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OCTOBER, 1923.

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Sub-Editor: T. W. Smith, B.A.

Business Manager: R. F. Ritchie.
Janet Clarke Hall Representative: Miss
Mollie Brown.

"Hearts and voices lift in harmony,
Shout the triumphs of the Fleur-de-Lys!
Fill up your glass with joyous boast,
Fill up your glass to pass the toast,
Drink with three times three success to
dear old Trinity."

EDITORIAL.

A Happy Family.

We have felt a steadily increasing happiness and good-fellowship in the College during the past year. It is easy, if unproductive, to sit down and write about esprit de corps. But a real analysis of our College life shows that this atmosphere is due to several causes. First, we have the improved relations with the governing bodies—not that they were not smooth before, but there is about them now a sense of more complete personal interest and understanding. There is also a more complete realisation of our honest desire to promote always the welfare of Trinity, of our capacity to do it, and of the manner in which we tackle the problems which arise.

The Council.

The Council, in spite of their regrettable habit of referring to us as the "undergraduate club," regardless of the presence of at least half-a-dozen graduates and a dozen returned soldiers among us, has been friendly, sympathetic, and ever ready to help us. We thank them most sincerely. The precedent set last year, in the reception of a Social Club deputation on the chapel rule, has been followed this year with regard to other matters. In one direction there was a complete readiness to concede practically all that was asked; in the other the attitude taken, though friendly, might not have been so uncompromising had more members of the Council possessed a personal knowledge of College life. To those who do not know us we extend always the hearty invitation—"Come and see us; we shall do our best always to make your task lighter."

The Warden's Achievement.

The splendid achievement of the Warden, in attaining his doctorate of laws with a thesis enthusiastically praised by the examiners, was a source of deep pleasure to all Trinity men, old and new, for it was a distinction conferred at once on the head of the College and on one of her own past students. It was the climax of a brilliant academic career, and the Warden has already received our hearty congratulations. We in College have felt, not only that to the task of governing us he will now add the pleasure (for both sides) of seeing more of us personally, but that he will allow us to do more towards lightening his own administrative duties.

The Tutors.

Our appreciation, also, of the unfailing kindness of our four resident tutors, of their continual readiness to put themselves at our service, and of their efforts to help us in our attempts at self-government, we have endeavoured to show by electing them honorary members of the Social Club, with full privileges. It was the only indication of our gratitude, though a very sincere one, which we could make.

"Mercy, Not Justice."

Another reason for our good-fellowship is a greater tolerance, or rather, almost complete absence of intolerance, among the members of the College themselves. We have seen editorials in the past which tilted, not unjustly perhaps, at cliquiness. There is a story of Mr. W. M. Hughes and a photograph which, his admirers told him, "did not do him justice." "Justice be damned!" he exclaimed with his characteristic vehemence. "I don't want justice; I want mercy!" That, if we only realised it, should be the position of each one of us. The College is a place where the outsider is at first astonished to observe how each man's faults are passed over and the good points looked for. "It was not ever thus," however, nor is it quite so now. We all know the little airs put on sometimes in all colleges by the aristocracy of the turf, the knights of the card-pack, or the mere athleticists. It is easy, too, for the sycophantic in such groups to pick up the habit of playing for applause to the leading spirits by efforts to achieve witticism in criticising others. Nor, on the other hand, is it necessary to adopt a Puritanic

rigidity of outlook towards the aims and amusements of others. College need never be a solemn place, but it should be a united place. It is not an easy thing to foster a corporate spirit and present a united front to the world, among eighty or a hundred men whose university education and whose surface interests are necessarily diverse; whose one common interest, life in College, with the invaluable character training which accompanies it, is unseen, often unfelt, and never at any time a subject freely talked about. It is not an easy thing, but it is worth the effort; it demands self-sacrifice, tolerance, and a certain degree of tongue-guarding. It is unnecessary for one section to absent itself from, or ostentatiously show its contempt for, efforts by another in the name and in the interests of the College. At the best that is lack of consideration, and should be dropped.

A Younger Company.

We note with regret the gradual passing of our older men. The returned soldiers, who have formed for the last four years so large a portion of the College, are dwindling away. They are most of them getting a late start in life; we wish them every one the best of luck, and trust that they will soon cease to feel that handicap which they placed upon themselves in the service of their country. At the same time, we regret their going hence, for their presence has been at once the source of solidity, common sense, and experience in our counsels, respect for Trinity on the part of others, and a useful ensample to each year's freshers. The College is swiftly returning to pre-war conditions, where a younger company will reign. It will have a great tradition and great achievements to live up to, but we are sure it can do it.

The Magazine.

Once again we have to thank the Council for their generous gift towards meeting the cost of production. We have fifty-one years of achievement and tradition to maintain, but our task has been made easier by contributions from members of the Council, of the tutorial staff, and of the old boys' society. We thank them for their kindness and their interest, and we trust more will follow their example. An effort has been made to have something to interest everybody and nothing to interest nobody.

TRINITY COLLEGE

TRINITY COLLEGE SOCIAL CLUB.

Office-Bearers, 1923.

Committee:

Senior Student and President of the Social Club: Mr. G. L. Mayman, M.A.
Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. N. Muntz, B.A.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. R. R. Sholl, B.A.
Indoor Representative: Mr. G. J. Pardey.
Outdoor Representative: Mr. F. C. Langlands.

Inter-Collegiate Delegates: Messrs. B. A. Hunt and W. M. Irvine.

Sub-Committees.

Cricket: Messrs. W. M. Irvine, F. C. Langlands and J. R. Hasker.
Rowing: Messrs. D. A. White, R. H. Keon-Cohen and R. E. Webb-Ware.
Athletics: Messrs. R. H. Keon-Cohen, J. R. Hasker and W. P. White.
Football: Messrs. J. R. Hasker, G. F. Rusden and W. N. Muntz.
Tennis: Messrs. H. F. C. Hallowes, C. H. Pitts and W. M. Irvine.
Music: Messrs. P. St. J. Wilson, R. G. Orr and M. H. B. Robinson.
Dance: Messrs. T. W. Smith and J. R. W. Purves.
Dramatic: Messrs. G. M. Castles, R. E. Webb-Ware and J. S. Bloomfield. Business Manager, Mr. R. A. Must.
College Library Committee: Messrs. N. G. Berriman (general representative) and R. F. Ritchie (Science).
"Fleur-de-Lys" Magazine Committee: Editor, Mr. R. R. Sholl, B.A.; Sub-Editor, Mr. T. W. Smith, B.A.; Business Manager, Mr. R. F. Ritchie.
Dialectic Society: Hon. Secretary, Mr. B. A. Hunt; Committee, Messrs. C. A. G. Duffy, R. R. Sholl and T. W. Smith.
Christian Union Representative: Mr. L. J. Bakewell.

Curators.

Buttery: Messrs. R. R. Garrahan and T. Travers.
Tennis: Messrs. A. C. Doggett and F. R. Vincent.

Stationery and Stamps: Mr. P. Jones.

Telephone: Mr. T. Giblin.

Billiard Room: Messrs. B. T. Keon-Cohen, G. H. Grimwade and W. K. Hardy.

Common Room: Messrs. M. B. Britten, G. C. Burston and N. P. Wilson.

Cigarettes: Mr. E. R. Crisp.

Fiction Library: Mr. G. M. Clemons.

Treasurer's Assistant: Mr. A. T. Pidd.

Secretary's Assistant: Mr. H. W. Traynor.

College Recorder: Mr. L. J. Bakewell.

Table Presidents: Messrs. G. L. Mayman, W. P. White, F. C. Langlands, C. A. G. Duffy, A. R. Tate, K. R. Speeding, H. F. C. Hallowes, T. R. Mappin and W. N. Muntz.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR FIRST TERM, 1923.

Your Committee has pleasure in submitting its report, with statement of receipts and expenditure, balance-sheet and estimates. The financial position is sound, but provides no opportunity for extravagance, especially in view of the small amount in the Reserve Fund, and the fact that the racing eight will have to be overhauled next year; one unsatisfactory aspect is the leakage by way of the telephone, and this, the Committee strongly feels, should not occur.

The return of the cricket "ashes" to Trinity was an occasion for all-round rejoicing. While the whole team is to be congratulated, the fine performances of Messrs. Hasker, Langlands, Traynor and Rusden, and the leadership and coaching of Mr. Irvine, stand out prominently. Once again we failed in the boat race, but our crew put up a great fight, and the success of the second eight augurs well for the future. The athletics were disappointing, but the solid training undertaken by the team reflects credit upon them. Congratulations are due to Mr. R. H. Keon-Cohen for his fine effort in the 880. In Inter-Varsity Athletics Mr. Bloomfield repeated his win in the Inter-Collegiate fixture by gaining the weight putt.

The congratulations of the College go to him; also to Messrs. Pitts and Hallows for their share in bringing back the Niall Cup to Melbourne; to Mr. Orr and Mr. Keon-Cohen on their inclusion respectively in the 'Varsity Eight and the Athletic Team.

The initiation ceremonies were satisfactory. Twenty new names were placed on the Trinity rolls.

The deputation to the College Council was not very successful, though a substantial mitigation of the late leave rule was obtained. The deputation was well received, but the Committee is strongly of the opinion that the Council is unable to grasp the position of Trinity men and their feeling and attitude towards the College. Otherwise the request for permission to hold dances could not have been unanimously rejected. The club should not rest content with this refusal, but should make further representations to the Council, and find out as fully as possible the grounds on which the refusal was based.

Once again Commencement formed one of the brightest spots in the term. Trinity was represented by several of the most successful side shows, and on the more serious side more than held her own. We congratulate Messrs. Ainslie, Barrett, Bridgford, Broome, Carrington, Chapman, Fleming, North, Plowman and Stokes on finally completing their courses, and Messrs. Berriman, Cotes, Keon-Cohen, Muntz, Oliver, Sholl and Smith on obtaining a partial clearance.

With regret the Committee record the temporary absence from the College of Mr. Tate, through illness, and the loss to the College by the departure of Mr. H. T. Grimwade. A former member of the College well known to many, in the person of Mr. Vine, is still on the sick list. The hope is expressed that all these gentlemen may soon regain their wonted health.

A number of gentlemen accepted the invitation of the Fleur-de-Lys Union to be present at the Annual Dinner, which was held at the College, and was a most successful function. It is interesting to note that the opinion was there expressed that the College Council should be composed entirely of old Trinity men.

The war picture presented by the tutors has made a considerable improvement in the appearance of the Common Room.

The problem of furniture has been a stiff one, but it is hoped that it has now been satisfactorily solved. Chairs and a lounge are due to arrive in about a fortnight. At the end of the term the linoleum will be taken up and the floor polished.

The College Council has made a grant of £26 towards the production of the "Fleur-de-Lys."

Signed on behalf of the Committee.

W. N. MUNTZ,

Hon. Sec.

11/6/23.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR SECOND TERM, 1923.

Your Committee has pleasure in presenting its report for second term, 1923.

The financial position is thoroughly sound; cash in hand amounts to £15, the estimated balance of assets over liabilities amounts to £115, and the credit balance at the end of the term is estimated at £60 or £70, though expenditure this term is particularly heavy. The Reserve Fund holds £26, of which £12, approximately, represents the profit on the College play.

The term has, in the main, been an uneventful one, the number of College fixtures and activities being exceptionally few. The play, "His Excellency the Governor," produced by the College, was a conspicuous success both financially and otherwise. The Committee regret that it did not receive the whole-hearted and universal support which it deserved, both through its intrinsic merit and the mere fact that it was a Social Club activity.

Once again the football team failed to bring back the premiership, but, though handicapped by the absence of Messrs. Hasker and Tate, it put up a fight worthy of the traditions of Trinity.

The congratulations of the College go to Messrs. Sholl and Rusden on their selection for the Inter-Varsity Football Team. Mr. Rusden was most unfortunate in being prevented from playing through illness.

In sporting activities generally the College is well to the fore, having representatives in University tennis, rugger, hockey and football teams.

In the Inter-Varsity debates the College was represented by Messrs. Sholl and Smith, while Mr. B. A. Hunt was emergency for the team. This speaks well for the work being done by the Dialectic Society.

During the term substantial additions were made to the Common Room furniture. Two solid-hide arm-chairs and a lounge of similar material were purchased at a cost of £56; this sum was made up by a £28 gift from the Council, £23 representing the proceeds of the tennis tournament last year, and the balance was more than made up by donations of caution money from Old Boys. A further improvement will be made in the Common Room during the coming Long Vacation, when the Council intend to replace the present floor with one composed of jarrah. It is to be hoped that the Social Club will be able to allot more money in the near future to still further additions.

Dr. Datta was an interesting visitor to the College. After dining in Hall, he spent an entertaining half hour in the Common Room describing Indian aims and answering questions.

The Annual Dinner of the Fleur-de-Lys Union was this year held in the College dining hall. At the invitation of the Union a number of College men were present, and voted it a highly successful function.

The congratulations of the College go to Messrs. R. R. Sholl and N. G. Berriman, who divided the H. B. Higgins Scholarship for the study of poetry. Mr. Sholl gained another success by annexing the Bromby Prize for Biblical Greek.

In conclusion, the Committee desire to extend to the tennis team their best wishes for success in the coming Inter-Collegiate fixtures, and hope that they will gain the title of "Cock College" for Trinity.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

W. N. MUNTZ,

Hon. Sec.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

The hard, cold atmosphere of the Common Room has been steadily softened during the last year. Every month or two it looks more like home. Last year curtains, a renovated piano, new wall-paper, war photographs, and above all the handsome war memorial over the fireplace, completely transformed the scene which greets us each morning on the way to breakfast. This year a lounge and two easy chairs in solid leather, and another fine war picture from the College tutors, have

given the Common Room a really artistic look.

For the tutors' war picture we are deeply grateful. It is a large and striking photograph, beautifully tinted, of the Albert Cathedral, that great shot-riddled edifice with the famous "Leaning Madonna" on the spire. The photo shows how the shining golden figure hangs by a few strands of twisted ironwork. Passing through Albert on the way to Pozieres, the Australian soldiers used to hear the prophecy of the French villagers—"When the Madonna falls the war will end." It actually fell in April, 1918, when Albert was in German hands; it was only a few months before the tide of battle turned, and the Allies went through Albert on their way to victory.

The grateful thanks of the College have also been expressed to the Warden's secretary, Miss Beatrice Drysdale, for her kind thought in keeping the flowers beneath the War Memorial continually fresh. Long may her "hands which offer early flowers" remain to make this graceful tribute.

We also noticed a praiseworthy practice which developed in second term, that of having a fire lighted in the Common Room. But it stopped all too soon, though the fire was "set" every day, and the wood as regularly "lifted" by neighbouring studies.

Commencement was again one of the bright spots of the year, and the College was well to the fore. The Nigger Minstrels performed once more, while the freshers staged a blood-curdling representation of a Ku Klux Klan enterprise which would have frightened back to America, if they had been here then, the bravest of the Pan-Pacific scientists.

The College was again represented in the Commencement play staged by the University Dramatic Club. Two of the ladies of Janet Clarke Hall, Miss M. Kent-Hughes and Miss M. Nicholson, filled parts in the cast of H. V. Esmond's comedy, "The Law Divine."

The initiation ceremonies were carried out with due solemnity, twenty freshers being admitted to the club. The solemnity was a little less painful this time, and a little more gaiety made its appearance, in the way of an impromptu entertainment by the freshers themselves. The star effort was Fryer's song on the College cricket team, to the tune of "Three Blind

Mice." A sickly love-scene was howled down by the audience—either because its feelings were harrowed by the tender reminiscences awakened, or because the subject-matter was unfamiliar.

It is said that at a social function the first prize for a drawing representing a song title was won by a Trinity man with a picture of the Bulpadock as "Where My Caravan Has Rested."

Anyhow, the place last year was a mass of agricultural drains; these, we understand, were eagerly photographed by engineering journals, and printed under the heading "The Wrong Way—Opposite, the Right Way"—you know the sort of thing. In shame, the College authorities have spent this year burying their handiwork beneath load upon load of rubbish, till it can be seen no more.

The Warden attained the crowning distinction of his brilliant academic career by gaining his doctorate of laws, early in the year, with a thesis on the law of real property, which was specially commended by the examiners as likely to bring glory upon the Melbourne University if published. After dinner in hall one night, the senior student congratulated him on behalf of the College, pointing out, in passing, that he had broken one of the College rules by not appearing in the dress "appropriate to his academic status." The Warden responded in an appreciative speech, and there was a general feeling of pleasure that the honour had fallen at once to the head of the College and one of her own past students.

The Council has dug two "trial pits" near the Hostel for the new College buildings. Canberra will soon be out of the race! Duffy was delighted, and can jump them both at once while putting on his overcoat with his hands in his pockets.

Some of our more enterprising freshmen, annoyed by the delay in constructing the new buildings, raided another College at midnight and brought back part of one of its spires. The College authorities are said to be alarmed at this evidence of the alarming spread of freemasonry in the College.

The usual fancy dress hockey match against the Hostel was to have been held one Saturday morning in second term, but inclement weather caused its repeated postponement, and it was finally dropped. The College lost a good deal of amusement

and the laundries their usual harvest in the cleaning of pyjamas, dress shirts, and other garments worn for the occasion.

The annual tennis match between the Trinity Theologs. and Ridley College was played here on June 20th, and resulted in a win for Ridley by three rubbers to one. The Trinity team was composed of Messrs. Mappin, Britten, Cotes and Bakewell.

COMMON ROOM CHATTER.

Six members of the Pan-Pacific Conference, Melbourne Session, including four Americans (of whom two came from Honolulu, one from Manila, and one from California), one New Zealander, and one Fijian, were to have been the guests of the College during second term vacation, but failed to turn up. Only one got to Melbourne at all. The matron was very disappointed, and so was the College, at the forced abandonment of the interesting menu prepared, including molasses, chewing gum, maple syrup, popcorn, and "boot-legger's pudding." "Timbalo" was also to be written in the original Fijian on the menu.

At the dead hour of night, when the graves give up their dead, a number of freshmen were led by the intrepid Percy, in his bowler hat, and Russell, in the remains of his, to the yard of a neighbouring monumental mason. There they selected a nice large tombstone, and placed it, suitably inscribed, in the hall of another College.

On the way over, an inquisitive policeman stopped the party. The story is that Russell, who had been to a wedding, but still retained his presence of mind, said that the tombstone, wrapped in a gown, was an inebriated friend being taken home, and that they were being followed by a gentleman on a bicycle, whom he pointed out. The policeman (who had evidently been to the wedding too) believed him, and went off to arrest the cyclist.

The annual auction sale was held in first term, the usual jumble-bazaar effect being produced. The auctioneers, as usual, sold their own belongings to the freshers first, and when the buyers were thinned out bought up the other goods themselves at bargain prices. (We have this on their own authority.) Bruce Hunt's desire to buy a three-legged chair was at length gratified after a great deal of trouble.

Bill Purves has achieved fame by his prowess as a golfer. At the Metropolitan Golf Club, Oakleigh, he won the captain's trophy and monthly medal with the splendid score of 13 up for the two rounds, and was subsequently included in the club's second pennant team. Geoff. Grimwade also won a monthly medal. Teddy Tunbridge learnt golf last vac., and thinks it's an easy game.

One night in second term about forty members of the College raided the secluded spots at the back of the tennis courts, where several love games were in progress. Afraid of appearing in other courts, and of being charged with a double fault, the principals, terrified by the racket, increased the velocity of their returns.

The engagement was announced, in second term, of Roger Webb-Ware to Miss Ercil Baynes, a former student of Janet Clarke Hall and a Bachelor of Science. Both are amateur actors of note, and were both in the College play last year. "Co-operation, perhaps?" as Bruce would remark. It's a good old Trinity combination, anyhow, and good luck to them.

The College still has the University correspondents of the "Argus," "Age" and "Sun" among its members. Our journalistic education is well looked after, and the indefatigable George has innumerable agents, on a commission basis, garnering news from notice-boards, or collecting final scores from exhausted athletes.

The Sub-Warden has just returned from spending second term vac., with two other intrepid fishermen, on a most enjoyable trip in a motor-boat for over a hundred miles along the Darling River. We say a motor-boat, but really it was a rowing-boat with an American boat-motor on one end (it is uncertain which). The motor stopped in mid-stream, and they had neither a tin-opener nor a Pan-Pacific scientist with them. "What did we do, old man? Well, you know, I just caught a ten-pound trout and fastened him on to the bow to tow us along. He was very annoyed! He thought I was a terrible nasty feller!"

COLLEGE PLAY.

Three years ago the College play was an institution still unheard of; the task of amusing for an evening an audience of Trinity men and their guests was still in the hands of the Glee Club. Now the Glee Club had certain defects inherent in such

a body, which, in spite of the enthusiasm and perseverance of its members, rendered this task no easy one, and it was resolved to enlist the aid of those members of the College whose voices were unpleasing, but who were possessed of dramatic abilities. The principle of co-opting with Janet Clarke Hall was recognised in this department also. The result is that the Glee Club has now been entirely relieved of its burden, and the play occupies the whole, instead of merely the later half, of the programme. That so excellent an evening's entertainment has been worked up in three short years speaks volumes for the dramatic and organising abilities of the ladies and gentlemen concerned, and the wisdom of substituting a dramatic for a musical programme has been fully shown.

The fact that the whole of the programme was allotted to the play considerably lightened the task of the Dramatic Sub-Committee in selecting the piece to be represented. Capt. Robert Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor" was chosen, and proved a most amusing comedy, well suited to the talents of the cast. A bad dose of flu put the hero (P. Wilson) out of action almost at the last moment, but Harry Traynor stepped into the breach and gave an excellent rendering of the part at very short notice.

Lorna Noall, as Ethel Carlton, showed great skill in repelling a determined three-cornered attack and converting it to a surrender on the part of one of the attacking forces. Capt. Carew (Harry Traynor) was not much in evidence as a man of war, but his tactics were beyond reproach; he deserves great credit for working up a large and important part so quickly and so well. The designing Stella was splendidly played by Margaret Kent-Hughes, who vamped the Rt. Hon. Henry Carlton, M.P. (Graeme Castles) in the most improved style, and incidentally wore some wonderful gowns—especially tea-gowns. Mollie Brown gave a most convincing study of Mrs. Wentworth-Bolingbroke, and contributed not a little to the merriment of the audience; her voice was well restrained to suit the part, and her make-up was perfect; from the point of view of comedy, it is to be regretted that she did not get her clergyman. George Mayman played the double part of secretary and nightingale, and was equally at home in both; his adventures with the electric light switch were

the only weak spot in an excellent production. Roger Webb-Ware, as His Excellency, had the largest part, and scored a great hit; his appearance over the somewhat frail barricade in the second act was a masterpiece, but we can hardly accept as genuine his statement of his views on matrimony; his expression of worry over his fair cousin was extremely lifelike. Phil Fryer made a very fine Irish butler with an alarming brogue, and Phil Brown appeared in the small part of the clerk. Lionel Bakewell fainted convincingly, and was restored in the usual way. Mac Murray, as a Captain, had a mule hit in the heel—or rather hoof—so his righteous indignation was probably justified. Norrie Muntz's rendering of "I Want You, My Honey" dispelled any regrets we might have had for the decease of the Glee Club; his squad drill with arms was rather handicapped by the formidable proportions of his weapon.

The College Orchestra supplied romantic music at the right moments, and gave selections during the intervals. Mr. Edwin Campbell was the producer, and deserves great credit for the excellent performance.

COLLEGE DANCE.

The College Dance was held in the St. Kilda Town Hall on Friday, September 7th, and was a huge success. About 500 were present, and everything went with a swing from the start. The College colours made a cheerful and striking scheme of decorations, and the orchestra (Guttridge's) was another cheerful party. The College Orchestra played two numbers, which were warmly encored. The supper was as usual, and altogether the two secretaries (Messrs. T. W. Smith and J. R. W. Purves) fully deserved the hearty congratulations which they received on all sides. Not till 3.30 a.m. did the last of the guests depart homewards.

