Bookseller to the University of Queensland
Students' Association.

A. McLEOD,
BOOKSELLER,
Elizabeth Street,
BRISBANE.

THE
Brisbane Sports Depot

Have Large Fresh Stocks of all Sporting Material arriving by every Boat from England in

Tennis, Football, Cricket, Boxing, etc.

ALL BRITISH MADE

We are Experts at Repairs to Tennis Racquets and Sporting Tools

Only One Address  The Brisbane Sports Depot

Phone 3203  342 QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE
Students are requested to support this journal by patronising the Advertisers in it.
YOUR REQUIREMENTS IN ACADEMICAL ATTIRE

Rothwell's Limited offer greater facilities. A special department is set aside—ready to assist you in the purchasing of all your accessories. For undergraduates we offer a full range of Gowns, Trenchers, etc., at competitive prices.

SAC SUIT for 84/-

We have recently installed a new department—it is the "Rothsted-to-Measure" department. In it you can select a Smart Suit from a choice range of fabrics—have it built to your own measure—but the machine is used wherever practicable.

Prices: 84/-, 90/- Suit.

SEND FOR A RANGE OF PATTERNS OR CALL AND SEE THEM IN THE PIECE.

ROTHWELL'S Ltd.
Edward Street—Brisbane.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Taranto&quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Study of Australian Literature</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francis Thompson</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Contrast&quot;</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ancient and Modern</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plea for Universal Language</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Essence of Parliament</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll of Honour and War Roll</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Varsity Vanities</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book Reviews</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Round the Colleges</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's College</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Leo's</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John's</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King's</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Societies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's Club</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hockey Club</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christian Union</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boat Club</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personalia</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All Literary Communications, including original articles, verses, correspondence, etc., should be addressed to "The Editor, Q.U.M., Queensland University, Brisbane," and with the exception of Club and College Notes, etc., should reach him as soon as possible after the beginning of each term.

Subscriptions, 3/- per annum, post paid, are payable to the Business Manager, H. E. Roberts, who should be notified at once of change of address, or of the non-receipt of Magazines on the part of subscribers.
Conscientious Pyjama Service

Soft Finish.

CRIMEAN FLANNEL PYJAMAS.
Will make your body glow with warmth.

They are built for comfort, but cut to fit as well. They are distinguished. The utmost care as to detail is exercised in their manufacture. The seams are securely sewn, and buttons are sewn on to stay. In every respect they are Gentleman’s Pyjamas.

Nice soft finish CRIMEAN FLANNEL PYJAMAS featured in neat stripes and tasteful colourings. Manufactured in our own Factory which is ample

Guarantee for make and finish. Sizes: 44-46in. 23/6 suit. 34-42in. 22/6

They should get your decided preference.

PIKE BROTHERS Limited
BRISBANE

TOWNSVILLE

TOOWOOMBA
From the Taranto Rest Camp (sweet euphemism!) you must get a pass to visit the town. This you must get up early for and stand in a queue of incredible length and eagerness; for there are 450 officers in camp and only 25 per diem can go. The queue forms before 9 in the morning—long before. It is dealt with at 9, i.e., it is begun to be dealt with. Such is the monotony of life in this rest camp that officers will rise at most unhallowed hours to be dressed and ready to stand in queue. Many are called; but few are chosen. Hordes of them are turned away from the office, too late to be included in the happy 25—who saunter about camp smiling triumphantly and brandishing the magic Pass—and have no pangs of regret for the breakfast they have missed in their successful efforts to get a day’s liberation from the noisome camp—that abode of heat, dust, and flies without end, number or degree.

Their pass tells them that they may not visit Taranto “in shorts,” nor remove their belts in restaurants; in camp they wear nothing more than shoes, socks, shorts, and shirt. Few wear collars or tunics, even to meals. But the change of atmosphere which Taranto brings easily compensates for this enforced, unaccustomed harness of breeches, belt and collar.

The camp provides them with transport to the town at 11, 2, and 4—a converted motor lorry, garnished with forms: a means of voyaging which blisters the seat and envelops one in a pale mask of dust. For the road is almost intolerably dusty. The dozing drivers of carts are clad in the grey mantle of dust which covers vines, hedges, and houses along the white route. It is as dusty as the drive from Cairo to Mena. But this place is like an Egyptian suburb in many ways. Beside Egyptian dust there is the flat-roofed, sun-coloured Egyptian house with the flat, severe outline. The carts are Egyptian in design and move at an Egyptian pace—with most of the drivers asleep, full stretch on the floors of them. The heat is Egyptian. The denizens are dressed in the sparse Egyptian garb—and approximate very closely to the Egyptian complexion.

The town is separated—the old from the new—by the narrow harbour-mouth which a single bridge spans. If you go by the morning charabong, you take a walk in the old town before the herd has retired to its mid-day siesta. Horde seems the word: they are as thick as ants. The intricate network of alleys, skirted by tiny hovels, is such like the honeycomb of the Egyptian bazaars. The old town is crowded on to a peninsula, skirted by a wide, stinking quay road. Within that road is the maze of alleys which, robbed of the clear sea air, stink to a degree which you are spared on the quay road. As you wander about these alleys, beneath the drying garments on string lines which darken them, smoking steadily the strong Tuscano which you bought on entering, the inhabitants stare at you with a kind of resentment. You may be dusty; but you are obviously not dirty. It would
almost seem that they resent anything not filthy finding a place in the midst of them. But they are not too resentful to beg—that's how they demand you pay your footing in this squalor. Mothers suckling their filthy infants on doorsteps beg from you; they send their filthy children after you to beg—their children whose faces are soiled in sores; ragged old men, half-blind, solicit from you. You give nothing. If you did, you would be harassed by a queue of beggars the rest of your journey.

It is reviving to get a glimpse of the lovely Adriatic as you emerge for lunch in the new town. The new town, with its neatness and its breeze off the sea is like emancipation. There you may sit in the Bologna restaurant and look upon clean, cool food—and clean, cool women, too, who are lunching there as well. Coolness is the mark of the decent Italian girl, whether she is sitting at a meal or walking in the afternoon street she always bears with her the aspect of refreshing coolness. It is partly in her white dress, partly—if she is walking—in her dignified and unhurried gait. This climate has at least done that for its women—taught them to walk with a cool and graceful deliberateness that is refreshing to look on. There is nothing of the hasty, ineffectual, mincing gait of the London girl. She never hurries.

But we were at lunch—and not in the Piazza. . . .

There is no meat eaten in Italy that I can see—though there probably is some that I do not see. The Italian in restaurant dines on soup, fish, macaroni, a little poultry on occasion, fruits, iced wine, and coffee. This seems, anyhow, a fitting diet—and one that satisfies even the beef-eating Englishman when he finds himself in the heat of Italy. There is nothing of the scarcity of food that is apparent in London restaurants. The Italian civilians are alleged to be rationed in sugar, bread, macaroni, and oil—and coupons for these are actually issued by the Government. But anyone can get any of these commodities in plenty at any restaurant without presenting a coupon.

They serve you enough macaroni in a soup plate for a meal—with a patch of tomato-sauce in the midst of it—and grated cheese by your side. But the satisfying effect of macaroni is evanescent—as you discover by the time the fish is arrived. How to eat macaroni like a Christian is a problem. After five minutes floundering amongst it—with nothing done—you look about shamefacedly to see how the native does it. The method of the native is not necessarily that of the Christian. But he gets it down. There are rare Italians who eat macaroni artistically by an ingenious and inscrutable twirling manipulation with the fork. But this obviously cannot be learnt in a day—as you discover on trying to emulate them. But the normal Italian (the Italian who is hungry; and most Italians seem to be hungry always) fairly buries his head in it to minimise the distance between plate and mouth, and, making one act of it, does not rise until the dish is finished. The long shreds move in a kind of continuous procession with his working jaws. The fairest signorina does this. This method is doubtless very effective and very satisfying; but the Englishman usually ends by mincing the dish with a knife and fork and then consuming it leisurely on a fork without a shred to embarrass him. . . .

The wines and fruits of Italy are unforgettable. The vin ordinaire of a French restaurant is unforgettable, in another sense. But the Italian Chianti ordinaire—that which stands as a matter of course upon the table—is very good wine indeed.

And the fruits—who shall describe the fruits of the Italian summer! If you have macaroni and frutti assorti you need ask for nothing more. After London, it is the plenty of the fruit, as well as its quality, which amazes you—how for 5 lire (a lira is worth 5½d.) you get such a meal—and it includes a prodigious dish of fruit which in London would cost you £2—a luscious heap of peaches, apricots, plums, pears, melon, and figs. The figs
are the piece de resistance—great soft, purple, bursting things, as large as apples. And if you want more figs they are brought—and no addition to your bill, neither.

Between lunch and four o'clock you sit in the garden or at the cafe in the square, eating ices. It is but fitting that the vendor of ices in Australian streets should so frequently be a "Dago," for it is the Italian who knows how to make ices—as it is his country that knows how to grow figs. In London—and this is no fault of London, where sugar and cream are almost unprocurable, except for military hospitals—you get nothing but the insipid water-ice. Here you get ice-cream—and that without limit—chocolate cream, vanilla cream, lemon cream, coffee cream, and what not. They bring it with a glass of iced water—as they bring, in the manner of the Egyptians, coffee with iced water. The one is to pander to your palate; the other to quench your thirst. And you may be sure that, in the summer of Southern Italy, you are always thirsty rather than hungry.

