had a strong combination against us, we won an exciting match by 6-nil.

The success of the team has been chiefly to the way in which the forwards have followed on, and bunched together in the rushes, and to the improved passing of the backs.

Another deciding factor has been the condition of the team compared with that of our opponents.

BOAT CLUB.

Since the last issue of this magazine, the Boat Club has tried to drag itself out of the mire of inactivity by holding the annual interfaculty race. Unfortunately, owing to scarcity of rowers in the faculties of Arts and Science, they had to be represented by one combined crew. The race, which was held in the Bridge Reach, over a distance of 3/4 of a mile, resulted in a win for the crew of the faculties of Arts and Science. These were L. Hitchcock (stroke), J. Wagner (3), H. V. Byth (2), O. Hirschfield (bow), Lukin (cox).

The winning crew are to be congratulated on their performance, which shewed that there is good rowing material to be had in the 'Varsity.

Since this race, regular bi-weekly rows have been held in the "eight" and a standing challenge issued to the "Commercial" Club for a tussle over a mile course. This has been accepted, but no date for the race is as yet fixed, so it is hoped that rowers will maintain their interest in the club's doings, and help to secure a win when the race comes off next term.

It is also proposed to hold a race between crews selected from those who were unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in the recent interfaculty toss-up. This event will take place about half way through the next term, and so will enable the contestants to keep themselves fit for the final exams. Crews will be selected before the end of this term.

Now that football, the bane of the Boat Club is drawing to a close, it is hoped that more of the
members of the Varsity will patronise aquatics, and so pave the way to a strong combination which will be required on the resumption of the Inter-
Varsity Eights, when peace is declared. Attention is directed to the fact that the next Inter-varsity race will probably be held in Brisbane.

**TENNIS CLUB.**

The second term opened with tennis in full swing, but immediately there arose the difficulty of getting sufficient players. This would not have been the case had all University men played with its teams. Either through oversight or lack of the proper spirit, several undergraduates are playing in outside teams. It cannot be too strongly pointed out to this class of student, that it is his duty as well as the day student’s to support the University sports, and that in other Universities, men of A I standing are content to play in a lower grade in preference to joining outside clubs.

The S.L.T.A. fixtures are now coming to an end. Although not very successful the A I and A III teams have played enthusiastically throughout the season, but inability to obtain proper practice has told its tale. Miss Forrest and Mr. Marsden are deserving of congratulation on their performance in the A I grade during the season. This pair has proved a constant tower of strength to the grade and ably represented Varsity in the recent Q.L.T.A. tournaments. It is probably the strongest combination in suburban tennis this year.

The Q.L.T.A. fixtures are now under way, but owing to shortage of players and lack of combined practice, the team is not nearly as strong as University is capable of producing.

The Annual Tournament is nearly ended, and although the entries were few in number (in fact much fewer than should have been the case), there have been exciting matches all through and the finals are now ready for playing.

The thanks of the Club are due to the staffs for the loan of their courts on Wednesday afternoons, and to the Sports Union for its provision of all necessities. Meanwhile our own courts are in a more or less satisfactory condition, but it is hoped there will be a vast improvement before next season.

**ATHLETIC CLUB.**

There is little to report in regard to field and track athletics this term; but we offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. K. B. Fraser, who gained 2nd place in both the 120 yards Hurdles, and the Long Jump Championships of Queensland held on June 24th.

This term saw also the commencement of a Boxing Club at the University. There had been clubs other years, but last year and until the 2nd term of this year no move was made in the direction of forming one. At last, however, some of the men decided to do something definite, and accordingly the question of starting a club, and of obtaining an instructor, was brought before a meeting of the Sports' Committee. Already the most suitable tutor, “Billy” Owens, had been consulted, and had expressed his willingness to teach two hours a week for 12s. After some discussion the meeting decided to start a club on these terms. The fact that the pupils have not to pay anything directly, naturally enough, gives impetus to their desire to learn, while the careful selection of suitable hours for instruction permits no excuse for anyone’s not taking advantage of this “golden opportunity” for acquiring skill in the noble and ever useful art of self-defence. Scripture and History abound in instances of the sad results of a foolish contempt for this power. Where would Cain be now if Abel had learnt self-defence? (For further support of my theories; see De Quincey’s essay on murder in the Home University Library.)

