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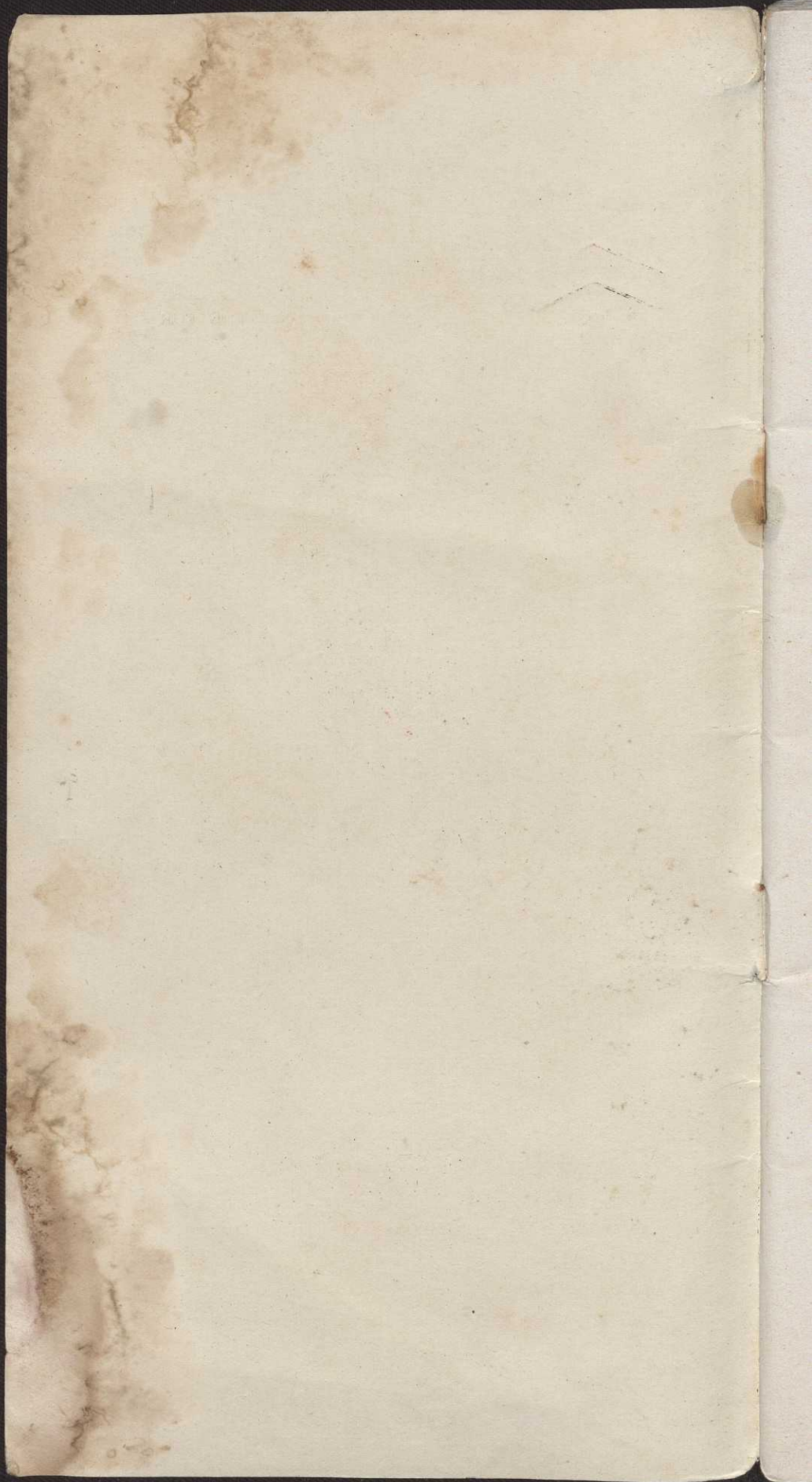
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The Fleur-de-Lys

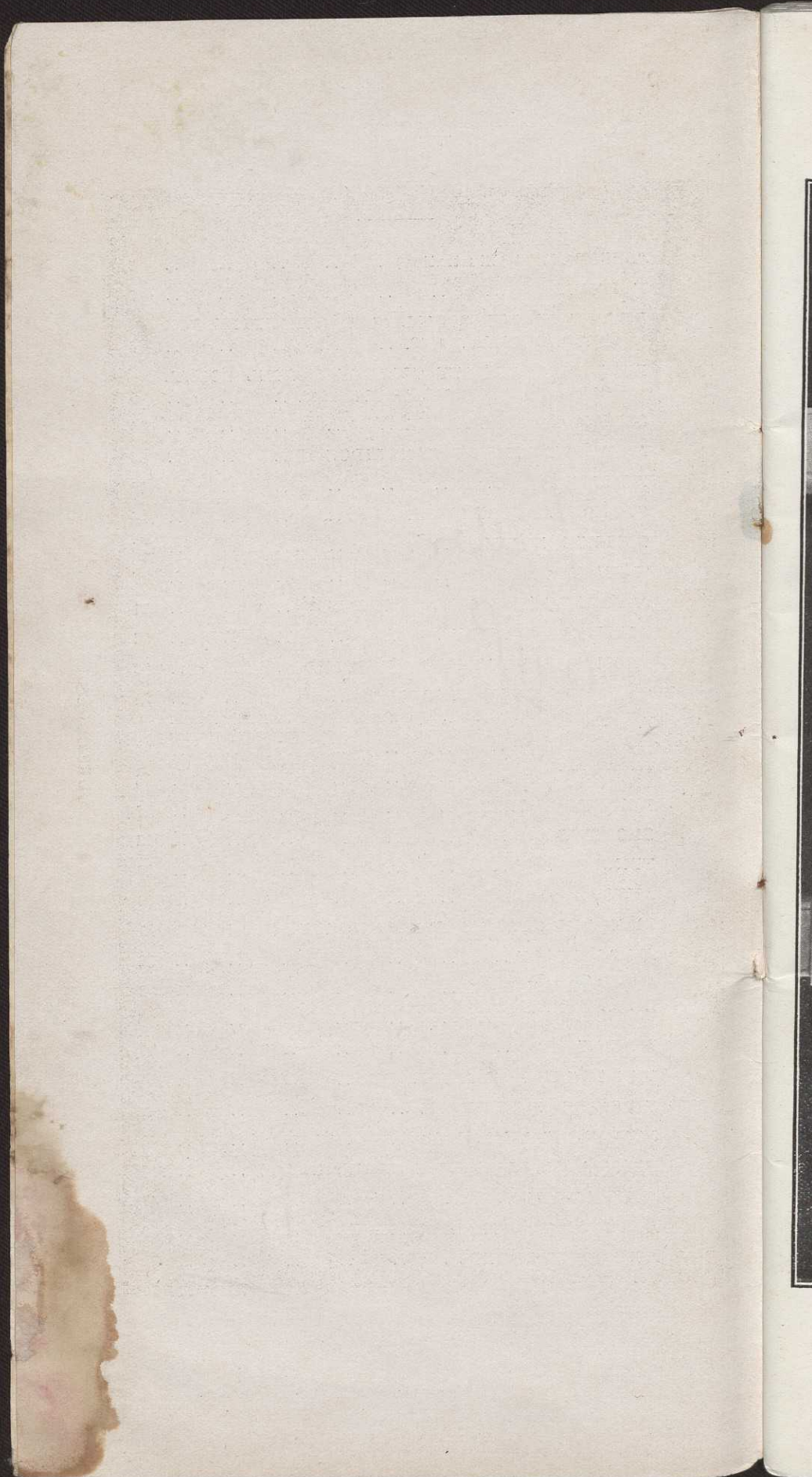
Trinity College
Melbourne University

OCTOBER, 1913.



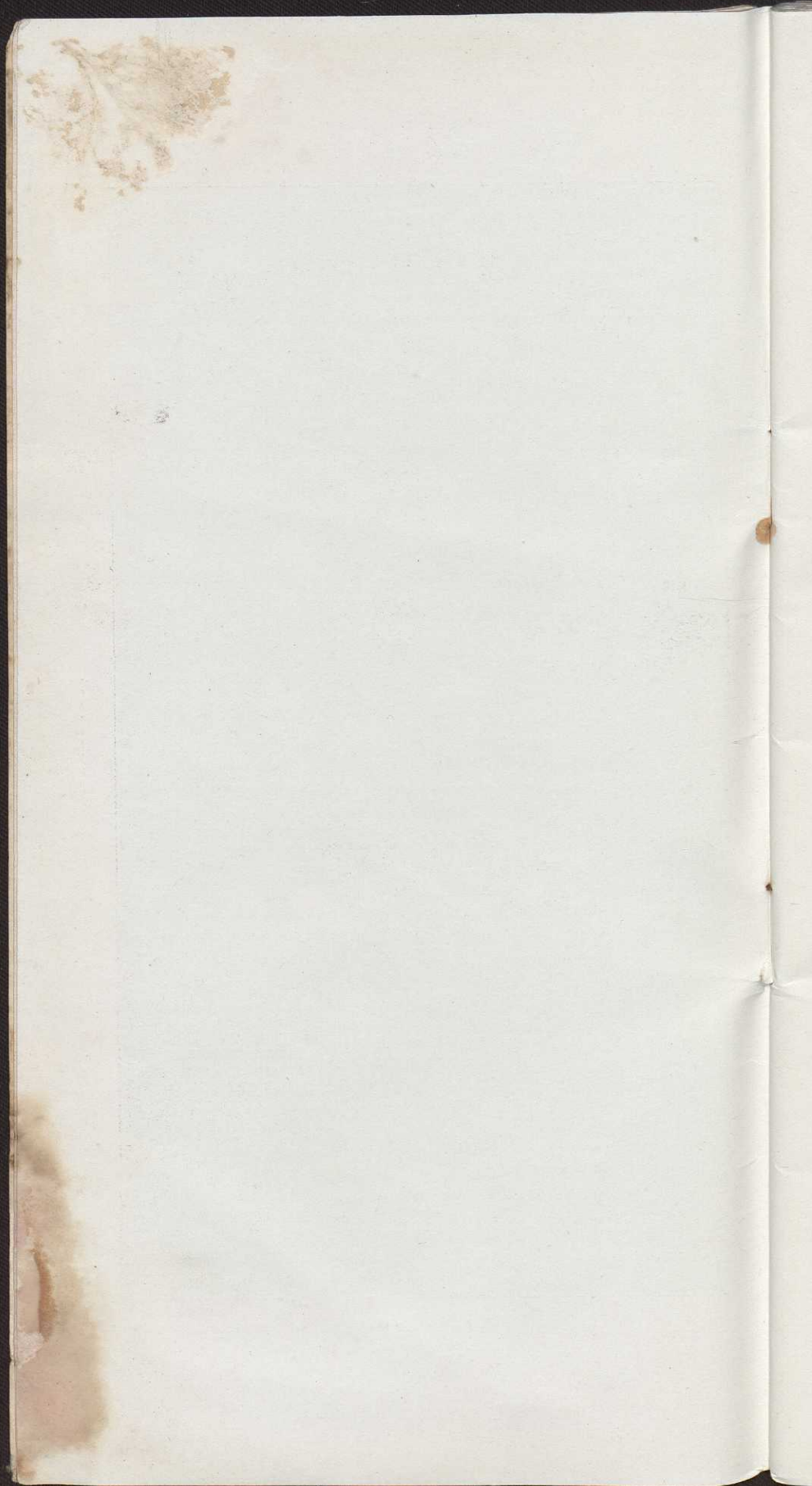
CONTENTS.

	Page
"OURSELVES" (Illustration)	3
EDITORIAL	5
REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR SECOND TERM, 1913.	8
REPORT OF TRINITY COLLEGE HOSTEL SOCIAL CLUB FOR SECOND TERM, 1913.	9
COMMON-ROOM CHATTER	10
AN IMPRESSION OF CAMBRIDGE	13
NE PLUS	14
GERMAN ADVERTISEMENTS	15
COLLEGE NOTES	16
"IKE" (Illustration)	17
A POST-IMPRESSION OF TRINITY	21
DIALECTIC SOCIETY	22
FROM THE FRENCH OF ROSTAND	23
"A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM"	24
A DIARY OF THE DAY; OR, WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?	25
FOOTBALL	26
RUNNING SPORTS	27
SHOOTING	28
TENNIS	29
ANNUAL DINNER	30
FROM THE GERMAN OF KLAUS GROTH (Illustrated)	31
AN ALLEGORY	32
OLD STUDENTS	33
CORRESPONDENCE	37
PICKING UP	39
THE FAG-END OF A REVERIE	41
INTIMATE INTERVIEWS	42
THE FIFTH YEAR MED.	43
FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW (Illustration)	45
BLUE PENCIL	47
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	50
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	50
AN APPEAL	50
THE HOMECOMING—A MUSICAL COMEDY	51





OURSELVES.