No self-respecting woman moves out of the shade of her house before four, unless she has to. Indeed, the best of them do not emerge before six. But onwards from four o'clock you will find they begin to throng the streets. Many of them are taking the air before going to the Alhambra, where the first performance is at 5.30. For many of them this is too early for walking so they take the air in "gharries." The "gharry" of Italy is a sorry vehicle, with a sorry nag. By comparison with the Cairenne gharry, with its rubber tyres and fast-trotting pair, it is a sorry conveyance indeed. But with these they are content; and there they sit, with the Eternal Fan; eyeing the populace with that aspect of voluptuous—almost exaggerated—ease with which they walk.

The little girls of Italy are very beautiful—with their dark complexions, dark eyes, dark hair, dark legs—exposed far, far above the knee and showing much more limb than they would be prepared to exhibit at 17. Little girls of 12 in Italy dress as "high" as the little girls of France or England would be allowed to dress at 6. They are stouter in the limbs than their contemporaries of Northern Europe—giving promise of that definiteness of outline and deliberateness of later movement which is a natural characteristic of women in a land whose temperature makes perennially against effort and haste.

The Alhambra is a theatre that stages a play—as distinct from revue or variety entertainment. When we entered, the play was half an hour overdue to begin; I once thought thought the informality of the French provincial theatre could not be exceeded. It was exceeded here. There was an orchestra for rendering music between the acts. It was about 40 strong. There was a conductor who entered and sat at his stand with his hat on. The audience, which was weary of waiting for the play to begin, clamoured for music. In a loud voice the conductor told his band what to play, and, without attempting to remove his hat or to conduct them, or even to rise from his chair, started them off with a wave of the hand, shouting the Italian equivalent of "Carry on." They carried on, exchanging snatches of facetious conversations between themselves as the music proceeded. It proceeded somewhat perilously, with the rhythm a little ragged; but since the performers appeared to be enjoying themselves the conductor evidently believed their main object was being achieved and maintained his conversation with his lady friend in the front row of the stalls.

When their "piece" was finished the gentlemen of the band, without any obvious permission of doing so, put on their hats and left the building.

The play was still far from ready to open. Behind the curtain could be heard the noise of leisurely hammering. At irregular intervals workmen on the stage thrust their heads through the square doors in the curtain and regarded the audience with a steady gaze. Others thrust their heads out apparently in search of friend in the gallery; and when they had found them exchanged homely greetings with them in no muffled tones. These were presumably the workmen who were preparing the stage for presentation.
After fifteen minutes the band began to dribble in again, but not with the motive of doing any more before the play began. They had done their bit in the way of overture. Instead, they beckoned their wives and their children beside them, lit their cigarettes and began to dandle the youngsters amongst the music stands. The children enjoyed themselves very much. So did their parents.

By this time the audience was getting honestly impatient. There commenced a scraping of feet, and a sporadic clapping which soon culminated in a thunder of ironical applause. The only response from the stage was that the hammering grew a little louder and a little more irregular, and that the workmen thrust their heads through the curtain at more frequent intervals. But they did not protest against the impatience of the audience. On the contrary, it appeared to divert them. They encouraged the house to more noisy efforts by approving grins.

It was a very poor house. A bigger might have had another effect on the stage workers. The stalls were half full. Three boxes were occupied. The dress circle may have contained 40 people—the gallery half as many. Most of the audience consisted of Italian sailors with their girls. The sailors were on half-day leave. The performance was chiefly designed for them. There was a handful of English officers and privates. At last the curtain rose with a kind of rush. The applause was deafening. The band contributed a good deal to it. The family gathering amongst the band was prepared to enjoy itself thoroughly.

The stage disclosed the living room of a poor Italian family—the mother, father, youthful son, and two daughters, spending themselves in outbursts of sordid and noisy quarrelling that alternated with eloquent spaces of gloomy silence. Of the daughters one curried favour with her ill-tempered parents by whining exhortations that they should pull together in the hope of something’s “turning-up”; the other, who was a girl of spirit—and an extremely handsome one in her rags—re-viles them all for lazy louts, and warns them that if they don’t ‘do something’ they are very liable to die of starvation. For her part, she’s going to “look for something.” She does so to some purpose. A rich American becomes enamoured of her in the street and asks leave to accompany her home. She introduces him to the family with some reluctance. His passion dictates to him the plan of shipping them ‘en bloc’ to his own country and there finding them employment.

That closes the first act.

The band here push away its cigarettes and its children and performs a selection, under the baton, from “Cavalleria Rusticana,” and performs it most admirably. It did not appear, from anything that had gone before, that this undisciplined band could do anything so thoroughly well.

The second act changes the scene—with a somewhat rude disregard of the Unities—to the flat of the wealthy American. The family has mysteriously changed its rags for garments that are a little incongruous with its manners and deportment—incongruous except in the case of the spirited daughter, who had, of course, even in the midst of her former poverty, been one of Nature’s peeresses.

But there is the complication of a well-established mistress of the mansion. His wife was a factor the American had, in the first throes of his new passion in Italy, refused to reckon with.

The plot was just beginning really to thicken with the rising suspicions of the wife, when we had to leave. The speculative reader must unravel the not-too-subtle complication of the plot for himself. We couldn’t stay to do it. If we had, this sketch might never have been written; for the last charaboug leaves town for the camp at eight.

HECTOR DINNING.
The Study of Australian Literature.

"Not as the songs of other lands
Her song shall be."

—George Essex Evans.

It is a fact to be regretted that, in our Australian Universities and Schools more prominence is not given to the study of Australian poets, and the fostering of a national literature. Too often we find young Australian students deeply learned in the languages and literature of dead peoples, and without the slightest knowledge of the poetry which our own land has produced.

It was long the opinion in Europe that Australia was a land of eternal dullness and monotony of landscape, a land of "songless birds and scentless flowers," which would consequently give little or no stimulus to poetic production. We who live here know the magnitude of this lie. Our beautiful sunny skies, our luxuriant tropical and semi-tropical forests, the vast sweep of our inland plains, the glorious freshness of the wattle and the silent majesty of the giant gums—these things inspire us with a love for our land which equals that of the Briton for his island home, or the Swiss for his mountains.

Australian poetry, such as it is, is full of this love for our land. Yet this source of inspiration is not yet exhausted—it is, in fact, inexhaustible, and young Australian poets who seek beyond our land for their inspiration would be well advised to open their eyes to the beauties at hand.

Another deterrent to the freer production of Australian literature was the fact that Australia had no "history," that is to say, no wars of conquest or fierce battles for ideals. This contention no longer is valid. During the Great War in Europe, the manhood and youth of Australia have proved their valour. The epic of the Dardanelles, and of the Australians on the Western front and in Palestine, has yet to be written.

For those who love poetry of action and war what an unlimited source of inspiration!

Then, too, there is ample scope for literary ability in the relation of the heroic struggles against the forces of nature, of the brave pioneers of Australia. Those who have seen their hardships cannot help realising that their untiring devotion and heart-breaking setbacks should be immortalised by a really great poet.

What, then, is being done in Australia to encourage the production of Australian literature? The Universities are practically indifferent, and make no sign. Those institutions to which we look to foster the national literature remain engrossed in their study of foreign and dead languages. Their imported professors educate the Australian youth on the orthodox lines of the European universities.

No Australian poets are prescribed for study. No mention is made, in lectures, of the literature of our land. It is true that there are several volumes of Australian literature in our library; but these are hopelessly incomplete, as representing Australian literature as a whole.

It is also true that there is a tablet to the memory of George Essex Evans, the brilliant Queensland poet, who wrote—

"Build him no mockery of stone,
Nor shame him with your idle praise;
He liveth in his work alone
Through all our days."

But this is all.

Let us fearlessly champion the cause of our own land. The foundations are being laid for a great edifice of Australian poetry. It is our duty to see that no hindrance is given to the building.

P. R. STEVENSEN.
Francis Thompson, born in 1859, died in 1907.

He was educated to be a doctor, but, feeling no call, he went to London to win a name. His wealth consisted of an Aeschylus and a Blake—two significant influences.

Many were the hardships he suffered. Of them there is one vivid reminiscence in the action of the little girl in London who gave him of her "scant pittance":

"Forlorn, and faint, and stark,
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star;
..... and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child. .........
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive."

Later, with recognition came true friends: The Meynells were his saviours, and they live for ever in his verse; Coventry Patmore, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Meredith.

His former exposure, however, had undermined his health, and, despite all kindly efforts, he gradually weakened and wasted.

His first reviewer, Richard Le Gallienne, declared him Crashaw reborn and magnified: and competent critics like H. D. Traill, John Davidson, and Coventry Patmore, soon acclaimed him a great poet. The criticisms, favourable and unfavourable to him, were strangely similar to those with which Shelley met; many there were who deplored the "celestial vision" and the rhythmic rhapsody. Adverse criticism exaggerated his defects: recklessly false rhymes, extravagance, obscurity, grotesque neologisms. Nowadays we pass over the dross (there is little of it!) and treasure the rich ore of his fantasy, his sweeping Elizabethan diction, his objective idealisations, his glowing imagery; such glory of language as—

"Oh! may this treasure galley of my verse,
Fraught with its golden passion, oared with cadent rhyme,
Set a towering press of fantasies,
Drop safely down the time,
Leaving mine isled self behind it far,
Soon to be sunken in the abyss of seas,
(As down the years the splendour voyages
From some long ruined and night-submerged star),
And in thy subject sovereign's havening heart
Anchor the freightage of its virgin ore."

It is worth noting that his criticism of Shelley is luminous, brilliant, and that his other longer prose works, "Saint Ignatius Loyola" and "Health and Holiness" are largely explicative of his religious bent and "atmosphere."

There is a wide diversity in his poems; and it is singularly true, in treating Francis Thompson, that to classify is to clarify.