Someone may say where would Abel be now if Cain had not learnt the art; such questions we pass over as “essentially irrelevant.” The club has progressed very favourably so far and is certain to do so in the future. The pupils have been paired off into two’s, each member boxing with the same partner on most occasions, so that improvement will be more easily detected and encouraged. Of course most men are now getting towards the period of hard work—some are not near it yet, and the club is consequently not so strong as it would be had it been started earlier in
the year. Nevertheless there are over twenty enthusiastic members, with all of whom Mr. William Owens, alias "Little Gentleman Bill" is well satisfied.

The club contains some splendid material, especially in G. D. Brown, about the best Amateur Welterweight in Queensland. "Billy" Owens hopes to give a display and a tournament somewhere about November, pictures of which may be taken by the Majestic Picture Palace cinematograph operator, to show in the Australian Gazette. He fears, however, that the Ladies will beset him to have their hockey matches shown weekly, if they get to hear of his intention.

WOMEN'S CLUB.

There is little of interest to chronicle this term: the trivial round is still showing how engrossing it can be: many are already smitten with the third term fever.

Since the magazine last went to press we held a social evening which passed off quite enjoyably; competitions, musical items, a humorous recitation and supper filling up the void.

The sewing machines now do more than support suit cases; sometimes they function as chairs (the supply of that useful commodity being rather less than the demand), more often as tables for select dinner parties, but occasionally—quite often of late in fact—they are used to sew things with.

There has been a great revival in Red Cross activities, while the finances of that society are in a most flourishing condition, substantial donations having been received from two members of the staff. This balance will be further augmented by the proceeds of the concert given by the musical society whose indefatigability has met with the success it deserved.

We are about to launch forth on a debate upon the subject "The man contributes more to the happiness of the home than the woman."

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Never has the Hockey Club been in such a flourishing condition as it in this year. For this we have to thank our indefatigable captain, not forgetting last year's captain, Miss Brown, whose good work is now bearing fruit. We desire to thank also Miss Bage, Rev. Priestley and Rev. Strugnell for their helpful addresses on the game, and coaching on the field. This reminds us that unless a certain neglected corner of the hockey field is moved, it will peril a certain clergyman's immortal soul, for nothing tempts him more to blasphemy than to try to clear the ball in deep grass.

A number of players are greatly exercised in their minds as to the significance of the red ribbon bandoliers the members of one team wear. This scheme had to be adopted owing to the variety of costumes the players appeared in.

As a proof of the versatility of the Hockey Club we furnish an account of a Basket Ball match, between a scratch team of University women, and the Old Girls' Association of St. Margaret's, Albion. None of us had played since we left school; our goal thrower was new to the game. Defeated by sixteen goals to four, we nevertheless had a ripping game, and hope soon to take our revenge, especially on St. Margaret's goal thrower, who is a witch.

MEN'S CLUB.

A need that had long been existent at the 'Varsity, and towards the removal of which, efforts had previously been made, I shall not say in vain, for the present situation is only a culmination of these efforts, has this term become a thing of the past. I refer to the inauguration of the Men's Club.

This club, though as yet only in its infancy, gives promise of taking its stand before long beside the most flourishing institutions amongst us.

If there is one thing that will guarantee the success of any cause, it is the wholehearted support of all concerned, and judging by the sentiments expressed at the opening meeting of the Men's Club, we may safely say that this cause has the support of the whole 'Varsity behind it.

This young body has already been in harness, being responsible for the An-
nual Dinner, the success of which function tells its own story, and bids fair towards future prosperity.

At the Annual General Meeting, Mr. Breslin was elected President, Mr. Aitken vice-president, Mr. McCarthy, Hon. Secretary, with Messrs. Wagner, Mott and Fraser Committee-men.

Though at present possessing nothing perhaps beyond its existence, one does not need to be very optimistic, to look forward beyond the stormy times at present prevailing, to a more peaceable state when the club will be possessed of rooms and many other conveniences, and will look back to this lowly beginning, as the seed from which sprung one of the strongest and most influential bodies at the 'Varsity.