The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. 3.

OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 14

Editors:

G. BARACCHI.

N. S. NASH.

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.

"The snake which cannot cast its skin perishes. In the same way the mind which is prevented from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind."—Nietzsche.

The publication of the last issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" brought forth from certain quarters the well-meant criticism that there was too much "hanging out of dirty linen" in its pages. Our answer is that the "Fleur-de-Lys" should mirror truly the College life; that if the College "linen" is dirty, hiding it away in a dark corner cannot assist to cleanse it; that, on the other hand, there is nothing like plenty of ventilation to keep things sweet and clean. As Editors of this paper we regard it not only as our right, but as our positive duty to call attention in our pages to anything which we may deem unsatisfactory, in order that it may be forced upon the notice of people concerned who would otherwise never hear of it, and with the pious, if somewhat illusory, hope that the matter will subsequently be remedied. We avail ourselves of these opening remarks for the benefit of those who may not like the article which follows, to show them that our intentions at least are the very best in the world. In this way we offer them the consolation of observing that Hell is paved with good intentions, not with bad ones.

There is, and has long been manifest in Trinity, a tendency to treat any expression of discontent to the cheap and unworthy retort that "if you don't like it you can go." Nothing could be worse for the College than this. The "divine discontent" is not, as some people appear to think, a capital offence; it is the desire for something better which is responsible for man's progress from savagery to civilisation. And if Trinity is not ceaselessly to rot in the cesspool of stagnation, every legitimate discontent must be welcomed, considered, and removed, by students and authorities alike. Let us hear less in future of "if you don't like it you can go"; also of its still stupider relation "it might be worse, therefore it is good enough." Progress—upward and on, as the Liberal candidate would declaim with a fine vague sweep of the arm—does not lie in these things.

There is no human institution incapable of betterment; which platitudinous observation brings us one step nearer to the crucial point of this article. For a state of affairs exists in the very human institution of Trinity which cries aloud—if in the wilderness—for betterment. Further, there is no man nor body of men—with two possible exceptions—that is not both fallible and frail. This we would earnestly entreat all whom it may concern never to forget. And now, at length, we come to the point.

The trouble lies somewhere between the student body which is the College, and its governing Council. Either is entirely out of sympathy with the other. This is not strange, seeing that neither has any knowledge of the other. No one has ever seen a member of the Council wandering about Lower Clarke's in order to familiarize himself with the needs and aspirations of its denizens. Such action is not to be expected, and indeed would be resented by the Clarke-ites as an impertinence. But the result is that the Council does not know us. Nor do we know the Council. To us it is a mysterious body we have never seen, which turns all our dearest projects contemptuously to earth. Between us and it there is but one connecting link, materialized in the characteristic figure of our worthy Warden. Through him has the clear case for our every request to filter to the Council, nor is it any disrespect to him to assert that it is bound to reach its destination discoloured by the unconscious bias of his mind. And back through him comes the inevitable answer "no"—just "no" without rime or reason. In truth, concerning many of our requests the Warden courteously informs us in advance that he feels certain the Council will reject them, and of course we bow to his opinion. Would it be any wonder if we came to regard the Council as a tyrant whose antediluvian ideas and general wrong-headedness were a standing menace to the welfare of Trinity? And no doubt the

Council regards us as a pack of rebellious young reprobates whose impudent presumptions are kept within bounds only by reason of that reiterated and uncompromizing "no."

Yet the College is just a body of well-meaning young men, and the Council is only a collection of amiable old gentlemen, both having the welfare of Trinity very near at heart. What, then, is to be done towards remedying the deplorable lack of sympathy that exists between these benevolent bodies? The answer is patent. Bring the College into direct contact with the Council. How? Again there is but one satisfactory way. Give the student body representation on the Council.

The good resulting from such an arrangement would, we venture to prophecy, prove inestimable. The Council would learn the requirements of the students from the eloquent tongues and specious arguments of our own representatives. The College would glean from the same source the full reasons for the decrees of the Council. The Warden would be relieved of his present unsatisfactory duties as intermediary-in-ordinary. The flower of sympathy would bud and blossom like a rose. And things in the internal economy of Trinity would get altered. They never get altered now.

What else has this proposal to recommend it? It is justice itself. Surely we are entitled to some say in the ultimate management of our own affairs. Nor is that objection valid which shelters itself behind the origin and constitution of the College. The day has gone by for regarding Trinity as a sort of proprietary right belonging solely to its Council. The Council exists for the students, not the students for the Council. And education, with all that pertains thereto, is a sacred trust that has been partially—and very unwisely—vested by the nation in non-national bodies. The Council is NOT free to do what it likes with the College. It is bound—under a thousand obligations.

Further arguments cannot be adduced here. Interested parties, however, can always interview the Editors in their sanctum, when a clear and convincing statement of the whole case for representation will be put before them. The idea, though novel, is hardly new. In the Scotch universities it is already in practice; it is a burning question in our own. And this College stands quite as urgently in need of its adoption as any university. Doubtless some exasperating individual will rise up at this juncture and, in the fullness of his imbecility, object that "the time is not yet ripe." Do not heed him. His counterpart exists in every community. On every subject his attitude is the same. And his objection should be the signal for immediate advance. When you see

him before you, destitute of courage, devoid of conviction, his bleat upon his lips, always, dear reader, you will know that the time is ripe.

One last word. In case any conservative old gentleman who takes in the "Fleur-de-Lys" be inclined to reject our proposal in the face of all the facts, we have prefaced our remarks with Nietzsche's analogy of the snake and the human mind. If, still clinging to the notions of the nineteenth century despite the circumstance that he is now living in the twentieth, he be scandalized—in entire disregard to our express avowal of goodwill—by the tone and tenour of this article, we would draw his attention to a recent utterance of Mr. George Bernard Shaw:—"It's all that the young can do for the old, to shock them and keep them up to date."

The following footnotes, otherwise superfluous, are printed "by special request" to obviate misunderstanding in minds unintelligent enough to require their addition:—

1. Councillors would always be certain of a very hearty welcome as our guests. Only as invaders of our privacy would they be open to objection.

2. The references to our good friend the Warden have no particular personal application. They would apply equally well to any conceivable Warden.

3. The views put forward above are those of the Editors, not necessarily of the College as a whole.

REPORT OF THE SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE FOR SECOND TERM, 1913.

Gentlemen,—

Second term this year was unusually devoid of matters of interest, except for those who had August examinations. The results of these were on the whole satisfactory, and we congratulate Messrs. J. Mackay and Cowen for obtaining Honours in Pathology and Physiology respectively, and the following for passing their exams.:—Messrs. Jolley, Lister, Norris and Puckle (Forensic Medicine), Messrs. Fetherstonhaugh, J. Mackay, and Scantlebury (4th year), and Messrs. Brent, Cowen, F. Norris and Maudsley (3rd year).

The only sporting event of the term was the Inter-collegiate football match, in which Trinity beat Queen's, but was outclassed by Ormond in the final. We take this opportunity of congratulating Ormond on winning the rubber.

The billiard tournament, which was completed earlier than usual, resulted in a win for Mr. Roe.

The annual Prelection was held towards the end of the term in the Independent Hall, the Lieutenant-

Governor (Sir John Madden) being in the chair. We congratulate the Prelector, Dr. Fowler, who has since left for England, on his interesting address.

On Wednesday, 6th August, Dr. Isaac Jones, who had been Medical Tutor in College for nearly three years, went out of College in the morning, was manacled in the bonds of holy matrimony in the forenoon, and left for England in the afternoon. The previous evening, in Hall, a silver tray was presented to him as a mark of the esteem and affection in which he was held by every man who knew him in College.

We congratulate the Editors on the first appearance this year of the "Fleur-de-Lys," which was a distinct success.

At the end of the term the west end of the cloisters was enclosed, and now does duty as a stable for motor bicycles, thus filling a much-felt want.

We would like to remind gentlemen that the November examinations are fast approaching, when an opportunity will be given of regaining for the College its reputation for work, which it has to a large extent lost during the last year or two.

In conclusion, we wish to thank you for the loyal support and confidence accorded to us, without which a committee's difficulties are increased an hundredfold, and express the hope that they may be extended in the same degree to the in-coming committee.

REPORT OF TRINITY COLLEGE HOSTEL SOCIAL CLUB FOR SECOND TERM, 1913.

This term has been a very busy one from the social point of view, and work may have suffered considerably in consequence.

The Hostel dance took place at the beginning of the term; then came the annual tennis match between Past and Present Hostel Students. We Presents managed to beat our seniors, although the rain rather spoiled the afternoon.

The Intercollegiate Women's Tennis resulted in first, a win for us against Queen's, and then a defeat. Ormond beat us by one game. After the match we entertained the rival teams at dinner and toasted the winners on their success.

We have to congratulate the Hostel Dramatic Club on its very creditable reproduction of Mark Ambrient's comedy, "A Snug Little Kingdom." Our heartiest thanks are due to Miss Rose Seaton and the members of the company for the great trouble they have taken to make the play a success.

We understand that the proceeds of the performance are to enable us to have our tennis court repaired.

Owing to the illness of Miss Kent Hughes we had to find substitutes for her, both in our Tennis Four and the character of "Mrs. Blower" in the play. These vacancies were ably filled by Miss V. Scantlebury and Miss Lea Hallinburg respectively.

We hope to show that third term's work will prove as successful as this term's play!

EDITH S. MASON,
Hon. Sec. T.C.H. Social Club.

Common Room Chatter

The night of the dance duly arrived. All day long the telephone had been in use, everyone being anxious to "hook" some tender and tasty "mutton" for a few dances in advance. Nine o'clock saw most of the guests assembled; the band struck up, and the couples started to whirl madly about the hall. Later in the evening startling variations of the one-step were to be seen, the O'Hara Tangle and the Humpo Hug being particularly in evidence. The secretaries, grave and gay, got busy at an early stage, the one among the fair, the other among the cigarettes. One of the most stimulating sights of the evening was that of Mr. F—lkn—r sitting on a window ledge with his "old man," completely oblivious to everything else. Mr. Q—rk, after being completely bunkered at the fifth, got off the course at the sixth, and thenceforth was seldom seen on the fairway. Of the late arrivals Mr. B—r—cchi was easily the latest. He came about two in the morning, looking tired but happy. Had he been to the opera?

The dance was a complete success. The program was excellently arranged and the music appropriate. That popular one-step "The Wedding Glide" was followed by "Nights of Gladness"—an equally popular waltz. There was room to dance from the start, and enough beef and beer to go round. There was also a sufficiency of girl, and the quality was well up to ball-room standard. The frocking, too, was pretty and effective. Many of the costumes worn were striking and original, but the wearers showed good taste in avoiding any temptation to overdress. When proceedings at length terminated, it was found that, except for a few hearts lost, broken, and bent, no serious damage had been done. The dancers went home to bed; the waiters

went out to Flemington. But the writer had a horrible nightmare in which he dreamed that he was Mr. H. D. C—mpb—ll, and that he was writing a treatise for the "growing generation" entitled "Is Dancing Immoral?"

* * *

Motor-bikes are becoming a regular pest. For a long while they had a rather precarious existence in the struggle for housing room with their kinsmen of the "push" variety, but now that they have achieved a warren of their own, they are multiplying like rabbits. Not only have they become numerous, but also more than usually offensive. The man who has had a motor-bike for some time is continually running it up and down round the College just to see if its engine is still capable of working—more than often it is not. The novice spends his day in company with his machine and behaves like a child with a new toy. Also there are continual altercations between the owners as to rival merits of various makes, so that one wishes all motor-bikes and their owners in a place in which cold engines are unknown and cinder tracks universal.

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You have heard of foresight, even if you have never shown it; but this was a case of faulk-sight. One of our team, after playing football for his College during the afternoon, went down to the Opera House in the evening, where he witnessed the astounding performance of a famous illusionist. When he returned to College with a friend, he was still in a slightly mystified condition. At any rate, he proceeded to put his friend, who was perfectly capable of looking after himself, to bed on the billiard-table. But as the object of his attentions appeared dissatisfied with his resting-place, he repeated the performance in the proper place. Then he adjourned to his study, where he subsequently dropped off to sleep. When he awoke he told the other people in the room that he saw the man whom he had twice put to bed still sitting before him. Being assured that there was no such person in the room, he passed his hand across his eyes in a dazed sort of way and exclaimed: "Then it is only another illusion; I have seen many to-night, for I have looked upon De Biere."

* * *

He was a tall and growing boy and needed plenty of nutriment to keep his enormous stature from fading away. Every evening it was his custom to mix an egg-flip, and this he enjoyed to the envy of his more immediate neighbours. One evening he found his eggs blown or sucked—at any rate they lacked their internal juices—but the usually obsequious grocer, at the risk of losing such a long customer, refused to replace them.