Among the religious poems are: "The Hound of Heaven," "Assumpta Maria," "To the Dead Cardinal," "Any Saint," "A Fallen Yew." These poems are (especially "The Hound of Heaven") daring in conception, vivid in imagery, ecstatic in sentiment, varied in form; and the first has been called "one of the great religious poems of this or of any time," although its appeal lies more deeply in other springs of emotion.

Lyric Epic is a title that may be applied to such works as "The Mistress of Vision," "From the Night of Forebeing," "An Anthem of Earth." This section of his work largely reflects the influence of Shelley's diction. The first of these made a profound impression on Quiller-Couch, who compares it with a completed "Kubla Khan." The language is powerful, vibrant, and yet so obviously the instrument, and not the agent. Addressing Earth, he writes:

"Thou fill' st thy mouth with nations, gorgest
On purple rons of kings, man's hulking towers
Are carcase for thee, and to modern sun
Disgllutt'st their splintered bones.
Rabbles of Pharaohs and Arsacidae
Keep their cold house within thee; thou hast
sucked down
How many Ninevhs and Hecatompyloi
And perished cities whose great phantasmata
O'erbrow the silent citizens of Dis."
The most beautiful of his love poems are "Her Portrait," "After Her Going," "Before Her Portrait in Youth," "Dream Tryst," "Arab Love Song." He entitled one section of his poems "Love in Diana's Lap," and this title might well be applied to all his love poems.

For a fruitful contrast, set the "Arab Love Song" with its hint of Laurence Hope's glowing passion, over against the best known of Thompson's poems to "Her," that is "Her Portrait," with its "How to the petty prison could she shrink Of femininity? Nay, but I think In a dear courtesy would Woman assume, for grace to womanhood."

With the spirit of "Love in Diana's Lap" it would be interesting to compare that of Alice Meynell's (say) "Renouncement." A further group is that of poems on children. Certainly not for them! To the specific "Poems on Children" (which include "The Poppy," "Daisy," "Ex Ora Infantium") must be added some from "Sister Songs," such as "A Child's Kiss," "A Foretelling of the Child's Husband," and "The Child Woman." These include many of his most poignant verses. From "The Poppy":

"A child and a man paced side by side Treading the skirts of eventide; But between the clasp of his hand and hers Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

And suddenly 'twixt his hand and hers He knew the twenty withered years— No flower, but twenty withered years."

The following may be classified as secular odes: "Orient Ode," "Ode to the Setting Sun," "A Corymbus for Autumn," and "The Mirage." The odes particularly impressed Symons, who, as was ever his way, joyed in the luxuriant, hot-house imagery, the flaunting colours, the warmth of language; the sometimes barbaric splendour of rhythm; and the glowing thought. In "A Corymbus for Autumn," autumn, with "from reducta corymbis," is painted not as the sad fall of the year, but as the poet's season, the artist's season; and the Bacchus of the vintage-time embodies the thought of "a grape-spurt, a vine-splash, a tossed tress, flown vaunt." In "The Mirage," the all-parading "She" affords a more personal note:

"This poor song that sings of thee, This fragile song, is but a curled Shell outgathered from thy sea, And murmurous still of its nativity."

The last group may be termed Poems of Reflection: "Contemplation," "A Counsel of Moderation," "To a Snow Flake," "The After Woman." These are poems full of lyric calm:

"When poets, dreaming unperplexed, Dream that they dream of nought. Nature one hour appears a thing unsexed.

Thompson, the poet of troubled and troublous vision, writes: One cannot help thinking that it is with a pathetic longing that he were himself in reality such a one:

"On him the unperturbed heavens descend, Who heaven on earth proposes not for end; The perilous and celestial excess Taking with peace, lacking with thankful­ness."

In Thompson's coffin was placed by Meredith a card (along with a cluster of exquisite roses) bearing the inscription: "A true poet, one of the small band"; and on his breast went violets from the woman he had so gloriously sung.

ERIC H. PARTRIDGE.

Contrast.

(Favreuil, near Bapaume; early May, 1917.)

The false dawn. Cold and chill; cheerless . . . . eerie.
The enemy guns play on our position; death sings his hurrying path through the air. Crash and shock jar us, after the terrible suspense (so brief in time, so long in experience) of awaiting a shell that we know is coming our way.

Against the duller noise of cannon, machine guns rattle menacingly.

Flying fragment, falling clod.

Faces are haggard, drawn . . . intensely we hide the assuaging light.

Twelve hours later, a beautiful, soft May afternoon. We have returned to a
bivouac, say four miles behind the front line. The canteen has offered us solid creature comfort; and we lie back, with pipe or cigarette in mouth. We have the "God's in his heaven" type of feeling, and tell each other that it's not the world but the people in it who are rotten. . . .

The brigade band plays; and though we curse the intention of this anodyne, yet we yield to the charm of music. "No. 394."

Sonnet.

Now we have stormed the heights of ultimate pleasure,
And quarrelled in the governance of our realm,
I will in quiet leave thee to thy leisure
To steer alone at the uncertain helm.
We cannot sit together on the throne there;
Thy lordly eyes have shown me thou art queen;
I yield it thee for thee to sit alone there
And bow before thee, abject now and mean.
Yea, thou hast conquered, and I recognise thee—
I have the joy of being but they slave
But thou wilt weary as thy state sore tries thee,
Thy majesty as cold as the still grave.
Then while there's time, come down and once more be Comrade in warm joy and equality. "P."

Ancient and Modern.

Even the cursory reader of classical tragedy, both ancient and modern, cannot but notice a remarkable similarity between works which may have differed by many hundreds of years in date of construction. In many cases this similarity may be traced to direct imitation, but there are instances where it is due rather to the fact that the writer in each case is a sudent of human nature whose observations yield a result that is substantially the same whether the period be that of Pericles or that of Elizabeth. The greatest writers of tragedy have always agreed in their conception of what constitutes the tragic hero and the tragic life. Further more, however greatly tragedians of different ages have differed in their attitude toward the much-discussed 'unities,' there is one point on which ancient and modern agree. 'The unity of motive, which the simplicity of the ancient drama makes so manifest, is present also amidst the multifariousness of Shakespeare.'

There is perhaps no more striking illustration of the unchanging nature of real tragedy than the similarity which exists between the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus and Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.' It is generally admitted that in the Orestean trilogy Aeschylus rises to the greatest heights of tragic drama; nor is it without reason that several critics have unhesitatingly placed Macbeth in the forefront of all Shakespeare's tragedies as being the play in which the master's dramatic power reveals itself in its fullest intensity.

Between the two men as writers there exist all the differences that must necessarily result from the fact that over two thousand years stretch between them, years of constant change in literary forms and modes of expression, of almost daily discovery in every walk of life. Nevertheless, the resemblance between the two masterpieces is evident, and it becomes the more striking the more closely one studies the plays and their inner signification.

In the first place there is a resemblance in plot. In both cases a king is murdered; in both the chief instrument is a woman. It is true that the motives are very different, but the mere fact that in each case a woman of royal birth and regal nature is responsible for the murder of her king, is unnatural enough to arrest our attention.
Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra stand along among the women of tragic drama. In some respects fundamentally different, these two yet have many characteristics in common, and a detailed comparison of their characters yields interesting results.

The central figure of Shakespeare’s play is Macbeth himself, but the picture we obtain of Lady Macbeth is hardly less clear. Similarly, though the central figure of the Oresteia is the youth Orestes, and though the first play of the trilogy bears the name of Agamemnon, the character of Clytemnestra stands out, clear and terrible, and beside her the other figures dwindle into insignificance. The glimpse that we get of the captive prophetess, Cassandra, reveals a noble though melancholy nature but it is only a glimpse. Like the valiant Banquo in Shakespeare’s play, she comes to an untimely and undeserved end.

Like Clytemnestra, Lady Macbeth has lived a solitary life. The ceaseless petty wars of the Scottish kingdom have kept Macbeth far from the castle at Dunsinane. Naturally, in her loneliness, she has turned her thoughts inward, and the smouldering fires of ambition glow more and more brightly until finally they burst forth in flame when Macbeth’s letter arrives and she learns of the witches and their prophecy. She ‘feels the future in the instant’; she fears only lest her husband have “too much of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.”

Lady Macbeth has been represented as “a sheer human monster, the evil genius of her husband’s soul,” in whom all traces of womanly feeling are subjected to the demands of an inordinate and overmastering personal ambition. Yet we cannot ignore certain traits in her character which are revealed, as it were by chance, in the course of the play and which prove her to have been not entirely devoid of tender and womanly feeling.

“I have given suck and know
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me’’;
and again:

“Had he not resembled my father as he slept I had done it.”

Moreover, one feels that a real affection exists between Macbeth and his wife. No such impression could possibly be caused by the words Clytemnestra addresses to her lord on his return from Troy:

“I hail my king, my watch-dog of the fold,
My ship’s one cable of hope, my pillar firm
Where all else reels, my father’s one-born heir,
My land scarce seen at sea when hope was dead,
My happy sunrise after nights of storm,
My living well-spring in the wilderness!”

There is no trace of true sentiment here. Her long speech of welcome consists of a succession of terms of similar artificiality. The lack of feeling is even more marked in the king’s reply:

“Daughter of Leda, guardian of my hall,
Thy welcome, like mine absence, hath been long.”

Clytemnestra’s speech, especially when viewed in the light of subsequent events, is a mass of hypocritical falsehood. Hypocrisy, indeed, is not lacking in Lady Macbeth’s character; she greets Duncan with a dutiful and gracious speech as she welcomes him within the walls from which she well knows he is never to pass out. Yet Lady Macbeth cannot bring herself to commit the actual murder because of a chance resemblance between the sleeping king and her own father. No such womanly scruples deter Clytemnestra, though the face of her victim is that of her own husband.