RIFLE CLUB.

The Rifle Club year closed on 30th June, and N.I.N.E. members performed their Musketry Course.

With the new year on which we have entered we hope for a revival of interest in this branch of sport and duty. Already some members of the Sports Union are taking a renewed interest in this, and we hope that before long rifle shooting will be a well patronised branch of Sports Union activity, and that a University Team may compete in the regular fixtures. The number of members now serving with the A.I.F., is twenty-five.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

This is one of the live institutions at the 'Varsity. The annual meeting was held in April, and the following officers were elected:—President, Professor Priestley; Vice-President, J. F. Neilsen; Pianist, Miss Andrews; Conductor, Mr. V. E. Galway; Committee, Miss Swanwick, Miss Moore, Mr. Breslin, Mr. Cooling; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Roberts.

Practices were arranged immediately, and the enthusiasm of the members was manifested by the large attendances thereat. The genial disposition of the conductor went straight to the hearts of all, and the progress of the society exceeded the most ambitious anticipations of its severest critics.

The next step was to arrange a concert programme, which was drawn up by a select committee about a month ago. The result was that on Saturday, July 22nd, a varied programme of high-class music was presented in the Examination Hall, Technical College. It is not intended to give a criticism here, but a word of praise is due to the soloists, especially to Miss McDermott, whose rendition of "The Lost Chord," and of "Coming Home," more than delighted the audience. Pride of place must be given to Mr. E. Hayne, who showed himself to be a master of the violin, and if his numerous encores are a criterion, the audience must have appreciated fully each of his efforts.

The thanks of the society are tendered to those who sacrificed themselves to contribute towards the success of the concert. Amongst the women, Miss Andrews deserves especial mention. Miss Swanwick, Miss Moore, and Miss Lockington also stood out prominently, while the many others who spent Saturday afternoon decorating the hall must not be overlooked.

Those men who acted as ushers did yeoman service, and their kindness is greatly appreciated. Although the concert was worked on a very small scale, a great deal of preparation was necessary, and all concerned are to be thanked and congratulated on the success of the entertainment. Before concluding, a few words might be said of our energetic and enthusiastic President, Professor Priestley. He has always displayed a marked interest in musical affairs, and his example might well be followed by all members of the society, both graduate and undergraduate, alike.

Under the capable conductorship of Mr. Galway, may this society continue to flourish and to serve as an educational and as a social medium within the University.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

For certain obscure and divers reasons, too numerous here to enumerate without trespassing on the generosity and patience of the editors, but amongst which stands as least important, "lack of time," the Amateur Dramatic Society of the University of Queensland has seen fit to discon-
tinue its operations until a more opportune moment shall facilitate and justify a renewal of activities; in short, the show has "gone bung." Strangely enough, however, we do not C.O.S. ("Consider ourselves squashed"). As a matter of fact, the motto of the Society has always been B.L.A.S.T.*. Our aim is to make a name for ourselves in the near future. (Applause.) Next year—the whole world shall see—many things—our capabilities—and possibilities.

Yet we have not failed! We have done good work—glorious work! Ours has been a hard hoe to hoe. But as Shakespeare has said in his immortal "Don Juan," "There's a silver lining, through the dark clouds shining." We shall try again—and yet again—until success is ours. Then—qui sait.*

*Which, being interpreted, signifieth: Be long-suffering and sit tight.

Correspondence.

Dear Sir,—

Winter has gone! At least we all hope it has for 12 months or a year or thereabouts. Thanks be to Jove in his celestial summer-house that the icy finger of the goddess of cold things has been banished from our benumbed skins. But what misery and wretchedness we have endured during the past two months; forsooth Mr. Editor, this winter, or at least bits of it, savoured with a few zephyrs from the west, has been one of the coldest things I have come in contact with this year, excluding of course those delicious ice-creams we devoured after our troubled brains had been excited to fever heat during the "post mortem" examinations in Logic and Psychology last March. Well, Mr. Editor, I shall presume on a little of your valuable space to offer a few suggestions to the Rep. Council, the University, the Senate, and the State of Queensland as a whole, whereby steps may be taken to protect undergrads and—gradresses from the rigours of such another period of torture.