He is still thinking of a suitable retort to the question, "Have you ever heard the story of the three eggs?"

Sans souciant Suttty, the dare devil cyclist, endeavoured to break the record for the fastest time on a bicycle around the circular track in front of the College recently. A huge crowd assembled and cheered the reckless fellow as he started off in aeroplaning costume. The record was almost giving up in despair when Suttty, in trying to get his nose past the post too soon, parted company with his bike. After last aid to the apparently drowned had been rendered by a 1st year med., Suttty recovered, but gave the record a walkover. An attempt made at the same time by Tireless Ticka met with the same fate.

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Several members of the College went to the Zoo recently to see the new Hippo and its "lovely bride." Contrary to seaside regulations, the Hippos mixed-bathed in nature's neck-to-knees. The gentleman was too coy to show more than his nose, but the lady was less bashful. It all reminded one of L—y in the hot bath.

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The early-rising disease threatens to become chronic with some, whilst with others the attack is merely transitory and they are soon cured. What a lot one misses by staying in bed after the sun rises! Every morning the shrieks from the Hostel tennis court make sleep impossible, and then how pleasant it is to shave or tie your tie while watching the display of feminine activity! What matter if your safety razor cut you or your tie finish round your ear? You have seen a stimulating sight, you have risen early and—well you can sleep all afternoon in the sun anyway.

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The other afternoon Italy, represented by Signors Baracchi and Hacko, challenged Australia at tennis. Australia relied on Mr. Roe, of W.A., and Mr. Jacko, of Queensland, the former being the champion server of his State, while the latter is the Simian champion. Some doubts were cast as to the nationality of Hacko, but after remembering his singing of Alonzo Spagoni, the referee decided to pass him. The players appeared on the courts in strange costume, Italy being most noticeable in this respect. Opera hats, motor goggles and dressing-gowns were used to give incongruity to the proceedings, and golf clubs, rifles, billiard cues and hockey sticks were tried in turn before racquets were finally selected. Signor B. used his new stringless racquet and gave the signal for commencing by handing his top hat to a ball boy. The play was unique, Australia eventually winning by bribing the referee—a silly-looking blighter who smoked a cheap cigar.

For the winners Mr. Roe's overhead work was terrific, balls frequently landing in Tin Alley on the full. His partner was "verra crook." In fact, as Mr. Roe remarked, "I thought you could play." So did we. For

the losers Signor B. was very cool, chiefly because he refused to run, while some of his off-hand returns to the spectators were unprintable. Signor Hacko, whose knowledge of the game was as slight as his costume, at first played with much verve and abandon, but the appearance of the College ghost from the bushes, waving on a stick some curious female garments, and asking the players did they know anything about them, seemed to upset his nerve. Italy is not satisfied by this defeat, and will probably be seen in action again before long.

AN IMPRESSION OF CAMBRIDGE.

A lady who recently returned from a tour in Europe, and had, amongst other things, visited some famous picture galleries, was asked what she thought of the paintings of the great masters.

She replied that she thought they were very, very pretty.

A good many people would quarrel with this lady for not returning the orthodox answer, but unless she was a high authority on art it was probably the only comment she was competent to make, for it represented the true impression the pictures had left upon her mind.

The same principle is urged with regard to the present impression of Cambridge. It is not an opinion concerning the architectural beauties of the place for the good reason that the writer knows nothing about architecture.

Nor is it a speculation as to the mental vitality of University Dons after the age of 70.

Nor yet is it meant to give satisfaction to those in our midst who would wish to know of the modes and manners of the maidens who make their appearance at Cambridge on certain social occasions.

All these things are more or less transitory and fleeting.

It is rather an impression of the attitude of mind found there, which is, after all, the only important thing in a University. You cannot be very long in Cambridge before you become aware that there is a certain formula which dogs your footsteps and hampers your freedom of action. You suggest in the innocent independence of your mind a certain line of action, and you are met with polite but final statement that it is quite out of the question because "it isn't done."

This in itself would be trifling enough were it not for the underlying spirit which it betrays. You go to Cambridge as an undergraduate, you walk the streets in a certain approved, assertive and hatless manner.

You adopt a certain enunciation and you follow meekly in the footsteps of the great men who have gone before you by using an entirely new vocabulary.

In other words, you assume an artificial role in the fond hope that you are emulating an imaginary past.

Bounds are set to your actions, not by reason, nor even by propriety, but by the fact that "it isn't done."

And herein lies the significance of this shibboleth.

It reveals a lack of that independence of thought and action which is essential if a University is to be anything more than a museum of antiquities.

The past has its uses and plays its part in inspiration, but there is a great danger in an old university like Cambridge of clinging too much to the past.

Such conduct brings its own penalty. The real trouble with Lot's wife was that she was too much of an antiquarian, and all those who indulge in the same practice of gazing too much at the past will suffer the same fate—petrification.

No impression, however, would be correct that failed to convey the idea that there is a germ of progress in Cambridge to-day. But it has a mass of conservatism and custom to contend with.

The idea that a form of education, such as the classical, because it has undoubtedly produced good men in the past must necessarily be suited to every succeeding age, will die hard. But just as a boy will soon outgrow a suit of clothes, however excellent it may have been in its time, so a growing humanity will discard the worn-out garments of the past and take to itself mental habiliments suitable to its needs.

Let us hope that the germ of progress noticeable in Cambridge will grow, otherwise the charge that universities are ceasing to take their places as leaders of thought will gain added weight, and sooner or later find its realisation in fact.

NE PLUS.

Oh, that you were as once you used to be!

Your perfect form and burning eye withal,

So fresh and sweet and all the world to me,

You held me ever at your beck and call.

How wonderful when first you lips met mine!

As time flowed on I loved you, and I saw
Your colour come. Your fragrance was divine

And filled me with content as ne'er before.

But now! I look upon you with mistrust,

My love has dimmed—its memory leaves no pain:

Your charm has faded, gone in smoke and dust—

"I really cannot smoke that pipe again."

GERMAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is in one of Disraeli's novels, those best of social tonics, where the Cardinal's servant reports to his Eminence that Mr. X. desires an interview. "Request that Mr. X. will kindly wait, and give him the 'Times,'" replies the shrewd and august ecclesiastic; "give him the advertisement-sheet; Mr. X. is one of those men who like the advertisement-sheet."

I, who write this, own the soft impeachment. I am one of those men too. But the advertisements in a foreign paper are doubly attractive. To be told that "you run like a Bee when you wear our Boots"; to see a Dentist advertising his chamber of horrors as a "Tooth-Atelier"; to imagine yourself an athlete investing in a "Sport-Girdle in Gummi and Kordel, with a watch-pocket"; to learn that if happily a bride, but unhappily impecunious, you "can hire a complete Bridal Attire" from a lady whose name is somewhat reminiscent of that of a great Hebrew law-giver; to be assured that a "Siegfried-Gentlemen-Wheel, with Torpedo, painted white" (presumably a masculine bike of sorts), is to be purchased for the Teutonic equivalent of a modest 50s.; to dream of yourself tucking up for the night on a "massive, new Sleep-Divan" (only 28 shillings); to be notified that a "Horse-Flesh-Hewery, in a good situation" is for sale; to see a real Dr. Faust informing the world that "owing to the indisposition of the maid, he is seeking, with a view to her immediate entry upon her duties, for a faithful, hard-working, solid GIRL. Such with good credentials may apply"—these are real, undiluted joys.

One might be tempted to dwell on the big screeds of millinery sales, did not a classical education warn of the futility of puzzling over foreign words, with the English signification of which one cannot be expected to be familiar, so we will not go further into the articles specified under the head of "Damen-Waesche," than merely to remark that ladies who can purchase "Unter-tailen mit Feston, sehr fesch" for somewhat under eightpence seem to have a very good bargain. Nor will we inquire whether we should quite recognise, if we saw them, "entirely through-broken cotton stockings" (at about 6¾d.).

We are sorry to learn that the "Rag Time Torkey Trott" has reached the German Music Hall; we are insularly gratified to see that one theatre is playing "The Mikado" and another "Capitaen Braszbounds Bekehrung."

Births, it may be remarked, are not notified so much as in the English papers. But if brevity be the soul of wit, then the happy father who concocted the following was a wag indeed:—"Heir arrived. D. Pappenheimer and wife Claire, nee Lemmle."

Every advertisement quoted above is, except the last, taken from a single copy of a German newspaper. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, but perhaps its sweetest is to teach us to look for national divergencies in the minutiae of life. The curse of uniformity is quick to descend on the greater things, but spares the unessential. The unessential will, happily, still retain its picturesqueness, and still, unfortunately, tempt the cheap wit of literal interpretation.

DR. KATZENBERGER.

College Notes

Second term has gone the way of all previous second terms, and the end of another year is already unpleasantly near. Toil is the order of the day; the College is working at its text-books, the Editors at the "Fleur-de-Lys." Spring, too, has duly arrived. The birds tell us so, the oak is bursting into leaf, the Bull-paddock is golden with dandelions, "the air is like a long cool swig o' beer." Moreover the spring "feeling" gets into one's blood. With it comes the desire—more or less urgent—to go out into sunlight and moonlight and enjoy life, preferably in the charming company of a girl. But one would do anything rather than work. Surely there must be something wrong with a system which sets down for severest mental effort the time when every natural instinct urges us in other directions. All the world of nature is preparing to make holiday. We are preparing for exams.

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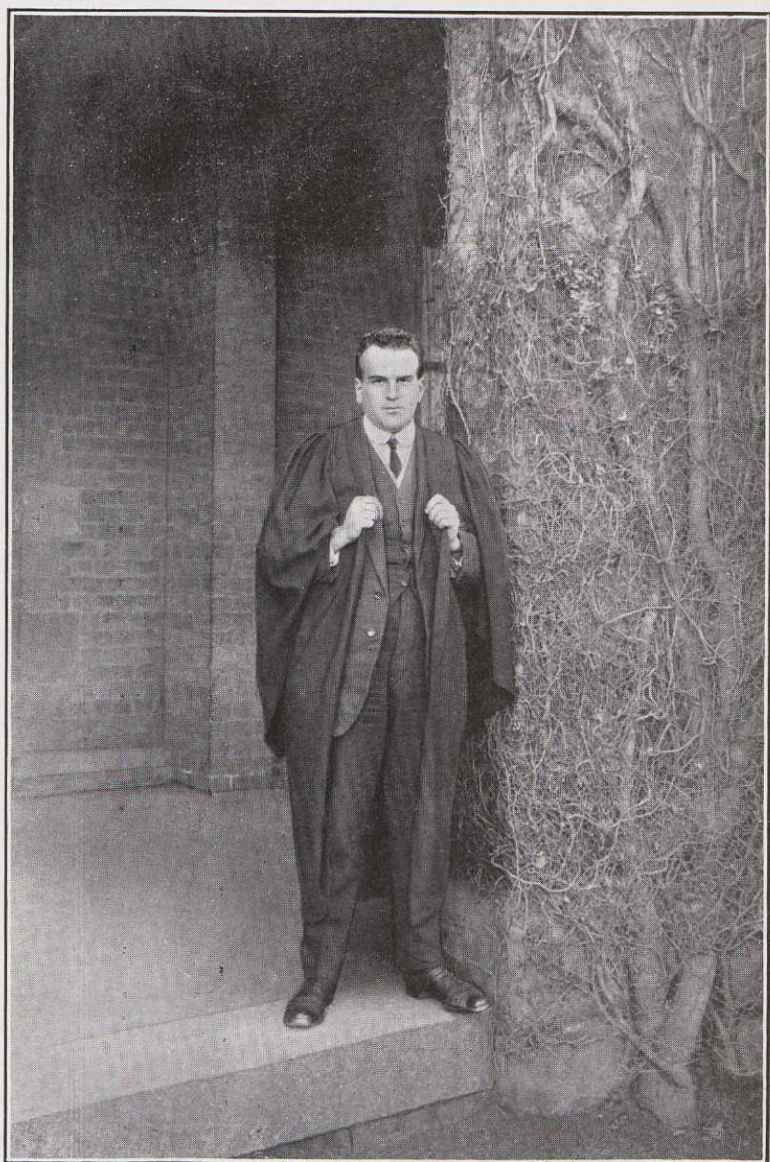
On the whole, it has been a quiet year in College. Perhaps it is that we have rather more than our usual share of mediocrity at present, too many people who neither work very hard nor play very thoroughly, too few extremists and freaks. However that may be, things have been just a trifle dull, though occasional "purple patches" have been the more appreciated on that account. Anyhow, a quiet year now and then is probably no bad thing for any of us.