1922 DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

Members of the Dialectic Society, like the Walrus, "talk of many things," from the vagaries of the amateur justice to the segregation of our feeble-minded brethren; but they have done so during the past year with greater keenness and in greater numbers than for some years past. Even the busy Med. has occasionally desisted from

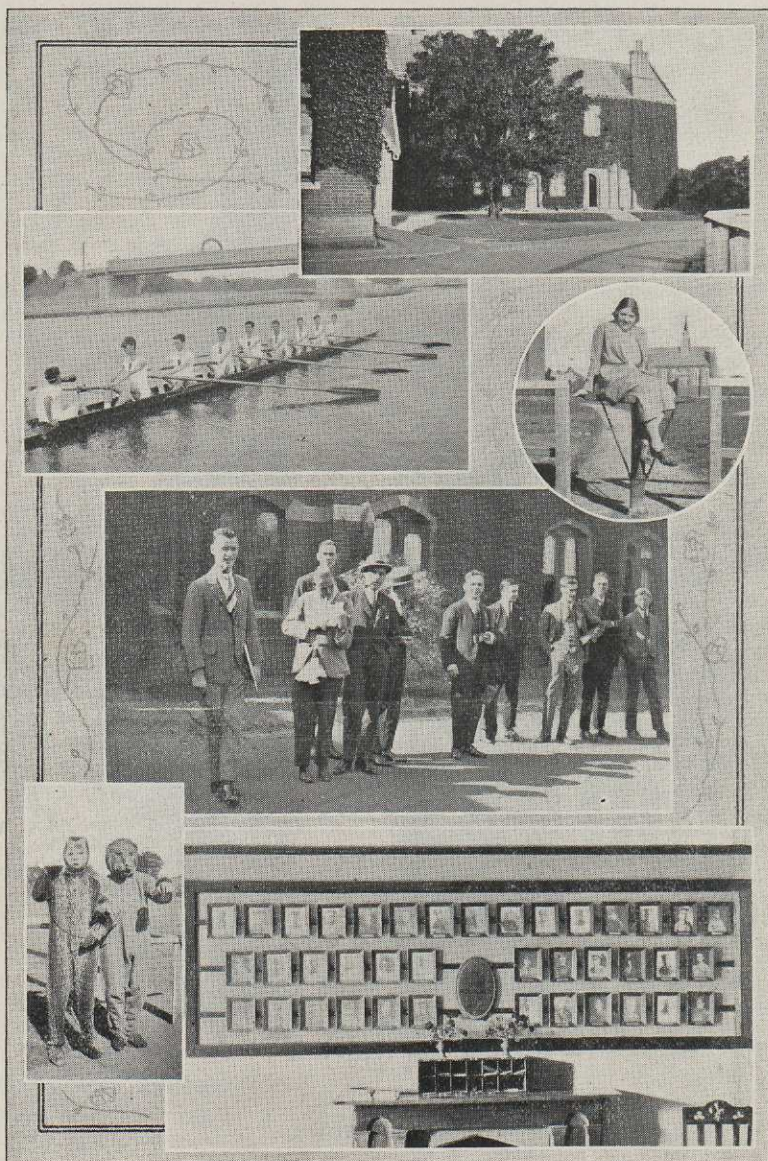
his labours to expound to his lay neighbours the mysteries of his profession—all of which is as it should be. Public speaking is an art, the proper practice of which is by no means of value only to the "talking" professions—the Church, Education and the Law; and, recognising this, the Dialectic Committee has endeavoured to choose subjects which appeal to as wide a circle of tastes as possible, and which are matters of vital importance to the community as a whole. The selection of subjects for debate, indeed, is perhaps the most difficult part of the committee's work, and one in which they are only too glad to receive any help. Gentlemen who feel that the Dialectic Society has no claim on them, since it deals only with matters in which they have no interest, have only themselves to blame.

Officials for the year were elected at the first general meeting of the Social Club on March 19th:—Mr. B. A. Hunt as Hon. Secretary, and Messrs. A. G. Duffy, R. R. Sholl and T. W. Smith as members of Committee. The Warden and Sub-Warden have again acted as President and Vice-President, and have attended both general and committee meetings with unfailing regularity.

During the year five ordinary debates were held. On April 25th the subject was "That Australia Should Have a Separate and Efficient Navy" (leaders, Messrs. Duffy and Irvine); on May 8th, "That the State Should Establish Prophylactic Clinics for the Prevention of Venereal Disease" (leaders, Messrs. Langlands and Oliver); on June 19th, "That the present system of Honorary Justices should be replaced by the Appointment of Stipendiary Magistrates" (leaders, Messrs. Bloomfield and Berriman); on July 18th, "That the Segregation of Mental Degenerates is both Practicable and Desirable" (leaders, Messrs. Fitts and Sholl); and on August 1st, "That it is the Duty of the Government to Provide Work for the Unemployed" (leaders, Messrs. Castles and R. Keon-Cohen). At the debate on July 18th, a distinguished guest, in the person of Professor R. J. A. Berry, was present, and at the close of the debate addressed the meeting on the subject. Professor Berry's masterly handling of the subject, and his strong appeal to us to realise the urgent and pressing nature of the problem of mental degenerates, created a deep impression. The Society



THE PORCH TOWER.



COLLEGE SNAPS, 1923.

expressed its sense of obligation by a very hearty vote of thanks. At the meeting on August 1st Mr. Frank Russell was present and spoke on the subject of debate.

On July 4th, in the College Common Room, was held the annual debate between the Society and the William Quick Club, of Queen's College, on the question of French intervention in the Ruhr. The Queen's team (Messrs. Lade, Foster, Gault and Gardner) justified French action, and were opposed by Messrs. Hunt, Berriman, Sholl and Smith. The adjudicator, Mr. R. P. Franklin, Headmaster of the Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, awarded the debate to the College. Regulations governing this debate have now been drawn up, and it takes its place as an annual fixture in the College Calendar.

Once again the Society owes its best thanks to the President and Vice-President for their valuable advice and encouragement to speakers. We note the interesting fact that since the establishment of Inter-Varsity Debates in 1921 each of the three Inter-Varsity teams has taken two of its three members from Trinity, as a proof that their efforts have not been wasted. This year Messrs. R. R. Sholl (leader) and T. W. Smith were selected to go to Adelaide. The Society congratulates them on their distinction.

Attendances have been large, an average of 29 being maintained through the year, and the speaking amongst members generally is showing steady improvement. Awards to speakers are: President's Medal, Mr. R. R. Sholl, B.A.; Leeper Prizes, Mr. B. A. Hunt, Mr. R. R. Sholl, B.A., Mr. T. W. Smith, B.A.

We are sure that the more gentlemen realise the very solid benefits to be obtained from the Society the more will its popularity, and hence its usefulness, increase.

B. A. HUNT.

THE PRELECTION.

The annual meeting of the Dialectic Society was held in the Melba Hall on September 12th. The attendance was satisfactory. The Prelector chosen by the College was Mr. G. L. Mayman, M.A., whose figure is so pleasantly familiar to all its present members and many of its past

ones. The Vice-Chancellor of the University (Sir John Monash) presided.

The subject very naturally chosen by Mr. Mayman was "Law and the Legislator," and his address was warmly praised by the subsequent celebrated speakers. He said that law was being increasingly regarded as an instrument for the achievement of a full and free life, but at present we were very little touched by laws unless we broke them. Law should become more and more a real educator, and Parliament a promoter of the better life. The State, by becoming more moral and legal, was fashioning itself to take part in a greater life, and thus furthering the ultimate aim of the civilised world—a league of people discarding force and enthroning law.

The subject was further discussed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Mr. W. A. Watt) in a humorous speech. He believed that too much was commonly expected of legislators, who were not omnipotent. Mr. Eggleston, M.L.A., advocated a progressive codification of the law. A vote of thanks to Sir John Monash for presiding was moved by the Federal Attorney-General (Mr. L. E. Groom) and seconded by Professor Rivett. Sir John Monash, in reply, spoke from a practical viewpoint. He did not agree with the Prelector that we could ever enthrone law and banish force, for he held that the rule of law would be an idle dream without the backing of force or the threat of force.

Besides the intrinsic interest of the Prelection, it has great value in bringing the College into touch with eminent public men. This year, in particular, the function was accorded considerable outside publicity. The Prelector received several congratulatory letters, including two from such diverse political bodies as the Trades Hall and the Australian Women's National League, and one prominent daily journal considered him worth a leading article. This connection with the general public and with practical affairs is a good thing both for the College and the University as a whole.

CHAPEL NOTES.

It has been asked many times, Why has not Trinity a full-time chaplain? No doubt a resident chaplain would be very welcome, but in the meantime, while the Council cannot see their way clear to sup-

port one, the services and other activities connected with the spiritual side of the College still go on.

The most striking thing to report this year is the building of the Moorhouse Memorial Organ. Although the case is not yet ready, permission has been given for the organ to be used, and a great improvement has been noticed in the services.

Choir practice still continues. The singing has much improved of late, especially from the soprano side of the chapel. The College is under a deep obligation to Frank Oliver for his tireless work in conducting the practices, and his absence next year will be a severe loss to us in this and many other directions.

On Friday, June 29th (St. Peter's Day), the annual corporate Communion for all Anglicans at the University was celebrated in the chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne was the celebrant, assisted by the chaplain and Rev. O. J. Brady. Fifty-one members of the College and University communicated.

Among the visiting preachers during the year were the following: Dean Hart, Archdeacon Aickin, Dr. Law, Revs. E. J. B. White, S. J. Kirkby, J. H. Raverty, R. Hamilton, C. P. Young and H. T. Fowler.

Considering we have a roll of 82 men and 30 women students, celebrations are not as well attended as they should be. Allowing for the members of the College who are not Church of England, and for those who go away for week-ends, it still leaves a large margin of members of the College who very seldom, if at all, attend any celebration during the whole College year. It would not be thought possible that the chaplain would on any occasion have to forego the celebration because there were not the requisite number of communicants prescribed according to the Book of Common Prayer—yet it has been known at Trinity this year.

Anzac Day was commemorated at our usual 8 a.m. service, when special prayers appropriate to the occasion were used.

Evensong is said in the chapel throughout the year at 5.55 p.m. This service, it might be pointed out, is not for "Theologs." alone, but for all members of the College.

The Annual Conference with Ridley College was held on April 18th, at Trinity. The subject selected this year was "Re-

union." A paper was read by a leader from each College, then a general discussion took place. The subject being a very wide one, very many different opinions were expressed.

The "Theologs." have held three Quiet Days during the year. The first was held at St. Martin's Boys' Home, the conductor being the Rev. John Jones, of All Saints', East St. Kilda. The next was held at All Saints', East St. Kilda, and was conducted by Dean Hart. The third was held at Holy Trinity, Kew, when the Rev. A. W. Tonge conducted. To the good ladies at each place we extend our grateful thanks for preparing the needs of the inner man; and to the conductors our very best thanks are due for the thoughts and inspiring uplift they gave us.

Compline, with a devotional address, is said in the chapel once a month at 10 p.m. This service has proved a very great help to the Theologs., and seems to have supplied a long-felt want.

We wish the ladies of Janet Clarke Hall, who attend to the flowers on the altar, to know that their efforts in that direction are very much appreciated, and we take this opportunity of thanking them.

A report has recently come to hand telling us about the South Sea Island teacher, Johnson Far, who is supported out of the pennies and silver coins put into the collection plate in chapel on Sundays. Johnson Far is working at Wedan, in New Guinea, and has been invaluable to the missionaries. He helps in teaching the children and people.

T. R. MAPPIN.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Study circles have once again been formed in the College, and have been flourishing since early in the second term. There are five circles, with a total membership of about 40, nearly half the College. This is very encouraging, and it is hoped that next year there will be a still larger membership. Each leader is responsible for the subject for discussion in his own circle. Three circles are doing odd studies from "The Social Principles of Jesus"; one circle is studying the lives of great reformers, such as General Booth and Dr. Barnardo, and is trying to grasp the methods these men used. The other is studying miscellaneous subjects dealing

with modern problems of religion and church worship. Men of all views are invited to join these circles, that the outlook may be as broad as possible.

A quotation from the July "Graduate," issued by the Melbourne University Graduates' Association, is of interest: "The University Christian Union is, perhaps, the most energetic of University societies. . . . There are study circles throughout the Colleges and faculties. Its objects are as wide as its activities, for it purposes to bring 'International Citizenship' within the sphere of student interests."

L. J. BAKEWELL.

MUSIC NOTES.

Sub-Committee: P. St. J. Wilson, B.A., R. G. Orr, M. H. B. Robinson.

The Glee Club lapsed this year, as the idea of a concert did not seem to raise much enthusiasm. At the first Social Club meeting it was decided to devote all our energies to the production of a play as a means of entertaining the public.

Notwithstanding this great loss to the music-loving public, some reparation was made by the quality of the College orchestra. Born last year, this young prodigy was nourished by the addition of new instruments, and gave a good exhibition of itself at the play. Its practices after dinner afforded excellent entertainment, and it is rumoured that some are thinking of requesting it to play during dinner in future years—surely an indispensable part of the equipment of the new dining-hall.

The orchestra consisted of: Piano, B. T. Keon-Cohen; flute, R. G. Orr; violin, T. Pringle; drums, K. Hardy; banjo, P. C. T. Fryer.

The musical side of College life will suffer in the loss, next year, of Robin Orr and his flute, but we feel sure his playing will gain him many friends at Cambridge.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

(Including Janet Clarke Hall.)

Exhibitions, December, 1922.

- R. R. Garran—Nat. Phil. II., Chem. II. (aeq.).
G. M. Castles—Brit. History D and European History B (Dwight's Prize).
G. F. Rusden—Geology I.

W. K. Gibson—History of Philosophy (aeq.).

P. Jones—Nat. Phil. (Med. Course. G. A. Syme Exhibition).

A. V. Vincent—Botany III. (aeq.).

Final Honours, March, 1923.

J. P. Ainslie—Medicine (Keith Levi Memorial Scholarship and Jamieson Prize).

W. L. Carrington—Surgery (Beanev Scholarship).

T. W. Smith—English.

R. R. Sholl—Classical Philology (aeq.).

N. G. Berriman—Classical Philology (aeq.).

Special Scholarships, March, 1923.

Wyselaskie Scholarship in Classical and Comparative Philology and Logic—R. R. Sholl and N. G. Berriman (aeq.).

Wyselaskie Scholarship in Constitutional History—R. H. Keon-Cohen.

Robert Bage Memorial Scholarship in Engineering—K. P. H. Lawrence.

Howitt Natural History Scholarship (1st Botany)—A. V. Vincent.

Cobden Club Medal in Political Economy—R. H. Keon-Cohen.

July, 1923.

H. B. Higgins Scholarship for Study of Poetry—R. R. Sholl and N. G. Berriman (aeq.).

College Scholarships, 1923.

A. M. White Scholarships—N. G. Berriman, R. R. Sholl.

Council Scholarship—R. H. Keon-Cohen.

Honorary Scholarships—T. W. Smith, G. M. Castles.

College Prize.

Bromby Prize in Biblical Greek (August, 1923)—R. R. Sholl.

Class Lists.

Latin I.—L. J. Bakewell, E. M. Henderson 2nd Class.

English I.—T. T. Reed 1st Class, E. M. Henderson, J. T. Wilkinson, M. Nicholson 2nd Class.

French I.—M. Clark, G. W. Leeper 1st Class, M. Nicholson 2nd Class.

Psychology, Logic and Ethics—H. W. Traynor, J. T. Wilkinson, T. T. Reed 2nd Class.

Geology I.—G. F. Rusden.

Nat. Phil. and Chem. (Med. Course)—P. Jones 1st Class.

Botany and Zoology (Med. Course)—P. Jones 2nd Class.

British History D—G. M. Castles 1st Class,
J. R. W. Purves, R. E. Webb-Ware
2nd Class.

European History B—G. M. Castles 1st
Class, J. R. W. Purves, R. E. Webb-
Ware 2nd Class.

French II.—H. C. S. Carss 2nd Class.

Advanced Logic—W. K. Gibson 1st Class,
W. S. Milne, G. L. Grigg 2nd Class.

History of Philosophy—W. K. Gibson 1st
Class, W. S. Milne, A. T. Pidd, G. L.
Grigg 2nd Class.

Nat. Phil. II.—R. R. Garran, G. W. Lee-
per 1st Class.

Chem. II.—R. R. Garran 1st Class, G. W.
Leeper 2nd Class.

Botany II.—E. E. Baynes 1st Class.

Physiology II.—E. E. Baynes 2nd Class.

Botany III.—A. V. Vincent 2nd Class.

Final Honours, March, 1923.

Medicine and Surgery—J. P. Ainslie, W. L.
Carrington, A. D. Hensley 1st Class,
E. A. North 2nd Class.

History and Economics—R. H. Keon-
Cohen 2nd Class.

Philosophy—F. L. Oliver 2nd Class.

Th.L.—C. H. Murray, 2nd place in Aus-
tralia.

Classical Philology—R. R. Sholl, N. G.
Berriman 1st Class.

English—T. W. Smith, G. W. Archdall 1st
Class.

Degrees, 1923.

LL.D.—J. C. V. Behan.

LL.M.—D. G. Taylor.

M.Sc.—H. S. Baird

M.A.—C. H. Murray, F. L. Oliver, M. I.
Ramsay, H. Rayward.

B.A. (Hons.)—T. W. Smith, R. R. Sholl,
N. G. Berriman, R. H. Keon-Cohen,
F. L. Oliver, D. I. Knox, G. Archdall.

B.A. (Pass)—W. N. Muntz, C. B. Cotes,
A. E. Boyes, H. G. Robinson.

M.B., B.S.—J. P. Ainslie, W. L. Carring-
ton, S. Plowman, G. D. Broome, H. R.
G. Barrett, E. A. North, A. D. Hens-
ley, O. Noall, S. Fraser, M. I. L. Ire-
land, E. Champion.

LL.B.—R. C. Bridgford, T. G. G. Lahey,
W. B. Fleming.

B.Sc.—E. E. Baynes, A. V. Vincent, S.
Reilly.

B.C.E.—A. M. G. Dempster.

B.Vet.Sc.—M. G. Keats.

Dip.Ed.—A. B. de P. Hitchcock.

August, 1923.

M.B., B.S.—J. Kay, E. A. Richards.

SALVETE.

Freshmen, 1923.—A. W. E. Bennett, P.
L. Brown, P. A. Crivelli, R. W. A. Dick-
son, E. A. C. Farran, P. C. T. Fryer, H. A.
Gregory, J. S. Kirkham, D. C. Mackay,
L. C. L. Murray, M. R. Norton, T. P.
Pringle, V. F. Reeves, N. H. Robinson,
G. M. Rutherford, J. H. Sutton, J. B.
Turner, E. W. Turner, R. R. Webb, A. E.
Winter.



VALETE.

S. Plowman—In Coll. 1918-22. XI., '19, '20,
'21, '22; VIII., '19, '20, '21, '22; XVIII.,
'19, '20, '21, '22; Social Club—Outdoor
Rep.

C. H. Murray—In Coll. 1918-22. Editor
"Fleur-de-Lys," '21, '22; Prelector, '21;
Social Club—Indoor Rep., '22; Table
Pres., '22; Dialectic Society—Hon.
Sec., '22; Librarian, '23.

F. H. Vincent—In Coll. 1919-22. Athletics,
'19, '20, '21; XVIII., '20, '21, '22; XI.,
'19.

G. D. Broome—In Coll. 1918-22. XVIII.,
'19; VIII., '20, '22.

H. R. Barrett—In Coll., 1918-22; XVIII.,
'19, '20, '21, '22.

E. A. Richards—In Coll., 1918-22. XVIII.,
'19; Table Pres., '22.

W. L. Carrington—In Coll., 1918-22; XVIII.,
'20; Table Pres., '22.

H. F. Stokes—In Coll., 1918-22; VIII., '19,
'20, '22.

J. M. Vine—In Coll., 1919-22; XVIII., '20,
'21; Table Pres., '21, '22.

J. P. Ainslie—In Coll., 1919-22; XI., '19, '21,
'22.

E. A. North—In Coll. 1919-22. Table Pres.,
'21, '22.

H. T. Grimwade—In Coll. 1919 and '23.
XVIII., '19.

R. B. Sutherland—In Coll. 1921-22. Ath-
letics, '22; XVIII., '21.

T. G. Lahey—In Coll. 1920-22; Athletics,
'21, '22.

J. G. W. Ashton—In Coll. 1920-22; XVIII.,
'22.

R. C. Bridgford—In Coll. 1919-22.

J. Cumming—In Coll. 1922. Athletics, '22.

W. B. Fleming—In Coll. 1922. VIII., '22.

V. H. Williams—In Coll. 1919-22.

G. R. Chapman—In Coll. 1921-22.

W. W. Miller—In Coll. 1921-22.

A. Hodgkinson—In Coll. 1922.

R. V. Eldridge—In Coll. 1922.

N. Barrett—In Coll. 1922.

SPORTS NOTES

CRICKET.

For the first time since 1920, Trinity won the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Championship. It was a hard-earned win, and the two games which we played were full of exciting incidents and close finishes.

Newman v. Trinity.

In the first round, Trinity met Newman on the Oval, on Tuesday, March 20th. Rain fell during the morning, and a drizzling rain was still falling when play began at half-past ten o'clock. Jorgensen, the Newman captain, won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket was wet only on the surface, and played easily. Towards lunch time the weather brightened. Newman scored only 109 in their first innings, our bowling mainstay, Langlands, doing exceptionally well. In the first of four great performances which were largely responsible for winning us the championship, he took six wickets for 59 runs. The captain, Irvine, took three fine one-handed catches at first slip off Langlands.

In Trinity's first innings wickets fell quickly, Irvine alone batting brightly. He and Rusden put up a first wicket partnership of 30-odd; but of the rest, Langlands was the only one to reach double figures. The innings closed for 105, four short of Newman's total. Jorgensen bowled magnificently (8 for 53).

In Newman's second innings the only batsman to make a good stand was Lanfranchi (21), a very valuable innings in the circumstances. The Newman innings closed for 118, leaving us 122 to make on a wicket which was still soft, but drying under improved weather conditions. With Jorgensen bowling so well, and the Newman bowlers, as was soon evident, bumping the ball a good deal, this did not look at all an easy thing to do. The man who saved the situation was Rusden. In less than an hour he ran to 71, including eleven fours, and was then out to a catch by Joyce. It was an invaluable innings. Thirty-odd runs remained to get. Sholl (14) and Hasker (6 not out) carried the score to within one of the Newman total.

Hasker then received a nasty crack over the eye. In attempting to pull a rising ball from Jorgensen, he got it on the shoulder of the bat, and it shot up quickly. He pluckily resumed, and amid great enthusiasm scored the winning two.

Scores:—

NEWMAN COLLEGE.

First Innings.

E. Hurley, c Mappin, b Hallowses ..	22
F. Costigan, b Hallowses	2
E. Jorgensen, c Irvine, b Langlands	27
J. Joyce, b Langlands	6
T. Bown, c Hunt, b Hallowses	15
J. Lanfranchi, c Irvine, b Langlands	3
J. Hurley, run out	1
J. Doyle, c Irvine, b Langlands .. .	5
A. Rowan, c Hasker, b Langlands ..	9
T. Greening, not out	4
N. Somers, b Langlands	4
Sundries	11

Total 109

Bowling.—C. Langlands, 6 wickets for 59 runs; H. F. C. Hallowses, 3 for 57.

Second Innings.

F. Costigan, c Hallowses, b Langlands	17
J. Doyle, b Hasker	2
E. Hurley, b Hasker	4
T. Bown, b Langlands	19
E. Jorgensen, b Langlands	7
J. Lanfranchi, c Mappin, b Hallowses	21
J. Joyce, c Irvine, b Hallowses	15
J. Hurley, c Hasker, b Hallowses .. .	4
A. Rowan, c Irvine, b Langlands .. .	10
T. Greening, not out	8
N. Somers, c Hallowses, b Langlands ..	2
Sundries	9

Total 118

Bowling.—C. Langlands, 5 wickets for 27 runs; H. F. C. Hallowses, 3 for 36; J. Hasker, 2 for 36; H. Traynor, none for 8. Langlands bowled three, and Hallowses two no-balls.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

First Innings.