Lady Macbeth is resolute and determined as long as her husband needs her support. To prevent disaster, the vacillating Macbeth must be spurred on by a will stronger than his own. She hides her natural feelings under a cloak of heartlessness until the murder is accomplished, and even after:

“Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures. . . .
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal
That it shall seem their guilt.”

However the perpetual emotional strain has its effect, and at the moment of discovery she faints. Thereafter she is out of her mind, and in her madness experiences agonies of remorse:

“All the waters of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!”

until finally she takes her own life.

In our conception of Clytemnestra there is no place for remorse. Lady Macbeth
has no excuse for her crime "save vaulting ambition," and consequently on the failure of her plans she breaks down utterly. Clytemnestra, on the other hand, is acting in a manner which she considers quite justified. Agamemnon has killed his own daughter and therefore it is just that he shall die, even though his own wife be the assassin. She glories in her deed.

"It is my boast
Yea, were libation meet o'er human vic­
tim,
Here 'twere most righteous. Such a cup
of death
He filled with household crime, and now,
returning,
Has drained in retribution . . . .
. . . . This corpse, I tell you,
Is Agamemnon, once my lord: his death
The work of this right hand, proud to have
wrought
A masterpiece so righteous."

She preserves her attitude of calm ma­
jesty right up to the moment of her mur­
der at her son's hands.

Thus, though Lady Macbeth must be
held the guiltier in that the motive that
prompted her action was mere ambition, whereas Clytemnestra was but fulfilling
what she considered a sacred obligation, yet there are many traits in her character
which excite our sympathy while any
such feelings that might have been en­
tertained for Clytemnestra are more than
counterbalanced by the honour we feel at
the thought of a woman murdering, with
her own hand, the man whom she professes
love. Nor does she stop at this; she
musts needs add crime to crime, "being
others in blood," she proceeds to
"plunge in the deep," her second victim
being the innocent Cassandra whom the
queen unjustly suspects of having usurped
her place in Agamemnon's affections. The
murder of Cassandra is as unjustifiable as
that of Banquo; jealousy plays its part as
a contributive motive no less in one case
than in the other. It is with the murder
of Banquo that Macbeth reaches the turn­
ing-point in his career; it is with the mur­
der of Cassandra that Clytemnestra finally
forfeits our sympathy and pity.

The resemblance between the two plays
does not end here. There is a certain par­
allelism in the methods which the dramat­
ists use to ensure the payment of the full
penalty for wrong-doing. Macbeth pays
for the murder of Duncan by having to
endure the tortures of an accusing con­
science, and finally by a violent death.
Agamemnon has killed his own child, and
accordingly suffers death at the hands of
his own wife. Lady Macbeth's punish­
ment comes in the form of agonising re­
morse which finally impels her to take her
own life. Clytemnestra, though indeed she
suffers not at all from remorse for what
she has done, yet pays the just penalty.
Poetic justice is complete when she is
made to meet her death at the hands of
her own son. Thus, in the modern play
no less than the ancient, the old Greek
theory of Nemesis is upheld and Macbeth
and his lads no less than the Argive king
and queen are compelled to suffer for their
"insolence."

The names of Lady Macbeth and Cly­
temnestra will always conjure up before
our eyes a picture of unnatural inhuman
cruelty and unscrupulousness. Yet, with
this there will always be an underlying
feeling of respect and admiration—towards Clytemnestra because of her
strength of purpose and her unflinching
determination to achieve the ends of jus­
tice as she knew it; and towards Lady
Macbeth because of the glimpses revealed
from time to time of a noble nature that
might have been a powerful factor for
good had circumstances not conspired to
place temptation in her way.

The judgment of the majority will prob­
ably be that of the Italian poet Caducei
who sees in Lady Macbeth the spiritual
sister of Clytemnestra:
"Lo, with the Scottish queen, on the shore, in
the light of the moon,
Stands Clytemnestra: they plunge white arms
in the wave of the sea.
Turbid and fervid with blood the sea rushes
back, and the cry
Of their anguish rings and rebounds from the
cliffsy precipitous shore."

—R.R.P.B.
A Plea for a Universal Language.

Language is the expression of thought by means of gesture, speech or symbols. Animals are supposed to have the faculty of expression by gesture and by a species of articulation. To man has been left the faculty of symbolistic expression.

This written language dates back five thousand years to the hieroglyphic inscriptions. Hieroglyphics, as their name implies, were of a sacred origin. In their primal form they were unsymbolic representations of animals, natural phenomena, etc. Gradually the meaning changed; for instance, a lion became the symbol of strength.

From hieroglyphics of Egyptian origin a transition took place through Hebrew and Greek to Roman with a separate existence in Coptic. During these periods the form of the symbols changed. Instead of the full representation of the animal to be portrayed a few salient features were depicted. These features were also changed in form to allow of more facility in writing. Thus through the various changes we come to modern symbolism.

But during this growth other changes were being introduced. One symbol came to do duty for several and several came to do duty for one. Thus we have ‘know’ and ‘no’ interpreted the same in speech, and ‘ough’ in ‘bough’ and ‘cough’ interpreted differently. To obviate this difficulty many modern linguists have introduced a system of phonetics; introduced is a bad word, for the system was in use in the hieroglyphic ages to minimise the use of their 150 symbols. Partly it was to obviate this difficulty that shorthand was invented. In America an attempt has been made to introduce uniformity of spelling—the first step towards a universal language.

Not only are there the various complications in a language, but there are a vast number of languages, most of which contain several dialects. No man yet has ever attained to a knowledge of thirty tongues. A few have acquired twenty and a man who has command of ten is considered an expert philologist. This number is very inconvenient and disastrous for international or even intercommunistic intercourse. For however expert a man may be as an interpreter, it is impossible for him fully to translate ideas. This leads to the failure of one nation to understand and appreciate another. Just as the introduction of the alphabet was the basis and originator of civilisation, so the varied interpretations thereof are the foundations of our present discord.

This shows us that modern civilisation needs some common system and interpretation of symbols and letters, and of groups of symbols—the last preferably on an onomatopoeic basis.

When these changes are introduced, and not until then, can a state of perpetual peace and prosperity arise.

Music.

The Human Necessity in Modern Life.

The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury. Music now more than ever before is a practical national need.

—President Wilson.

In Poland the young people, like the young people of many lands are far too inclined to look upon music as a pastime rather than a serious study.—President Paderewski.

Music hitherto has universally suffered from at least two extremely unworthy popular ideas as to its place and importance in social life.

In the first place it has been regarded as an ornate and superfine art essential to the list of accomplishments of members of the fair sex with pretensions to modern culture and refinement. In this aspect its pursuit has been restricted to that prosperous and comfortable class of people who would find life enjoyable without the quickening influence of the best music.

But it has been degraded from the posi-
tion of importance which, as an end in itself, it had among cultured society of a century ago; and to-day, music, the menial servant, a means of concealment for frivolity, gossip, and conversation occupies a sadly servile status as an art. Consider for a moment the music of our churches. Here the preludes and postludes instead of being regarded as an expression given to man of a beauty infinite, of a revelation divine, and therefore worthy of the most reverent attention, are regarded as hush-music, as a means of concealing the confusion of late arrivals and hurried departures. Surely such is an unworthy treatment of the purest and noblest of arts.

In the second place music has vulgarly been considered as the ruling passion of certain dreamers of the past, fashioned for a realm of reverie and born into a cold world of reality; who, by worshiping the beautiful and the ideal more than the average workmen value the useful and the real; and by paying their devotions at the shrine of St. Cecilia have fallen under the displeasure of Mammon—the result being obscurity during a lifetime of want and after death the laurels of honour and fame. From this aspect music, to the popular mind, has been, and still is, regarded as a profession offering little monetary return, and only for prodigies and rare genius. This may be in great part true in the artistic realm, but it is no reason nor excuse for failing to cultivate an appreciation and a love for good music.

Thirdly, you may often in various forms hear the objection raised that music develops morbidity, sentimentality, and effeminacy in the human character. This is correct of the cheap and meager kind only; for this I hold to be forever true—that real music is both noble and manly. Its gamut of expression ranges from the sweetness of spring time to the boisterous outbursts of nature in her most tempestuous moods.

Not only can it portray the tenderness of love, the pathos of patience in misery, and the desolate spectacle of a nation in sackcloth and ashes, but it can also express the sacredness of home life, and the nobility of service and sacrifice in great causes. It can express the heroism of a people and the glory of the conqueror. All this it effects through the medium of a universal language more passionate and persuasive in its appeal than the most magnificent oration of the cultured ancients.

And good music also has a practical value in a very real world of conflict and trials. It will develop the spiritual nature. It brings about the balance between physical health and mental soundness, the expression of which is found in the perfection of a nation's manhood, and the purity and charm of its womanhood.

Those great people the Americans, recognising the immense value of music as a power in sustaining the public spirit in the hour of national trial were practical enough to give it an important place in their military scheme and acted on the motto of one of their generals "that a singing army is a fighting one."

This then is my argument. In the future days we shall see great stress laid on the practical and the scientific. Music should be an important part in the education of everyone and the development of his higher self. Every child, by virtue of its future citizenship has the right to be well-born, well-nourished, well-clothed, and well-educated. Most people will admit the fairness of the claims of music for a high value in education. But here in this very admission we have an instance of one of those principles to which everyone agrees but which, by the disapproval of nobody, are shamelessly neglected, and so a great cause is lost for a generation. We endeavour in our primary schools to awaken in the child an appreciation of beauty. It is here that we should make an attempt at giving some musical instruction. Too frequently even this is sadly neglected. Such an appreciation is best cultivated during the early years of youth, that is to say, during his attendance at a secondary school. But it must reach the hearts of all, even though they have no early training.