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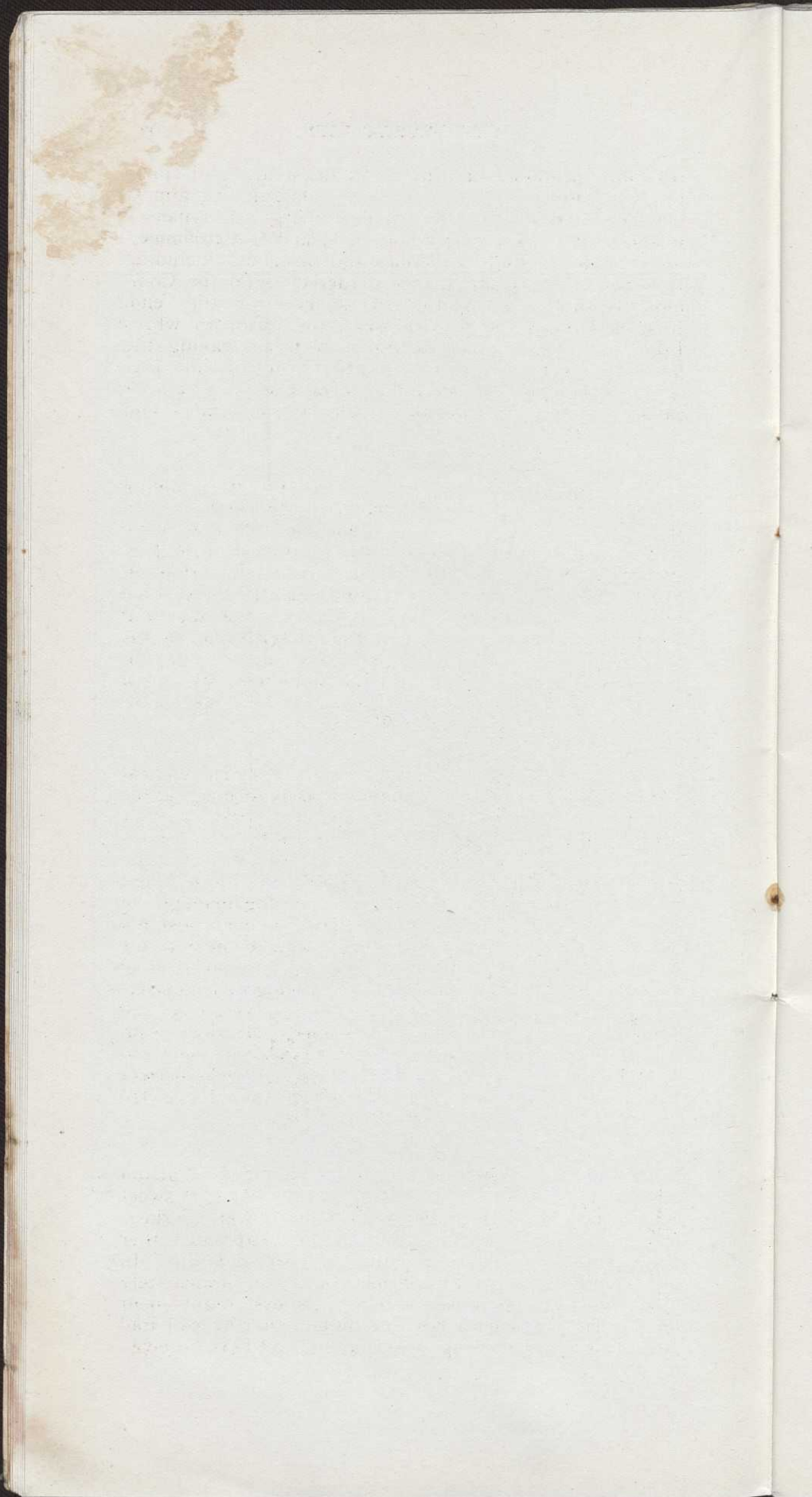
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The beginning of the year gave promise of a more sympathetic understanding between the Hostel and the College at large. That promise has been in nowise completely fulfilled, tennis-parties and tea-fights to the contrary. The apparent dawn of better days in some other directions has also been deferred. The amount of un-



"IKE"



reasoning prejudice and musty tradition that still clings to us is enormous. In moments of despair one almost believes that nothing less than a charge of dynamite would shift it. Imagine a sort of local "Götterdämmerung," with the College Wotan and his gods (including Loge the Porter) and heroes gathered round the Common Room table, waiting in silence for the end. Imagine, too, a terrific explosion, just prior to which Loge the Porter would probably be seen leaving the premises. When the smoke cleared Trinity would present itself to the eye as a fine level stretch of mother earth, a sure foundation on which to build anew—and better.

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In the last number we were able to reproduce a photo. of Mr. J. Horsfall, who has come to be numbered on the roll of College benefactors, but since then we have had an opportunity of seeing him in the flesh. On July 24th he paid us a visit and dined in Hall. The Warden introduced Mr. Horsfall, who subsequently gave some interesting reminiscences of his early squatting and business experiences and humorous descriptions of his boyhood. After hall Mr. Horsfall visited the Common Room, and assisted in some of the old songs. He has a most refreshing personality, and we should like to see him pay us another visit before long.

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"Ike" Jones, after nearly three years' tutorial medical service among us, has exchanged an assured position for the more dubious state of matrimony. We do not blame him; he was in the grip of the "Life Force." And, confirmed pessimists as we are, we can still hope that everything will eventuate happily for himself and his young woman. Just prior to his engagement he underwent an operation, and he seems to have lost his heart with his hernia. Marrying in haste, he left for England with Mrs. "Ike" the same day, and is now hustling round the hospitals of that benighted country. To say that we miss him is superfluous. As a tutor, he gained our regard; as a man, he won our affection. And if, like the rest of us, he had his faults, we are only too thankful that he was human. For once there is perfect agreement between the authorities and ourselves. He was "a good feller."

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Lower Clarke's has lost one of its identities. Carlton Sutton has moved to Upper Bishop's, the home of sweet contentment. He is much missed on Lower Clarke's, not only for his biscuits, but for his soap and other commodities which are essential to every-day life. In his place Dr. Harvey Sutton has come, and immediately made his bustling presence felt. His first night spent on the flat produced a horrible dream, that he had told one of his most amusing stories and it had been received

in dead silence. However, we are assured that dreams never come true.

* * *

The Hostel dance was held during second term and was attended by a large number of our dancing men. An innovation was provided by the fact that these gentlemen were escorted to the gate to the music of kerosene tins and had their names announced in stentorian tones through a megaphone. The heart of many a maiden must have beat faster as she heard a well-known name float down the breeze. The dance music was automatically thumped out by someone who apparently intended to do or die, and the ubiquitous kerosene tin summoned the straying couples at the end of each dance. The dance was in every way a success.

* * *

The Social Club has elected its new Ministry. In addition to its Senior Student, Secretary and Treasurer, it contains a sound progressive and a revolutionary. Whether it will continue to faithfully represent the interests of its electors, or will degenerate into a rather characterless instrument for the performance of odd jobs, remains to be seen.

* * *

The "counter-supper" is the result of an attempt by the higher Clark-ites to organize their previously anarchic arrangements for meeting the nightly demand for food. The members of each study in turn now provide supper for the rest of the flat, a proceeding which entails grievous overwork for the hosts and overcrowding for the guests. The former swear; the latter stand. Hungry visitors from Lower Clarke's swell the crowd. The gentleman in the single study is only a partial co-operator. The smallness of his room precludes him from "producing" supper. As a consumer he leaves nothing to be desired.



A POST-IMPRESSION OF TRINITY.

I am not a Post-impressionist myself, but a friend of mine who belongs to that school and who revisited Trinity during the recent vacation tells me that he has discovered that the style of the place is really Post-impressionist. I had never thought of this before, but had often wondered what was the meaning of the style both of the building and its inmates.

My friend says that he looks for a meaning in every building he sees and every person he meets, since he has become a post-impressionist. Here is the account of his visit to the College in his own quaint style:—

"I alighted," he says, "from a tram at the College, and the first thing that struck me was the colour of the gates. They were painted an uncertain red. In a moment the truth flashed on me. This institution I was about to visit was the home of a nebulous Socialism.

"I passed on, and presently raising my eyes, beheld Bishop's Building rearing its dingy height. As I drew closer I noticed a small oak tree about to burst into leaf. Then I saw the meaning of it all. Bishop's Building, frowning resentfully down on the oak tree, represented the attitude of old institutions towards the vitality of youth—the attitude of the dead languages towards the living sciences.

"With a sigh at the perversity of things, and a shudder at what awaited me, I plunged recklessly into the interior. No sound met my ears save the hollow echo of my footfalls. A faint odour of damp wall-paper and musty furniture assailed me, but no sign of human being was to be seen.

"The tunnel presently lightened and I emerged into a cross-path. To my right stood, or rather staggered, a number of bicycles in various stages of desuetude. Had they been able to speak they could not have told me more eloquently of their despair at the advent of the motor-cycle.

"To my left I saw a telephone and a filthy telephone-directory lying on the floor. What did this portend? Surely it was ample testimony to the passion for communication with the outside world, evinced by those incarcerated here.

"My meditations, however, were interrupted by a sound, and, turning swiftly, I saw the globular figure of the College Porter loom heavily into view.

"Again I asked myself the psychological meaning of it. Was he not an 'all-round' man in every sense. Besides being the College Porter, was he not also—but, hush! what is this gaunt figure that comes hurriedly towards me with his raven locks and his craven mixture. He represents the Law in all its pitiless mood.

"He beckons me with a skinny forefinger, and, drawn on as if by magic influence, I go forward.

"Presently we come to the door of a bedroom, which we enter without ceremony. Although it is only eleven o'clock its inmate is already stirring. He is a short, slight man with black hair and a lobster complexion. He is balanced lightly on the edge of his bed. In one hand he holds a play of Bernard Shaw, with the other he is regretfully flinging aside the bed clothes.

"For awhile I gazed on this scene with the sense of mystification with which one examines some of the work of the Post-impressionists.

"At length I understood.

"This is the conflict of mind and matter—that conflict which has gone on since the beginning, and whose result is far-reaching, beyond our conception.

"Weighed down by these thoughts, I turned away, but as I hurried down the drive I cast one look back, and there I saw a line of cloisters supporting an embattled parapet. A curious medley of architecture, yet so built with an obvious meaning. But what the cloisters represent and what the battlements must be left to individual speculation, for as I was about to give expression to my thoughts I was brought violently to earth by colliding with a gigantic fellow who was striding up the drive.

"Muttering something about moving an amendment, he leant over me with a sort of clumsy tenderness. Terrified by this apparition of what represented to me the growth of mechanical science, I fled to a tram, and was scarcely able to collect my thoughts until we reached that city which is itself a picture in the post-impressionist style."

DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

Second term witnessed something of a slump in the enthusiasm of Dialecticians. Even the ardor of the Secretary appeared to have cooled. He reminded one of a man who had been butting his head against a brick wall, and had grown a little sore in the process. The wall was probably quite undisturbed. Having given utterance to these slightly allegorical remarks, let us pass on.

The first debate of the term centred round the statement "that our present civilization is not a thing to be proud of." Mr. H. D. Campbell, who was subsequently awarded the President's medal for oratory, opened with an unworldly speech, as befitted a good theologian. Mr. T. C. Sutton replied—to his own complete satisfaction.

If sheer subtlety could win votes——. But there! it didn't, the majority being strongly adverse to modern civilization.

Although general interest in the Classics is as lukewarm as is the College chop at about 9 a.m., the Committee saw fit to bill them for the last debate of the year. Mr. Potter, in an interesting resume of a previous address of the Warden's, postulated that the Classics merited a prominent place in our educational system. Mr. "De Bung" Griffith emphatically denied this, a proceeding tactless enough when we consider that the Warden himself was in the chair, and that his zeal for the Classics is only equalled by his horror of Home Rule. Eventually the Classics were condemned. The Warden, however, had left the room before the division was actually taken. His feelings were thus spared a painful shock.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Independent Hall, when Dr. Robert Fowler delivered a thoughtful address on "Australian Immigration Problems," which had the additional merit of being the shortest Prelection on record. He was followed by Drs. J. W. Barrett and Harvey Sutton. Mr. Elwood Mead, who spoke next, was given the attentive hearing everywhere accorded to expert authority. He has an oratorical style peculiarly his own, and not less impressive because every vestige of rhetoric has been stripped from it. Mr. Franc Carse, while he contributed no new ideas to the discussion, was successful in insulting all the previous speakers, not to mention the chairman, Sir John Madden. The latter, with the marks of vaccination still fresh upon his arm, vindictively advised the inoculation of every immigrant, and in a few well-chosen final words brought the meeting to a respectable conclusion.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ROSTAND.

Wish for the wishing's own sake,
 'Tis but the wishing we need!
 Wish just a rosebud to take
 From the edge of a cliff—and succeed.

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Wish we could speak like a Kurd,
 Write like a chill Samoyard;
 Wish we for things quite absurd,
 So we learn, when we wish, to wish hard.

—Fumeur.

"A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM."