For myself, I am an Arts "mug," and I have been compelled to drowsily survive lectures in English, Latin, and other such maladies; on the other hand Science students have had a considerable advantage over us; for, they have been constantly warming themselves over Bunsen-burners and occasionally swallowing a "toddy" of hot H2SO4, and paraffin wax. How-ever, as I am a lover of humanity, and especially of dogs and girls, I wish that my suggestions apply equally to all. They are these:—That the University undertake to line our gowns to a depth of say, two inches, with the best Australian wool, and on the advent of summer, to supply us with silken gowns to replace those woollen ones, which would no doubt, be worn out by then. Secondly, that the girls, helped by some of the men, undertake, by means of fatigues, to keep a constant supply of hot coffee and mustard sandwiches on hand; these to be supplied to frozen unfortunates going and coming from lectures, while during psychology hours the influx of these stimulants is to be maintained unceasingly: one-sixth of cost is to be levied from students—five-sixths to be levied somewhere else. Thirdly, that certain "Vestals" keep fires burning constantly in both common-rooms; fourthly, and lastly, that glass-cases be supplied to the men's common-room—cases about four feet in diameter and closed at the top like bell-jars. These would be of inestimable value during sunny yet windy days, when, placed in warm positions on the lawn, the occupant inside could bask in the delicious sunlight, and make ugly faces at the breezes as they whistled by. This is all, all Mr. Editor—not much I will admit, yet if that little were supplied, I and many others would attend the Queensland University for ever and ever. —I am, sir, sorry to use so much space,

ART'S GROWLER.
Dear Editor,—

The magazine seems to be the most suitable place wherein to air one's grievances, so I should like you to grant me some of your valuable space that I might give vent to one of mine.

My grievance, Mr. Editor, refers to our telephones. I think that for at least a quarter of the year these instruments are out of service. When they are supposed to be in good order, one is lucky if he can hear half of what the other person is saying. Sometimes it is very hard to distinguish his voice in the confused medley of sounds that reach your ears (and you do hear some strange things, too)! Once a gay young biology student was waiting for the ring which — had promised to give him (and it’s leap year, too!), suddenly the telephone bell rang. He snatched up the receiver and said tenderly, "Hullo!" "Is that the Women’s Common Room?" came the reply. "No, it is the Men’s." "Well, look here, what’s the meaning of this? The Telephone Book says the number is 5038, and when I ask for that they put me on to you?" "Well, I can’t help it," and down went the receiver. A little later another ring came. The poor fellow, thinking it was the same person again, picked up his hat and decamped, leaving some other unfortunate to be had. That evening his little romance nearly came to an end, because he had not been at hand when the "dear young thing" rang up in the morning.

I think that the telephones must have given many years good service to the Government, and when their time to retire came they received their present positions as sinecures.

Now, we pay a fairly good price for the use of these phones, and I am of the opinion that the Department ought to think about installing new ones. I am sure that this would be to the satisfaction of both the students and the Exchange, for I think that the present phones must worry the latter a little at times, too.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that the matter referred to in this letter will receive some attention from the proper authorities.—Yours truly,

UNDERGRAD.

Books Reviewed.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

By A. E. Pearse.

Mr. Pearse’s poem is an ambitious effort and deserves a longer notice than we can give it here. The conception of Venus as changed at heart, and brought to wider sympathy with human beings through her experience of sorrow, is fresh and original, but we hardly feel that Mr. Pearse makes the most of his idea. We take it to be the central theme of the poem, yet it hardly appears till the last two paragraphs of the lament, and then in verse which seems less spontaneous and less musical than most of the rest of the poem. The whole poem, while it is most certainly not without promise, gives one the impression that the author is as yet writing rather because he wants to write, than because his ideas have gripped him, and compel utterance. This is a natural stage in the development of most writers, as natural as the stage in which the influence of other writers can be very clearly traced, and from this latter stage too, Mr. Pearse cannot be said to have emerged. The influence of Tennyson is very obvious, and those who know "Oenone" and his other poems on classical subjects, will be reminded of them again and again. This is not to accuse Mr. Pearse of plagiarism, which is a different thing altogether. Much of the verse is musical, but we are not sure that the author is quite self-critical enough; the liberty of his irregular blank verse comes at times dangerously near license, and one is not always convinced that this is not due to a defective ear, rather than to deliberate purpose, a suspicion which is intensified by the dedicated sonnet, with its unpleasant rhyme of "worships" and "apocalypse." We shall be interested to watch Mr. Pearse’s poetic career, for we feel that when he has acquired a more complete command of his instrument, he will do the better things of which this poem shows promise.