Music is universal in its appeal and, while it is limited to no particular season of life yet some learn to appreciate it sooner than other. To omit such a training, to neglect such a necessary human need is to rob life of much of its fulness and joy and to deny the soul the vision of its divine revelations.

T. SIMPSON.
Essence of Parliament.

Being a detailed report of the proceedings in the local parliament during discussion on a bill to suppress hypocrisy among the Fijians.

The Spruiker, Mr. Lelly Losleigh, D.D., apologised for the lateness of the hour, but offered as an excuse for the delay, a slight misunderstanding he had had with his creditors and—

Mr. Axeman: I rise to a point of order. Has the Spruiker yet paid his sub.? If not, why not?

The Spruiker retaliated with a stinging retort which was unfortunately inaudible. Proceeding, he said that the loftiest ambitions of those who intended to pursue an academic course of studies should be centred round the moral uplifting—(applause)—of their fellow creatures in those dim distant isles (applause and interjection, “Is all this original, Lelly?”). Further remarks from the Spruiker were inaudible owing to continued interjections from the rowdy element at the rear.

The Spruiker then called on Mr. Cowsley to read the Hansard report of the previous session. Mr. Cowsley remarked (between draws) that there had been no previous meeting.

Mr. Davidsdaughter said that to any student of psychology (applause and cries of “Cut out the rough stuff, Jaeko!”) it was immediately apparent that in a matter such as this we must not lose sight of the fact that human beings are fundamentally selfish, and that we have only to consider the hierarchy of the “Me’s” as set up by Wm. James—(uproar). When the honourable gentleman again became audible he was heard to remark that he hoped the vandal who removed his overcoat from the lobby would replace same at his latest inconvenience.

Mr. Axeman: I rise to a point of order. Let the hon. member for Mt. Chalmers keep to the point. Incidentally, has the hon. member paid his guinea rowing sub.?

Mr. Razor asked Mr. Axeman to be good enough to dry up. Although there were only three men and two theologs. at Emmanuel they could hold their own in tennis and talking, at least.

Mr. St. Iffy: Who said John’s hadn’t got the best full-back at the ’Varsity? (The hon. member here once more slept.)

Mr. Hal. Furty: I’m blowed if they have. Home Rule for Ireland!

Miss Streams said she did not agree with the last speaker. She believed in votes for women.

Mr. Hanger O. Streams said he wished it to be clearly understood that the last speaker was not his sister. He could not afford to let anything tarnish his reputation as a master musician and a great poet. (Opposition snores.)

Miss Streams said she did not agree with the remarks of the last speaker. (The same hon. member was heard to repeat this statement a number of times during the discussion.)

Mr. Podge McDirty said it was a shame. (Loud applause.)

Mr. B. Ale said that the whole idea was Jolly Boska. He suggested that the unfortunate natives be taught the fine points of rowing. He suggested himself as coach, he being an acknowledged expert in the theory of rowing.

Miss Parkes said she was quite willing to act as honorary button-seller to the league.

Mr. D’Ouree suggested that the minimum chest measurement for member of the league be 58 inches.

Mr. Hert. Sigg, Mr. Grinning, and Mr. Juice spoke in favour of the suggestion.

Mr. St. Iffy: Why should the League be run by these overfed buffoons? (Shrieks of mirth.) Let them go back to their Glaxo.

At this point the session dissolved in confusion, with three cheers for the Fijians and three groans for the Glugs of Gosh.
Roll of Honour.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Grant, G. F., Killed in action.
Hall, Edgar Cullen (Eng. III.), Sgt., Engineers. Died of wounds, France, September, 1917.
Haymen, Frank Granville (Eng. IV.), Lieut., 9th Batt., A.I.F. Killed in action, Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915.

** Military Cross with Bar.

Jones, Trevor Warwick (Sc. I.). Died in Hospital.
McNeill, Donald (Eng.), Royal Flying Corps. Killed in action.
Noble, John Alexander (Sc. II.), Artillery. Killed in action, France, 27th April, 1917.
Rankin, W. E. D., Lieut., Killed in action, July 29th, 1918.
Thomson, Wm. Campbell (Sc. II.). Died on service.
Ward, Cyril Cutiliffe (Sc. III.), Lieut., 26th Inf., A.I.F. Killed in action.
Young, Neville II. (Arts I.). Died in hospital.

† Military Medal.

War Roll.

Aland, Robert Clegg.
Atthow, W.
Axon, A. E.
Baldwin, Daniel Eric.
Bath, Walter Stanley.
Benjamin, R.
Biggs, Frederick John.
Boulton, G. O.
Briggs, James Logan, B.A.
Briggs, Webster.
*Brown, Percival Henry, B.E.

*Bryan, Walter Heywood, M.Sc
**Butler, A. G., M.B.
Byth, Harold Victor, B.A.
Cassidy, Reginald John.
*Cholmeley, Rojier J., B.A.
Cooling, George, B.Sc.
Cornwall, Hugh Mackay.
Crane, Frederick Gordon.
*Cribb, Eric Clarke.
Croker, G. N.
Cullen, Edwin Boyd.
War Roll—continued.

Dunstan, Frank Wheatley. Eckersley, P. C.
Evans, Clive Kerslake, B.Sc. Fielding, Frank.
Florence, J. N. Foote, L. H.
Foote, L. H. Fowles, Duncan.
Francis, Eric. Frankel, A. P.
Frankel, A. P. Fryer, J. D.
Garland, D. Gee, E. C. C.
Graham, M. D. Grant, R., B.A.
Grimes, A. B. Gunson, W. N., B.A.
Hall, T. M. Hamilton, R. C., B.A.
Hardie, Sir David, M.D Hein, Ragnar.
Henchman, H. H. Henderson, D.
Hirst, W. Holtham, R., B.A.
Horn, A., M.B. Horn, H. W.
Hughes, F. G. Huxham, A. J.
Jackson, E. S., M.B. James, F. W., B.A.
Jones, C. H., B.A. Jones, I. F.
Jones, I. F. Keid, H. G. W.
Kelly, C. A. Kennedy, E. W.
Kyle, W. M. Lendrum, J. R.
Lewis, J. A. Lloyd, N. A., B.E.
Loney, E. Lutkin, F. W. R.
McCluskey, Alfred. McIntyre, A. L., B.E.
McWilliam, R. J. Melbourne, A. C. V., B.A.
Mellor, R. W. H.

Merrington, E. N., M.A., Ph.D. Moody, A. S. H.
Newton, G. O. *Norman, E. P., B.E.
O’Brien, O. W., B.A. O’Keefe, C. O.
O’Sullivan, F. M. O’Neill, T., M.A.
Partridge, E. H. Paten, A. F.
Patterson, C. R. Patterson, F. W.
Pearse, A. E. E., B.A. Percy, R. A.
Philp, R. S. Poon, H. R. G.
Powe, A. B., B.A. *Radcliffe, J. N., B.A.
Row, A. W. L. Rowe, Rev. G. E.
Saunders, R. R. Schmidt, A. E.
Smith, E. H. *Theander, E. A.
Thelander, E. A. Wagner, E. G.
Watson, W. F. Wilson, G. H.
Wilson, W.

Non-Matriculated Students.
Penny, G. J. Small, F. W.

Administrative and Laboratory Staff.
Cramb, J. D. Haynes, Harry
Hoskins, Wm. Illidge, Chas.
Wright, George.

Home Services and Munitions.
Barton, E. C. G.
Bonham, P. H.
Boyle, R. A.
Cumbrac-Stewart, B.A., B.C.L.
Fowler, W. M. B.
Gibson, Alex. J.
Gray, A. K., B.A.
Hargreaves, G. W., M.Sc.
Hurwood, A.
Jones, T. G. H., M.Sc.
Latimer, R. W.
Lewis, C. L., B.E.
Varsity Vanities.

THE SEVEN STAGES.

All our shop's a stage
And all the undergrads are mere exhibits;
They have their weaknesses for all to see
And one man in his time has many posts,
His course having seven stages. First the youth
Squirming and fluking through his school exams.
And then the fresher, with his borrowed cap,
And brand-new, flowing gown, compelled to swear
He’ll be of good behaviour. Then the student
Spending his time in never-ending growls
Against the powers that be. And then the graduate
Full of strange oaths, unreasonably sour,
Finished with honours, saddened and sick with toil,
Gaining a nasty reputation
For super-erudition. Then the lecturer—
Little to do and long to do it in—
A demi-god with proud pavonian strut,
Full of stale jokes and tiresome references
When once he gets a start. The sixth stage comes
When a whole faculty obeys his nod;
His hoarded wealth, well-saved, by far too much
For one small bank: and his big rumbling voice,
Making the very rafters tremble, seems
To issue from the ground. Last stage of all,
As member of the senatorial board,
In otiose and harmless affluence,
Sans waist, sans tact, sans plus de joie de vivre.

A HOLIDAY LAMENT.

Although I love a holiday,
"Things are not what they seem."
I plan to get some reading done,
Of fancy work I dream.
I'll not get up too early, and
When I have tidied round
I'll have some leisure time, but Oh!
How vain these thoughts are found.
"Kitty, Kitty, the rice is boiling over;
You've got the fire too hot;
Go and move it, Kitty, or you'll spoil the lot.
The steak it smells like burning;
Go turn it over quick;
Watch it till it's finished, as it's not cut thick."