The account of this performance, which was given in aid of a dilapidated tennis court by the Hostel Dramatic Club, is necessarily a trifle patchy, as the special representative of the "Fleur-de-Lys" got in late, chiefly owing to an altercation with an officious usher.

The play is just an impossible page from a number of impossible lives.

Bernard Gray, an unsuccessful and poverty-stricken musical composer, cherishes a secret passion for Dolly, an equally unsuccessful chorus girl, who lives a floor below him in the same boarding-house. He considers, however, that his chances with the fair Dolly pale into insignificance beside those of his more successful brother, Hubert, who has just obtained his medical degree, and who exhibits a character that for sheer offensiveness, even in a med., surpasses all belief. Apparently his only patient is a rich old man, Kershaw, who gladly runs a risk of sudden death in order to give his young friend someone to whom bills may be sent. Hubert, to give his brother a helping hand, gets Kershaw interested in an opera Bernard has written, and induces him to call on Bernard to purchase the composition. While in the latter's rooms Kershaw meets Dolly. She reminds him of a lady with whom he had had some slight passages in his youth. This lady was apparently Dolly's mother, although he omitted to tell the audience so. Kershaw then proceeds to act as "fairy godmother," and unites the loving hearts of Dolly and Bernard, while the unfortunate Hubert is left lamenting. The story is filled out with interludes between Bernard, his landlady, and the maid of all work. A nurse also appears, but gets lost before the finale.

Mr. Newport White carried his big part with a distinctly paternal air, and at times was as heavy as lead. In the last act, where Dolly falls into his not too loving embrace, he displayed some slight embarrassment, occasioned, no doubt, by the cat-calls of some unruly members of the "gods."

Miss D. Scantlebury, as Dolly, presented a revised version of a chorus girl, but one quite in keeping with the author's idea.

Miss Lea Hallinburg, as the landlady, was excellent, although appearing in the part at short notice, and Miss B. Wise, the general, was also good, in spite of some nervousness, occasioned, no doubt, by the overwork she complained of. The Book brothers both did well, particularly C. H., as Hubert. Miss D. Tate was the nurse. Altogether the performance was just about up to the standard of most shows of the kind.

The place was packed, the play was short, and the Warden made a speech. So who cares?

A DIARY OF THE DAY; OR, WHO KILLED
COCK ROBIN?

April 1st, 1914.—At a special meeting to-day, on the motion of Mr. B——i, it was decided by the Social Club of Trinity College, almost unanimously, that a member of the Hostel be appointed as a third Editor of the "Fleur-de-Lys."

April 4th.—Miss —— has been appointed to the position of co-editor of the "Fleur-de-Lys."

April 5th.—Mr. B——i to-day gave a select lunch in a Lower Clarke's study to celebrate the appointment of Miss —— as Editor of the "Fleur-de-Lys." During a few remarks welcoming Miss ——, Mr. B——i, who was in excellent form, scolded, with many a pointed touch, the foolish "sex-consciousness" and narrow "sex-selfishness" of the men whom he had known in College in the past. Most affecting was his emotional reference to his feminist soul. Mr. B. C——l, who arrived with the black coffee, made one or two remarks that brought blushes to the fair cheeks of his fair hearers, and then began to give his opinion as to what Australia ought to do for "The Coots of Kootamundra." The lunch was voted quite jolly by all that were there.

May 1st.—There are rumours of dissension in the Editorial councils.

May 6th.—To-day I happened to be privileged to be present at an Editorial meeting. I don't think there will be a "Fleur-de-Lys." Mr. B——i read out a nice sporting little piece. Miss —— thought it a little too racy, and Mr. C——l agreed with her. Mr. C——l read a fine article by himself on "The Amount of Food that can be Administered to a Starving Slum Person in London without his going off his head with joy or bursting." Miss —— thought it a little too heavy, and Mr. B——i agreed with her. This, apparently, goes on always. When I left, Mr. B——i and Mr. C——l were arguing because Mr. B——i had so far forgotten himself as to swear in the presence of Miss ——. Miss —— herself was calm but firm-looking.

May 12th.—Mr. B——i, at a meeting of the Dialectic Society last night, surprised his hearers by a diatribe against the modern woman, and he digressed to put it upon record that the "old College spirit" had points about it. Mr. B——i did not entertain any women at supper after the meeting.

May 15th.—Last night the Hostel was burnt to the ground. Willing workers saved most of the furniture and clothing. Miss —— lost all her papers however.

May 16th.—There are no rooms or houses to be had about Parkville, or even in Melbourne, at a reasonable rate. Peculiar!

May 17th.—Mrs. Leeper has herself offered to put up Miss — and Miss —, as their homes are far distant. Very kind of her.

May 18th.—Mrs. Leeper to-day received an anonymous letter in a childish, disguised handwriting. It warns her not to allow Miss — to be so much about the College. I learnt this from a junior tutor. Mr. C—l has uttered what seems to me a feeble protest. Mr. B—i pooh-poohs the idea of anything being wrong. Mrs. Leeper is intensely amused.

May 20th.—Mr. C—l shot himself last night.

May 27th.—Miss — was shot dead last night at a late hour when returning from the theatre. The shot seemed to come from the College thicket, but upon a diligent search nothing was found. The police have no clue as to the murderer's identity, but they are watching one of the College cows, who was out of the Bull-paddock that night. She is very lively on her feet.

May 29th.—Mr. B—i has taken to his bed. He is ill from overwork and worry.

May 30th.—Mr. B—i is dead. (Brain-fever.)

June 7th.—In appointing new Editors to the "Fleur-de-Lys" to complete the work of Miss —, Mr. B—i and Mr. C—l, all deceased, it was decided by the Social Club Committee that the Hostel should not be invited to nominate anybody to fill the place of the late lamented Miss —.

Football

Trinity v. Queen's.

In the first round the College met Queen's on June 25th.

This year our team was weak, but they made up for their lack of knowledge of the game by training hard in the final stages.

Roe was elected captain.

In this game our team put up an excellent performance and played at their top form.

The day was a bad one for football as the ground was slippery and muddy and the weather was showery and cold. From the first our men adapted themselves better than their opponents to the unpleasant conditions, and established an early lead. Queen's seemed rather demoralised and failed to play together. In the first threequarters we kept them on the defensive, and, but for a weakness among the forwards and the greasiness of the ball, would have scored more heavily.

In the last quarter Queen's showed a glimpse of their true form, but Trinity continued to hold their own and ran out winners by a good margin.

For Queen's, Kelly, Kerr and Matthews were prominent, but the team as a whole failed to show their best form.

For us, Norris played well at half-back, and the ball seldom passed him. Roe, Jolley and O'Hara Wood were an effective trio: whilst Cowen, Campbell and Fetherstonhaugh all displayed plenty of dash when required.

The scores have unfortunately to be omitted, as no one made it his business to remember them.

Trinity v. Ormond.

The game against Ormond, on July 2nd, was looked upon as a foregone conclusion for the latter, owing to the number of League players in their team. As it turned out, public opinion was perfectly justified, and they scored a somewhat easy win, although the scores hardly give a fair indication of the game. Our forward line was very weak, and, though they had chances, they failed to make good.

Ormond, playing well together, ran up a big score. In the last quarter they fairly romped over us, but up to that time the game was quite interesting to the spectators.

For Ormond, Doig at centre was brilliant and covered a lot of ground; Jones on the wing caused much amusement by the clever way in which he eluded his pursuers, and MacCracken, Corbett, Stephens and Anderson were noticeable on a very even side.

For Trinity, Roe played a solid and untiring game. Jolley, Norris, Marks and O'Hara Wood all shone out at times, but most of our men were overshadowed by their opponents. Godby got plenty of work at full-back, and made some very effective dashes.

The scores in this match too are uncertain, but are approximately—

Ormond—13 goals 14 behinds.

Trinity—2 goals 6 behinds.

RUNNING SPORTS.

As was not altogether unexpected, the Intercollegiate Running Sports resulted in a win for Queen's—Ormond were second. For the winners, Kelly and Wunderly ran well, Kelly winning four championships. We offer our congratulations to Queen's.

For the College, Jowett, who ran a well-judged race in the mile, and Godby, second in the long jump, were the best performers. We sympathise with Potter in being selected as first string in three events and having the ill-fortune to strain himself just before the sports.

The following represented the College:—C. Campbell, Clark, Godby, Jackson, Jowett, D. Kelly, Marks and Potter.

The final scores were—

Queen's—61 points.

Ormond—52½ points.

Trinity—40½ points.

We would again impress on members of the College the fact that not only genius but enthusiasm and hard training are essentials if we wish to win the sports.

In the University handicap events members of the College met with some success. Griffith, Jackson and C. Campbell finished first in their events.

The Smokers' Race fell to the pipe of our most inveterate smoker, Wanklyn.

Shooting

The Intercollegiate Rifle Match was shot at Williams-town on Friday, September 12th. Very fair weather conditions prevailed, though a gradually increasing right wind and a changing light caused some trouble at nine hundred.

At three hundred the scores were very even, Trinity having a lead of one from Queen's and six from Ormond.

At six hundred Ormond pulled up one point on Trinity, while Queen's went three points back.

At nine hundred Queen's and Trinity finished with totals level, and Ormond a few points behind.

Collins did a fine shoot here for Queen's, while Moule, for Trinity, shot like a veteran and finished with top score for his side.

In the Service Conditions Match, at three hundred, Trinity went to pieces. Queen's scored 37 points and won easily, while we just squeaked home ahead of Ormond.

A word of praise is due to Riddell and the college telescope; to the former for making the team a team, and to the latter for making the bull look bigger than it really was.

Scores:

Queen's	419	+	36.	Total	455
Trinity	419	+	27.	"	446
Ormond	414	+	30.	"	444

TRINITY.

	300-yds.	600-yds.	900-yds.	Total.
Moule	29	30	27	86
White	31	30	25	86
Riddell	30	32	23	85
Kitchin	34	29	22	85
Spowers	31	29	17	77

419

Collins, of Queen's, put up the highest individual score of the three teams by scoring 98 out of 105 at the three ranges. This was easily the best shoot of the day.

Tennis

The College does not at present possess quite such a galaxy of talent as it did during the past two years. However, two stars who are shining brightly in the tennis firmament are P. O'H. Wood and Lister. Both are playing with conspicuous success for the University A Team.

Although there has been a slight lack of keenness among the members of Pennant teams, the College has by no means been disgraced. The B team was again prominent, being third in its section, thanks mainly to the efforts of Jowett and Campbell, who won all their singles matches. The C team shone more by reason of its forceful language than by its position on the list. In spite of various changes, the D team has done fairly well and occupies a respectable position. The personnel of the teams was:—

Grade B.—C. Campbell, Cowen, Jowett and Puckle.

Grade C.—Clarke, Godby, Maudsley, Wanklyn.

Grade D.—Fetherstonhaugh, Grimwade, Scantlebury, Shanasy.

Various members of the College (mainly theological) have contributed largely to the success of the Hostel tennis parties. It is rumoured, however, that their success has been gained more by the subtle social arts than by their ability as tennis players.

By the time this appears the intercollegiate matches will have been played, and we hold out great hopes of the College again winning the tennis.

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The Intercollegiate Women's Tennis provided some excitement in the final game between Trinity and Ormond.

A hurricane of wind blew across the courts and made good tennis difficult. Nevertheless, the onlookers were treated to a most interesting display. Trinity led at the end of the first rubbers, but Ormond, fighting valiantly in the final stages, just got home by two games.

Misses Whybrow and Holmes did well to win their last set after losing the first five games, and if they could have started their run a bit sooner, would have pulled off the match for Trinity.

Ormond are to be congratulated on their fine uphill finish.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The annual dinner of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys was held at Hosie's Cafe on Monday, June 16th. The Warden was the guest of the evening, and Mr. Puckle also attended as the representative of the present students. The President (Mr. S. Dutton Green) occupied the chair and thirty other members of the Union were present, viz.:—A. J. Noall, C. Carty Salmon, E. I. Robson, S. A. Ewing, A. E. Morris, Neville Wight, R. Neil Smith, H. R. F. Chomley, E. Alan Mackay, J. T. Collins, H. H. Henchman, L. F. Miller, H. I. Graham, Harvey Sutton, E. R. White, H. Baldwin Gill, O'Dell Crowther, Norman Hodges, D. Gavan Duffy, H. A. Crowther, C. M. Williams, F. W. Slade, E. C. Dyason, A. G. Miller, T. Carlton Sutton, W. Shenton Garnett, F. Blois Lawton, Roy Watson, S. Dobson, and Franc Carse.

The toast of the College was proposed by the President, who took the opportunity of expressing the appreciation of the past students of Mr. Horsfall's magnificent gift of a chapel for the College. The Warden, in responding, also expressed his pleasure at the approaching fulfilment of such a long-felt ambition, and said he hoped soon to have an opportunity of inviting members to be present at the laying of the foundation stone.