G. F. Rusden, b Jorgensen	20
W. M. Irvine, c Joyce, b E. Hurley ..	20
J. R. Hasker, c Rowan, b Jorgensen	7

F. R. Vincent, b Jorgensen	0
B. A. Hunt, c Joyce, b Jorgensen .. .	8
H. W. Traynor, c Costigan, b J. Hurley	7
H. F. C. Hallowses, b Jorgensen .. .	0
F. C. Langlands, c Bown, b Jorgensen	22
T. R. Mappin, c J. Hurley, b Jorgensen	0
J. R. Purves, c Rowan, b Jorgensen ..	7
R. R. Sholl, not out	0
Sundries	0

Total 105

Bowling.—E. Jorgensen, 8 wickets for 53 runs; J. Hurley, 1 for 19; E. Hurley, 1 for 19.

Second Innings.

G. F. Rusden, c Joyce, b Jorgensen ..	71
H. W. Traynor, lbw, b Jorgensen .. .	8
F. R. Vincent, c Doyle, b E. Hurley ..	4
R. R. Sholl, not out	14
W. M. Irvine, c J. Hurley, b Jorgensen	8
B. A. Hunt, st Somers, b Jorgensen ..	4
J. R. Hasker, not out	6
Sundries	8

Five wickets for 123

Bowling.—E. Jorgensen, 4 wickets for 50 runs; E. Hurley, 1 for 45; J. Hurley, none for 20.

Trinity won by five wickets and one run.

Trinity v. Ormond (Final).

Ormond, having defeated Queen's in the second round, on March 26th and 27th, met Trinity in the final on Tuesday, April 11th. The match was a long one, running into the morning of the fourth day, and the issue was in doubt till the very end. Trinity won the toss, and batted first on a beautiful wicket. The weather was fine and dry. The start was sensational, for we made what must be our biggest score for years. Rusden opened, and batted brightly for 37. Irvine went early, but Hasker started soundly. He was joined by H. W. Traynor, who made a wonderful first appearance for one who was comparatively new to cricket. With an easy, if unfinished, style he stood well upright for most of his strokes, showed no hesitation in picking the right ball to hit, and timed his shots perfectly. He and Hasker had a great race for the century, Traynor being ahead all the way. When he was 95, and Hasker 94, the latter was caught. Traynor soon reached his century, not a very frequent achievement in inter-Collegiate cricket, and ran to 123 before he was

out. Of the rest, Hunt (48) also batted very soundly. Sholl (24) and Langlands (21) were the others who reached double figures. The long innings closed for 382.

Ormond were determined from the start, and Borland and Seed, for the first wicket, put on over 50 runs. Both Langlands and Hallowses were bowling at the top of their form, and wickets began to fall. The best innings was that of Sutherland (48). He gave no chances and executed many nice shots. He and Aitken (18 not out) became associated when the score was 131, and by sound batting took it to 194. The last three wickets fell to Langlands for one run, and the innings closed for 195, leaving Trinity with a lead of 187 on the first innings. During the Ormond innings Muntz took two beautiful catches low down at point.

Continuing, Rusden and Hunt, for Trinity, took the score to 70. Hunt was out for 53 and Rusden for 38. The Trinity total was carried to 242.

Ormond were set 431 to win, with the last use of a wicket on which nearly 850 runs had already been made. Their magnificent fight will always be remembered. They had a perfect wicket right through, and the groundsman (Trippitt) deserves every credit for his fine work. Ormond began disastrously, three wickets being down for 29. Lee and McLean took the score to 131 before they were separated. McLean went out to "Jack Hasker's catch"—a wonderful right-handed catch at short fourth slip off Langlands. Lee, the hero of the Ormond second innings, played confidently and brightly all through his long innings of 127, though he was lucky. He was missed before he scored, again at 2, and again at 94 and 99. When the total reached 264 Lee hit an easy catch to Hasker. When five wickets were down for 290, Hasker went on to bowl slows, and was at once successful. The seventh, eighth and ninth wickets fell quickly, and the innings closed for 320. H. S. Gray, the Ormond wicketkeeper, broke a finger during the second Trinity innings, and though he very pluckily carried on while 50 runs were scored, was unable to bat. Langlands, Hallowses and Hasker all bowled well. Hunt, in spite of badly injured hands, kept wickets splendidly, only three byes being recorded in the 320 runs. Trinity won a great game by 109 runs.

Scores:—

TRINITY COLLEGE.

First Innings.

G. F. Rusden, lbw, b Sutherland . . .	37
W. M. Irvine, c Gray, b Sutherland . .	3
J. R. Hasker, c Gray, b Aitken . . .	94
H. W. Traynor, c and b Sutherland . .	123
H. F. C. Hallows, lbw, b Lee	3
B. A. Hunt, c Gray, b Webb	48
R. R. Sholl, b Webb	24
F. C. Langlands, c Borland, b Lee . .	21
J. R. W. Purves, b Webb	0
W. N. Muntz, lbw, b Lee	7
F. R. Vincent, not out	2
Sundries	20

Total 382

Bowling.—W. F. Sutherland, 3 wickets for 126 runs; A. L. B. Webb, 3 for 62; J. B. Aitken, 1 for 43; F. M. Lee, 3 for 93; J. S. Coltman, none for 7; W. M. Borland, none for 18; W. W. Seed, none for 9.

Second Innings.

G. F. Rusden, c Aitken, b Sutherland	38
B. A. Hunt, c Gray, b Sutherland . .	53
J. R. Hasker, lbw, b Lee	24
H. W. Traynor, c Coltman, b Lee . . .	29
W. M. Irvine, c Borland, b Lee . . .	19
H. F. C. Hallows, lbw, b Sutherland	2
R. R. Sholl, c Aitken, b Lee	13
F. C. Langlands, c McLean, b Lee . .	38
J. R. W. Purves, c Lee, b Sutherland	11
W. N. Muntz, c Macmillan, b Sutherland	1
F. R. Vincent, not out	2
Sundries	12

Total 242

Bowling.—W. F. Sutherland, 5 wickets for 86 runs; F. M. Lee, 5 for 97; A. L. B. Webb, none for 40; W. W. Seed, none for 8.

ORMOND COLLEGE.

First Innings.

W. M. Borland, c Purves, b Hallows	25
W. W. Seed, c Muntz, b Hallows . .	43
F. M. Lee, c Purves, b Hallows . . .	16
M. I. McLean, c and b Purves	4
W. L. Reilly, b Langlands	16
W. F. Sutherland, c Irvine, b Traynor	48
J. S. Coltman, c Traynor, b Hallows	0
J. R. T. Macmillan, c Muntz, b Langlands	7
J. B. Aitken, not out	18
H. S. Gray, b Langlands	0
A. L. B. Webb, b Langlands	0
Sundries	18

Total 195

Bowling.—F. C. Langlands, 4 wickets for 77 runs; H. F. C. Hallows, 4 for 48; H. Traynor, 1 for 20; J. R. W. Purves, 1 for 15; J. R. Hasker, none for 17.

Second Innings.

W. M. Borland, b Hallows	21
W. W. Seed, c Hallows, b Langlands	1
F. M. Lee, c Hasker, b Langlands . .	127
W. F. Sutherland, c Muntz, b Hallows	0
J. B. Aitken, b Hasker	92
M. I. McLean, c Hasker, b Langlands	50
W. L. Reilly, c Muntz, b Hasker . . .	14
J. R. T. Macmillan, lbw, b Hasker . .	1
J. S. Coltman, b Langlands	3
A. L. B. Webb, not out	2
H. S. Gray, absent (injured)	0
Sundries	9

Total 320

Bowling.—F. C. Langlands, 4 wickets for 110 runs; H. F. C. Hallows, 2 for 119; J. R. Hasker, 3 for 33; H. W. Traynor, none for 22; J. R. W. Purves, none for 16. Trinity won by 109 runs.

University Games.

Messrs. Irvine, Langlands and Hasker played regularly with the University first eleven in district cricket, and all have some excellent performances to their credit. All three were members of the University team which was victorious in the Inter-Varsity Championship. Irvine was hon. secretary of the University Club, and is also to be congratulated on his inclusion in the Australian Universities' team which drew their match with A. C. MacLaren's XI. in March.



ROWING.

Inter-Collegiate Race.

The year commenced with good omens and high hopes of success for the College on the river, but once again we have to comfort ourselves with recollections of a good hard try and with anticipations of what we intend to do next year. Mr. Allan Spowers, a former College stroke and a Victorian stroke to boot, having consented to coach the crew, picked a fine hefty bunch from a lot of good material offering. The crew selected was as follows:—

C. A. G. Duffy, 10st. 6lb. (bow); B. T. Keon-Cohen, 10st. 8lb. (2); H. D. M. L. Murray, 11st. 10lb. (3); R. R. Garran, 11st. 10lb. (4); G. J. Pardey, 12st. 2lb. (5); D. A. White, 12st. 2lb. (6); R. G. Orr, 9st. 13lb.

(7); R. H. Keon-Cohen, 11st. 9lb. (stroke); E. W. B. Kyle, 8st. (cox.).

R. E. Webb-Ware rowed substitute in the stroke seat for a couple of weeks during Keon-Cohen's absence on vacation. The crew thus selected proved a well-blended combination, with perhaps a trifle too much brawn on the stroke side, an exception to that perfection of balance which a really first-class crew ought to possess. As the race approached it was seen that the issue lay between Trinity and Queen's, which had again been drawn together in the first heat. Trinity developed a good hard swing, with more catch and smarter recovery than their opponents, who, however, relied on the precise timing and blade-work which their long combination had enabled them to perfect. A disappointing exhibition against a weak extra-collegiate crew, and a stretch of poor rows long after the racing-boat should have been mastered, were followed by a week of good rowing, but showed only too plainly that once more the Trinity Eight was too temperamental to be reliable. Misfortune had indeed followed misfortune; two, three, four, five, six and seven had on different occasions and for different reasons to be spelled, and on the night before the race two oars, including the stroke's, were damaged and had to be replaced. Meanwhile Queen's had easily defeated the extra-collegiate crew. The race was not a good one. Trinity, with two strange oars, were a little nervous, and effected but a poor start. With Queen's striking out well, Trinity were over a length behind approaching the concrete bridge. The crew, however, settled down to a hard stern-chase, and, rowing in good form, were within striking distance at the corner. Hadley was content to maintain his advantage of little more than half a length down the straight, but, quickening at the end, finished with a little over a length to spare. Trinity finished hard, maintaining their improved form to the end.

Altogether, the boat race of 1923 must be remembered as a big disappointment. Fatal disadvantages, only discovered in the last few days, were a lack of sangfroid and of implicit mutual confidence, and a tendency to wallow in instead of dashing at the work, particularly in the middle of the boat, while one or two members of the crew did not by any means approach what was expected of them. Nevertheless, in

the opinion of competent judges it was, as a crew, distinguished by many good points which placed it as the best Trinity College crew for many a year. Queen's covered themselves with glory, and incidentally proved Trinity's claim to be at least the second best crew, by defeating Newman on the following day by six or seven lengths. We congratulate a better crew on a well-earned victory.

Long combination and the precise blending of individual effort made Queen's what they undoubtedly were, a really first-class crew, but it may very reasonably be doubted whether they were anything like the great Queen's crew of 1922. A scarcely perceptible lack of steadiness and a mechanical slur of the different parts of the work into one another were defects which in senior company would soon have made themselves felt.

Second Eight's Race.

For the second eight's race Trinity had a splendid crew in training under Dr. S. Plowman, and it was felt that in this event at least the College could be reasonably sure of a win—a belief which was justified. The Trinity crew was as follows:—

L. J. Bakewell, 10st. 4lb. (bow); M. H. B. Robinson, 10st. 2lb. (2); P. A. Crivelli, 11st. 4lb. (3); D. C. S. Mackay, 12st. (4); R. R. Webb, 11st. 12lb. (5); L. C. L. Murray, 12st. 2lb. (6); E. B. Tunbridge, 10st. 4lb. (7); R. E. Webb-Ware, 11st. 2lb. (stroke); G. M. Clemons, 8st. (cox.).

Trinity were the first of the four to break the line, and increased their advantage the further the half-mile race progressed, eventually winning by nearly two lengths—a dashing and very creditable performance.

Regatta Rowing.

In public regattas Trinity has been consistently represented at all fixtures. At Henley, 1922, B. T. Keon-Cohen (str.), Pardey (7), R. H. Keon-Cohen (6), H. Murray (5), Milne (4), M. Robinson (2), comprised a fairly successful maiden eight which won their heat in the second fastest time of the day. Duffy (str.), Webb-Ware (3), and Orr (bow) rowed in a maiden four. R. H. Keon-Cohen stroked a pair through two heats into the final of the maiden event at the V.R.A. regatta, finishing second, and into the finals in maiden and junior at Nagambie, also finishing second in each. At Warrnambool and

Colac R. R. Garran (str.), M. H. B. Robinson (bow), competed in the Maiden Fours, running into second place at Colac by defeating the crew successful at Nalgambie. H. M. L. Murray and L. C. L. Murray competed in maiden pairs at Upper Yarra and Albert Park, while Garran and H. M. L. Murray rowed into second place in the same event at Ballarat. A good eight had meanwhile been got together for Barwon regatta, consisting of Duffy (str.), Orr, Garran, Murray, Stokes, Elliott (extra-collegiate), Robinson and Tunbridge. Five days before the race Duffy had to drop out, and R. H. Keon-Cohen took his place. A happy party made the trip. Keon-Cohen, who was also stroking a pair, lost his beat. But the eight won their heat from South Melbourne, and in the final, though Richmond fouled them about 200 yards from the start, won comfortably. They beat the same Wendouree crew as a Trinity eight had beaten by two feet in the same event the previous year. The Elliott Shannon Memorial Cup is now in the dining hall, and, if possible, it is hoped to enter a crew to defend it next year.

Inter-Faculty Race.

The inter-faculty eights saw a large number of Trinity men competing. For Arts there were Webb-Ware (str.), Bakewell (7), Wilson (2), Milne (bow); for Science, L. C. L. Murray (6), Garran (4), Orr (2); for Law, R. H. Keon-Cohen (str.), Irvine (3); for Engineers, D. A. White (str.), D. C. S. Mackay (6), R. F. Ritchie (3); and for Medicine, B. T. Keon-Cohen (bow).

Inter-Varsity Race.

R. H. Keon-Cohen was originally chosen to row No. 3 in the Varsity boat, but was considered unsatisfactory on the bow side and replaced by R. G. Orr, whom we congratulate.

College Rowing.

It was at one time intended to enter a combination—substantially next year's crew—for Henley, but those bugbears of rowing, half-past four lectures and six-fifteen dinner, have shipwrecked those hopes. Great expectations, however, are being based on some enterprising plans for the Long Vacation, and next year's crew should be a hard nut indeed to crack.

As usual, Trinity has borne more than her share of the activities of the University Boat Club, both on the river and in

administration. Both the hon. sec. (R. R. Garran) and hon. treasurer of the club (H. M. L. Murray) are Trinity men, while of the entries for the University in public regattas last season, 42 per cent. were from Trinity, 30 per cent. from Queen's, and 14 per cent. each Newman and Extra-Collegiate; Ormond was not represented for the University at all. The above figures speak volumes at least for the enthusiasm of Trinity men on the river, and with enthusiasm behind us it cannot be long before the College is Head of the River.

ATHLETICS.

The annual Inter-Collegiate Sports were held on the last Wednesday of first term, on the University Oval. Very scanty material was available for the College team, but training at least in most cases was keen and triers plentiful. Great credit should be given to Mr. P. White for the hard work he put into the task of rounding up aspirants for the team. College trials were run in the second week before the sports, but were conclusive of little save that Trinity had little chance of distinction against the Ormond and Newman cracks. The team was finally selected as follows: R. H. Keon-Cohen (capt.), Leeper, Hardy, Crisp, Duffy, Robinson, Garran, Hodgson, Doggett, Webb, Hasker, W. P. White, Bloomfield, G. Grimwade. Keon-Cohen had to run untrained, owing to preparations for the Inter-Varsity Boat Race.

The afternoon of the sports brought forth a fine contest between Newman and Ormond, in which Ormond triumphed in the last event, with Queen's third and Trinity, a point behind Queen's, last. Bloomfield's easy first in the weight putt and Keon-Cohen's second place (running three seconds inside the existing record) in the half-mile were Trinity's best efforts. Other places were Hasker and Webb equal third in the high jump, Hasker fifth in the broad jump, and Keon-Cohen fifth in the quarter-mile. The remainder of the team tried hard but were simply not up.

In the Varsity championships Trinity registered two seconds, Bloomfield in the weight putt and Webb in the high jump. Bloomfield and Keon-Cohen obtained places in the Inter-Varsity team, the former scoring a brilliant and well-deserved

victory with the weight; the latter establishing a comfortable lead in the half-mile lap of the medley relay.

The gods have not been good to Trinity, as far as athletics are concerned, for some years now, but it is a long lane that has no turning, and meanwhile we must console ourselves with the exhilaration of the sport itself and the consideration that bricks, even in the best regulated families, cannot be made without straw.

SWIMMING.

The unofficial inter-collegiate swimming championships, which were held in February last year, and proved so successful, were not held this year. There are so many events in the College sporting year that the swimming, if held at all, must take place in the first week of first term. In the absence of last year's organisers on vacation, there was no one else to make the necessary arrangements. It is hoped to hold the swimming sports next term.

FOOTBALL.

Sub-Committee: J. R. Hasker, G. F. Rusden, W. N. Muntz.

The football season was entered upon with great hopes of gaining the premiership, as nearly all the 1922 team were available, and much improvement was noticeable in the form of many others. Practice matches gave ample scope for testing the calibre of all aspirants for the team. These commenced in first term with a match against Melbourne Grammar, which was little more than a try out. Immediately second term commenced practice matches were resumed. The team was training hard and performing well, but it reached its zenith too soon. A week before the Inter-Collegiate match a game was played on the M.C.C. against Melbourne Grammar; playing with fine dash and cohesion, our team ran out easy victors by the margin of eight goals. On the following Saturday morning a complete reversal of form was shown, and we only beat Geelong College on the post. It was an unlucky day for us, because A. R. Tate, who was playing his first game for the season, injured his ankle, and in the afternoon J. R. Hasker, the captain of the team and pivot of the forward play, also injured his ankle.

Trinity v. Queen's.

Though neither of these men was available, the team took the field against Queen's in the first round on Wednesday, June 28th, determined to fight it out to a finish. G. F. Rusden and W. M. Irvine had previously been elected captain and vice-captain respectively.

The honours of the first quarter went to Queen's, who were faster to the ball, better in the air, and kicking with more judgment. The scores at the change were Queen's 3-4, Trinity 1-1. In the second quarter Trinity made a better showing, but lack of combination among the forwards and faulty kicking meant the loss of many points. At half time Queen's led 7-4 to 2-7, and at three-quarter time Trinity, still kicking badly, were 6 goals behind (10-7 to 3-12). In the last quarter Trinity more than held its own, and kept the pace a cracker till the last. But Queen's grasp on the game was too strong, and at the call of time the scores were: Queen's, 13 goals 10 behinds; Trinity, 6 goals 16 behinds.

For the winners, the most conspicuous players were Lockwood, Holyman, Dahlenburg, Mitchell, Brisbane, Abernethy, Scott and Cook.

For the losers, Sholl, till injured, was the best man on the ground. Fitts rucked with splendid dash, and Muntz, though injured, roved effectively. Of the others, Farran and Hodgson worked hard on the back line, Doggett did good work on the wing, and Traynor, on the forward line, came to light brilliantly in the last quarter. Irvine was handicapped by a painful injury to his finger received early in the match.

Though the team was beaten, the success of many of the younger players augurs well for next season. This was largely due to Mr. W. H. Bailey, an old Trinity man, who devoted considerable time to coaching the team.

Our congratulations go to Newman, who defeated Queen's in brilliant style in the final on July 11th.

University Football.

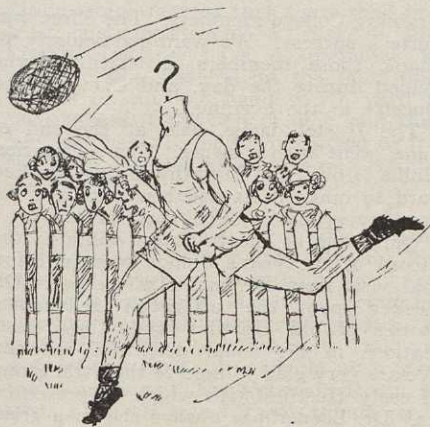
The College has been well represented in University football this season. On the University Club committee are Messrs. J. R. Hasker, W. N. Muntz, G. F. Rusden and R. R. Sholl. The University played two teams in the Metropolitan

Amateur Football Association. The "A" team ("Blues"), which finished third in the first round and was defeated in the semi-finals by Old Scotch, was captained during the latter half of the season by Sholl, who played half-back centre. During the early part of the season Fred Rusden played centre-forward, until his transference to the "Blacks." The Blacks ("B" team), who were runners-up in the final, included at the beginning of the season Jack Hasker (half-forward) until he injured his ankle. Regular players in that team were Clive Fitts (ruck), W. N. Muntz (forward and wing), W. M. Irvine (half-back), and particularly Fred Rusden, who proved a crack full-forward.

N. Robinson has played Rugby with the newly-formed University Club.

Inter-University Match.

In the Melbourne University team which decisively defeated Adelaide in August, Sholl played half-back centre. Rusden was originally selected as centre-forward, but owing to an untimely attack of influenza was unable to play. Hard luck, Fred!



A Study in Pure Form.

TENNIS.

Inter-Collegiate Matches.

The competition for the four was even more keen this year than in the previous three years. This is shown by the fact that two members of last year's winning

team were omitted, after as much practice as the inclemency of the weather would permit. The team eventually chosen was Fitts (capt.), Hallows, Turner and Irvine. Turner is a freshman who did very well while at school, and played very good tennis in the inter-collegiate games.

Trinity v. Ormond.

Trinity met Ormond, a very even team, in the first round. In the singles we gained a lead of three rubbers to one, Irvine losing to Woods. Owing, however, to the good play of Coltman and Woods we won one rubber out of three in the doubles, and won the match on sets only. Great praise is due to Ormond for the plucky way they pulled up, especially for Coltman and Woods. For Trinity, Hallows and Turner both played well; in the doubles neither received any material assistance from his partner. Scores:

Fitts (T.) d. Coltman (O.): 6-4, 6-4;
Hallows (T.) d. Wilson (O.): 6-2,
6-4; Turner (T.) d. Bailhache (O.):
6-1, 6-0; Woods (O.) d. Irvine
(T.): 6-2, 1-6, 6-1.

Fitts and Hallows (T.) d. Wilson and
Bailhache (O.): 6-1, 6-4; Coltman
and Woods (O.) d. Turner and
Irvine (T.): 8-6, 6-3, and d. Fitts
and Hallows (T.): 5-7, 7-5, 7-5;
Wilson and Bailhache (O.) d. Tur-
ner and Irvine (T.): 3-6, 6-2, 6-2.

Totals: Trinity, 4-11-93; Ormond, 4-8-81.

Trinity v. Queen's (Final).

On Wednesday, Sept. 26th, Queen's, who had defeated Newman, met Trinity in the final. The Trinity team was the same, and won by 7 rubbers to 1. Queen's solitary rubber was captured by Holyman, who defeated Fitts for the second year in succession; he played finely, and allowed Fitts few opportunities to get going. Against Hallows Focken (Q.) struck a brilliant patch and won the first set 6-2. Thereafter Hallows settled down and wore him out by excellent play. Turner won in straight sets, while Irvine played much better than in the previous match, and, improving as he went along, defeated Cook rather easily in the third set.