We are asked to announce that the poem is for private sale. Copies may be obtained from the author.—Price 1s.
We have received from Angus and Robertson, Ltd., two new military handbooks, both written by staff instructors. One is entitled "Visual Training and Judging Distance," by Sgt.-Major F. E. Hart, of the Randwick School of Musketry. It should be found most useful. Written in a business-like manner, and advancing in logical order, it treats of every branch of this most essential subject. The section on "Visual Training" deals, e.g., with military vocabulary, description of ground, picking up figures, use of clock face, and finger-breadth methods, and elementary reconnaissance, together with standard tests. The section on "Judging Distance" is a collection of rules and tests, with instructions as to the keeping of registers and range charts. Several excellent coloured representations of Australian scenery (reduced size), are added, being copies of the kind of landscape map in use in the School of Musketry. The book is of a convenient size, and will undoubtedly prove a most welcome addition to the list of Australian military handbooks. Price, eighteen pence.

The other book is Warrant Officer H. Ordish’s "Range Practices," a careful compilation of rules relating to range duties, organisation and discipline. While the veriest recruit would certainly derive benefit from a perusal of, e.g., the section on range practices, the book will be found most useful by officers and N.C.O.’s; to these it should prove as valuable a standby as his set of rules is to the football umpire. We confidently recommend this painstaking little work to all our riflemen and others who take an interest in these matters. Price, One Shilling.

We have also received from the same firm a copy of Sir T. Anderson Stuart’s now famous lecture to soldiers, entitled "How to be Fit." This lecture, which is issued by the Department of Defence for the use of soldiers, treats quite frankly of everything likely to damage a soldier physically, whether it be dirt or unsuitable clothing, and lays down the law that fresh air is the breath of life. Throughout the lecture we come across little tips which, if noted, would greatly lighten the lot of the average soldier, and, indeed, are worthy of notice by civilians, for, as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University, Sir T. Anderson Stuart speaks with an expert’s knowledge. We commend the book to the notice of all who desire to be fit.

**PLEASE NOTE.**

The Mitchell Library of Sydney is endeavouring to obtain a complete file of the Magazine since its inception, for the convenience of visitors from Queensland and others who visit the Southern capital.

To date the following numbers have been obtained:

- May, 1913; August and October, 1914; May, August, and October, 1915; May, 1916.

Will all who have spare copies of other issues please forward them either to the Business Editor, or direct to H. Wright, Esq., Librarian, Mitchell Library, Sydney.
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I. Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up, but thou shalt pull off thy coat and go to work, and thou mayest prosper in thy affairs.

II. Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking like a loafer, for thou shouldst know thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

III. Thou shalt not try to make excuses, nor shalt thou say to those who chide thee, "I didn't think."

IV. Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may the days be long in the job which fortune hath given thee.

V. Thou shalt not fail to maintain thine own integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen the good respect for thyself.

VI. Thou shalt not covet the other fellow's job nor his salary, nor the position that he hath gained by his own hard labor.

VII. Thou shalt not fail to live within thy income, nor shalt thou contract any debts when thou canst not see the way clear to pay them.

VIII. Thou shalt not be afraid to blow thine own horn, for he who so faileth to blow his own horn at the proper occasion findeth nobody standing ready to blow it for him.

IX. Thou shalt not hesitate to say "No," nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are times when it is unsafe to bind thyself to hasty judgment.

X. Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last great commandment, and there is no other like it. Upon this commandment hangs all the law and profits of the business world of the Carter-Watson Co. Elizabeth Street, near George Street.

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