At the conclusion of the speeches the minutes were read, and the following office-bearers for the ensuing year were elected:—President, Dr. Arthur Morris; Vice-Presidents, Mr. S. E. Elder, Mr. H. I. Graham; Committee: Dr. Harvey Sutton, Mr. Dutton Green, Mr. O'Dell Crowther, E. C. Dyason; Secretary, Franc Carse.

The health of the new President was then proposed by Dr. Carty Salmon and responded to by Dr. Morris, and after a few further sporadic outbursts of eloquence, the proceedings terminated.

FROM THE GROTH MONUMENT AT KIEL.



H. Missfeldt, Sc.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLAUS GROTH.

Fair Annie stood afore her door,
Afore her door;
The fisher-lad passed by;
"Fair Annie, ye knit stockins blue,
Knit stockins blue,
Whae gets them, lass, will I?"

"These stockins shall my brither hae,
My brither hae,
Out on the wide blue sea;
Ye mak your ain big nets yoursel',
Big nets yoursel',
An' hose aboon the knee."

"My nets I mak sae big an' wide,
Sae big an' wide,
To catch the daft sea-troot;
Ye knit your mesh sae fine an' close,
Sae fine an' close,
Nae mortal soul gets thro't.

Ay, lass, ye knit your hose sae fine,
Your hose sae fine,
Sae braw, sae blue forbye;
Ye'll catch ilk fisher-lad wi' yon,
Ilk lad wi' yon,
E'en were they twice as sly."

—Pechvogel, Ph.D.

AN ALLEGORY.

The day was just dawning over an island far away in the Pacific. As the first rays of the tropical sun came shooting across a rippling expanse of sea they fell upon the sands and the wealth of primeval forest behind. Bright coloured birds, awakening to the new day, were already flitting busily about amongst the flowering shrubs or preening their gaudy feathers in the ever-increasing sunlight.

The island was uninhabited, save for a solitary human being, who might be seen lying prone on the beach, well above the water line and sheltered by the thick canopy of creeper-covered trees.

For four days he had existed upon that island, alone. He had been washed ashore from a wreck—the sole survivor—and had lain with a broken leg ever since.

He was a young man, but pain and starvation had given a drawn and old appearance to his face. His hair was long and unkempt and his body was emaciated from privation.

He lay huddled up in his rags sleeping.

Presently he awoke, sat up and looked around; a smile lit up his pale face at the sight of beauty about him, but, as he became aware of his position, it gave way to a look of settled gloom and despair. He was awaiting his end, and the thought of another awful day without food or drink appalled him.

He put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a cigarette-case—the sole article saved from the wreck—and opened it. One cigarette lay in it.

But, alas! even the comfort of a smoke was denied him—his matches were gone. He remembered how he had lent them to the bosun the night before the wreck, and he had not returned them. At the time it had seemed a trivial matter, but now he would have given anything for a box.

He cursed the bosun as only a sailor can.

All day he lay half asleep, and towards evening he became delirious and raved of his home. The cigarette still hung where he had put it, in the corner of his mouth.

A hush had fallen over the island. Even the birds were silent. It became darker and darker as the black clouds rolled up and obscured the sun, and thunder rumbled in the distance. A few drops of rain fell.

Nearer and nearer came the storm. Lightning flashed and lit up the angry sea, and the wind souged through the forest.

Soon the storm was at its height and crash upon crash of thunder followed each lightning flash.

The boy—for he was little more—sat up, unconscious of what was going on. Ever and anon he murmured a name which was lost in the roar of the storm. The cigarette hung in his lips.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a crack that shook the earth. A great tree was split as if it had been matchwood, and then the rain poured down.

The next flash disclosed the boy lying motionless, as he had been struck down, and beside him lay a smouldering cigarette.

Old Students

A portion of this magazine is exclusively reserved for Old Students and their affairs. As an idea, this is a good one, but our satisfaction with it ends right here. In fact, it rests on a most precarious basis. As giving some sort of comprehensive account of the doings of the Trinity departed, it is admittedly a failure. And until the method by which these particular pages are filled takes a turn for the better this must necessarily be so. It is quite impossible for the Editors of the day to be in any personal touch with bygone generations, so that they can scarcely be expected to glean much news of their antiquarian forerunners. The "Fleur-de-Lys" Society is the common link between these gentlemen, and its Secretary is the proper person to forward the required information editorwards. This indeed he does to the best of his ability, but he again cannot be expected to know the movements of every old-timer. Not until Old Students recognize their obligation to keep the Secretary posted in matters of interest to their contemporaries will this section of the magazine be put on a satisfactory basis. Surely it is up to members of the "Fleur-de-Lys" Society to do this much for the "Fleur-de-Lys."

The following is a list of the members of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys. Those marked with an asterisk have already forwarded their subscriptions for the current year. The Secretary (Franc Carse, Selborne Chambers, Chancery Lane) will be glad to receive the subscriptions (5/- per annum) of the others at their earliest convenience.

a'Beckett, T.	465 Collins-street.
Atkins, Dr. C. N.	Hobart Hospital.
Arnold, Rev. L.	St. Peter's, East Melbourne.
Bathurst, Bishop of	Bathurst, N.S.W.
Ballarat, Bishop of	Ballarat.
Bage, Lieut. R., R.A.E.*	Adelie, Land.
Baillieu, C. L.	Magdalen College, Oxford.
a'Beckett, W. G.*	The Grange, Berwick.
Behan, J. C. V.*	University College, Oxford.
Bevan, His Honor, Mr.	
Justice*	Port Darwin, Northern Territory

- Brennan, Dr. E. T. Fremantle Hospital, W.A.
 Bullivant, A. H. Gellenbah, Narrandera, N.S.W.
 Bullivant, Hugh Gellenbah, Narrandera, N.S.W.
 Burston, Dr. R. S. Harpsden, Henley Beach-road, Mile
 End, S.A.
 Bush, Dr. Hugh* Ourimbah, Rutherglen.
 Butler, E. V. C. of E. Grammar School, Melb.
 Cain, R. C. Anderson-street, South Yarra.
 Cain, W. N.* Madowla Park, Picola.
 Carse, Franc* Selborne Chambers.
 Carse, J. R. F.* Widgiewa, Narrandera, N.S.W.
 Casey, R. G. Trinity College, Cambridge.
 Clarke, Dr. C. Lowther* . . Petersburg, S.A.
 Chomley, H. R.* A.M.P. Buildings, Collins-street.
 Cole, Geo.* Caenwood, Tennyson-st., St. Kilda.
 Collins, J. T.* Crown Law Offices, Melbourne.
 Cowle, F. C.* Hannan's Club, Kalgoorlie.
 Crotty, Rev. H. St. Thomas's, North Sydney.
 Crowther, H. A.* Brighton Grammar School.
 Crowther, O'Dell* c/o Weigall and Crowther, Chan-
 cery-lane.
 Croker, C. N.* Duvira, Morris-road, Woolloowin, Q.
 de Crespigny, Dr. C. T. C. . . 132 Strangways Terrace, North
 Adelaide.
 Darby, Dr. G. R.* Latrobe Terrace, Geelong.
 Dickson, Raynes W. S. . . . 413 Collins-street.
 Dobson, A. F. S.* Supreme Court, Melbourne.
 Dossetor, F. E. Wells Theological College, Somers-
 set, England.
 Duffy, C. Gavan Selborne Chambers.
 Duffy, D. Gavan* c/o High Court of Australia.
 Duffy, Rev. G. Gavan Presbytery, Carlton.
 Dyason, E. C. E.* 60 Queen-street.
 Edmondson, F. W. Wodonga.
 Elder, S. E.* c/o Elder & Graham, Collins-street.
 Elcoate, Dr. R. L. G. Ganmain, N.S.W.
 Eva, Rev. C. H. V.* The Vicarage, Hastings.
 Ewing, Dr. S. A.* 33 Collins-street.
 Finnis, Rev. H. P. Meredith.
 Fowler, Dr. R. England.
 Fowler, T. W.* Engineer-in-Chief of Tasmania,
 Government Offices, Hobart.
 Fraser, Douglas Mundoolan, Q.
 Fraser, Simon* Nyang, Moulamein, N.S.W.
 Gardner, Dr. M. C.* c/o "Argus" Office, 80 Fleet-st.,
 London.
 Garnett, Dr. W. Shenton* . . Women's Hospital.
 Gates, Rev. A. C. F. Gibbins-street, Burnley.
 Gilbert, H., F.R.C.S.* No. 12 North Terrace, Adelaide.
 Gill, Dr. H. B.* en route to England.
 Gosse, W. H.* Illawong, Jugiong, N.S.W.
 Graham, H. I.* c/o Elder & Graham, Collins-street.
 Green, S. Dutton* c/o Hamilton, Wynne and Riddell,
 Collins-street.
 Green, W. Heber The University.
 Hamilton, E. J.* Drouin.
 Harper, G. T. Guildford, W.A.
 Herring, J. F.* Maryborough.
 Hodges, E. N. Selborne Chambers.
 Hughes, Canon, E. S.* Albert-street, Eastern Hill.
 Hughes, Dr. W. Kent* 22 Collins-street.
 Hurry, M. Kyneton.
 Henchman, H. H.* Celtic Chambers, Brisbane.
 Ingamells, Rev. F. H. The Vicarage, Coleraine.
 Jack, W. L. Magdalen College, Oxford.
 Jack, A. L. Merton College, Oxford.
 Jackson, Dr. E. S.* St. Helens Hospital, Brisbane.

Weigall, T. a'B., K.C.* 446 Chancery-lane.
 White, Dr. E. R.* 84 Collins-street.
 Wight, Neville* 90 William-street.
 Wilkinson, H. L.* Collins House, Collins-street.
 Williams, Dr. M. L.* Wattle-street, Bendigo.
 Williams, C. M.* c/o Williams & Mathews, Queen-st.
 Wood, O'Hara* Selborne Chambers.

N.B.—The last known addresses are in all cases given above. The Hon. Secretary would be greatly obliged if members would notify him of any change of address in order that copies of the "Fleur-de-Lys" and other communications may not go astray.

* * *

A pleasing feature of the Annual Dinner this year was the presence of H. H. Henchman, from Queensland, and Baldwin Gill, from Western Australia. The former had come down from Brisbane to appear before the High Court, whilst the latter has left his practice in the West for a year, and was on his way through Melbourne on a trip to England.

* * *

Mark Gardner and "Len" Lillies are still both in England, but Arthur Sherwin has recently returned after exciting experiences in the Balkans.

* * *

Dr. Guy Miller and his wife are off this month to the Mecca of the young medico, whither "Bob" Fowler has recently preceded him.

* * *

Congratulations are due to Guy Madden on his engagement to Miss Doris McEvoy, and to O'Dell Crowther on the birth of a daughter.

* * *

Recently across in Melbourne were Herbert Mayo and Cyril Clarke, both from South Australia, where they are practising their respective professions.

* * *

Bob Bage is still down in Adelie Land with the Mawson expedition, gathering a good deal of information as to wind velocities apparently, but nevertheless from the occasional news of him that comes to hand flourishing as usual.

* * *

Simon Fraser engaged to Miss Phyllis Hammond Clegg and "Tommy" Atkins to Miss Laura MacLeod. Congratulations! "Tommy" is starting private practice in Hobart.

* * *

"Doug" Fraser has just finished a tour round Queensland with "Beer" Foster.

* * *

Ben Lewers has been doing a locum in Bendigo and is now in Melbourne again having a look round. He can still raise his voice.

"Dewers" Cumming, performing wonders at cricket while waiting for rain in Doodlakine, W.A.

Judah L. Jona just back in Melbourne and engaged to Miss Kozminsky.

Dr. Arthur South (otherwise "Old South") has had the bad luck to break his leg down at Warrnambool. Mac Ross also was badly smashed up playing polo in Queensland lately. It is satisfactory to know that both are now well on the mend.

Guy Brooke Bailey, who has been doctoring in Tasmania since leaving College, is off on a trip to England on the 22nd of October.

Bob Elcoate married and practising at Ganmain (N.S.W.). Good luck, Bob!

Clive Baillieu and Lang Jack have taken their B.A's., and will be out here again in January. We hear that Lang gets balder every week owing to strenuous week-ends in London.

Dean Stephen has had his D.D. conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Olof N. Kelly passed his educational exams. in England, both theory and practice.

Obituary.

The Rev. E. A. Crawford died on September 28th. He was the incumbent of St. Andrew's Church, Brighton, at the time of his decease. We extend our sympathy to his family.

(For the Annual Dinner see page 30.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editors of "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Sirs,—If it were not that I have the interest of all seekers after true culture at heart, I would not ask you to publish this letter; but I feel compelled to bring under your notice a tendency, and, I fear, a growing one, for our more cultured members to ape the habits of the illiterate.