In the doubles the tennis was keen and good. Hallows played well, and each year shows much improvement. Fitts showed

a welcome return to form, and Turner and Irvine were much better as a combination. Scores:

Holyman (Q.) d. Fitts (T.): 6-2, 6-3;
Hallowes (T.) d. Focken (Q.): 2-6,
6-2, 6-1; Turner (T.) d. Ferguson
(Q.): 6-3, 6-3; Irvine (T.) d. Cook
(Q.): 4-6, 6-1, 6-1.

Fitts and Hallowes (T.) d. Holyman and
Focken (Q.): 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, and d.
Ferguson and Cook (Q.): 6-1, 6-3.
Turner and Irvine (T.) d. Holyman
and Focken (Q.): 7-5, 6-3, and d.
Ferguson and Cook (Q.): 6-4, 6-3.

Totals: Trinity, 7-14-99; Queen's, 1-5-64.

This is the fifth successive year in which we have won the tennis championship. Fitts has played each year, and been captain four times. He will be a great loss

next year, but making allowances for another year's improvement in those remaining, Trinity should retain the championship in 1924.

BILLIARDS.

The College tournament has been keenly contested again this year, and has now reached the semi-finals.

G. Grimwade and P. Fryer competed in the University tournament, but reached only the first and second round respectively.

Trinity proposed to the other three Colleges an unofficial inter-collegiate contest. Only Queen's, however, accepted, and a match of four games, each of 250 up, was played on October 3rd, and won by Trinity by 42 points.

JANET CLARKE HALL

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1923.

President: Miss E. Carnegie.
Secretary: Miss May Anderson.
Committee: Misses E. Carnegie, May
Anderson and M. Kent-Hughes.
Librarian: Miss E. Henderson.
Auditor: Miss A. Wishart.
Tennis Secretary: Miss M. Lloyd.
Tennis Club Committee: Misses M.
Lloyd, B. Denney, D. Irving and Campbell.

SOCIAL CLUB REPORT, 1923.

The Hall opened, this year, with thirty in residence. We were sorry to have said good-bye to so many old-timers. However, we congratulate them heartily on their success, and wish them all the very best of luck in their careers. Especially do we congratulate Margaret Keats, who has the honour of being the first woman vet. from the Hall. We are pleased to welcome many new lights, our ranks now containing a Theolog. and a budding Engineer.

As usual, the Hostel did their ice-cream cool drink stunt at Commencement. We worked in conjunction with some of the

Training College members. The effort was quite a success. We want particularly to thank those members of Trinity who helped during the day, and Ormond and Queen's in the evening.

The Hostel dance, held at the end of June, went with a swing. The secretaries, Mollie Brown and Dorothy Irving, worked hard to make it its usual success, and we hope everyone enjoyed themselves.

Quite one of the brightest spots in the record of the year's doings was an informal visit from Dr. and Mrs. Leeper. Dr. Leeper spent the afternoon recounting stories of old Hostiles and their associations in his usual delightful manner. We are very glad to receive the little group of early Hostiles with which he presented us. Dr. Leeper has always shown a great interest in our doings, and we look forward to his next visit.

Since the end of second term we have had with us two visitors from overseas, Miss Robinson and Miss Hogarth, two very interesting leaders in the "Gell" Guide movement. Since their arrival they have drawn to their banner several ardent recruits, who, in their print uniforms and cocked hats, spend their late afternoons



Once hair was
done like this —



Then like this—



Now like this—



Will it ever come
to this ?



Or this ?



Overcome by the prospect
of consequent revolutions
in hairpins and hats, I med-
itate on suicide—or a crop.

in the Common Room drilling and tying cute little knots.

This year we again helped Trinity in the College play. Three of our members acquitted themselves very well in the cast, while the selling of sweets, which we undertook, contributed towards its success.

We are very glad to welcome back among us this term Mary Mills, Harley Baird and Irving Wishart.

GENERAL NOTES.

This year, according to the ancient tradition which decrees that there shall be at least one engagement a year in Janet Clarke Hall, we have a diamond and sapphire ring flashing on the third finger of one of our left hands. We wish the possessor of it the best of luck, and thank her very heartily for having saved us from the deep disgrace of having our tradition unfulfilled.

Martial law now prevails at J.C.H. As Gilbert puts it, "On every side field-marshals gleaned"; or if they are not field-marshals they are something very exciting, such as patrol leaders or tenderfeet. Anyhow, it is all very impressive to the uninitiated, and our Amazons look very well in their uniforms, which, after all, is the main thing. The Common Room presents a scene like a barrack square on frequent occasions, and we feel very secure, knowing that if J.C.H. should be invaded our defenders would have no trouble in strangling the invaders with knots tied in the bowline style, or annihilating them with clipping remarks in Morse code.

The visit of Dr. Leeper to Janet Clarke Hall, in second term, proved a most enjoyable occasion. Dr. Leeper has always been a very good friend to the Hall, and

his influence had much to do with its foundation. We very much enjoyed hearing him recount anecdotes of former students, who were apparently no wiser than we ourselves are, and we also appreciated exceedingly his gift of a photograph of the first group of Hostel students. Though the balloon-like sleeves, the coiffures, and the lady who is reclining soulfully against the very trim waistband of another, may arouse the mirth of the irreverent, we are very glad indeed to have this memento of our pioneers.

The Bulpaddock nowadays presents a scene of great activity about 8 a.m. Maidens who "speed with the lightfoot winds to run" might look very well in Grecian attire, but a gown and trencher considerably detract from one's appearance and hamper one's movements. Also, on wet mornings the splashing and paddling rather spoil the charm of the scene. However, it is not for artistic effect that we run, nor yet for "the figger," though incidentally that may benefit. Stern fate has decreed that she who is not within the precincts of the chapel by the time the last stroke of eight has sounded shall be mulcted of a bob, and bobs are scarce nowadays—so we run.

We became interested this year in Girl Guiding and formed a Cadet Corps—the first in Australia. The cadet branch of the movement was instituted for the older girls in schools and colleges, to train them to be future Guiders. And this is our primary object—to train ourselves during our life here so that when we leave the University we may take Guiding with us to other girls. Non-residents and other members of the University joined us almost immediately, and we now consist of two patrols under our captain, Miss Herring.

TENNIS NOTES.

Towards the end of second term life, as regards tennis, became a serious matter. We were in a good financial position, thanks to last year's good management, and so had no difficulties in that direction. We purchased the best net obtainable, and had our court marked in expert orthodox fashion. A large number (including three "out-patients") entered for the tournament, which resulted in the selection of six out of which to choose the team. After some little practice the selection committee chose M. Lloyd (capt.), E. Tucker, B. Denney and L. Noall, with D. Irving as emergency.

At the meeting of inter-collegiate delegates during second term, Ormond were drawn against Newman, and Queen's against Trinity.

Our first match, in singles, played on Queen's courts on Sept. 7th, proved very encouraging to us. Queen's, however, were more successful in the doubles, which we managed to win only by the margin of a few games.

Details of score:—

- M. Lloyd (T.) d. D. Flockhart (Q.): 6—3, 6—3.
- E. Tucker (T.) d. I. Kefford (Q.): 6—5, 6—3.
- L. Noall (T.) d. I. Reid (Q.): 6—1, 6—3.
- B. Denney (T.) d. J. Heyward (Q.): 6—5, 6—2.
- D. Flockhart-J. Heyward (Q.) d. M. Lloyd-L. Noall (T.): 6—5, 6—3.
- D. Flockhart-J. Heyward (Q.) d. B. Denney-E. Tucker (T.): 6—0, 6—5.
- M. Lloyd-L. Noall (T.) d. I. Kefford-I. Reid (Q.): 6—0, 5—6, 6—3.
- B. Denney-E. Tucker (T.) d. I. Kefford-I. Reid (Q.): 6—4, 6—1.

Total—Trinity, 6 rubbers, 12 sets, 90 games; Queen's, 2 rubbers, 5 sets, 63 games.

After a hard point to point struggle the Ormond and Newman match resulted in a draw, which was finally decided in Newman's favour by re-playing the doubles. Thus Trinity and Newman met in the finals. The singles were played on Sept. 12th, on Trinity courts. Owing to delay in starting, we were unable to finish before dark, but on the completion of the last single on Friday, Trinity won by 3 rubbers to 1. The doubles were played

on Newman courts, on Sept. 15th, and although hampered somewhat by rain, the match was concluded, Trinity winning all four rubbers. Trinity thus scored a decisive victory with 7 rubbers to 1, and retains the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Championship for yet another year.

Details of score:—

- M. Lloyd (T.) d. P. Büsst (N.): 6—5, 5—6, 6—4.
 - R. Eccles (N.) d. E. Tucker (T.): 6—4, 6—4.
 - B. Denney (T.) d. L. White (N.): 6—4, 1—6, 6—3.
 - L. Noall (T.) d. N. Clements (N.): 4—6, 6—4, 6—3.
 - M. Lloyd-E. Tucker (T.) d. P. Büsst-L. White (N.): 6—4, 5—6, 6—3.
 - M. Lloyd-E. Tucker (T.) d. R. Eccles-N. Clements (N.): 6—3, 6—2.
 - B. Denney-L. Noall (T.) d. P. Büsst-L. White (N.): 6—1, 6—4.
 - B. Denney-L. Noall (T.) d. R. Eccles-N. Clements (N.): 1—6, 6—3, 6—4.
- Total.—Trinity, 7 rubbers, 14 sets, 109 games; Newman, 1 rubber, 7 sets, 89 games.

On Monday night, Sept. 17th, we wound up our tennis year by a dinner, given by Miss Herring, who entertained the tennis captains of other Colleges, our own team, and the Hall en masse. This was a bright and merry function, the speeches showing great wit and versatility, and the aftermath in the Verdon Library matched the occasion in hilarity.

JANET CLARKE HALL DANCE.

The Janet Clarke Hall dance was held in Melba Hall on June 28th, and proved again the cheery function that it has always been. The floor was perfect; the energy and enthusiasm of the orchestra were superb! The gods were kind in providing a night which, though distinctly chilly, was fine and starry, with a moon—oh, what a moon! However, that does not require comment, as it was doubtless observed by many who were present. Melba Hall wore a festive air with pink draperies and flowers, and rugs and arm-chairs at the end of the hall gave an air of comfort. Supper was served on the stage, behind a pink and white lattice-work. About 250 were present, and everything went without a hitch.

SALVETE.

Freshwomen, 1923.—B. Allan, C. Anderson, K. Bloomfield, J. Darbyshire, C. Dennis, J. Finlayson, R. Gollan, N. Jeffreys, R. Lowenstern, E. Macknight, L. Noall.

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VALETE.

M. Anderson—In Coll. 1922.
G. Archdall—In Coll. 1917-1922.
M. Ashton—In Coll. 1922.
E. Baynes—In Coll. 1919-22. Tennis Four, '20, '22.
E. Boyes—In Coll. 1920-22.
E. Champion—In Coll. 1920-22. Tennis Four, '21.

V. Fullerton—In Coll. 1919-22.
P. Green—In Coll. 1921-22.
G. L. Grigg—In Coll. 1921-22.
D. Hensley—In Coll. 1918-22.
B. Irvine—In Coll. 1919-22. 3rd Member, '22.
I. Ireland—In Coll. 1919-22.
J. Kay—In Coll. 1915-22. Tennis Four, '19, '20, '22.
M. Keats—In Coll. 1916-22.
D. Knox—In Coll. 1920-22.
S. Reilly—In Coll. 1920-22.
M. Service—In Coll. 1919-23. 3rd Member, '21; Senior Student, '22.
O. Smith—In Coll. 1920-22. Social Club Sec., '22.
A. Vincent—In Coll. 1920-22.
J. Wilkinson—In Coll. 1922.

OLD STUDENTS

THE UNION OF THE FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The annual meeting was held in the Common Room at Trinity College on June 8th, when the following office-bearers were appointed for the year 1923-4:—

President: S. E. Elder.

Vice-Presidents: E. R. White, Allan Spowers.

Committee: C. Gavan Duffy, H. A. Crowther, L. Arnold, J. P. Ainslie, F. B. Lawton.

Hon. Secretary: F. F. Knight, Selborne Chambers.

At the termination of the meeting the annual dinner was held in hall. There were 80 present, including 13 College men who were guests of the members. We would like to see more of them at future dinners, and no doubt we shall when the new hall is completed.

After the toast of the King had been honoured, Mr. S. E. Elder proposed the toast of the College. Dr. Mark Gardner and Mr. Mayman (Senior Student) responded. The Bishop of Bathurst then proposed the health of the Warden (Dr. Behan), who responded.

At the request of members Dr. R. R. Stawell addressed them. Before the termination of the meeting it was pro-

posed by the chairman, and unanimously agreed, that the Secretary be instructed to convey the best wishes of the meeting to the ex-Warden, Dr. Alex. Leeper. The toast of Dr. Leeper was then honoured.

A letter was duly sent to Dr. Leeper; to this he replied, expressing his appreciation, and wishing the Society all great happiness and prosperity. He counted, he said, among members of the Society many of the best friends he had made in the course of a long life.

Unfortunately, owing to expense, it is impossible to send copies of the "Fleur-de-Lys" to those members who have not paid their subscriptions for this year. A considerable number of subscriptions are overdue, and it is regrettable that so many old boys are losing touch with the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys and with the College.

The annual old boys' subscription (7/6) is payable to the Hon. Secretary (11 Selborne Chambers, Chancery Lane). Those who find it inconvenient to remit so small an amount by post may send one or more years' subscription in advance. There is no entrance fee.

The Hon. Secretary would be obliged if members would notify any change of address, and so prevent notices and other communications from going astray.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

Theyre Weigall was appointed an Acting Judge of the Supreme Court early this year.

The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon J. C. V. Behan, our present Warden. He is now carrying out for the time being the duties of Professor Harrison Moore, Dean of the Faculty of Law, who is abroad.

Billy Moule has returned from England full of anecdote. At present he toils in the law firm of Moule, Hamilton and Kiddle.

Consett Carre Riddell was recently married to Miss Thora Menzies. He is now living in Como Avenue, South Yarra.

Benny Lewers, who is in British North Borneo, was married there, some months ago, to Miss Horton.

Nev. Faulkner was also married, some weeks ago, to Miss Helen Alsop, of Bairnsdale. The Rev. A. Law assisted at the ceremony.

Pat O'Hara Wood and Mrs. Lister, Bob Simson and Miss Kathleen Luscombe, were also married this year.

Our best wishes go with them all.

Rex. Leeper is now First Secretary at the British Legation at Warsaw. He was Charge d'Affaires when the King of Roumania visited the Polish Republic.

"Beer" Foster was over here at Easter. His present address is Merton Vale, Campbell Town, Tasmania. We understand he intends returning to Melbourne shortly.

Tom Harris is resident medical officer at the Ipswich Hospital (Q.)

The Rev. O. J. Brady has sailed for England, to study for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity (London). He expects to be away two years.

Breezy Gale was a member of the Australian running team, and has just returned from Europe.

Mark Gardner, when not curing afflictions of the eye, continues to interest himself in public affairs. He is hon. secretary of the League of Nations Union, and is on the executive council of the English Speaking Union, of which Ned Herring is hon. secretary.

Lindsay Brent is one of the Government Medical Officers at the Sydney Quarantine Station. He is to be found at Watson's Bay.

Eric Quirk was in the semi-finals of the Victoria Amateur Golf Championship, and

with Ivo Whitton won the Victorian Amateur Foursomes Championship. He has bought a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Stanley Argyle, who represents Toorak in the Legislative Assembly, has joined the Ministry as Chief Secretary and Minister for Public Health.

Frank Clarke has been elected President of the Upper House.

"Pa" Rowe is now practising as a solicitor in Perth. Neville Henderson follows the same profession in Brisbane.

Jack Carse, G. D. Kelly, Noel Nash, Sperry Hill and Tom Weigall are occasionally seen in town on short visits from the country, when the exigencies of the pastoral industry permit.

Len Darley is in America, on his way to England.

Jack Jackson is somewhere near Raul. His brother Charlie is still in Brisbane.

Rex. Sweetnam has announced his engagement to Miss Dorothea Church. He was in practice at Yea, but expects shortly to take up a permanent residence in town.

Ike Maudsley has returned from England. 8 Collins Street is his present address.

H. B. Gill is practising in Hay Street, Perth.

R. A. O'Brien is in London, in the Burroughs, Wellcome laboratory.

Cliff Scantlebury, who has been in England, has found a home among the medical fraternity at No. 12 Collins Street.

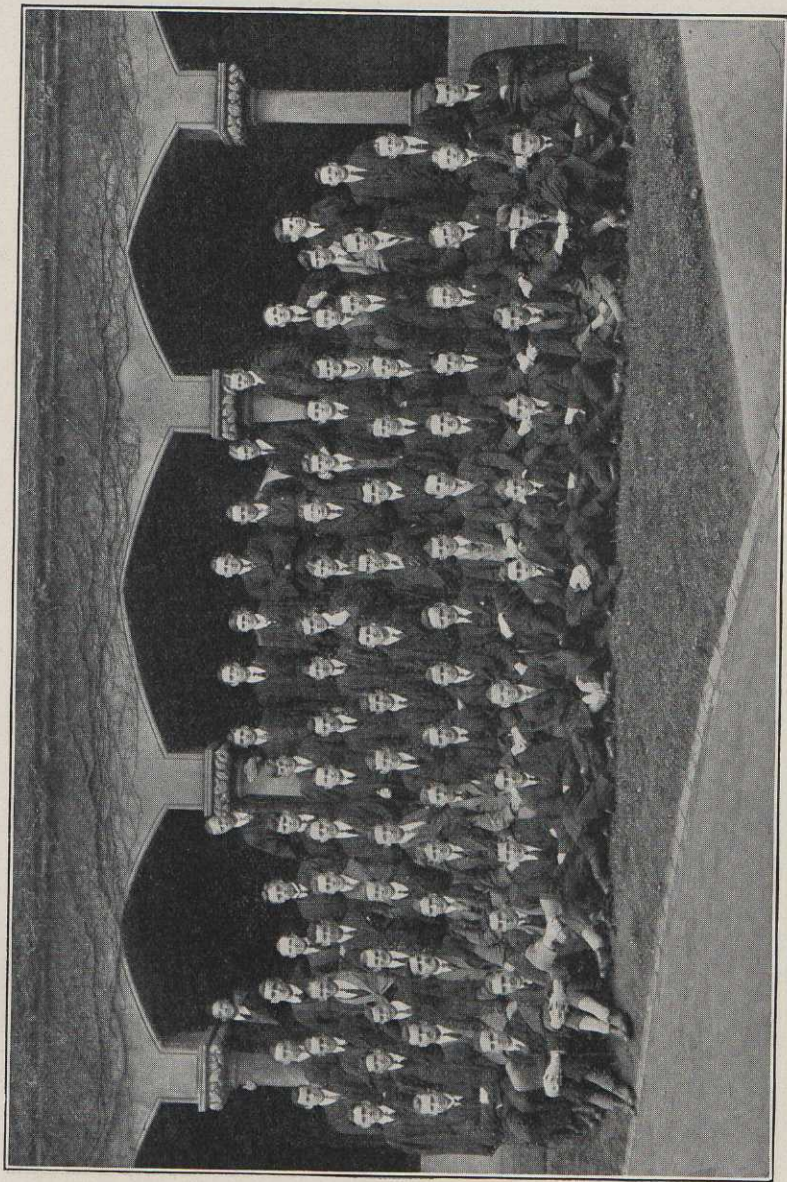
W. Bailey has been distinguishing himself in the cricket world. Last season he played for the Combined Universities and Victoria against McLaren's team and also the Inter-State Colts' team.

Dr. South, of Ballarat, one time senior student of the College, called in one day last term to see the War Memorial. Among the photographs of the fallen is one of his brother, Harold South.

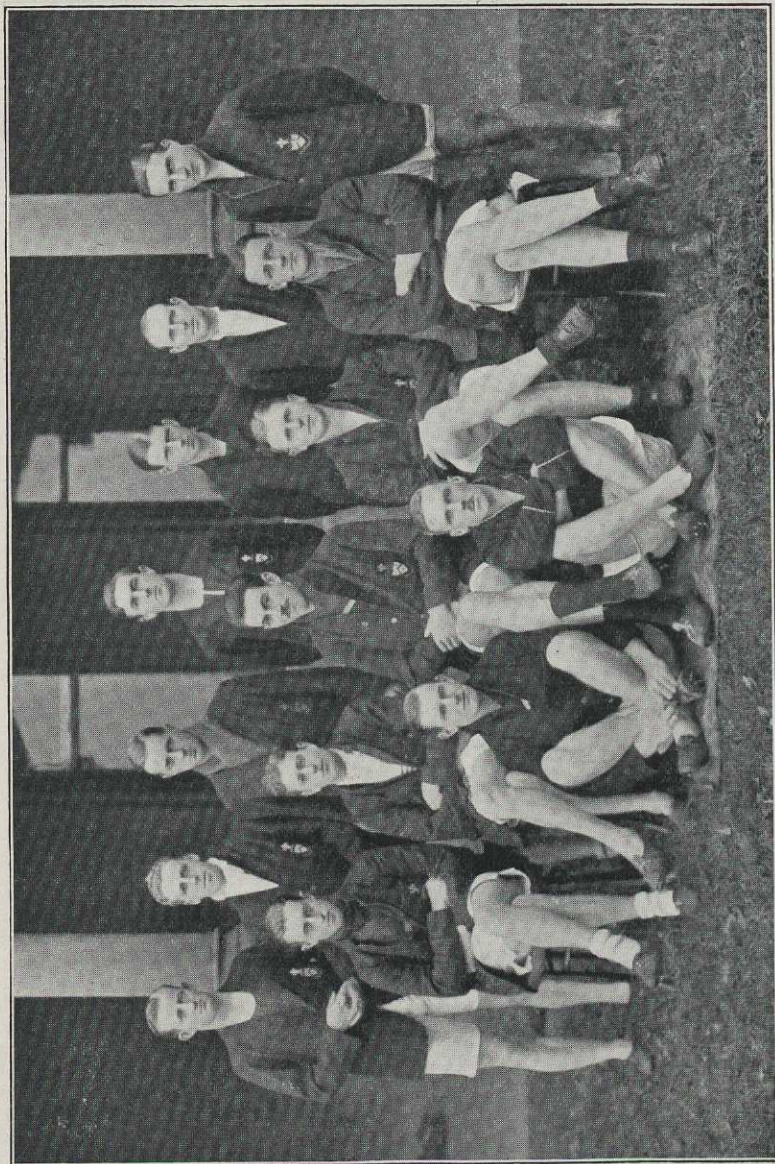
Keith Hancock distinguished himself in the final examination in the history school of arts at Oxford, obtaining first class final honours.

TRINITY WOMEN'S SOCIETY.