And then when I am washing up
There comes this thought to me
There's nothing now for me to do
Till six o'clock brings tea.
But as I muse the orders come:
"Don't let the fire burn down;
You'd better get the ironing done,
While I tear off to town.
Kitty, Kitty, you haven't damped those blouses,
The irons now are hot
Don't you scorch the linen, as it's all we've got.
Just come and pin my skirt up
I cannot fix it straight.
Now you've made me miss the 'bus; it will not wait."

When tea at last is cleared away,
And all the work is o'er
I take my Chaucer lovingly,
And settle as before.
But ere I've many lines perused
Comes ringing through the hall,
Again in weary chiding tones,
    That all familiar call—
"Kitty, Kitty, you haven't done your darning,
Why don't you now begin
All your socks are full of holes, it is a sin
You'll nothing gain by idling.
So put your book away
Don't waste time because you've got a holiday."

Kitty.

TO FIRST TERM—AN ODE.

Oh! First Term, thou art come once more,
I'm pleased that you have come
You bring us lots of revelries
Likewise you make things hum.

The lectures I don't understand,
They never give me pain;
First Term's a time of dreams, and so
No need to use my brain.

Of Freshers that you bring along
There are some—Oh! so choice;
Others who want to run the place
Others without a voice.

But by the time you've reached your end
They've been brought into line
Sing "Semper Floreat" in tune
And drink deep of life's wine.

I'm fain to sing the evenings which
You bring us to enjoy
A jolly 'boscari' time we have,
Pleasure without alloy.

But for Commem. I praise thee most,
Nor need have I to tell
That when engagements thou dost bring
I love thee passing well.

Oh! First Term on the whole you are
A topping time, and, O!
I'm jolly glad when you arrive,
And sorry when you go.

Mirandy.

A DREADFUL DREAM.

While sitting at my morning meal
The other day at half-past eight,
A sudden change I seemed to feel;
And for a moment all was hid.
When by some unknown means, my plate
Became a greasy dixie lid.
And all around I seemed to find
The sort of meal I left behind.

I sat on an unsteady seat
Before a steaming dish of stew.
Potato peel replaced the meat
And there was not too much of that.
A piece of bacon brought to view
Turned out to be all rind and fat.
Strong men around me cursed and swore,
"Wot! Get me at another war!"

Still hopeful that I might be fed
I stowed the liquid mixture in.
And then acquired a piece of bread
And sought some jam to eke it out.
Then, seeing someone with the tin,
Of course I did but right to shout,
"Go steady, digger! Don't forget
There's fifteen men to have some yet."

I washed the awful viands down
With some dark liquid christened tea.
The colour certainly was brown;
No other title could it show,
At least as far as I could see.
Then having done I rose to go;
My knife and fork were still quite clean—
A spoon can do the work, I've seen.

A scowling band we left the room,
With bitter voice and angry look.
A settled air of hate and gloom
Pervaded each and every face.
"If we could only get that cook
They'd need a man to fill his place—
The Quartermaster gets his cut."
And speaking thus each sought his hut.

I blinked my eyes and gave a start,
I found I had not breakfasted.
I calmed my wildly beating heart.
'Twas burning midnight oil, methinks
That gave me this most heavy head
And made me take this "forty winks."
Bringing me nightmares such as these
Contrived of nasty memories.
[One of our number lately went to a fortune-teller, or general all-round prophet(-eer), to find out what she could about her brother students. She kindly forwards the following notes as an aid to others of her sex who are assailed by questionings as to the characters of the University swains:]

Beware, my daughter, of almost all, for verily they revolve dark plans in their hearts, and none are to be trusted.

Especially beware of him who approacheth thee with drawling words and a bored expression; and his hair curleth. He danceth not; but I advise thee, sit not out with him, though he inviteth with beseeching eyes, for verily he is a naughty old man, and though he raileth upon women, and openly scorneth them and their fascinations, yet privily he doth entertain other thoughts; yea, he is an artful one.

Neither put trust in him who cometh with curling eyebrow and stalwart form; for he is fickle and lavishes his endearment on all alike; and he hath a wicked eye.

Keep far away from him who thou wilt know by his long locks, that wave unkept in the wind. For he will write sonnets to thy eyebrows, and beseech to be allowed to kiss thy foot, or at least to be trodden upon, and he will give thee no peace, but will be waiting for thee at every corner, and in public languish with his eyes upon thee.

Beware indeed of him the pious one, who turneth up his eyes devoutly, but letteth his thoughts wander carnally. And he will canvass thee for his temple, and admire thy ankle; and so as to prove conclusively that piety preventeth not from being a sport; he will press thy hand: but he also is an artful one; neither is he steadfast, but fickle whenever he gets a chance.

But there is he who roareth loudly and balefully, and would be thought free and flirty, but he is in truth circumspect and nice; and him thou mayest trust, as well as him that cometh with a sweet, open smile and a warrior's badge; he is gentle in very fact. But trust not the barbarous one, though he seems quiet and unassuming; neither him that fisheth, for he goeth a furious pace once he starts.

And there are sundry who own motor cars, and therefore take on some halo of divinity; but know that he that automobileth is certain to be false-hearted; but if thou desirest but a short life and a gay one, then . . . . .

Yet there remaineth for thee to cherish him that smileth innocently and cherubically as a babe, with rubicund face, for though he come of the hierarchy of dungeons, yet is there no guile beneath his sweet charm. . . . .

[The rest has been suppressed as too personal, since we do not wish to hurt anyone's feelings; however, we have no doubt the above will be of real value as a guide for the unwary, and as knowledge for the unknowing]. (Ed.)

In a notice in recent Flu Regulations, it was required that each person at church should occupy the space formerly occupied by two. This would have been possible for the most corpulent of the congregation only, and so later an amendment was made, that every alternative seat should be unoccupied, which made matters more possible for the thin worshipper.
Book Review.

"The Young Gods": Peter Austen.

Although Peter Austen was never a student at the Queensland University, this little volume of his includes some poems that appeared in our Magazine, and it should therefore be of interest to us if for that fact alone.

Peter Austen has already published another book of verses "Bill Jim," the sincere and straightforward Australian slang of which achieved its end. In "The Young Gods" he is more ambitious. The book is dedicated to Rupert Brooke; it opens and ends with poems to Rupert Brooke, but we find surprisingly little influence of that great poet. Austen wisely does not try to imitate or rival him, for he has hardly any of the spirit or intellectual outlook of Brooke; even in form he is entirely different. His poems, though few and short, are very unequal, for Austen is not afraid of falling in his flight.

He is dominated with the idea of death, as is natural in one who saw so much of the war; but he sings of it cheerfully as the release from strife and care—a merciful putting away of what has been.

"No more with hopeless grief that wild heart aches,
Nor pain, nor ills, his slender body rack."

There are no outbursts of originality, no dizzy soarings into the empyrean; but his is full of promise. His touch is surest when he is on earth, close to things, and his realism is at times poignant, as in this short picture "The Zeppelin."

"Twitching she lies;
Red with the blood that wells,
And wells from where her eyes
Once glowed like faint blue bells.
How still she lies.

Gellert is the great master of this type of poem, as of the bizarre horror exemplified in "Valse Triste."

Austen’s style is generally simple and direct; at times he shows the influence of Poe, and he is perhaps too fond of repetition, especially of present participles. However, if he keeps strenuously along the road of his proper development and refuses to be content with the second best and to produce the pot-boiler, he may reach a much higher level of achievement. If he appreciates and loves Rupert Brooke, as he would seem to do, and feels the supreme craftsmanship of his poems, there is no danger. So we join heartily with Austen in his prayer:

"O Eyes of Youth, O splendid eyes,
O eyes so soft, so gay,
So young, alone are you love-wise,
O hearken to our dreary sighs—
Give us the dream that defies
We pray, O Eyes, we pray!"

Round the Colleges.

THE WOMEN’S COLLEGE NOTES.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." We were sorry to speed the parting grads, but pleased to welcome the freshers. The past collegians entertained the former at Lennon’s to welcome their advent to the graduate ranks. We are not permitted to divulge the names of the twain who mistook their abode after this orgy, nor yet of the one who followed the rosy path to the—er—er—Ambulance! The freshers we subjected to a more trying ordeal, their initiation being carried out with the full rigour of the law.

As for us who are neither freshers nor grads, an occasional engagement is our only excitement. We have spent hours in loading Jean Macfie with our heartiest condolences, and heaps of good advice. We still have a plenteous reserve, which we prophesy will be called upon in the near future, judging by the rapid exchange of photographs.

The increased number of guests at our ‘At Home’ this year, led us to seek "fresh woods and pastures new" for supper, and in the dim radiance of lanterns of many hues, "soft eyes looked love to
eyes, which spake again." (We are not alluding to V.V.'s eyes, when the lights were being installed.)

Our Soldiers' Tea was a huge success. The usual programme was varied by the innovation of bagatelle and dancing. Our visitors were loath to leave and chose to stay later and walk, rather than go early by ear. After the parting some of us seemed to languish all forlorn, but the recovery was rapid. We take this opportunity of thanking our kind friends who placed their cars at our disposal for the afternoon.

On two auspicious occasions not previously mentioned, we were honoured by having a man in the house. The first was a midnight visitor minus the proverbial mask and revolver, who in this land of Amazons, found no better plunder than Adam did in Eden. The second visit was on the occasion of the Principal's afternoon tea to the grads. He was much more sociable, and embraced us in turn. That baby will certainly be some fisher.

As usual, tutorials were sacrificed for Commem. practices. Such sacrifice was well rewarded on Commem. Day, not to mention the Night. Despite the fact that nothing stronger than ginger ale was (to our knowledge) supplied at the dinner, two of our members managed to stray to the wrong ferry, and after waiting a few hours, they discovered that that ferry was not running.