By the cultured I mean, of course, those men doing courses for the learned professions, those who intend to enter the Church or to serve the State, and so uphold our proud motto, "Pro Ecclesia pro Patria." Now some of these men (I trust a small minority), wishing to keep account of their daily work, have adopted the method of keeping this account by means of a common curve such as any engineer or other tradesman might use.

Almost any evening they may be seen "plotting the graph," as they call it, which mysterious process seems to consist in making dots with a pencil on a piece of paper ruled off into squares, and then drawing an irregular line from dot to dot.

I cannot conceive, nor do I care, what advantages there may be in this method, but I would appeal to everyone who wishes to uphold the ancient dignity of the classics, the calm majesty of the law or the thoughtful piety of the Church to discourage this tendency with all his might, and thus help to stem that growing tide of modernism which would strike at the very root of all we hold most sacred.—I am, etc.,

PATROCLUS.

(To the Editors of "Fleur-de-Lys.")

Sir,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I am writing to draw your attention to a most hopeful sign in the College.

I refer to the growing rapprochement between the men doing the Arts and allied courses and those who are taking up the more technical and useful subjects. As a sign of this I may mention the custom springing up among Arts men of keeping a work graph, i.e., plotting the amount of work done each day in the form of a curve.

The advantages of this method are so obvious that I will not enlarge on them here, but it is as an indication of a more modern and tolerant spirit that I hail it with delight.

Time was when the classical man despised all innovations and refused to believe that anything which had not the sanction of a century's use could be even worthy of consideration.

As a natural consequence, the man doing medicine or engineering looked down on his "old fogeyish" friends doing Arts or Law.

Now all is changed, and no one expresses the least surprise when entering a study to find an engineer absorbed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or deep in a volume of Browning, while a theolog. toys with the integral calculus or criticises with some intelligence a design for a trussed beam bridge.

Much as I dislike public self-congratulation, I feel that it is only right to publish to the whole world, that here in our little community, we are doing our best to encourage that go-ahead spirit of which Australia is so justly proud.—I am, etc.,

20th CENTURY.

PICKING UP.

The Finest Game on Earth.

The introduction, that interesting old-world relic, is fast going out of vogue in Australia. In the freer, ampler atmosphere and more enlightened age in which we live, it has become superfluous. And we may justly expect that the continual advance of socialism and a less artificial view of what constitutes good manners will result in its receiving its death-blow. That one human being, when addressed in terms of perfect civility by another, should deliberately offer him the pretty insult of her back just because a formal ceremony has not previously been performed by some wholly unnecessary social middleman, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called good manners. As a safeguard, the introduction is supremely ridiculous. Any fairly discreet scoundrel can get himself introduced to young women of spotless virtue if he cares to take the time and trouble. On the other hand, it is seriously open to question whether the coddling which such safeguards imply is likely to prove at all beneficial to the character of the "softer" sex. For all these reasons, subconsciously felt by the rising generation, the introduction, though it still survives in the drawingrooms of dull respectability, is pretty generally going out of fashion elsewhere.

Concurrently with its decline, a delightful alternative has arisen, to which an additional piquancy is given by the fact that it is still officially incorrect. Its procedure, colloquially spoken of as "picking up," might almost be called Australia's national game. Its rules, in broad outline at least, are simple. A man sees a girl whose looks he likes, stares at her a moment friendly-wise, and if her eyes reciprocate, conversation is forthwith begun. The reverse process may also occur, the glance of invitation coming from the girl. The preliminary thin ice safely negotiated, the picker-up and the picked pursue their acquaintance on precisely the same lines as if they had been regularly introduced. Things may develop in various ways; it depends on the man—and the girl. But the picking-up is the thing.

It is a glorious game. Beside its glamour the humdrum introduction sinks into insignificance. Who that has imbibed the free spirit of the one can ever care a fig for the dreary formality of the other? The endless variations in the process, the lights and shades the eye of the adept can discern, the scope for consummate artistry which its proper achievement affords, give to picking-up an interest and a charm that never flags. And then there is the danger to lend a thrill, the risk—of a rebuff. One false move, the slightest error of judgment, and all is lost. There is the romance as well, and the spirit of adventure. When you sally forth, almost like a knight of old, through square and street, o'er hill

and dale, by stream and sylvan glade, seeking ever encounters with the other sex, incident and adventure will surely befall you on the way. And when, rounding the corner of a sky-scraper or stepping from a forest brake, on a sudden you behold her, strange and sweet, before you, then indeed, O Knight of the Pick Up, you will have found romance.

The uncertainty of picking up can only be described as gorgeous. She may be a blank or a treasure, married or single, slow or—not. She may be much besides. You never can tell. Again, she may smile and then turn you down. Or she may frown and then pick you up. She may even do all four. The place of the picking-up is as uncertain as the person. It may be urban or rural, a country road or the dress-circle at the opera, St. Kilda Esplanade or a North Melbourne tram. Or it may be at the garden gate, where an irate parent may appear anon, stick in hand and thunder in his looks.

Any girl can be picked up. The primmest, dullest, best brought-up young lady has somewhere within her that elemental spark of freedom which under certain conditions will cause her to rise superior to her upbringing. But a word of warning to the reckless. Not every man can pick up any girl. The would-be picker-up will do well to confine his attentions to subjects within the scope of his powers. He will otherwise court repeated disaster and finally lose his nerve. But if he be by nature a charming fellow, with winning ways and a gentlemanly manner calculated to inspire confidence in the bosoms of the fair, if moreover he be an artist in his own line and go to work in a sufficiently original way, he may safely venture to pick up a Princess Royal.

Just sometimes the process results in the discovery of a veritable "jewel." And then she is made even more precious to the lucky finder by the unconventional methods by which he gained her acquaintance. For there is something peculiarly satisfying to both parties in the thought that the bond between them has owed nothing from the very beginning to external influence. It is true that a type of man still exists who, from failure to apprehend evolutionary principles in matters of conduct as in everything else, comes to the unpardonable conclusion that he ought to despise any girl who is readily picked up. In reality it is to himself that he should apply the full force of his outrageous contempt. The girl has not only done nothing to forfeit respect, but can be congratulated on having driven yet another nail into the coffin of the bond-woman of yesterday who has yielded place to a far finer product in her emancipated successor of to-day.

Picking up is a very serviceable pestle with which to smash class consciousness in the mortar of socialism. For the aide-de-camp to be brought into social contact with the girl of the jam factory is easy, and an event not

unlikely to have frequently befallen. It is to be hoped that from such a girl he has at last learnt something useful. But for a likely-looking navvy to pick up a society butterfly as she alights from her electric brougham is not so easy. Still, it is eminently desirable, and when the aforesaid flutterer realises that the navvy is a person just as important to the community as herself, and that it is no less than her duty to bestow upon his manners a little of the polish they lack, doubtless this too will become a matter of common occurrence. And then it will be high time for the bad old custom that permits our more prominent loafers to masquerade at the expense of their fellows under the honourable titles of "ladies" and "gentlemen," to hide its diminished head; and for everyone to cheerfully admit that they are only rather worthless men and women after all. Which truth once properly grasped by the loafers, it is quite on the cards that most of them will go and get work forthwith.

THE FAG-END OF A REVERIE.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."—(Tennyson.)

And now whene'er I'm feeling blue
And stale and tired with too much "stew,"
And passing Hostile fills my view,
Then do I think of love that's true?
And future summer skies of blue?
Ah, no!

I weep, for it reminds me so
Of that fair maid I used to know
Whose hair was tied with a blue bow,
Who watched with me the sunset's glow,
Who sighed so softly long ago,
Whose tears, I thought, begun to flow,
Who stayed with Ma at Buffalo,
Who plainly did not want to go,
Who parted from me in such woe,
Who since has got another beau
And left me to my fate.

—Locksley.

INTIMATE INTERVIEWS.

(By Our Special Reporter.)

Mr. Q. when seen in his sanctum was disposed to be chatty. He pushed forward the cigarettes and poured out a glass of milk, thereby putting our representative at his ease. He was seated on an easy chair and a magazine lay by his side. On being informed of the object of the interview, his face became more serious, and he began to talk of missed putts and shanked mashie shots at such a rate that he had to be delicately stopped. The first question put was, "Do you find time for work in between your golf?"

Mr. Q.: "I never let one interfere with the other."

Rep.: "And do you prefer men's doubles to mixed?"

Mr. Q.: "Have another cigarette?"

Rep.: "What were your sensations when you missed a putt for the record?"

Mr. Q.: "—— ———" (unprintable).

Rep.: "What is your best score for the 19th hole?"

Mr. Q. here said that he had an important engagement on the links; so, taking the hint, our representative withdrew. Mr. Q. gave the impression of a man who will go far—for a game of golf.

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Our representative had some difficulty in interviewing Mr. MacL., as his many social duties called him away from home. The great day, however, finally arrived, and with it the long-sought interview. Mr. MacL. was discovered immaculately clad in the latest mode, and his whole attitude was of a man who had figured in the best circles.

His room was typical of himself—gorgeous.

For some moments our representative was too much impressed to speak, but finally managed to murmur: "What do you think of Melbourne society?"

Mr. MacL.: "I think that it is rather mixed—too much of the nouveau riche about it."

Rep.: "Do you find the Block interesting?"

Mr. MacL.: "No; but the Block finds **me** interesting."

Rep.: "What is your favourite game?"

Mr. MacL.: "Sunday tennis, as one can show one's socks off. I have also ridden with some success in Tassy, and have a penchant for Horse's Neck as a beverage.

Rep.: "Have you ever thought of being a tailor's model?"

Mr. MacL.: "No; but that reminds me. I must have my Cup suit tried on. Good-bye."

Mr. S. was next interviewed.

This interview was held more by accident than by design. Our representative had thought he was out, but on finding him at home immediately took the opportunity of asking him how he liked being in Upper Bishop's.

Mr. S.: "I feel that I have gone up in the world, and really it is 'quaite naice.'"

Rep.: "Have you seen the 'Götterdämmerung'?"

Mr. S.: "Oh, yes! it is 'quaite naice.'"

Rep.: "What is your opinion on books?"

Mr. S.: "They should consist of three chapters—perhaps only two—one at the beginning, one in the middle and one at the end. The one at the beginning may be omitted."

Rep.: "What is the greatest gift a man can possess?"

Mr. S.: "Subtlety—to see that in a remark which no one else can see. It is an art which conceals art."

Rep.: "What do you consider is the best motor spirit?"

Mr. S.: "Pratt's; it has always given me complete satisfaction."

Having by this time discovered the whereabouts of what he came to seek, our representative withdrew.

THE FIFTH YEAR MED.

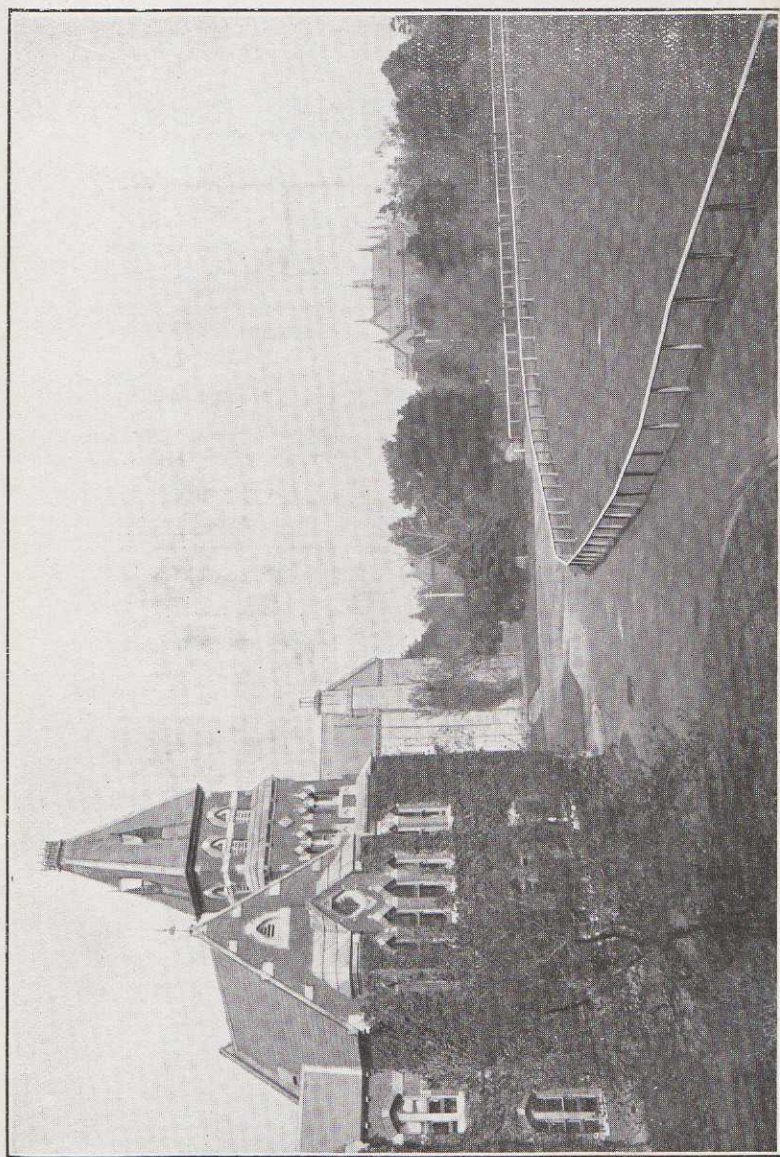
As we know him in College, he has been here a year too long. Four years is the utmost time a man can remain in College and get anything out of it, or indeed give anything to it in any deeper sense. After that he stagnates, gets into a groove, lives that most soul-deadening form of life, a routine existence. So it is with the Fifth Year Med. The doubtful custom which in Trinity elects our hoariest members to the most responsible positions has placed him on various committees, where he performs such functions as exercising a censorship over the pages of this magazine in a more or less perfunctory and unintelligent way. But besides elevating him to some such position as Senior Student, the process of the suns has also left him upon the College shelf. By his fifth year he has lost touch with the men in College. All his cronies—save brother Meds.—who came up here with him, have departed, their courses being shorter than his. A new generation swarms about him, whose ways are not his ways, and whose views have neither his sympathy nor understanding. So it comes about that as a member of its committee he administers the affairs of the Social Club without proper consideration for the very people who have elected him. And in his loneliness he turns for friendship to his fellow Fifth Year Meds., forming with them an exclusive and rather pathetic little clique—in the College, but no longer of it.