The annual dinner of the T.W.S. was held at the Lyceum Club on Friday, Sept. 30th. Dr. Constance Ellis, the retiring president, was the guest of honour, having returned only a few days previously from

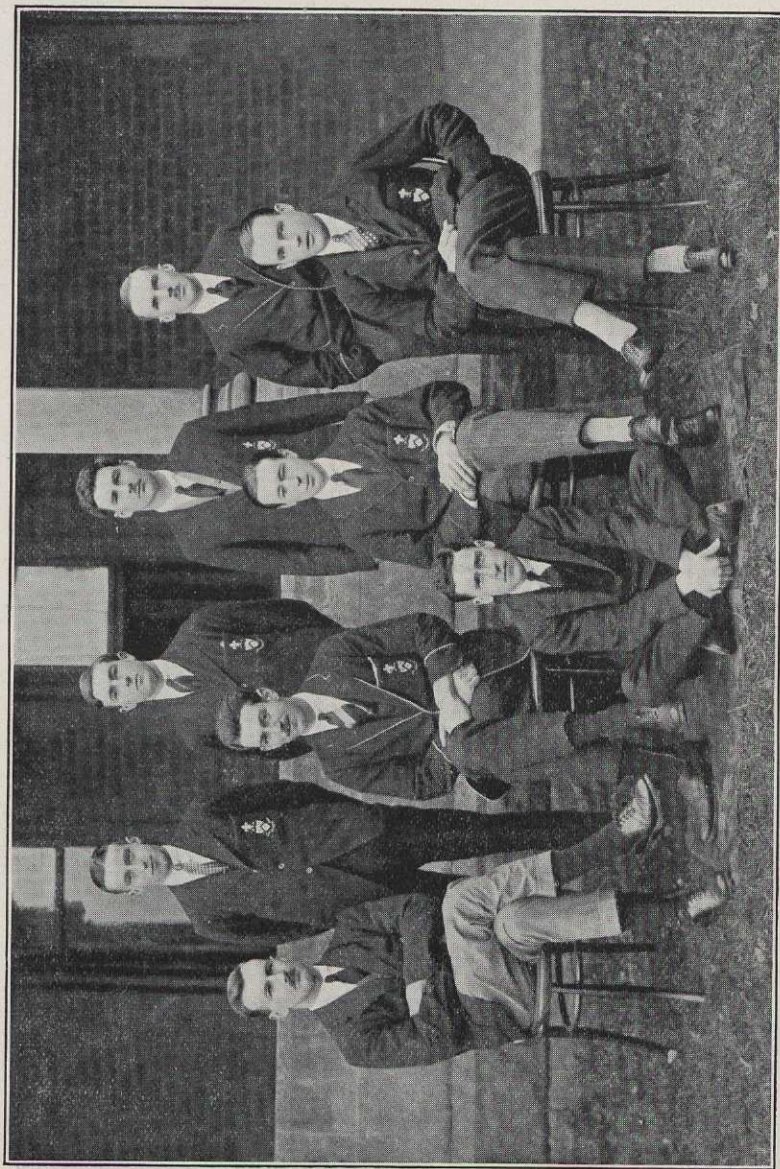


TRINITY COLLEGE STUDENTS, 1923.



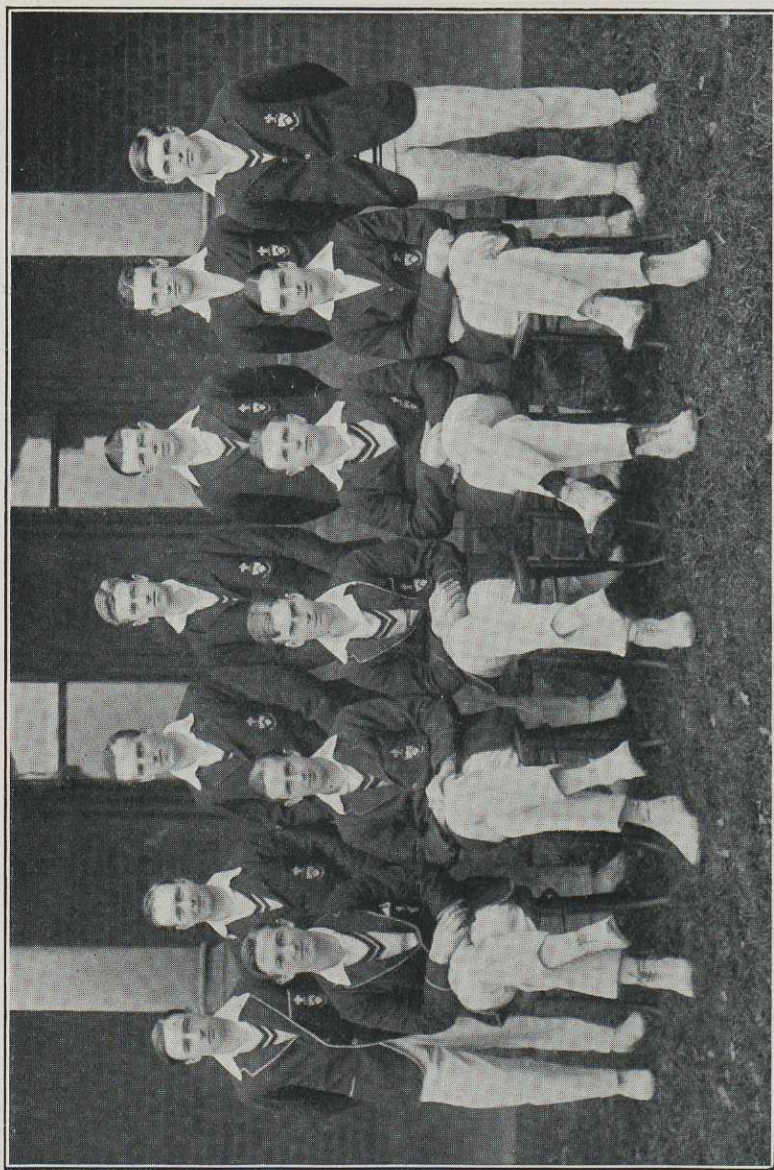
ATHLETIC TEAM, 1923.

H. Hodgeson, E. R. Crisp, G. H. Grimwade, R. R. Garrahan, G. W. Leeper, A. C. Doggett, R. R. Webb,
W. K. Hardy, W. P. White, R. H. Keon-Cohen, J. R. Hasker, J. S. Bloomfield,
M. H. B. Robinson, C. A. G. Duffy.



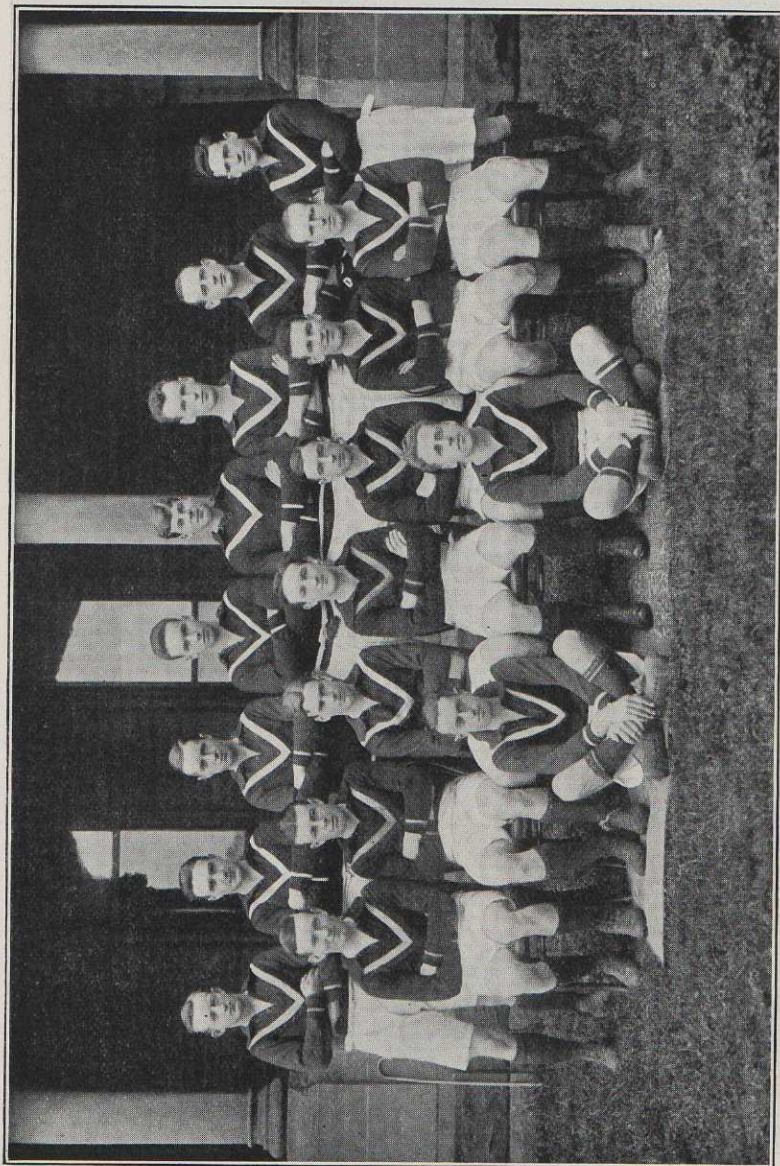
THE CREW, 1923.

B. T. Keon-Cohen (2), R. R. Garra (4), H. M. Murray (3), C. A. G. Duffy (bow),
D. A. White (6), R. H. Keon-Cohen (stroke), R. G. Orr (5), G. J. Pardey (5),
E. W. Kyle (cox.).



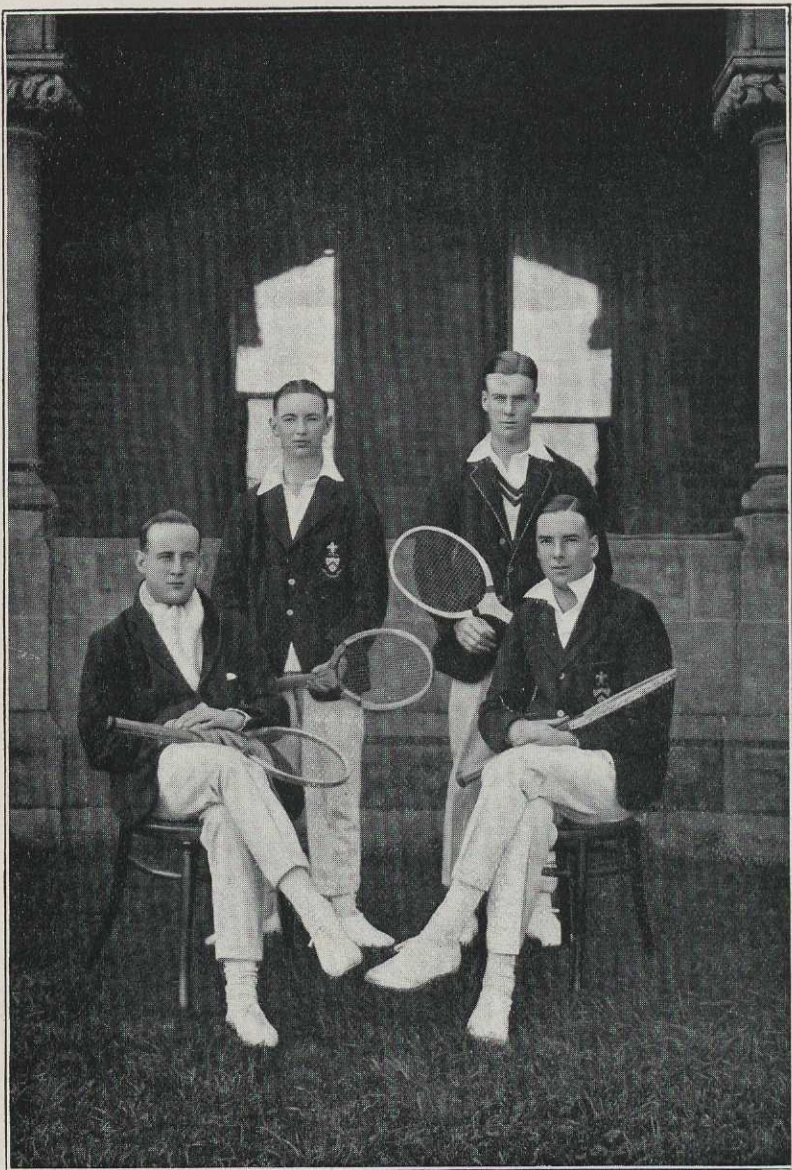
CRICKET TEAM, 1923.

W. N. Mertz, T. R. Mappin, B. A. Hunt, H. W. Traynor, R. R. Sholl, F. R. Vincent, J. R. W. Purves,
G. F. Rusden, F. C. Langlands (vice-capt.), W. M. Irvine (capt.), J. R. Hasker, L. F. C. Hallows.



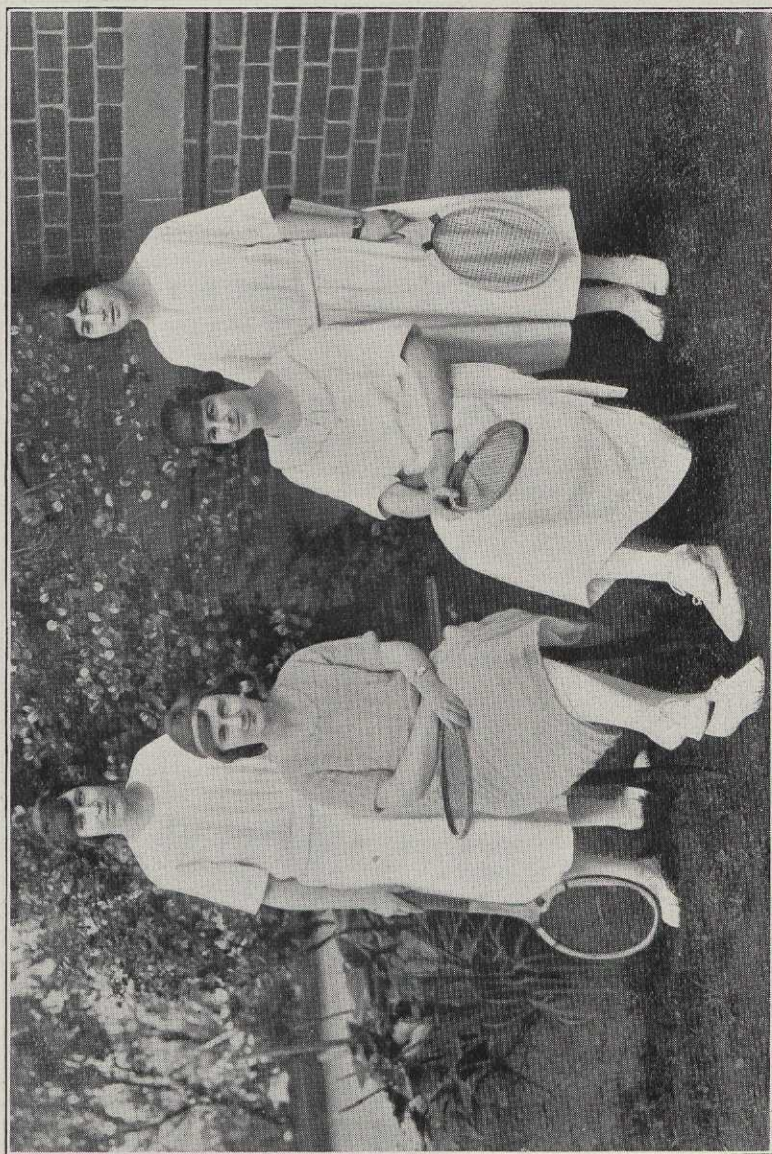
FOOTBALL TEAM, 1923.

H. Hodgson, R. R. Webb, G. H. Grimwade, P. T. Fryer, E. C. Farran, P. St. J. Wilson, C. H. Fitts, E. W. Kyle,
 E. B. Tunbridge, R. R. Sholl, W. M. Irvine (vice-capt.), G. F. Rusden (capt.), W. N. Muntz, F. R. Vincent, A. C. Doggett,
 W. K. Hardy, E. R. Crisp.



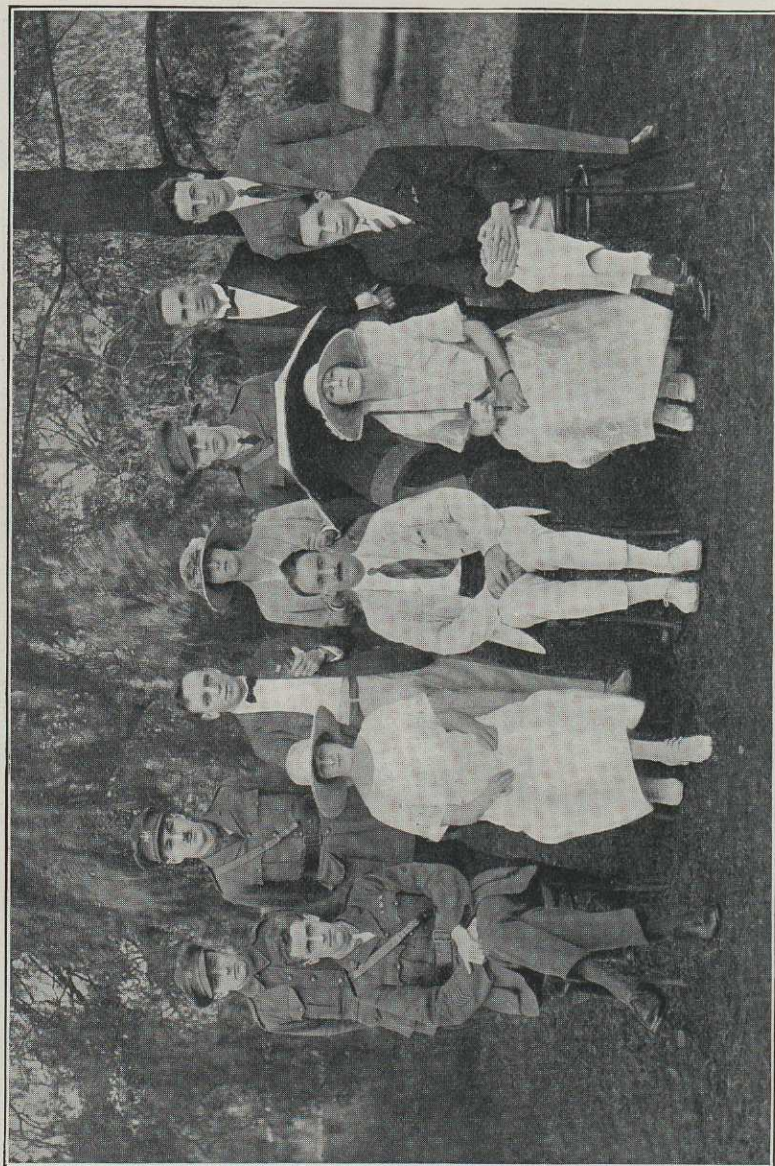
TENNIS TEAM, 1923.

C. H. Fitts, J. B. Turner, W. M. Irvine, H. F. C. Hallows.



JANET CLARKE HALL TENNIS TEAM, 1923.

Miss E. Tucker.	Miss B. Denney.
Miss M. Lloyd (capt.).	Miss L. Noall.



COLLEGE PLAY, 1923.

a year's trip to England. There were over thirty present, including representatives from the sister Colleges. The toast of the College was proposed by Miss Yencken, who spoke of the great good fortune which had come to the Hall in the form of the Manifold Bequest. She outlined the course in domestic economy which had been suggested to fulfil the condition of the gift, and which included instruction in every branch of household management, cookery and hygiene. The necessary instruction would be given at convenient times during the student's first two years in College, and would not interfere with her academic work. Miss Yencken spoke most enthusiastically of the innovation, which would bring the Hall into line with movements in certain parts of the world towards making domestic training compulsory for girls, just as military training is compulsory for boys.

Dr. Ellis, in replying to the toast of "Our Guest," gave a very interesting account of some of her experiences in England, where she visited both Oxford and Cambridge. She spoke of many interesting women graduates she had met, including several Trinity women, and also representatives of the medical profession from various countries in Europe.

At the short business meeting held after the dinner the following committee was elected for the ensuing year:—

President.—Mrs. E. V. Wade.

Vice-Presidents.—Dr. Ellis, Dr. M. Wanliss.

Secretary.—Miss V. C. Jennings.

Committee.—Miss M. Brock, Miss F. Young.

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OLD GIRLS' JOTTINGS.

Ethel Bage has just returned from a trip to Korea.

Con. Duncan, who has been doing Y.W.C.A. work in Yokohama for some time, was fortunately on a holiday, 90 miles away, at the time of the earthquake.

Mrs. McKellar Stewart (Madge Bothroyd) is living in Adelaide, her husband having been appointed to the Chair of Philosophy there.

Dot Scantlebury has felt the wanderlust so strong that after a few months in Australia she has set out on her travels again.

Dr. Vera Scantlebury has been appointed medical inspector to the Church of England Girls' Schools in Melbourne.

Betty Harris has become an enthusiastic member of the Girl Guides, and has been gaining practical experience at a training camp perched on the side of Mount Macedon.

Mary Mills, too, is running a Guide company in Fitzroy in the little time left her by her M.A. work.

Mrs. Chas. Kellaway (Eileen Scantlebury) is expected back in Melbourne with her young son in November. Dr. Kellaway is already here, doing excellent work in the Path. Department at the Melbourne.

Dr. Kate I. Campbell is in residence at the Children's.

Girlie Baynes is teaching at the C.E.G.G.S. Ericil is to be married when her fiancé finishes his course.

Dr. Marion Wanliss and Dr. Bea Warner are still doing research work in the Path. Department at the Melbourne, where Maud Cowen is doing the regular bacteriological lab. work.

Margery Conder spent the winter at Bendigo and has gone back to Tasmania.

Dr. Ottilie Noall is to be married within the next few weeks. Bea Irvine is to follow suit shortly after—she is going to live in Tasmania. Eileen Champion was married on Sept. 12th. Best of luck to them.

Margaret Keats is mending animals in the country round Kerang.

Dr. Isabel Ireland is doing some medical work in Tasmania.

Harley Baird is back at the Hall and doing research work at the Bi. School.

Irene Webb is taking a leading part in Allan Wilkie's Shakespeare productions.

Mrs. Wilson (Nell Kent-Hughes) is on a municipal council in Queensland. She has the honour of being the first woman councillor in Australia.

The death of Juliet Stawell, at the beginning of this year, was a great sorrow to all who had been in College with her. Her striking personality and extraordinary keenness for her work, together with her real humility with regard to her own achievement, made her loved by all who knew her. She leaves a gap in our ranks that can never be filled.

ORIGINAL

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MACKAIL.

By "A Fellow-Student."

[For these interesting reminiscences we are indebted to a member of the College Council. We thank him most sincerely for his interest in the magazine, and trust that his example will be followed by others.—Ed.]

Mackail is usually regarded as a product of Oxford. That is not quite correct. Mackail went to Oxford in 1878, but he had previously attended the University of Edinburgh for nearly four years, and left it, after taking his degree with first class honours in classics and philosophy, to continue his studies at Balliol. His career at the latter seat of learning was brilliant; no student at Oxford ever gained more distinctions. But his course at Edinburgh was equally meteoric. He came from Ayr Academy, if I remember rightly, a mere boy, yet he headed the list at matriculation, and entered at once into the senior classes for Latin and Greek. He won the medals in both subjects, beating men greatly his seniors, among whom were some who afterwards became distinguished. The stories that went round the quadrangle concerning Mackail's learning were numerous—perhaps apocryphal in some cases. It was said that he read Greek plays at breakfast instead of the morning paper. He preferred—so rumour goes—to talk in Latin than in good "broad Scotch." The truth is, Mackail did not talk much at all. He was a quiet student, reserved and silent, not devoted to any particular sport, but not, on the other hand, a deliberate swot. I think I once heard him say that he did not work particularly hard. And certainly he had not the appearance of one who burned the midnight oil. Spare and alert, he looked very much in those days as he does now, a man with an earnest purpose and an earnest determination to achieve it. So he went on through his years. All studies came alike to him; in every class he shone. Logic and metaphysics, literature and rhetoric, moral and natural philosophy and mathematics—he took the first prize in every one of these except the last. He was second in pure

mathematics. I fancy the man who beat him was William Welsh, who afterwards became Senior Wrangler at Cambridge.

Mackail had among his teachers at Edinburgh some famous men—the versatile, if erratic, John Stuart Blackie for Greek; the great P. G. Tait, fellow-worker with Lord Kelvin, in natural philosophy, and David Masson, father of Professor Masson, in English literature. The latter was an inspiration to his students, one who gave to many young men their great impulse in life. Nor must I forget to mention Professor Campbell Fraser, the able successor of Sir William Hamilton in the chair of metaphysics, about whom current report said that in the first half hour of his lecture he told what he had done yesterday, and in the second what he was going to do to-morrow, a wicked travesty on the facts. Professor Fraser let his words sink in—and they did. I remember Mackail best in the moral philosophy class, under Professor Calderwood. The professor was an excellent lecturer and fine disciplinarian, very clear and logical in his utterances, which, however, did not always please some of his student critics. They were too dogmatic. It was from his class that Mackail went up to Oxford in November, 1878, to try his luck in the Balliol Exhibition. He came back in a few days with the prize, and the professor led the applause that greeted Mackail on his appearance in the lecture room.