Say, have you been inoculated yet? we have—not that we are scared of the 'flu, but our fond parents keep the 'phone bells ringing till the girls come home. Not to be outdone, College boasts of three cases of 'flu, lypsol and masks being very much in evidence.

ST. LEO'S.

The college this year has its full complement of students. There are eighteen in residence, this being the maximum number that we can conveniently accommodate.

Specially appointed Outfitters with exclusive rights to tailor Club and Honour Blazers for the Queensland University, Gatton Agricultural College, King's College, St. Leo's College, and other Q'ld. Schools and Colleges.

A choice range of Worsted and Tweed Suitings, pure Indigo (fadeless) Serges and Cheviots for the present season has arrived. We invite your inspection of

A SPECIAL LINE

of All Wool Tweed Suitings, serviceable, and at a price to suit the Student.

GEO. R. RYDER LTD.
The annual Commemoration Dinner was held on April 10th, in the college recreation room. The function was a very representative one, and we were pleased to welcome our graduates, all of whom are doing well.

Our freshers are an enthusiastic body of young men and enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of the University and of the College. Their favourite indoor recreation is billiards, many of them having ambitions of "ziffing" out the experts of former times.

We are happy to be able to say that our debating society is in a very flourishing condition. A most successful function terminated the first term, in the form of a mock banquet, the occasion being the opening of the recently completed university in Victoria Park.

We are looking forward with the keenest of interest to the inter-collegiate athletic and sports competitions. Great interest is taken in our newly-completed gymnasium by budding footballers and rowers. The tennis court has proved a most popular sporting ground.

The college has been fortunate with regard to the prevailing epidemic, only one of our students being incapacitated with the influenza. We learn with regret that so many members of St. John's and King's have been affected with the 'flu, and we sincerely hope that all will soon be in normal health, and that the epidemic will have taken leave of us for good.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE NOTES.

We open the year with numbers equal to those of 1914, our previous highest record. Included in this number are several old students who have returned from active service, and have again taken up their academic careers. Several more are expected to join us in the near future.

Though under difficulties, the old students upheld the college traditions. The initiatory rites were carried out with pristine solemnity, marred only by the outlandish headgear worn by some of the novices.

With the large influx of new blood have come new customs, which are merely the old ones revived. Inter-annex debates, for instance, have claimed much attention. This interest of students in the problems of the day is satisfactory, but it must be admitted that sound learning and decorum might be more prominent than they are.

The advantages of the terrace for after dinner wall-talks and talks have long been recognised. As a proof of the frequently high intellectuality of these discussions, we might mention a curiously involved controversy regarding proper names, and also a learned discussion of the relative merit of those two ancient proverbs, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' and 'Judge not the fool for his folly.'

With the cessation of the war and the increased numbers, college life in general has revived, and in particular the inter-college sports, which should become an increasingly important element in the university life. Unfortunately, bad weather conditions have so far prevented the holding of events. And now, on top of the rain we have the 'flu—eight of us have it at the moment of writing. Our first patient went to hospital, but the remainder are undergoing treatment on the premises. Most of the fit men being away on vacation, which has come most opportune, the college has much the appearance of a hospital, or a robbers' den, with ruffians stalking round, masked to the eyebrows.

KING'S COLLEGE NOTES.

The first term of 1919 has almost gone, and one cannot help but notice the beneficial effect that the conclusion of the war has had on College life generally. Our numbers have almost doubled, and we are glad to see the empty rooms being filled. Right glad are we to welcome back many of our old men who have been serving with the A.I.F. Already we have Messrs. C. W. Morsley and E. G. Wagner back with us in residence. To Mr. F. Dunstan, who is now taking out his open scholarship gained in 1915, we give a very hearty welcome on his return from the front. At time of writing, Mr. Alf. McCulloch is in Australlian waters, and we are looking forward to having him and Mr. I. H. Jones in residence next term.
The College has a goodly number of freshers this year, and one must not forget to mention our four Theological students, whose presence with us is always felt. We are honoured, too, by having Mr. Matheson, one of the University lecturers, residing with us, and we hope that he will enjoy his stay with us.

The term has been undoubtedly a very pleasant one, and I think that all are agreed that first term is a jolly good one, and that if the two that are to follow are as good, all will be well.

The sporting life of the College is being aroused, and we hope to have teams in as many branches of sport as possible. Tennis was to have been played off before this term was out, but owing to the unsettled weather, practice has been impossible, and this fixture in inter-college sport may not come off before this term is ended.

We were to embark this term on a new line of social evenings, but the prevailing influenza epidemic has unavoidably postponed our commencement. We hope to say more of this next issue.

Before concluding these notes we would like to mention that King’s has added another name to the list of its graduates in the person of Mr. G. H. Jenks, who is now to be found in the Mount Morgan High School. We wish him good luck.

---

**Sonnet.**

If once the love that fills me blazed in you,
And all my passion and its swift desire
Broke through your young soul’s peace, and if you knew
As I, the hungry leaping of red fire
And so we met, and felt the awful longing
That ran through both our souls into our eyes
And were aware of the tumultuous thronging
Of fiery feet across deep infinite skies.
Would we embrace, and be the happy lovers
Who in the constancy of final bliss
Bide ever while untransient passion covers
The slow Eternity of each long kiss:
Or would we pause, and with a swift disgust
Bury in hatred deep each flaming lust?

"P."
**WOMEN'S CLUB NOTES.**

The activities of this club for the year started on the Monday before term began with the annual luncheon given as a welcome to women freshers. About twenty freshers were present, almost all the second and third year women, and several graduates. Miss Bage presided, and during the luncheon speeches were also made by Miss Brown (graduate vice-president) and Miss Easterby (undergraduate vice-president). Our annual social evening was to take place on May 10th, but unfortunately it has had to be postponed owing to the outbreak of influenza! As yet we have had no soldiers’ teas this year.

The committee for beautifying the common room is still in existence, but owing to lack of funds nothing much has been done. We have to thank Mrs. Parnell for the present of an easy chair, which is much appreciated.

The L.B.T.D.A. is in a rather more flourishing condition this year owing to an extra levy, which is being made on non-members of the club who make use of the pantry.

Red Cross work has to continue for another year, so our branch is still in full working order. Collection of foodstuffs is still made once a month for the Red Cross kitchen.

**HOCKEY NOTES.**

The hockey season has begun again, and we are pleased to see that some of the freshers are taking an interest in the game, as well as a number of the older members. Owing to the wet weather we have had to abandon the practices for the last two weeks; we hope to be able to resume them shortly.

So far there has been only one match, Graduates v. Undergraduates, in which the Undergrads were victorious. Later in the season we hope to have the usual interfaculty matches, as well as ‘The Rest of the 'Varsity’ v. College.

Professor Priestly has promised us an address on hockey early in the season, at which we expect to see a large number of freshers present.

**CHRISTIAN UNION.**

Though it is perhaps somewhat early in the year to forecast with absolute certainty the future of the Union, we think we may reasonably expect the current year to be a record one. The progress made last year in every branch of the work has been more than maintained this year, and we confidently expect that, now that the Union has definitely begun to go forward, it will never look back.

The general meetings have been held regularly on Mondays, and though the attendance has fluctuated considerably, yet on the whole it must be considered highly satisfactory. At one address there were over seventy undergraduates present.

The secretaries of the various circles report good progress and, on the whole, very satisfactory attendance.

The Social Study Circle has amalgamated with the Social Workers' League, and that body is being well supported in the practical work it is now undertaking under the able guidance of Mr. Thatcher.

The Mission Study Circle is under the direction of Rev. J. S. Needham, and has proved one of the most attractive of all the circles. Both Bible Study Circles have been well attended, and the number of students taking an active part in discussion has been most encouraging.

Conference, held this time at Ocean Grove, Victoria, proved once more to be a great success. Our Union was well represented and those who were able to go had a fine time in every way. For all of them it was over too soon. Next year the place of meeting will probably be Sydney, and it is hoped that many more will be able to make the trip from here. We can guarantee that they will not be disappointed.

The continued good attendances at the meetings are an indication that the undergraduates generally and the men particularly, are beginning to realise the position and aims of the Union, and it is becoming clear to all that the Students' Christian Movement is a very real thing.
ROWING NOTES.

The annual general meeting was held early in April, when the following were elected as office bearers for the ensuing year:—Captain, Mr. Dowrie; vice-captain, Mr. Bale; secretary, Mr. Cullen; committee, Messrs. Strover, Axon, and Grenning. The club has a membership of about forty, and should be able to render no mean account of itself at forthcoming regattas.

The club has opened a subscription list for the purchase of a new racing clinker four, which is badly needed. Cheques should be crossed to University Boat Club.

The only activity to date was a very successful lady coxswain’s regatta, held on 14th May. Five crews participated, and four heats were rowed. The winning crew won all the way, rowing four times in succession and giving an exhibition of good rowing and straight steering—the last being unusual in races of this sort. The crew consisted of Mr. Bale stroke, Mr. Marshall 3, Mr. Lecky 2, Mr. Lahey bow, Miss D. Spark cox. The afternoon was further enlivened by two displays not on the programme—one aquatic and one of the tight rope. These were arranged for by Mr. Watson owing to the failure of the club's comedian to capsize his crew in the river during the race, and thus provide amusement for the onlookers.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

During last year the Musical Society just managed to maintain a precarious existence. This year we have begun under more favourable conditions and with correspondingly brighter prospects. There is no doubt that the talent exists in the University; the difficulty is first to discover it and second to avail ourselves of it at a time suitable to all concerned. The time of meeting has been changed to Tuesday at 5 p.m., as this seems to be the most suitable time for the greatest number.