He has a mental outlook peculiarly his own. Of all university undergraduates the Med. is the most thoroughly, if not the most highly, specialized. You have only to see him to know him for a Med. And when he speaks he leaves little room for doubt. For even his table-talk is of "cases" and the wards, these and nothing besides. On every other subject his ignorance is appalling; indeed the Fifth Year Med. will frankly admit that the exigencies of his course have left him little time to think of anything else. He has consequently the quaintest misconceptions about the world he lives in. The human race he regards as one great festering sore, despite the fact that the majority of men but rarely require the doctor. And he thinks of the round earth as an enormous insanity hospital. Everywhere he imagines disease. He sees sickness "in clouds and hears it in the wind."

And yet, even in his own sphere, no better example of inefficiency can be found. He will talk to you for hours about any conceivable disease, but place an actual "case" of it under his very nose and he will fail to recognize it from a bar of soap. Here is an instance. One night last year the College Porter was suffering from a severe "cellulitis." He was in agony and his face was puffed up like a football. Our Fifth Year Meds' had been out that night and came home in a body. Entering his elegantly furnished apartment, they proceeded to chaff the unfortunate Porter on his "groggy" appearance. But did any of them suspect that there was anything the matter? Not one! It is rumoured that a medical tutor also failed to "spot" the "cellulitis," but that is neither here nor there. From a practical point of view one can only blush for the Fifth Year Med. I have said that he will talk about disease, moreover he will quote eminent authorities and add gruesome details till you are unable to finish your lunch. But ask him to put on a bandage for you. He will put it on—and then make a rush to get out of the room before it falls off again. Even so, it usually beats him.

Such is the Fifth Year Med., and with all his deficiencies, not so bad a fellow after all. But the thought that at the end of the year he is to be let loose upon an unsuspecting populace, officially licensed to deal with any matters of life and death that may crop up, is one to bring a shudder to the bravest of us. No doubt he will learn both medical and other wisdom in time. Meanwhile it is rather hard on his unfortunate patients.¹

1. The above is the general rule, and, like other rules, it has its exceptions. Any particular Fifth Year Med. is welcome to consider himself one of these.



FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.



Blue Pencil

The Editors offer this latest issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" to their reading public without apology. It is a production rather different from its immediate predecessor; that only shows the versatility of the editorial talent. At the least, there is scattered through its pages a good deal of food for thought; if it does no more than temporarily arouse some of us from a state of intellectual torpor, it will have served a sufficient purpose. But we believe that for the possessors of a vein of levity there is additional enjoyment to be found, more especially if they happen to be aware of the inner meaning of the topical allusion. However that may be, we have done our best, and if our critics find the present production in some respects wanting, let them remember that we are only a few weeks distant from our exams., a fact warranted to take the edge off the writing of the most brilliant scribe. Any praise that may be going we take unto ourselves, this number being for most purposes the work of its Editors alone. It is unfortunately not possible for us to express admiration for the efforts of the College generally to support its magazine. But for the few who have come to our assistance the editorial heart has for that very reason a particularly warm corner.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S LAMENT.

After being requested by Mr. Gr—ff—th, at the express order of Mr. C. S—tt—n, to cease from grinding.

I do make da boys da music,
 I show off da clever monk,
 When a 'orrid cove approach me
 And I 'ave to do da bunk.
 'E was big da cove wot stop me,
 When 'e talk 'ees mouth go wide,
 So I 'old da monkey's collar,
 For, thinks I, 'e jump inside.
 And 'e say I worry tooter,
 'E who make J—hn D—ffy grind,
 'E who teach da mathematik,
 'E who muddle up da mind.
 Dat bloke I would like catch bending,
 'E just think of 'ees exam.;
 But for true Italian opera
 'E not give a leetle d—mn,

We indignantly refute the rumour that the hole being dug in the bull-paddock is to be the last resting-place of the College corpse or death's head.

* * *

Suggested new coat-of-arms for the College—a cow rampant on a field of cape-weed.

* * *

'Twas on a sunny winter's day
And all around was still,
Save for a tramcar passing by
Or motor siren shrill,
When down the path a maiden tripped,
So fair and, oh! so sweet;
A flowing gown of sombre hue
Mantled her figure neat.
She hurried on as if intent
To reach a lecture dry,
But near the tower she faltered
And heaved a gentle sigh.
From behind an ivied pillar
There stepped a student lean,
Then they walked inside together,
And since have not been seen.

* * *

The following gem was nearly mislaid:—

We nearly lost Carlton last term. He was going to Wellington (N.Z.) as acting-professor while Prof. Laby went to England. At the last moment Prof. Laby decided not to go. Luck! what infernal luck!

* * *

We have received a strictly anonymous contribution on a subject on which the least said the better. However, we give two verses in order to give the followers of Sherlock Holmes something to think about:—

Down the Francatelli stairs
Now they wend with amorous glares,
Following in their footsteps neat
Comes the tramp of manly feet.
See their blushes come and go,
Over tea with M—— and R——;
"Oh! these cakes I do adore,
They are 'lish'—just pass some more."

* * *

We have added the following volume to our Bookshelf:—"The Girl of the Golden West (Melbourne)", by Guido. A realistic modern opera in several acts. An interval of a week is supposed to elapse between the acts.

The whole world seems a doleful place
 When St—ney sings;
 A sadness falls upon one's face
 When St—ney sings.
 The crowds stand still, no word is said—
 I feel as one among the dead,
 I'd like to punch his blanky head
 When St—ney sings.

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A College caterer and general entertainer has started business. Chaperons and College benefactors are especially catered for. Bridge-tables at all hours. Terms—one to three.

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The following lines foretell of the state of Trinity should it ever have the staggering misfortune to become the home of sweet contentment:—

Long corridors bespecked with dust
 And cobwebs hanging from the wall,
 The broken doors across the path
 Smashed heaps of plaster in their fall.

The rattle of the empty sash
 Combined with clatter of the pane
 Falling upon the cloister walk
 Catches the ear and numbs the brain.

Dimly perceived thro' half-closed door,
 The heater old tilts drunkenly,
 No more a solace to the mind
 At eight o'clock, as formerly.

Nothing but ruin to the right,
 Nothing but chaos to the left;
 The broken pictures on the walls
 Gape at the mantleshef bereft.

No more the card play two till six,
 No longer any little game,
 Missing the little knot of men
 Plotting against the College name.

What is the cause—the happy few,
 The denizens of Lower Clarke's,
 The men who used to raise a howl
 Have heeded Bishop's men's remarks.

They have gone hence—have taken wing,
 Returning home whence they were sent,
 And left the place to other men,
 Decayed, but full of deep content.

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THE CUNNING OF THE MEAT-AXE.

II.

First Victim: Coming to see us row this afternoon?

Sperry: Can't. Am having a tea-fight.

Second Victim (with a view to a cup of tea before the race): What time's your tea-fight?

Sperry (cunningly): What time's your boat-race?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Be Truthful.—Your letter is very similar to one published in our last issue. You evidently believe that truthfulness lies in repetition. We don't.

J.S.M.—You say your signature is not for publication. More's the contribution.

Non Medico.—Your treatise on Woes of the Flesh made us ill. We have applied a match to it and find it burns well.

"A."—Plagiarist! We were not sure whether your dramatic sketch was a compliment to the last number or an insult, but finally decided you intended it as the former, chiefly owing to your size in boots.

P.—Your effort is too strong, even though the Hostel dog does wake you at 6 a.m.

Libertas.—Sorry not to hear from you again. Julius Knight has appeared in Shavian plays and is well worth imitating.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions:—Miss M. Turner, 2s. 6d.; R. W. Creswell, 5s.; D. G. Cumming, 5s.; Rev. F. P. Edwardes, 2s. 6d.; R. W. Grant, 3s. 9d.; Sir Winthrop Hackett, 2s. 6d.; K. T. Henderson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Mitchell, 3s. 9d.; Archdeacon Pritchard, 2s. 6d.

AN APPEAL.

There is every prospect of a gymnasium being added to the College. A gentleman, who at present desires to remain anonymous, has offered £100 towards such a building, on condition that the necessary balance be made up immediately. This means that we have to raise another £150 in order to get any kind of a gymnasium at all, and it is hoped that we may be able to raise £300. About another £100 has been promised already, and we should be glad if anyone desirous of helping on this worthy object would send along subscriptions to the Hon. Sec., Social Club, Trinity College.

THE HOMECOMING.

A MUSICAL COMEDY.

SCENE: *Trinity College and environs.* TIME: 11.45 p.m.

The last tram rolls up Sydney-road and stops a moment before the College gate. H.M. and J.D. step jauntily from its foot-board, and, as the antediluvian omnibus rumbles away, make for the open gate, walking as though on air. Sherlock Holmes would have known in a second that they had been to the opera. As we shall presently see, they are intoxicated with Puccini—the Italian composer, not a new drink. Entering the drive, they perform a time-honoured ceremony of late returners, and then burst into what we will wrongly describe as song.

H.M. [*ecstatically, his back to the fence, his arms about J.D., his eyes starting from their sockets, and his veins standing out like whip-cord—bellowing from "Butterfly"*]: "Night of rapture, stars unending, never have I see-eeen such glory"——

J.D. [*to his perspiring companion, tenderly, but abominably out of tune—singing at the same time from "Boheme"*]: "Your tiny hand is frozen, let me warm it into life"——

The concatenation of sounds produced by this process of rendering two operas at once is simply indescribable.

J.D. [*luring H.M.—in the manner of Pinkerton—further up the drive, and breaking from "Boheme" into "Butterfly"*]: "Child from whose eyes the witchery is shining, now you are all my own."

H.M. [*on the point of throwing a fit, going down on his knees and changing from "Butterfly" to "Boheme"*]: "They call me Mimi, but—I—know not—why."

Eventually they reach the front door. Most of the College is wrapped in slumber, and very few lights are burning. Bursting in on a contented-looking Porter, they greet him with the call of the Frou-Frou bird, descending from its Alpine heights.

H.M. and J.D. [*emitting the well-known cry—for once in unison*]: Er-er-er-er-up——!!

The Porter [*with no soul for "Butterfly" or bird calls, cynically*]: Good night, gentlemen.

The home-comers pass on to the foot of Lower Clarke's stairs, where once more their voices are uplifted.

H.M. [*to his overcoat, which he has upon his arm—singing fortissimo from "Boheme"*]: "Garment antique and rusty, a last good-bye!"

J.D. [*full of pity for his friend—from "Butterfly"*]: "I know that for such a trouble there is no consolation."

A tutor, disturbed from his midnight sleep and angered beyond endurance by the fearful discords, suddenly appears in the passage.

The Tutor: That's quite enough, you fellows. Get to bed. [*He disappears.*]

H.M. [*going sour*]: He's the narstiest man I ever met.

J.D. [*soothingly*]: Foof-foof!

Ascending the stairs they reach the privacy of their own study, carefully shutting both doors behind them. Then, each going to an open window, they lean well out, and the duet breaks out anew.

H.M. [*about to burst a blood-vessel, with a note of injury in his voice*]: [*simultaneously*]: "Night of rapture"——

J.D. [*soft and flat*]:

They continue to howl dismally to the stars, to the vast astonishment of the unoffending cows beneath.