A funny incident happened in this class. Professor Calderwood was describing the emotions and the influence of music upon them. We students made a practical demonstration. A German band was hired to play beneath the professor's windows at lecture time the Dead March from "Saul," and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." We were, of course, profoundly moved, and our professor smiled. But the Professor of Mathematics was disturbed. His rooms were adjacent. Hearing the music, he stopped in one of his solutions and remarked: "This is very cheerful, but distracting. Playing my favourite master, too. I wonder if they would stop for half-a-crown." Those in the know were certain

they wouldn't, for we had promised them ten shillings to play on. I can't for certain say if Mackail was one of the party who put that joke up. In April next year, that is, in 1879, Mackail, with his "blushing honours thick upon him," left Edinburgh for "fresh fields and pastures new," and his old haunts knew him no more.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

By Dr. Leeper.

Some of my most vivid memories of the College are connected with the sports. The first boat-race, rowed forty-two years ago, is as fresh in my mind as the events of yesterday. The course was the same then as now. There were no motors in those days, and comparatively few spectators, so that the College supporters had a clear run along the bank, with little jostling. There were only two Colleges, Trinity and Ormond, and the rivalry being so concentrated was intensely keen. I remember running a great part of the way side by side with the then Master of Ormond, Dr. (now Sir John) Macfarland. We were both young and active and in good wind, and we talked to each other as we ran.

A member of the Trinity crew now holds a very important public position. Alas! we could never get him through the Matriculation examination, though we tried our hardest, and he had to leave the College. I do not know whether his case is ever used to cheer the many who nowadays fail at the "School Leaving." I remember that in my Oxford undergraduate days, when men failed for "Smalls," they used to be comforted by being assured that Gladstone, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, and others who have helped to make history, had had the same experience. Any names were good enough; I am not certain that they were always even Oxford men.

The first six boat-races were such hollow victories for Trinity that we became very arrogant, and such expressions as this were common: "Are you going to see the 'Procession' to-morrow?" Our pride was properly reduced in the year 1887, when Trinity suffered a bad defeat, though she had a fine crew, stroked by E. S. (now Canon) Hughes. The Ormond victory was largely due to the admirable coaching by

Mr. Robson, then Classical Tutor at Ormond. He introduced the Cambridge style of rowing, which was at first greeted by the critics on the bank with scoffs and jeers, and was termed the "Ecclesiastical style," but it made good, and for three years in succession Trinity had to lower her colours.

The first inter-collegiate cricket match took place in the same year as the first boat-race, and was won by Trinity. The University ground was in a parlous state, and the game was full of flukes. That was the age of low scoring, and the match was easily finished in one day. Feeling ran very high, and found vent at the end of the match in an Ormond supporter calling for "Three cheers for the man who won the match—the Trinity umpire!" As the years went on, a finer spirit of sportsmanship took possession of the Colleges, and "regrettable incidents" became rare. The foundation of Queen's greatly contributed to this desirable end. The feeling of rivalry grew less intense as it was more diffused.

The old chapel, now used, I believe, as a theological lecture-room, has varied associations. Some are sad and solemn, such as the memorial services for the men who fell during the two wars of our time. There was only one wedding ever celebrated there, and the chapel had to be specially licensed for the occasion. The bridegroom was Dr. Hearn, the famous Dean of the Faculty of Law. He married for the second time late in life, and the bride was a very old friend. Perhaps this may account for the absence of mind which he betrayed by leaving her behind and starting to go out alone, until reminded by the students that he had forgotten his wife.

Some of the present students may have heard of the lapses made from time to time by the readers of the Lessons. One I shall never forget, when the reader (the chapter was Luke iv.) solemnly declared that "There were many Leepers in Israel in the time of Elisha." Of course this unexpected announcement led to uncontrolled merriment. I am afraid I set a bad example. The reader made his slip even more absurd by coming to tender an apology to my eldest son after the service. Another occasion which gave great joy to the students was when a mathematical tutor got hopelessly entangled in the 16th chapter of Romans, and had to retire

flushed and baffled. That chapter, so crowded with names, seemed somehow to come very often. It was the terror of the freshman, and I sometimes used to feel it necessary to take charge of it myself. There was once a youth who had a slight stammer, which came out more when he was at all nervous. In the order of his course he had to read, and I was told afterwards how a fellow-student, much given to pranks, though he was really a delightful fellow, went round the rooms early in the morning, rousing all his friends to "come and hear young A— read." He was very proud, I believe, of having got a full house for the unfortunate A—.

The College has many things to boast of, as we all know. One of her finest records is the number of Rhodes Scholarships to her credit. I am very proud of the fact that no fewer than eight Rhodes Scholars have passed through my own hands. The first of my Rhodes Scholars was the present Warden. There was a very strong candidate from Ormond, a great oarsman, and there was keen emulation between the Colleges. I remember the night when we heard the result of the election. I was in the chair at a debate of the Dialectic Society when the news was brought to me. Of course I announced it to the meeting, and there was great jubilation; but the debate was pretty strenuous and was soon resumed. Presently a student crept up to me and asked permission to ring the big bell of the College. "Just, sir, to let Ormond know the news." The request seemed to me to show such a true neighbourly spirit that I could not refuse. I wonder the bell survived the ordeal. Strange to say, we never received any acknowledgment from Ormond College.

I suppose the Trinity people still hear the weird sounds from the Zoo at night. I remember that one day at a garden-party I had just been telling someone how I often heard "the roaring of the wild beasts at night." Presently a severe-looking lady, who had apparently caught only a fragment of the conversation, stepped up to me and said: "Dr. Leeper, I was really shocked to hear the dreadful way in which you spoke of your students just now."

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN NEEDS.

An Old Trinity Man's Work.

"CHRISTIAN TRADITION AND AUSTRALIAN OUTLOOK," by Kenneth T. Henderson, M.A., Dip. Ed., Assistant Chaplain, St. Peter's Collegiate School, Adelaide. Published by the Australian Student Christian Movement, Melbourne.

It is unfortunate that many people still regard all books on theology and religion as the outcome of pious priggishness; and even those who do not hold this view very often adopt the attitude of "this is too spiritual for me." For men and women with such views Mr. Henderson's new book cannot be too earnestly recommended.

"Christian Tradition and Australian Outlook" is more serious reading than its predecessor, "Khaki and Cassock," which won the Dublin Prize in 1921. In it young Australians are urged to take the burden up and to think for themselves, to realise where they stand; not to "fancy what were fair in life," but to study the existing conditions of our modern religious life and teaching, and to

"Find what may be,
Then find how to make it fair. . . ."

By far the most interesting chapters, from the viewpoint of the general reader, are "The Intellectual Presentation" and "The Stark Necessity for Thinking."

In the first of these the author tackles the great and fundamental difficulty of today, that of "proving to this generation that Christianity is a working hypothesis which may reasonably be accepted." He goes on to say: "The intellectual infallibility of Christianity is gone, and that I am sure is of supreme moment to the man who delivers my bread and sells me my train tickets. It matters far more to the man in the street than to the thinker, who can get the kernel from the husk, for the plain man either uncritically believes or uncritically rejects."

He touches, in his paragraph on the "half-baked," upon the persons who desire to be unconventional, and who, to do this, disregard religion. "But a moment's thought is sufficient to show that to-day religious belief is highly unconventional." But, though Genesis may no longer be used as a text-book on the genesis of the world, the Christian religion is a living thing, and a necessary one, for Mr. Henderson.

The valuable contribution which the author brings to the religious problems dealt with in this volume is his sane, rational, unbiassed outlook—an outlook which he endeavours to impart to his reader. "A real working grasp of any truth demands far more than the passive acceptance of it. It is through our active interests, experiments and questions that we gain the mastery of new truth."

In his chapter on "The Stark Necessity for Thinking," Mr. Henderson strikes blow upon blow for the need of inquiry. Test before you believe. "If we are wise," he says, "we will consult tradition in the making of our plans, but we must feel they are our own schemes for our own difficulties. . . . The first phase of the generating of creative energy is creative thinking. Fresh thought is fresh power. But all average churchmanship, of whatever party or shade of opinion, seems firmly united on one dogma—belief in an inviolate present, as handed down by an irrevocable past. So thought cannot begin. . . ." The same fault of worship of fixed ideas he finds in the "clerical mind." "This particular complaint consists in treating everything in the moral or spiritual world as settled already by formulæ or to be settled by the application of existing formulæ."

In short, his advocacy is of "the necessity for constant criticism," and we are told to regard tradition as "a vast, friendly body of advice." His views on Church unity and ideas for reformation of Synod are illuminating and very instructive reading.

In conclusion, it is a great pity that the printing and production of this volume are unworthy of the subject matter—the type is small and difficult to read, the cover unsubstantial. However, it should present every thinking man with new views, and perhaps a new and more philosophical outlook on the Church in Australia.

The Rev. Kenneth T. Henderson is an old Trinity man, and graduated at Melbourne in Arts with honours; later he was lecturer in Philosophy at St. Paul's College, Sydney. He is now on his way to England to resume his philosophical studies at Hertford College, Oxford.

T. T. R.

ALFRED DEAKIN.

It is a good thing for us to be reminded from time to time of the ideals which the founders of the Commonwealth had before them. Over two decades have elapsed since the culmination of the Federal movement, and it is a very convenient stage at which to take stock. The appearance of Professor Walter Murdoch's biographical sketch of Alfred Deakin will cause all thinking Australians to throw back their minds to the difficult days when the Commonwealth, barely launched, stood in grave danger of shipwreck. That so many storms have been weathered with ever and anon a new hand at the helm is due, in the first place, to the master builders. By many an Australian Alfred Deakin is remembered chiefly as a great orator. Professor Murdoch's work will do much to enthrone him in his rightful place among the founders of the Australian nation. The Professor is entitled to our deep gratitude for a political biography which in the depth of its human interest recalls the best days of John Morley. Some readers will regret the closing chapters, and consider it better that the story of a great intellect, irrevocably doomed, collapsing day by day, should not have been written. Others would wish that the author had felt less restrained in his criticism of political leaders and parties. With these qualifications, however, there is no doubt the work will be widely read and deeply appreciated. It ought, in fact, to establish at once a standard for political biography in Australia.

In Victoria Deakin's political mentor was David Syme, ever keen of judgment. Yet he soon asserted his independence of thought, and Syme, his one-time patron, had good cause later to rue his early encouragement of the young lawyer-politician. It is well to be reminded of Deakin's legal training, as this increased his influence among the Barton-Kingston group during the Convention period. The one-time junior in the Deeming case had to contend, as he did so successfully, with the keenest legal minds both in Australia and in England afterwards, when the celebrated corybantic delegation bore home the Commonwealth Bill. It was once suggested that the political mantle of Henry Parkes fell upon Edmund Barton. Professor Murdoch's words more than suggest

that the mantle went from the Mother State to the banks of the Yarra.

In a brief notice such as this, one can hardly break much ground. In the earlier phases of his political career Victoria owed much to the progressive policy of Deakin, and his work in the encouragement and extension of irrigation was sound if not showy. But he was destined to play his part in a wider sphere. Quite early the Home Government came to realise that in dealing with the eloquent Victorian they had to deal with one who stood as representative of the wider Australian outlook. At the same time, at the Imperial Conferences and in his Navy Bill Deakin showed that "the crimson thread of kinship" was to him no mere rhetorical expression, but that the Imperialism of which Disraeli had been the founder had for him a profound meaning.

Deakin has been charged with obsequiously following the lead of Watson, and having, during his period as Prime Minister, no settled policy. In fact, the political ground on which the rival Protectionist and Free Trade parties faced one another in the first Federal Parliament had already begun to slip from beneath their feet. The issues which confronted the second Australian Premier were somewhat different. Labour was now a strongly organised, rapidly growing political force. The spell of State Socialism was being fast woven round the minds of voters. It would be difficult to accuse Deakin of having a definite bias either for or against State Socialism. In his broad human outlook he saw some departments in which he believed that State action might work considerable improvement. He supported the idea of Compulsory Arbitration in industrial disputes and the Pensions schemes. The White Australia vision seemed to him not merely desirable, but so far practicable that to allow the friends of cheap labour to prevent its realisation would have been a political crime of the greatest magnitude. From the time when Fisher succeeded him as Prime Minister Deakin's health would not allow him to play a great part in Federal affairs. Unhappily, the Fusion movement ended disastrously, and Deakin learned that Australia loved coalitions as little as the Mother Country. One is glad to think that the growth of the Country Party influence is a development which Deakin would have applauded.

In conclusion, this must be added. The secret of Deakin's power, and the reason why he was able to achieve so much, lay in his impulsive good nature and honesty. More effective on many important occasions, as Professor Murdoch shows, than his silver-tongued oratory was that happy sympathy which could bring political antagonists together and unite around him a group of able friends inspired by the ideals of a free, united and progressive Australia. Perhaps the name has become a little tarnished in the smoky atmosphere of party strife, but it was as a member of the Liberal wing that Deakin lived and worked, and he may well be styled "Australia's first great Liberal."

TULIP.

Sept. '23.

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IDEAS.

He lived in Little Briggs Street—a poor place; but he was only a poor workman, earning poor wages.

There was something sad and strange in his face, something that set him apart from the rest. His features were in themselves a contradiction. The jaw was firm and clear-cut, the chin strong and resolute; but the eyes were troubled. When he spoke at length, he had difficulty in finding his words; his brows became closely drawn, and his gaze wavered. His thought, struggling to express itself, seemed to fly round and round in his head, just as a wild creature beats frantically against the bars of its cage.

Forty years of life had turned his hair quite grey, and he walked with a slight hesitating poise.

His neighbours in Little Briggs Street thought him queer and over-serious, but did not dislike him. They did not understand why he carried about battered little books on history and eugenics; and on Saturdays they wondered a little when they saw him taking his wife and his family of five young children to play in the parks. But he was very diligent in his attendance at union meetings, and had become secretary of the local branch.

He, on the other hand, had a dislike for Little Briggs Street which he could not express. He prized cleanliness, and Little Briggs Street was dirty. He admired thrift, and Little Briggs Street was thriftless. He disapproved in particular of his

wife's sister, Mrs. Radcott, a good-humoured, thoughtless, irresponsible woman, who kept her house in filth and her seven children in rags. The sisters loved one another dearly, and were fond of spending time in talking over back fences; he disapproved, being afraid that his sister-in-law would drag down his wife.

His great idea was to escape. It was the desire to escape from the drabness and smoke of Little Briggs Street, from the crowd of unshaven men who lounged the whole afternoon in front of the corner hotel, that prompted him to seek the green, cool spaces of the parks, or the salt winds at the beach, and at last to buy a house of his own.

When he told his wife that he meant to buy with their savings a cottage in a far outer suburb, she made no resistance, but she was timid and full of doubt. The life in Little Briggs Street was the life that she knew; the other was vague and unfamiliar.

After long debates, they decided to buy on the instalment plan a cottage in a suburb as yet so thinly populated as scarcely to deserve the name. An enterprising tramway trust had laid a line into the green countryside, and beside the line estate agents had set up their huge, glaring sign-boards announcing blocks for sale at low prices. In some places weather-board houses had sprung up, but there were still stretches of open fields. Across the valley, snug farmhouses, trim orchards and fresh hayfields were to be seen.

Their own cottage stood on the slope of a steep hill, and was built of weather-board. It was very high in front, and the uncovered supporting timbers gave it the appearance of standing on stilts.

They left Little Briggs Street in late autumn. His wife's sister hung over the gate, and waved her apron hysterically, bawling:

"Good-bye, Lizzie! Good-bye, Lizzie! I'll often come to see you."

The wife wept a little, but the husband looked grim, and said to himself:

"She'll never set foot in my house. I haven't saved and scraped for that."

The first months of the new life were joy to him. The fares, it is true, were very high, and it was desperately hard to gather together the money to pay the monthly instalments. But to recompense him for these cares there were a hundred

pleasures which he had never known before.

It was a delight to leave the bustle and din of the city behind, to sit in a rapidly emptying tram, and to feel the cool wind bathing his face, and to watch the autumn dusk glimmering over the landscape. Vaguely he felt the romance in the gathering night, the poetry in the loneliness of the red road that led to his home, and in the sere autumn leaves beneath his feet. A certain peace descended upon him in glimpsing the light from his own kitchen gleaming warmly through the old red curtain.

He used to spend his Saturday afternoon in digging his plot of land. First he made a vegetable patch, then he set himself to form flower-beds. He imagined for the Spring after next a garden of beautiful blooms and fragrant scents. He would have delicate wistaria drooping over the doorway, and in the years to come there would be fruit-trees covering the earth with rosy petals.

He bought half a dozen fowls, and a stray dog came to take up his abode with the family, so that in his own mind his surroundings became quite rural.

His sister-in-law was the cause of the first trouble.

One evening he came home and found her not yet gone and the dinner uncooked. He said nothing while she remained, though he looked gloomy, but when she had gone he said to his wife:

"Lizzie, this mustn't happen again."

"Oh, alright," she answered, wearily. Mrs. Radcott's visits ceased.

About three weeks afterwards the wife, who was in the habit of marketing once a week in the city, went to visit Mrs. Radcott, missed her tram, and was again late in cooking the dinner.

"Better not go any more," said her husband, harshly.

Then their life went smoothly for a time.

Autumn lengthened into Winter, and Winter in its turn was followed by Spring. Now, as he returned home, it was no longer dark. The long, quiet shadows and the soft glory of the late afternoon lay about him. Little by little the vivid greenness of the grass faded into a dull yellow. At the hour of sunset the fields were steeped in pale golden radiance, and the roofs of houses were points of dazzling light.

He now gave up work in the garden, and took to carpentering in the back shed, and made shelves and small pieces of furniture out of old boxes.

One sunny afternoon he finished a little cabinet on which he had been at work for several weeks, and, proud of his handicraft, called to his wife to come out and inspect it. He received no answer, and walked over to the kitchen window to find out what was the matter. His wife was sitting at the kitchen table, her head resting upon her hands, and her lean figure slackened in an attitude of weariness and despair.

"Lizzie," he cried excitedly, "come and see what I've got in the shed."

"Aw, what is it?" she asked, without interest, without even raising her head.

He gazed at her for a moment in consternation.

"Why, what's the matter, Lizzie?" he asked.

"Aw, nothin', nothin'," she answered, in a miserable mumbling voice.

Her kindly face was beginning to look worn and listless. The insufferable dreariness of her existence hung heavy on her. She never went out, she visited nobody, she received visits from nobody, her husband wished her to break with all her old friends, and to leave the Little Briggs Street past behind; but she could find no new friends to take their place. She began to complain of chronic headaches, stayed in bed till ten in the morning, and allowed her husband to cook his own breakfast, the children to cut their own lunches. She took no care of her appearance, and the house became sadly untidy.

One evening the crisis came. The wife was sitting wearily in the kitchen with the crying baby in her arms; the children were playing desultorily on the floor. The younger two began to quarrel violently. Their father went out from the close house into the cool night, and walked up and down the red road for a long, bitter hour. Then he went back to the house, blinking at the light.

"How would you all like to go back to Little Briggs Street?" he asked solemnly.

His family rose to give their answer in chorus.

Away from the silence and loneliness, away from the neighbours who held so persistently aloof, back to home and

friends, to lights and moving-picture shows!

The giving up of the house was easily arranged, though it left them considerably in debt. The day of their moving was very hot, as it was midsummer. The wife and children left in the morning; he himself waited till the afternoon to see an agent and to settle his business. It was not until some time after sunset that he turned his back on the cottage and climbed the hill to the tram terminus.

He paused and gazed a moment at the prospect. The city lay before him, swathed in a purple haze, in which shimmered myriads of golden lights; it spread itself over the plain like a scarf of delicate shot silk. And somewhere in the fairy mist was Little Briggs Street.

It was after nine o'clock when he reached the familiar corner. The night was intolerably sultry; earth sweltered beneath a black, pitiless sky. The narrow, squalid perspective of Little Briggs Street stretched before him. Slatternly women leaned over gates and gossiped in strident tones. An occasional drunken man maundered uncertainly along. Children played noisily in the gutters. Boys and girls from factories, talking and laughing, clustered under the glaring lamps.

Far along the street his own children were playing bare-footed in the gutter, and his wife was chattering volubly to her sister, Mrs. Radcott.

The change from the drowsy peace of the countryside to this scene where life and lust throbbed so strongly sent strange thoughts to his brain. Round and round they flew in their dull prison.

He stood still, his hands hanging despairingly at his sides. Somebody passed him and clapped him on the back.

"Back again, Tom?"

"Yes," he answered mechanically.

The first drop of rain fell on his open palm, and he shivered a little as he went into the house.

J. S.

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AT RANDOM.

A peaceful breakfast table. A 5th Year Med. devouring breakfast, a lay person perusing the daily journal. "Hullo—what's this—another victory for Sinclair." Egg goes the wrong way, but Med. is fortunately brought round in time to learn

that it is only golf, after all. The "Argus" should be more careful.

Some of our Theological poets may feel spurred on to fresh heights by the banning of "Beauty" by a narrow-minded University authority.

Distinguished Oriental members of the Pan-Pacific Congress have not been flattered at being mistaken for stars of the Chinese Rugby team.

In a well-known Melbourne rendezvous we were astounded the other evening to hear someone say, "I certainly liked the honest lawyer." Recovering from our amaze at this paradoxical appreciation, we ventured to ask at what eminent K.C. this bouquet was flung. The speaker coldly informed us that "The Honest Lawyer" was a work of fiction.

The "Davies Cup," so we overheard in a feminine conversation in the train, is a certainty for Purser.

An English paper, speaking of the North and South cricket match, waggishly remarked it could not bear to think of the day when "the South would have no Hobbs for its Fender and the North no Rhodes for its Carrs to Parkin." After that we feel the need of a Gunn somewhere.

English political circles have been much agitated by news from Victoria that "His Excellency the Governor" was among the unemployed, and people were being asked to pay to see him. Questions may be asked in the House of Commons, and the Colonial Office is tottering even more than usual.

A certain University professor, well known for his interest in problems of mentality and skull measurement, has been asked to adopt the "Bowler Hat Test," which in some places has been found infallible in the detection of potential criminals.

One of the distinguished writers of the Pseudo-Psycho-Analyst school, in his celebrated work, "Advancing Backwards," has pointed out that the appellation "Sikes" given to designate generally persons of whose place in the "Acquisitive Society" there can be no doubt, indicates that the application of the science to criminology is as old as the gaols.

TULIP.

O swift along the track, brave seekers, run;
Where the white pinnacles of life extend
All eager to their topmost heights ascend,
And climb the crags in splendour to the sun.

Ye are the very children of the day,
The first of Men; yet onwards as ye pass
Despise not him who slumbers in the grass
That waves within the meadows by the way.

We all would capture joy, and yours will be

Strong joy, born of achievement, so ye go
Swifter away, more forward still; but he,
May he not too find joy? May he not know

Sweet whisperings of the rivulets through the lea,

And rest contented on the plains below?

P. L. B.

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THE CHASE.

Three hunters in a forest green
Were hunting all the day;
Their steeds were swift, their arrows keen,
Their hearts were blithe and gay.

They came unto an open place,
And there full soon they spied
A stag with more than common grace,
And antlers strong and wide.

Their steeds sped faster than the wind,
The stag sped faster still.
One hunter had a homely mind:
"I chase what I can kill."

Two hunters galloped madly on,
The hounds were tailed away;
The stag with greater beauty shone,
And glistened like the day.

The arrows whistled fast and true,
The stag was wounded not.
One hunter paused: "I shall pursue
What may with shafts be shot."

The other rode up hill and crag,
And over moors he flew—
But if he ever caught the stag
No mortal ever knew.

KAPPA.

By the still waters of some deep lagoon
Where never ripple murmurs, and the air
Lies vibrant with all thought beneath the
moon;

By the deep waters of some still lagoon
Sits pensive Nature, beautiful and fair.
Not a leaf quivers on its branch; the cool
Of utter silence fills the woods; and there,
Bathed in the tresses of her dusky hair,
As quiet as the quiet of the pool,
Nature sits pensive, beautiful and fair.