Mr. Gasteen’s resignation from the position of conductor was accepted with much regret. His services to the Society during the past year have been very much appreciated.

Our new conductor is Mr. Edmiston, who has kindly consented to give the

NOT EXPENSIVE

— But Mighty Good!

While our Prices are Most Reasonable, our Work has that indefinable quality which people term "Style" and which is so hard to obtain except at much expense.

The life-like delineation of our Portraits, the handsomeness of our Mountings, the promptness of our Service, the courtesy of our Assistants, combine with our prices to make our Photographs attractive to all.

The Poulson Studios 14-18 QUEEN ST., BRISBANE.
Society the benefit of an extended musical experience. The thanks of all are due to Mr. T. E. Jones for ably conducting the practices during Mr. Edmiston’s absence.

We would like to take this opportunity of soliciting further recruits from among the many undergraduates who possess talent in a greater or less degree. More tenors and more contraltos are needed, but voices of other registers will be no less welcome. Further it is hoped that present members will keep in mind the desirability of regular attendance.

---

**Personalia.**

Since last issue, members of the staff have returned from war service abroad, and we take this opportunity of welcoming them back to Queensland and the University. Both Professor Steele and Professor Parnell have been engaged for some time in work of a very important nature. Prof. Parnell had several months experience in the artillery in the front line before the authorities realised that expert scientific knowledge was too rare to be so little utilised. Professor Steele obtained leave of absence from the Senate in May, 1915, and proceeded to England, where he entered the Ministry of Munitions, and was employed in highly useful work. After the Armistice he returned to Australia. He was accompanied by Mrs. Steele, whose health suffered in the English climate; she is now, however, much better since her return.

Early this year it was decided to create four new chairs in Philosophy, Physics, Geology, and Biology. We desire to tender our hearty congratulations to Professors Mayo, Parnell, Richards, and Johnson.

Captain R. J. Cholmeley, M.C., Cheshire Regiment, was in France at the time of the Armistice, and returned to England towards the end of November. Early in December he started for special duty, with headquarters in North Russia, and sailed for Archangel on 21st January, 1919. The last letter received from him was written in 29 deg. lat., 71 deg. N. The ship had just passed North Cape, and the first snow was falling. Captain Cholmeley expected to be inactive until the Spring.

The members of the administrative and laboratory staff are all well. J. D. Cramb, W. Hoskins, and G. Wright have returned and visited the University. Charlie Illidge has recovered, and is believed to be on his way home. Haynes wrote last from Brussels. He went up with the divisions that were cleaning up Belgium, after the Armistice, and saw some terrible sights among the escaped British prisoners of war, and the Belgian population, among whom there have been many accidents through tampering with live shells.

Miss Darvall, B.A., of the V.A.D., was, when last heard of, still in England and well. She expects to return before the end of the year.

At the end of last year Miss H. M. McCulloch and Rev. E. H. Strugnell went through the usual mathematical puzzle of changing two into one. The happy bridegroom has taken over the position of general secretary to the A.S.C.U., with his headquarters in Melbourne. Luck go with them!

During the term the whole University was saddened by the death of Miss E. K. Green from blood poisoning. Her unflagging energy, her unselfishness, and her sympathy were known to all. As Vice-President of the C.U., upheld by a real and inspiring faith, she did very good work. Her death has left a blank in the life of the University which cannot be filled. She died as she lived, without fear, calmly and steadily. We extend our sincerest sympathies to her family.

Captain R. A. Dart was offered an important position by Prof. Elliot Smith, of Manchester University, one of the leading authorities in the anatomical world, but owing to military work he was compelled to refuse it.

The badges of the returned men are becoming quite numerous among the students.
We are glad to welcome back many familiar faces, and also several returned men who are now coming to the University for the first time.

I. F. Jones, one of last year’s sub-editors has returned. F. W. Paterson is at John’s, and is getting into stride again in two senses. E. H. Partridge, after a long absence at the front, is back again. On the way back he edited “The Bakara Bulletin,” an interesting and pleasant transport publication.

We wish to welcome the two new travelling secretaries of the C.U., Miss Lobb and Mr. McDougall, who arrived just at the end of the term.

Inspiration.

Electric-tense the night
With hint of sudden storm afar
In heaven’s deep expanse:
Across the sky a lightning-glance
Did flash a zig-zag bright
As morn’s fair-glistening car
Of light triumphant, light the King.

The flash revealed a girl’s tense face
At the window-place,
In even’s silent, strange expanse:
Across the face a fleeting glance
Did pass, as glowing
She leapt to some high hope
Of love triumphant, love the King.

“No. 394.”

Winter Flowering Sweet Peas.

Don’t sow too closely together, otherwise you will have short stems and small blooms. Give each plant a good start. Give it deep, rich soil and it will work for you.

This seed is much superior in every way to anything else offered in Australia. It has been selected and grown by the most successful exhibitors in this State.

Petersen’s Collection, six of the best Exhibition varieties for 5/-; Albury Beauty (Orange Pink), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Thalia Mott (Crimson), at 9d. packet of 12 seeds; Mott’s Mauve (Mauve), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Donald J. Coghill (Rose Flake), at 1/- packet of 10 seeds; Snow Queen (Purest White), at 9d. packet of 12 seeds; Mildred (Deep Blue, Light Blue Wings), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds.

Petersen’s Collection, twelve of the best Exhibition varieties for 10/6; Daisy Mott (Pure White), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Albury Maroon (Dark Maroon), at 1/- packet of 10 seeds; Alalgia Mott (Deep Cream) at 9d. packet of 12 seeds; Marie Cheslyn (Pale Cream Pink), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Haidee Mott (large Pink Bicolour), at 9d. packet of 12 seeds; Mott’s Crimson (Crimson), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Mott’s Blush (Cream Ivory Blush), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Mott’s Shell Pink (Dainty Pink), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Mrs. Hamilton C. Mott (Bicolour Purple Blue Standards), at 1/- packet of 10 seeds; Thalia Mott (Blowing Crimson), at 9d. packet of 12 seeds; Mrs. May Hassett (Deep Cream Pink), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds; Mott’s Mauve (Mauve), at 1/- packet of 12 seeds.

Petersen’s Special Mixture. We guarantee that each packet contains one seed of twenty-four of the largest waved and true Spencer types. Price 1/6 per packet.

Stocks, Pansies, Delphiniums, and all Vegetable Seeds in season may also be had of us.

Prices on application.

H. A. Petersen Ltd., Seedsmen and Nurserymen,
GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE.
LET YOUR MOTTO BE

See
Queensland
First

Spend your next Vacation in viewing the magnificent sea and landscapes of our Northern Rivieras, the winter climate of which is one of Australia's most valuable assets. The trip to and from North Queensland (Cairns District), to the sunshine, the tropical jungle, and the glorious scenery, can be accomplished comfortably in a fortnight, and leisurely in three weeks.

TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS.

Throughout the length and breadth of the State, delightful Sanatoria and restful resorts abound. Let the Government Tourist Bureau plan a trip for you to the Far North, the Central District, or to the numerous mountain and sea-side resorts convenient to the Metropolis.

Call or send for Full Particulars, Descriptive Literature, etc., to

The Intelligence and Tourist Bureau
QUEEN STREET.

T. C. TROEDSON, Director.
Chas. Gamin,

OPTOMETRIST
AND
OPTICIAN . . .

Over 25 Years' Practical Experience.

OCULIST'S PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALITY

ADDRESS:
260 Queen Street, Brisbane
NEARLY OPP. G.P.O

SEND YOUR
Printing and
Stationery Orders
TO
The Carter-Watson Co.
LIMITED,
AND GET SATISFACTION.

JOHN HISLOP & SONS
Funeral Directors
544 Queen St.
Petrie's Bight.
Brisbane. Phone 205 Central.
C. A. SPURGIN.

Hairdresser and Tobacconist,

Only Address: 288 Queen Street, Brisbane.

Next "Daily Mail."

Most Up-to-date and Best Equipped Saloon in Australia.

14 First-class Hairdressers Employed

Electrical and Hand Massage. Vapourizing. Haircutting

Beard Trimming. Shaving, etc.

Large Stocks of Smokers’ Requisites. Cleanliness and Personal Attention.

Everything First-Class. Look for the name SPURGIN.

Telephone 979

A. P. Greenfield & Co., Ltd.

VICE-REGAL OPTICIANS AND INSTRUMENT MAKERS

We understand the requirements of a Student so therefore can equip you with the best materials at most reasonable prices.

MICROSCOPES

By SWIFT, BECK, BAUSCH & LOMB, and WATSON

For Biological and Petrological Work; Dissecting Sets, Stains, and other Sundries.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS

By HARLING & STANLEY, LONDON

Including Full Sets Beam Compasses, Slide Rules, etc.

Liberal Terms to Students.

Note our Only Address—189 & 191 GEORGE ST BRISBANE
Beauty

In every particular of its striking beauty the "Chandler" represents a logical carrying out of a basically beautiful design. Beauty of line, beauty of finish, representative of real values as these things are, they are only outward indications of the real Character built into the :: :: ::

Power

Chandler Six

These cars are fast becoming favourites in the motor circles in this State, and further supplies are now available. You are invited to inspect the latest models in our Show Rooms.

Trial Runs by Arrangement.

Bradley & Holland,
IMPORTERS HIGH-CLASS MOTOR VEHICLES,
One Address: - ALBERT SQUARE, Brisbane.
Agents also for GRANT (Six), MORRIS-COWLEY, and VAUXHALL.