P. L. B.

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THE CLOISTERS AT MIDNIGHT.

'Twas a fairy song that breathed
Thro' the cold, grey cloister drear;
No one heard save creeper-wreathed
Pillars, moonbeam clear.

Dark and chill the broad arch span,
Bleak and bare the lone oak tree,
At my slow-paced footstep ran
Echo drearily.

T. T. R.

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THE TROJAN SLAVE-GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From Euripides' "Hecuba.")

Breeze, bracing breeze of the ocean,
That drivest on in rapid motion
The barques that skim through the toss-
ing sea,

Oh, whither in sorrow wilt thou waft me?
To whose home o'er the ocean wave
Shall I come, purchased as a slave?
To some Dorian harbour wilt blow me
away,

Or the shores of Phthia, where, they say,
With waters beautiful and grand,
Apidamus fattens the furrowed land?

Where, to what sad island shore,
Sped by the ocean-sweeping oar,
Shall I pass to live in a house of woe?
There?—where the palm and the laurel
grow,

Whose sacred shoots first sprang to light
For fairest Leto's pure delight,
To grace her hallowèd travail?
Shall I with Delian maidens hail
Their Artemis, and at her shrine
Acclaim her golden fillet and her bow
divine?

KAPPA.

I.

From the dark storm-cloud fall a myriad
drops,
And some die young on the mountain-
tops;
But the rest, with pace nor fast nor slow,
Glide down to their fate on the earth
below.

II.

"Not many hours more," that's what he
said;
I caught it quite distinctly, though he
whispered—
Well, I thank God that I have heart
enough,
Now the first shock is past, to face it out
With calmness, even though I can't for-
get
The blackness and the nothingness in
which
This living life of mine will now so soon
Be blotted out.
How hard it is to leave it all untried,
All unattempted; never more to strive
With all the strength of will and knotted
sinew

To overcome the obstacles between,
And reach th' appointed end.

This wanton blow,
Which fells me at the threshold of my
life,
Bespeaks a wanton and malicious hand,
And puts from me all faith that God is
good.
I feel that when I die it is the end."

"The night is drawing in; the level beam
That shone but now through yonder win-
dow-pane
Is gone; I think the time will not be
long."

III.

"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Jones, and how
do you do!
It's such a long time since I've seen you!
How are you keeping?
I hope you haven't been waiting long! An
hour!
I'm awfully sorry! But just as I came off
duty
One of the patients died, and that delayed
me.
I couldn't help it. Really, you must for-
give me.
An accident like that might happen to
anyone.

But let's not talk any more about it now,
 dear;
 What show shall we go to after dinner to-
 night?"

IV.

"Dead! dead! dead! Like a rat in a
 trap!
 Thrust out of life by the senseless mech-
 anism
 Of the universe. Crushed like an ant by
 the heel
 Of the blind and brainless monster, of the
 Thing
 That we call Fate, or God, or Chance, or
 Time. . . .
 I had hoped that he would win the fight
 I failed in,
 And make my futile life not all in vain;
 For he had the gift for lack of which I
 fell—
 The heart to battle on to the bitter end,
 To hit back harder as his strength grew
 less,
 And snatch a victory in the very hour
 Of imminent defeat; in his young eyes
 Shone forth the fire of high desire; his
 will
 Was tough as tempered steel; accumula-
 tion
 Of misery on hopeless misery
 Could ne'er break him as it has broken me.
 His name would have been loved in after
 time
 As one who helped to widen out and wall
 The tiny unwall'd garden men have made
 Amid the still encroaching wilderness,
 Wherein they dream that love is lord of
 life,
 Forgetting life's inexorable law.
 My son—I loved you well. . . .
 Oh! the mockery of it all! And I,
 The broken-winded war-horse, cannot die;
 I still live on with countless other trash
 As spiritless and nerveless as myself,
 While the Great Enemy thus clips the
 heads
 Of all our tallest poppies; thus alone
 He reigns."

V.

You gay green leaves on the tree of life,
 Each minute that passes by
 Some of your number flutter down
 To the earth below and die.
 But you toss your heads with scarce a
 thought,

With barely a passing sigh;
 Should a young leaf die before its day,
 None feel the loss but the parent spray.
 And I must grieve, although I know
 'Tis better so.

T. W. S.

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SPANISH HATE.

A Story of the Spaniards in Peru.

One fine day in the Spring of 1543 a
 long line of Indian slaves, escorted by two
 bodies of Spanish horsemen, one in front
 and one in rear, was slowly descending the
 winding and precipitous track down the
 western side of the Andes, into the new
 city of Lima. They had passed the line
 of Arctic vegetation and were now enter-
 ing the zone of pine forests which clothed
 the great range in its middle altitudes.

The advance-guard and the rear-guard
 consisted each of fifteen Spaniards, riding
 in single file, owing to the narrowness of
 the track. Don Hernando de Soto, the
 commander of the whole expedition, led
 the way, and his cousin and second-in-
 command, Don Pedro, brought up the
 rear. In the centre marched over a hun-
 dred Indians, chained together in single
 file, each bearing a pack of silver from
 Gonzalo Pizarro's mines of La Plata.

The head of the line came abruptly to a
 place where the track turned full left round
 the shoulder of the mountain, and was
 thus immediately lost sight of by those
 behind. About half a minute passed. Sud-
 denly from round the corner came a sharp,
 confused burst of sound, compounded of
 Spanish oaths, Peruvian war-cries, blows,
 and a few isolated shots; it ceased almost
 as abruptly as it began. A wave of com-
 pression eddied down the line of bearers
 as those in front stopped short and then
 retreated slightly upon their fellows crowd-
 ing up behind them. A new alertness ap-
 peared in their eyes at seeing their mas-
 ters in such desperate straits. The Span-
 iards in the rear-guard gripped their swords
 and reined in their horses, glancing ner-
 vously about them and down the abyss on
 their right hand. Don Pedro, however,
 showed no emotion. His hand did not
 even move to his sword-hilt; he sat a little
 more upright in his saddle, perhaps, and
 led his men calmly and cautiously forward
 between the bearers and the rock wall.

As they rounded the corner, a curious
 sight met their eyes. The line of slaves

came to an abrupt end a score of yards ahead. Beyond that there was nothing to be seen. Hernando de Soto and the advance-guard had vanished into air. Moving on, they saw that the seventh bearer had been hacked free from the chains connecting him with his neighbours. In front, where the advance-guard had been, there was a little blood upon the path and some signs of a scuffle. Don Pedro pointed down the abyss and looked inquiringly at the leading bearer; the man nodded placidly. One of the Spaniards leaned over and looked down the dizzy precipice.

"Mother of God!" he said, "it is bottomless! They are in hell already!"

That was all. Don Pedro chose out three of his men, and with them led the convoy into Lima.

The liberation of the seventh bearer, together with the fact that neither the rear-guard nor the silver had been molested, caused the surviving Spaniards much fruitless conjecture. Not so Don Pedro, however.

Several days earlier he had unearthed a plot between the seventh bearer and the Inca Manco, the leader of the Peruvian irregulars, in their fight against the Spaniards. And so he had the former brought to his tent and charged him with it.

"I have discovered your merry little plot," said Don Pedro, "and I fear your ambush will have to be cancelled."

The bearer, seeing that denial was useless, shrugged his shoulders. "There is no faith in these ignorant dogs," he muttered, then continuing aloud:—

"Don Pedro," he said, "your cousin pressed me into this gang. He has humiliated me, flogged me, and I will be revenged on him or die. I am no slavish peasant, I am an Inca of the blood royal. Nor do I now plead for my life; but I say to you that Hernando de Soto shall not live to see Lima."

Don Pedro pondered for some moments. He had no love for his cousin. The latter's patronising airs and insistent reminders that he came of the elder branch of the family of de Soto irritated Pedro intensely. On the other hand, his loyalty to his captain, Gonzalo, demanded that the convoy should reach Lima. So he determined to drive a bargain.

"Truly, señor," he said ingratiatingly, "to a man of your social status and in-

tellectual attainments life must be doubly dear. Now, your life is in my hands, but you need not throw it away without cause. Your grudge is against Hernando. Well, he must look after himself. But I must take this silver into Lima unmolested. You may stage your ambush and do what you wish to Hernando and the advance-guard. But," he insisted, "I must have the plighted word of the Inca Manco for the safe passage of all the rest. You shall have a messenger to send to him, and if he agrees—so, we are both satisfied; if not, then I must regretfully give up your company and send you to happier fields. Further, you yourself must pledge your word, by all you hold sacred, never to divulge what has passed between us."

"I swear by Huyana Capac, my great ancestor," replied the Inca.

Thus the bargain was driven. And so the raid came and went, and Pedro took his silver into Lima.

In Lima the silver was soon distributed, and bought for Gonzalo new friends, and fresh war material for his military adventures. And so it came about that, less than a month later, Don Pedro, with his convoy laden with arms and ammunition, was drawing near the scene of the ambush, on his way back over the mountains.

Indeed, it was with some trace of nervousness that his men at last came in sight of the spot. Instead, however, of a repetition of the ambush, which they had half expected, a thing most strange befell them. For they found there, chained to the rock, a miserable wretch cruelly mutilated; with his ears cut off, his nose slit open, and his tongue cut out.

When he saw the Spaniards his eyes brightened and he staggered to his feet, holding out his arms to them as to his deliverers. They, however, showed no corresponding emotion at the sight of this ragged, dirty, brown-skinned creature, apparently an Indian of the very lowest class. They approached and inspected him more closely as he stood there gibbering unintelligibly. A trooper bent down and tore a small piece of parchment from a string round the stranger's neck.

"Here is writing," he said. "Will you read it, my captain?"

Don Pedro, who had been gazing at this apparition with astonishment and some perturbation, took the parchment and

glanced hastily through it. As he did so his face grew pale. Quickly he read it over again. Then, with something akin to fear, he looked searchingly into the stranger's face.

"Blood and body of St. James," burst in the voice of the trooper, "this must be the seventh bearer whom we lost. The Inca Manco has repaid his treachery and sent him back to us."

Slowly Don Pedro looked up; slowly his brow cleared, and a smile appeared on his lips. "You have guessed aright," he said. "Chain him in the gang and give him a double load." And they did so. And for many days afterwards as they journeyed on Don Pedro devoted much time and thought to completing the work of punishment which the Inca Manco had begun. Every degrading and menial task that could be found or invented was allotted to the mutilated wretch. His burdens, when they could not be made heavier, were made more awkward and uncomfortable, and every night he was given twenty or thirty lashes, that he might sleep the more soundly.

Curiously enough, however, instead of weakening under this treatment, he seemed, if anything, to grow stronger; for he was filled with a great hatred which carried him through every torment. And Don Pedro, seeing this unexpected and disagreeable sturdiness, decided to end the affair before they reached Cuzco.

On the last day of their march, therefore, he rode his horse up beside the bearer and smiled down at him. "Well, my fine fellow," he said, "it has indeed been a pleasure to have you back with us. I hope you appreciate the way we have attended to your comfort."

With a groan of ineffectual hate the bearer lifted his pack and was about to hurl it at his master, when Don Pedro's pistol rang out. The pack fell to the ground, and the Indian staggered back with his arm blown off at the elbow. "He is no use now," said Don Pedro, "so that I had best finish it off. Lend me your pistol," he commanded one of his men. Taking it, he carefully shot off the other wrist, so that the second shackle fell free. Then, drawing forth his own remaining pistol, he presented it at him squarely between the eyes. "I'll have no mutinous vermin under my command," he rapped out, and pulled the trigger.

The next night Don Pedro dined with Gonzalo Pizarro in Cuzco, and was warmly congratulated on the success of his perilous journey. "Yes," said Pedro, "I was indeed fortunate, but alas, the fate of my poor cousin, done to death by those blood-thirsty savages, prevents me from rejoicing overmuch. We Spaniards are world-famous for never failing to take vengeance, but these fellows are almost a match for us. Some of their arts, too," he added, "are rather highly developed; they have, for example, the most realistic and permanent skin dye I have ever seen." He smiled reminiscently as he spoke, and drew from the breast pocket of his doublet a scrap of parchment, glancing over it casually, he smiled again and tossed it into the fire. For on it were written these words:

"Behold reduced to the likeness of the most miserable of slaves, the proud Spaniard who made a beast of burden of an Inca of the royal house of Huayna Capac."

T. W. S.

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THROUGH THE HELL COUNTRY WITH HAMILTON.

It was in the dry season of 1923, just before the rains, that we set out from Surami on our great trek after wildebeeste and tamebeeste.

Our gallant little party consisted of Hamilton, the wily old hunter of many treks, well versed in all the bush lore of that wild country, and the second most deadly shot of the party, and myself, fresh from the hazardous ascent of Mount Gisborne.

I think there were few dry eyes in Surami that day, few manly throats that did not contain a suspicious lump, at the thought of the two gallant souls going off to seek and dare the Unknown. I can see the scene before me now—Hamilton, with an anxious, strained expression on his somewhat plain but honest old face, standing silent, aloof. Myself, debonair, immaculate, and apparently light-hearted, surrounded by a crowd of the pretty girls from the neighbouring towns, all tearfully imploring me to desist from this foolhardy madness. And then, finding me adamant, came sad requests, some little thing—a lock of hair, even a button—to remind them of myself. When finally we started on the long trek I had given away so many

buttons that I was forced to keep my hands in my pockets. Seeing my predicament, Hamilton gave a first display of that bush lore which was afterwards to stand us in such good stead. Cutting a strip of moss from the ground, he fashioned from it a rough but serviceable belt. "An old native trick," he said. I still count that belt one of my most valued possessions.

The first half mile of the trek gave no indications of the adventures ahead of us. One little incident I will quote, to give



"The wind," said the Old Hunter, "blows from the left."

some slight hint of the infinite guile of the wily old woodsman. When we were out of sight of the ladies, the veteran hunter called a halt. His next action I watched in amazement, and I pass the tip on to any greenhorn who may read this. He moistened the tip of his finger with his tongue, and silently held it aloft. Soon he lowered it. "The wind," he said laconically, "blows from the left."

After this, events came thick and fast. We had just rounded a large T'mbahlo, or mound of decaying cow's flesh, when Hamilton came face to face with a huge

buck dande-lion which had been stalking us. For an instant the old hunter's presence of mind deserted him, and he fled, screaming with fear. Fortunately, I did not lose my nerve, but rapidly raising my automatic misfirer, I sent a shot after the infuriated beast I was shooting well that day. . . . "Van Blankenkampf," said the old hunter, one hand behind his back, extracting a few stray pellets which had become lodged in his shooting-breeches, and there were tears in his voice as he spoke, "Van Blankenkampf, I owe you my life."

After this incident Hamilton insisted that we should divide our forces and press on into the hinterland—he taking the right and I the left bank of the river which we had now reached.

It was fording this torrent (which the natives call 'Mdoona, or "the stream which flows from the land in the distant north where the stone mountain god rules his people with the sacred assegai of Mongo") that an incident occurred which even now I cannot recall without a shudder.

(To be continued.)

REAL GEMS.

The Melbourne University Debating Society in second term asked a Trinity man to lead a debate on "Capitalism." They also asked Mr. W. M. Hughes to adjudicate. Whether it was the presence of Mr. Hughes, or the fact that he was not speaking on matters connected with rowing, that upset our friend, we do not know. But his speech was remarkable for the following "gems":

"You can no more replace the capitalistic system than you, sir, could go to the top of Parliament House, and, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, hurl yourself to the pavement beneath!"

"I tell you, sir, that the bright sun of Europe's civilisation will be darkened—nay, blotted out—by that dark, dismal, and portentous star which is now rearing its head on the horizon!"

"Those who criticise capitalism are like those quacks who go round and round and come up to everybody and try to convince you that you are in the last stages of death!"

"All men are not equal. You, Mr. Hughes, were not endowed by nature with

the generous physique of an athlete. I, sir, was not endowed by nature with that dominating personal magnetism which has raised you to the highest honour this country has been able to bestow upon you."

The audience had a great time, and, to cap it all, there was the fiery speaker who couldn't say "Capitalism," and who left us all with a doubt as to which is right, "Capilatism," "Cappo-talism," or "Capo-plitism."

THE DREADFUL EXPERIENCE OF A DATE PUDDING EATER.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—I hasten to acquaint your readers with an extraordinary experience which befell me only last night. At about 3 a.m. I was at work in my study on Mr. Dicey's exceedingly diverting and, to the beginner, of course, instructive work on Constitutional Law. Regretfully putting my book aside for a brief moment, I observed that the fire needed replenishing. I cast a large mallee root upon the glowing embers, and sank back in my chair, chuckling heartily to myself over what I had just been reading.

It was then that I became aware of an extraordinary and dreadful phenomenon. From the heart of the mallee root was crawling an enormous she-serpent! Paralysed with horror, I watched its angry gyrations. Suddenly it reared itself upon its haunches, dashed across the room, seized and donned my gown, and with only the most cursory glance in the mirror returned to the fire. I sat amazed. Then its deadly purpose flashed upon me. Within the seemingly innocuous mallee root was its nest of little ones. In an instant she emerged, her horde of snakelets clinging to the gown—my gown!

With me, to think is ever to act, and I instantly decided that the one way to destroy the horde of pests was to gas them at once. I rushed to the kitchen and searched for some date pudding. Here fortune favoured me, for I soon spied three complete puddings, which could not have been there had it not been for the fact that Russell had unexpectedly dined out that evening. Not knowing how to manipulate the oxy-acetylene pudding cutter, I deter-

mined to attempt the use of the meat-chopper. I seized it, and with the strength of despair managed to batter off a few chips.

Grasping a jug of milk and water, which had already been mixed for breakfast, I staggered from the kitchen, taking with me the largest piece of pudding I could lift (though naturally averse from boasting, I remember feeling a glow of pride on observing that it was nearly six inches thick at the widest part).

Somehow I made my way upstairs, opened the door, threw the milk and water on the ground, and placed the pudding in it. An overwhelming stench arose from the action of the H₂O on its deadly enemy.

Then exhaustion overcame me. My efforts with the chopper, and the heart-rending struggle upstairs, burdened with a load that was really too great, had proved too much.

I pinched myself to prove that I was awake, and found that I was not.—Yours, etc.,

CONSTANT READER.



Dr. Crank Frane.

TRINITY'S TERMINAL TALK.

By Dr. Crank Frane.

The man with two readers annually (the Editor and himself).

Guys,

I have a hunch that a few words from my facile pen will materially assist in plumbing the depths of your mountains of ignorance, and ultimately send them soaring in the air like an unleashed hound from the catapult. Now, do you mix your

metaphors? If so, I feel it my duty to inform you that it is the least pardonable of sins, for as Tucker has so aptly remarked in his immortal "Decursus Primus," *Hic Haec Hoc*, and even on occasions *Mens insana in corpore insanitare*.

We of Gahd's own country, being intellectually, cinematographically and automobilously the cutest nation ever, feel in duty bound to occasionally lay aside the chewing gum and give you foreigners a mouthful or so of fruity advice. Stop splitting those infinitives! There is many a man walking the streets of Milwaukee, Wis., to-day because he always split them so audibly. If those poor souls had had the inestimable benefit of reading my talks they would now be riding in street cars instead.

Make the most of your opportunities! Look at me—[Heaven knows we can't avoid it for more than 24 hours.—Ed.]—born without a dime in my pocket—no pockets either, for that matter—and consider my present position. Phenomenal, is not it? Write to Scranton for our booklet of instructions, and we guarantee you your correspondence degree inside two months—plenty of colours in hoods to choose from.

Keep facts in your head that may some day be useful. I could tell you things that would astound you. Did you know that last fall there were 469,257 false teeth in Denver, Col.? Or that if all the flicker theatre spruikers in U.S.A. were stood end to end, with adjacent peripheries contiguous, they would extend from Boston, Mass., to El Hobo, Tex., that is, of course, if you could persuade them? What is the use of a college education that neglects such things? Verily, "A bird in the hand gathers no moss," as Aristotle said at Thermopylae. Get the habit of meditating over your morning grape-nuts, and you will save yourself the trouble of thinking during lectures. In short, elevate yourself above your surroundings, and in a few years you will be in a position to treat Wardens as your intellectual inferiors.

Dr. Frane's next fascinating talk will appear next year. [Perhaps.—Ed.]

R. F. R.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By "Wilhelmina."

SARTORIAL PROBLEMS.

"D.M." writes: "What attire would you suggest as suitable for the purpose of making a favourable impression on a stony-hearted syren for whom one has a hopeless pash?"

My dear lad, how glad I am that you have brought your problem to me. A woman's advice in these matters is invaluable, and I willingly place my knowledge and experience at your disposal. Of course, the first thing to be considered is a colour scheme, and I may safely say that no colour is so sure to appeal to the feminine heart as buff; a suit of this delightful shade would be charming; such details as socks to harmonise, and a tie, neat, but not gaudy, of scarlet and green, all add to the tout ensemble, and a car to match would prove utterly irresistible. A touch of fashion is lent by a bowler hat, while a stick gives an air of dashing grace sure to appeal to a romantic damsel. Follow these few hints, my dear boy, and I am sure you will have every success and happiness.

* * *

Two gentleman correspondents inquire re correct sporting attire.

Last week Pam and I saw J.S.B., a leader of fashion at T—y C—ge, looking sweet in a charming model, and our correspondents could not do better than follow his example. It consisted of singlet and shorts; the latter were abbreviated and close-fitting, and trimmed with an effective design in mud-colour. The singlet of pale blue to match his bonnie blue eyes, was loosely draped and gathered into a plain girdle at the waist-line. A Wallace-Reid expression completed this extremely smart costume.

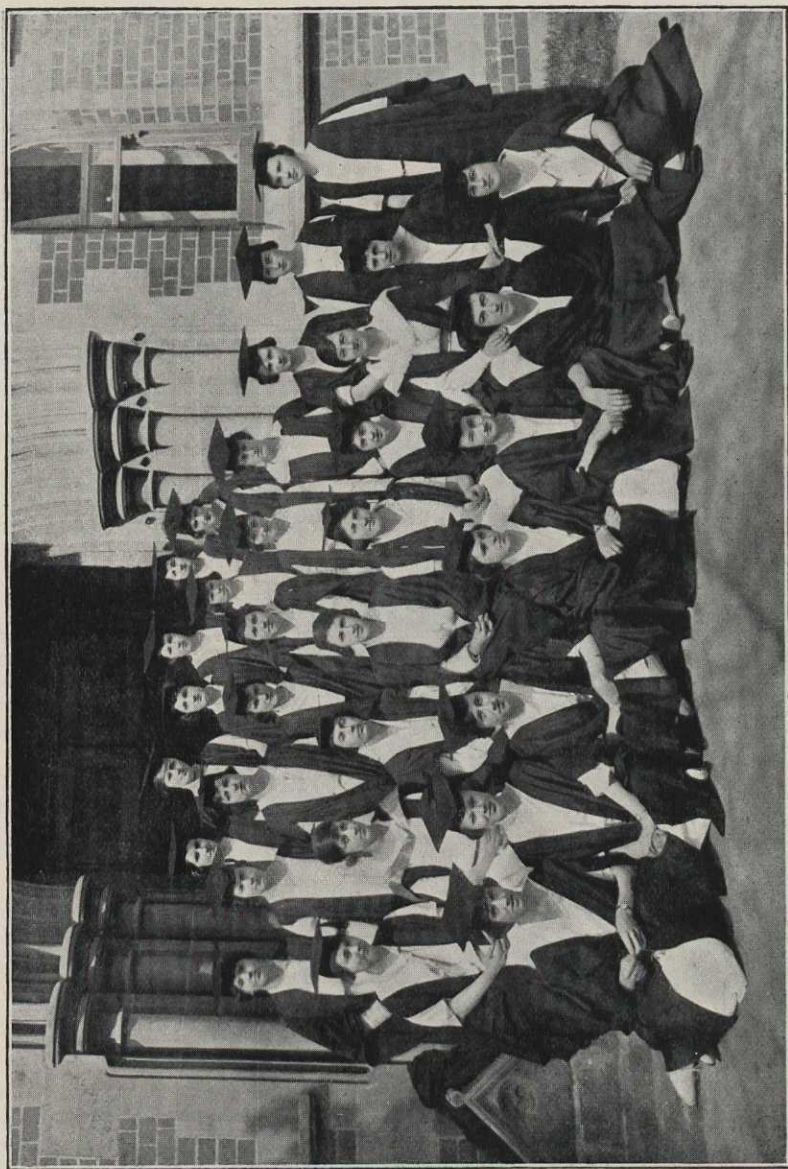
* * *

"A Timid Fresher" wishes to know: (1) Why is it not permissible to wear any but odd coats and trousers to lectures? (2) May a fresher aspire to wear pepper and salt suits, like those favoured by M.C., or is it only second year men who are allowed to sport them? (3) To what collegiate dignitaries is allocated the privilege of wearing spats?

We will answer these queries on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.



COLLEGE SNAPS, 1923.



JANET CLARKE HALL STUDENTS, 1923.

Etiquette.—"Hostile" wishes to know the correct procedure when, on passing a venerable college, one is suddenly assailed by personal remarks and loud and prolonged acclamation.

This delicate situation could be met gracefully and correctly in several ways.

(1) Adopt a dignified and sphinx-like attitude and walk slowly by, as though stricken by deafness and unaware of the commotion.

(2) Bow gracefully and politely, saying at the same time, "Gentlemen, I thank you."

(3) If small and slight, the victim may blow a kiss towards the admiring throng and trip lightly away while they are recovering from the shock.

(4) If dark and dashing, perform a Salome dance, in which case it would be pleasing if the spectators expressed their approval by throwing bouquets of roses, etc.

* * *

"N. H. R."—In such circumstances as you describe the course adopted by the best people is to lie down quietly and unobtrusively on the field and wait until succour is available.

✕ ✕ ✕

SOLVED BY THE SLEUTH.

Being the Exploits of Oosler Hasper, the Famous Detective, Whose Name was Never Spelt Right.

(Written by His Friend "Flathead.")

EXPLOIT I.—TWO WEEKS OR A FORTNIGHT.

"What a glorious day," said Hasper, the famous criminologist, to his wonderful hound Sarah, as they sat in front of a roaring fire. "Yes," answered Sarah. This remarkable conversation took place in the sitting-room of Harker's flat one day early in March. The hound Sarah was a cross between a Merino and a Pekinese, and a wonderful understanding existed between him and his master.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and Sarah immediately leapt to the desk to answer it. On replacing it he informed his master, by blinking his left eye in the Morse

code, that Dr. Bee, of Trinity College, wished him to come to the College at once to investigate a most remarkable crime. Hosker ordered Sarah to get him his hat and favourite billiard cue; then with a light bound he reached the other side of the room and pressed three buttons—one for the lift, one for his car, and the other for luck.

Striding swiftly down the back stairs and taking a cable tram to Parkville, Hosper arrived at his destination and proceeded up the beautiful old drive. "That must be the stables," he thought aloud (though not loud enough for anybody in hearing to hear), as he espied a red-brick building on his left. After an hour's walk he arrived at the Lodge and knocked. Someone must have heard him knock, for presently the door was opened, and a voice asked his business. Not having one, he was admitted, and asked to wait in the bar, as the Doctor was in the Parkville Hotel having a glass of antiseptic with the College carpenter. Suddenly he heard footprints arriving. Hodger quickly turned his coat inside out and changed his billiard cue to the other hand; none too soon, for just then a tall figure walked with extended hand into the room.

"Mr. Lasper?" he inquired. "That is my name," replied Heaper. "We are in great trouble," said the Doctor. "This morning before breakfast—about 9.55, to be exact—someone broke into the kitchen and stole next month's Essex pudding. We are no nearer the solution of this terrible crime than we were before it was committed." Hesler saw that it was the work of some international magsman. "Come," he said, "let us to the scene of the crime." And in a flash he changed his lemon-coloured spats for pink ones and strode from the room.

Entering the kitchen store, Halker made an exhaustive search. "I can see nothing," he remarked from half-way up the chimney. Reappearing from the chimney so silently that he thought he was still in it, Hopper found his purpose accomplished, for his red beard was now black. Suddenly Sarah gave a short, sharp, silent bark, at which a gleam—in fact two gleams—came into his master's eyes. Cool as a College chop, he glided over and found the dog with a piece of paper in his mouth. It was a piece of newspaper containing advertisements, chief among them being "Gord!

O. N. Tayler the Taylor." "The Herald," cried Hemper; "we have enough evidence to convict the thief." He held the paper to the hound's nose, and quickly it darted off. His master followed, for Hyspar loved him as Russell the famous footballer loves his food.

They reached a bedroom in Lower Archbishop's Wing, and Huper searched it thoroughly. Just as he was on the point of examining the ceiling, the dog gave a low growl, and Hoyster, moving gracefully to the corner, came to a sudden halt. For there on the floor was a body with the head severed. "By Crassus!" exclaimed the Doctor, "it's Jacques Bloompaddock!—and he would have been the Honour Scholar this year, too." But Holster, the famous criminologist, was already examining the body. He listened for some minutes with his electric stethoscope before giving an opinion. Then, "He is dead," he said. Having finished, he gave Sarah a dog-biscuit, changed his false teeth, and addressed the Doctor. "Here, sir, is the thief; hearing us coming, he cut off his head with this safety-razor blade which he still holds in his hand."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Doctor. "But how do you know, and where is the stolen property?"

"That is simple," said the detective, turning his shirt inside out. "First the motive. He is, I believe, the champion weight-putter of St. Ermytrude's Sunday School, and what better weight could one want than an Essex pudding? Secondly, as to the solution of the mystery, he is wearing an extra pair of G. Taylor's trousers. As for the pudding, I hope, for the sake of the College, you never find it." With these words Haster, taking out his glass eye and substituting a cravat, called to Sarah and disappeared through the window.

(The End.)

ANGELINA.

"I think we shall call It Angelina," I said, thoughtfully. "I once had a dear aunt of that name, and it reminds me so of her. . . ." The tears welled from my eyes—why should I be ashamed to own it?—at the memory of bygone happy years, of the innocent days of my youth.

"It" had arrived yesterday afternoon, but I now saw it for the first time. I am a modest man as a rule, but I must confess that my manly bosom swelled with pardonable pride at the thought of owning anything so exquisite, while I cast on it my enraptured gaze.

But my wife hardly seemed to have heard my remark. She, too, was gazing happily on it as it lay there snugly nestling in its warm little bed. . . . I drew in a deep breath, leaned forward and pressed my lips upon it in one long ecstatic kiss. . . . Ah! its lovely pink flesh was soft as velvet to the touch—its breath as fragrant as the most delicious Oriental perfumes.

"I think we shall call it Angelina," I repeated. "I'm sure you couldn't find a better name. . . . Oh, you dear, clever woman!" I exclaimed, my enthusiasm and admiration breaking forth anew—"such a beautiful little thing as that—and it's the very image of you, too! I say, we must call it Angelina!"

But she turned round and withered me with a glance of mingled scorn and pity—pity for my colossal ignorance. "Angelina!" she exclaimed in tones of the loftiest disdain. "Good heavens, John, how absurdly sentimental you are! Anyway, it's a Madame Claribelle di Fegatello." . . .

So we walked on to the next rose-bed.

G. W. L.

THIS WEEK'S SOCIETY DRIVEL.

(From any London Illustrated Weekly, Any Week.)

Dearest Popsy,

So frightfully glad to have noticed you at Ranelagh on Thursday with the dear old Duke of Bulshawayo. Perhaps you saw the Marquis with me. Amongst the many notables at Hurlingham the following day I couldn't help noticing my old friends the Earl and Countess of Dungaree; the Countess was, of course, a Bow-yang before her marriage with the Earl. Weren't you all of a dither on hearing of dear little Angelina Montmorency-Cholmondeley's engagement to Harold Wofflington-Wucksbury? Such a scream occurred at Lady Squelch's ball the other night; some poor ignorant girl pronounced Harold's name as if it were Wofflington-Wucksbury, and was carried out swooning



Lady Swilby and her 7-year-old daughter, Angelica, Countess Wogggleton. Inset: The Duke of Beaugyleshire.

with shame on learning that after the universal old English society custom it should be pronounced "Wotonsbury," the alternate syllables, of course, being silent.

It is hinted by my Parisian friends that skirts will probably be worn again this coming season. I saw quite a lot of the very smartest women wearing them at Lord Rhobbinsyn's garden party, anyway.

How democratic this poor old country is becoming! Only a couple of days ago Sir Percy Peeves and I were playing a quiet



Seen at Wimblehampton: The Hon. Alyse Ebroune and friend.

foursome over the lovely but exclusive links at Snobbiton, against the Duke and Duchess of Parkville, and I'm dashed if Her Grace hadn't come out without her celebrated pearls! You must have heard of them; the Duke is said to have paid over 100,000 marks for them in Berlin a month or two ago. Things are rather slow in London just now—all the best people away, you know. Will give you the latest gossip next week.

Your loving

ERMYNTRUDE.

A HOSTILE INCIDENT.

She was going out to the theatre with her escort and party, so she left dinner early and alone; before cheese and coffee, in fact.

It was a fair night to be going out to theatre with an escort; even with a party; a very fair night. She stood by the gate, and her eyes were dreamy while she gazed at the turpid water that turped down the gutter. Did the yellow flower or the blue go best with her present colour?

Meditating seriously, she came on to Sydney Road. It was funny the row the cables made in their tunnels. He had said that to her only the night before. She remembered the way he had blown his nose as he said "Funny." Such a nice blow. She was wondering to-night would he—would he . . .

And then she saw the man. The row of the cable trams did not stop, but her heart did. It went on again, and she crept into the branchy shadow of an oak tree and looked again, warily, even carefully. It was not the prunes and rice for dinner; it really was a man, standing under the light of the Shannonville front door. And he was standing there, very, very quietly; menacingly, she thought, and reading a paper. She peered again very peeringly. The paper hid his face, his chest, his arms, but she could see his hands—they were ill-like a jail-bird's, and his legs were like nothing on heaven or in earth. They had grown just where they wanted to, and there was something awful, something sinister, in their bows and curves, and in the concertina wrinkles of his trousers.

The clock ticked fatefully on. There was no clock near, but she supposed one did tick somewhere. It was very cold; she

noticed her gown needed mending, and that her right thumbnail was too polished. Little things like that.

She wrapped her gown about her, and crept foot by foot, and on each of her ten toes, a little closer. The man behind the paper coughed—a wheezy, wicked cough, a cough that goes round dark lanes and waits for girls.

It would be a fine thing to go up to the man. She thought of Joan of Arc, of Charlotte Corday, and of home and mother. Stepping on her former steps, she began to creep back. A little way up the road was a police station.

The blessed relief of thick shadow covered her, and she began to run long, light steps, such as she had often run to the morning chapels. She thought suddenly of chapels, and the old familiar faces, and of . . . "Hi! Hi! Hi!"

The awful man, the awful, awful man was calling her. She ran longer steps and less lightly, and looked back. The man was waving the paper and shrieking,

"Hi! Hi! Hi!"

All the length of Sydney Road the blood-curdling cries rang. She picked up her skirts higher, even as the man, hitching up his trousers, commenced to run.

Ah me! would she never reach that police station? The roar of the cables dinned into her ears. And he—he had called it a funny row. Behind, like fate, came on the oncoming footsteps. The pitiless, passing trams could hear her breathing.

But now she flung herself in the gate, and on the doorway called Police Station.

Clip, clip, clipperty, clip, went her heart and those footsteps together.

"Help! Help!"

Out came a policeman; he had no shiny hat on, but he was a policeman. You could tell it by his ears.

"A-a-rrest the y-young man that's r-running after m-me!" she puffed.

The policeman went in for his shiny hat and his book of rules, also his baton, his gun, his revolver and his handcuffs. The girl, you see, looked desperate. P.C. XYZ tip-toed down the path, and she followed behind.

Leaning up against the post was an old, old man. He was panting very hard. His legs had grown just where they wanted to, and there was something awful and something sinister in their bows and curves, but

there was something very familiar in his red, red nose.

Suddenly she, too, leaned on the gatepost and shook.

"Hysteries! Bad! Water!" said P.C. XYZ, shouldering his baton, and then:

"Girl there, where's the young man?" he asked.

She gulped in a muffled voice.

"He—he has gone round the corner."

"Upon my noodle!" said P.C. XYZ, and picked up his revolver, his gun, his shiny hat and his handcuffs, which he had put down because they were heavy. He went back to his jumper, but he found the sleeves difficult after the interruption.

Slowly she came home, and very slowly, with odd, disjointed puffs, and at a discreet distance came William—old William, the one man in the J.C.H., whose duty it is to keep a bleary eye on young ladies, and to watch and guard the Aedes Annexe during dinner hour.

"O'JAN."

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AFTER READING "LORD JIM."

Oh, some there be who in books delight,
In books and learning grave;

And some there be who think thoughts all
night,

And some for knowledge crave.

But me! my book be the man next door
And what he said, and what he swore;
And why, and when, and how, and where
And what he thought when he did get
there.

Oh, some there be who in games take
pride,

Who strive but to further strive;
They live in themselves, nor see aught be-
side

Achievements, and muscles tried.

But O! to listen and see and learn

The book of my neighbour's soul;
Through him to live and love and learn,
And to watch his fate unroll.

And some there be who for Beauty plan,
And for Art for the sake of Art;
But I see Art through the mirror of man
And Beauty in his heart.

And every man's gods are as nought be-
side

The great god, Man, himself;

And the earth, so fair and good and wide,
But a setting for Man himself! X.

MACEDON.

Grey, and green, and a pale, pale gold,
Mists of the morning fast melting away;
The birds in the branches, their tale half
untold,

A glimpse of the Vision is given to-day.

And then through the noonday the spirit
is thriving,

Waxing with each bit of fun and new
thrill;

To give of her best every maiden is striv-
ing,

And prays for the Vision to stay with
her still.

Once again, in the evening, there's mys-
try and wonder,

Aloft in the blackness the lights for the
pyre,

Duty, service, and faithfulness; see them
thrust under,

And high leap the flames of the trefoil
camp-fire!

Sunday, Sept. 2nd.

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TO A GIRL IN AN EXAMINATION
ROOM.

Little maiden over there,

Puzzling, thinking, unaware

My tired eyes are watching;

You may scratch your tousled hair,

Wond'rously and golden-fair,

While tired eyes are watching.

You may end your final line

With your nib so light and fine,

And leave the room all unaware

(How gold and hazy is her hair!)

My tired eyes are watching.

T. T. R.

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ROMANCE.

By "Duff," 30 Years After.

[For this contribution we are indebted to an
Old Boy; we thank him, and hope that others
will follow his example.—Ed.]

Have I tasted the sweets of Romance, sir?

(Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do;

To drink with the mob's not my custom,

But I'll have just a small one with you).

I fancy you've asked me a question,

And I'll do my poor best to reply—

Of Romance I have drunk to the dregs,
sir,

But do I regret it? Not I!

'Twas never my practice to boast, sir
(It's a habit I always decry);—
Of flappers' tea-parties the toast, sir,
Was to 'Duff' of the glad, roving eye."

And the photos that covered my walls,
sir,

They were all of the gentler sect;

I cherish each one to this day, sir,

Like the hearts that I swore I'd protect.

Sure, they'd gaze on my form on the river

(One really can't blame them, I know);

They swooned in my arms in the ballroom,

Dear Gladys, June, Nella—and Flo.

Ah! Flo was a wonderful creature,

You'll say—and I'll have to agree—

That if I had a way with the wimmen,

Sure Flo had her own way with me.

Now, I'd had a hard day at the river

('Twas Commencement Day up at the
Shop),

But I danced with that girl all the even-
ing,

And, Lord—I just hated to stop.

(Beer again, if you please, sir.) Where
was I?

Ah! yes, what a wonder was Flo!

You ask me where 'twas that I met her?

To tell you the truth, I don't know.

But she changed the whole course of my
life, sir;

I'd been slacking till then, I'll confess,

And I started to work like a demon;

It took me a fortnight—no less—

To read through Bill Osler. I'd sing bits

I liked as I had my cold shower.

Rose and Carless then claimed my atten-
tion,

And I limericked them by the hour.

I was ready, and sat for my Finals

In five or six weeks—did I pass?

I told you before I hate boasting—

Well, I did, and was listed First Class.

And that's what Romance did for me, sir,

Sure my honesty falsehood forbids;

I was marked down for Fame from the
first, sir,

And they gave me a job at the Kids'.

Did I marry my fair benefactress?

Well, it came about this way, ye see.

I'd lost every trace of my angel

Till I met her one day in O.P.

She wanted some medicine for Willie,
 A bonnie wee chap two years old,
 The image of Daddy—a sailor—
 Could I give her some stuff for his cold?

Well, I may be a shade sentimental,
 And I'll own that I felt a bit queer:—
 Thanks, I am rather dry, and it soothes
 me,—

Just make it the same again—beer.

W. D.

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TOPSY-TURVY.

I sat me down: I said, "'Tis time
 I racked my brains to make a rhyme;
 And if I ply my pen at all,
 I must write something topical:
 So eyes and ears I'll open wide,
 And make my notes on every side.

So first I went to a debate,
 And heard Reg. Sholl with fervour great
 Uphold a communistic State.
 Red-headed Charlie said 'twould do
 Provided Ridley thought so too.
 When Bruce said his side hadn't won,
 George didn't put it in the "Sun,"
 Although he really might have done—
 But both made war, with grievous groans,
 On tea-fights and on telephones.
 Bill Pardey, moved with holy glee,
 For "drunks and snobbards" made a plea,
 And Percy, in ecstatic mood,
 Cried "Lovely is the College food!"
 While Russell diffidently thought
 That rowing was a rotten sport.
 "This is no good," I told my wife;
 "I'll watch them in their daily life."

Lo! doubled up with bookish toil,
 Old John still burned the midnight oil,
 While Paul Jones went careering down
 To spend a hectic night in town.
 I saw Reg. Muster fearful speed
 To keep abreast of Thornton Reed,
 And Duffy get into a wax
 Because his "wife" jumped over cracks—
 Till Twicey, looking quite annoyed,
 Went out to feed the unemployed.
 I watched Tam with one nimble slide
 Slip through a hole two inches wide,
 And heard a grim Sub-Warden wish
 That there were no such things as fish.

These things I saw; but in them all
 Found nothing that was topical.

KAPPA.

BOOK-TITLES.

"Can You Drawl This?" Have a try;
 a cultivated drawl is a great asset; we sell
 complete practising outfit, including book
 of instructions, blue shirt with collar to
 match, and manual of deportment. Write
 for "Odlum's Outlines of Ostentatious
 Oratory."

"Outline of Everything," by Atlee
 H—nt; the most interesting chapters are
 "A Word With You, Perhaps," "Tennis—
 No?" "Cricket—Yes?" "Diawectic Pwe-
 wections," and "A Little Diagnosis."

"Rotten Actors I Have Known," by Sir
 Graeme Beerbohm. The author's own ex-
 perience undoubtedly qualifies him to
 write on the subject; the dominant im-
 pression is one of bland and genial toler-
 ance.

"Tips for Freshers," by the Billiard
 Curators. We are sure this painstaking
 work, which appears at frequent intervals,
 will be eagerly devoured by all freshmen.
 The most attractive point about these
 little pieces is that any fresher can finish
 one of them in no time.

"Chats with Constables: Polite Police-
 men I Have Met," by J. Bl—mf—ld. Two
 of the best chapters are the following:
 "Styles in Helmets—Some Hints for the
 Collector," and "Potting the Pedestrian—
 Tact Before Everything."

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ON DIT

That Gibby was engaged by the Univer-
 sity authorities to conduct an espionage
 expedition among the unemployed, be-
 cause he could mingle with them without
 creating suspicion.

That a certain young Hostile is to have
 her photo on the front page of the famous
 song, "Vamp Me."

That there must be somebody nice at
 Ringwood.

That Keith has found that out.

That the very young seem to like
 bowlers.

That Jack the Punter likes the "three-
 card trick."

That Russell will wear still less when
 acting as boundary umpire next year.

That the phrase, "I like the fat one,"
 from a Melbourne play, was very popular
 with some of the Hostiles.

That Doug's second name is Incubator.

THE POETS IN COLLEGE.

Russell (at a Social Club meeting):

"Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat."
Shakespeare ("Henry IV.").

Melbourne Weather:

"Why didst thou promise such a beautiful day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way?"
Shakespeare (Sonnet 34).

Common Room Piano:

"How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept."
Shakespeare ("Richard II.").

Tam:

"Larding the lean earth as he walks along."
Shakespeare ("Henry IV.").

Reg. (at a debate):

"Wild and whirling words."
Shakespeare ("Hamlet").

Hostiles (except one):

"Man delights not me."
Shakespeare ("Hamlet").

Calling for the 'Phone:

"A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs."
Pope.

Some Sermons:

"Shadowy thoroughfares of thought."
Tennyson.

Fourth Year Meds.:

"'Tis sweet to make mad holiday."
Horace II. vii.

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BLUE DUCK.

Verse.—We give an anonymous contribution in full:

"The music was most entrancing,
As he and she started dancing;
But alas! to a treacherous spot
They came, and—what
Happened? Only this:
All went well till they arrived

At a slippery part, and he contrived
To turn very sharply, and before
He was aware she was down on the floor.

So be careful when you venture
Upon a glassy floor,
If any tricks you are trying,
Let your partner know before."

T.T.R.—Using some. "The Shrine" held over; others not up. One rouses us to remonstrance:—

"I shall sing Arcadian blisses;
Who shall say me nay?
I shall sing of stolen kisses;
Who shall say me nay?"

Nobody, if you keep away from civilization. But to resume:

"Daphne in a cretonne gown,
Daphne in her ringlets brown,
Laughed to hear me say,
I shall sing Arcadian blisses,
Who shall say me nay?"

We don't blame Daphne, though we're sorry she's offended you. Perhaps she doesn't like the way you pronounce "cretonne."

"Kappa": The "Ballad of Barracuta" is a thriller! We gather it was decided to ban that fish from your meals:—

"Oh, falsely, falsely, how they lied,
Barracuta!
They stamped upon its smokèd pride,
Barracuta.
They said that it had worms inside,
They said that they could not abide
Barracuta.
With eager haste I took thy side,
Barracuta.

"The blasted motion went right through,
Barracuta.
The sad, sad motion romped through,
Barracuta.
By seventy-seven votes to two
They damned my food, my fish so blue,
Barracuta;
The fish my stomach aches to woo,
Barracuta!"

"The College" and "Translations from Schiller" not up.

T.W.S.—"Man in the Time-Machine." Another of these fatalities! When is the inquest?

"Anon, Sir."—That's when we shall publish yours; it is well done, but a little long for the subject.

Prose.—R.G.O.: Not up. L.J.B.: "Richard Connington" is dull, and has our deepest sympathy—"He handed the porter his ticket, which signified not only that he had finished his train journey, but that he had closed a chapter in his life." It had "Not transferable" on it also. The other is not well done.

"Flathead."—"Confessions of a Confidence Man" is suppressed to hide your identity from the police. Have used the other, though we had to shorten it.

"Tulip."—"Another World Crisis" has bright patches, especially "cappotobacco!" and "cascara!" as Italian oaths.

"Wilhelmina."—We have used the best pieces.

"The Unfinished Fable."—We know nothing of the quarrel.

"Hints to Hostiles."—Too mysterious to the uninitiated.

"They Say."—We quite agree; but not enough kick in it.

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."—"Twelve of the Chinamen had been killed and five niggers. By God! The first two weeks were a bloody hell! Here was I left with ten drunk niggers and twelve doped devils of Chinamen!" Have you been to the Shanghai Cafe after an artists' ball?

"A Maiden Fresher's Day."—Good; held over.

Photos, Drawings, etc.—M.N.: Can't find room for "William," who looks too young.

We thank all who submitted snaps.

