

Vol. 2. No. 10.

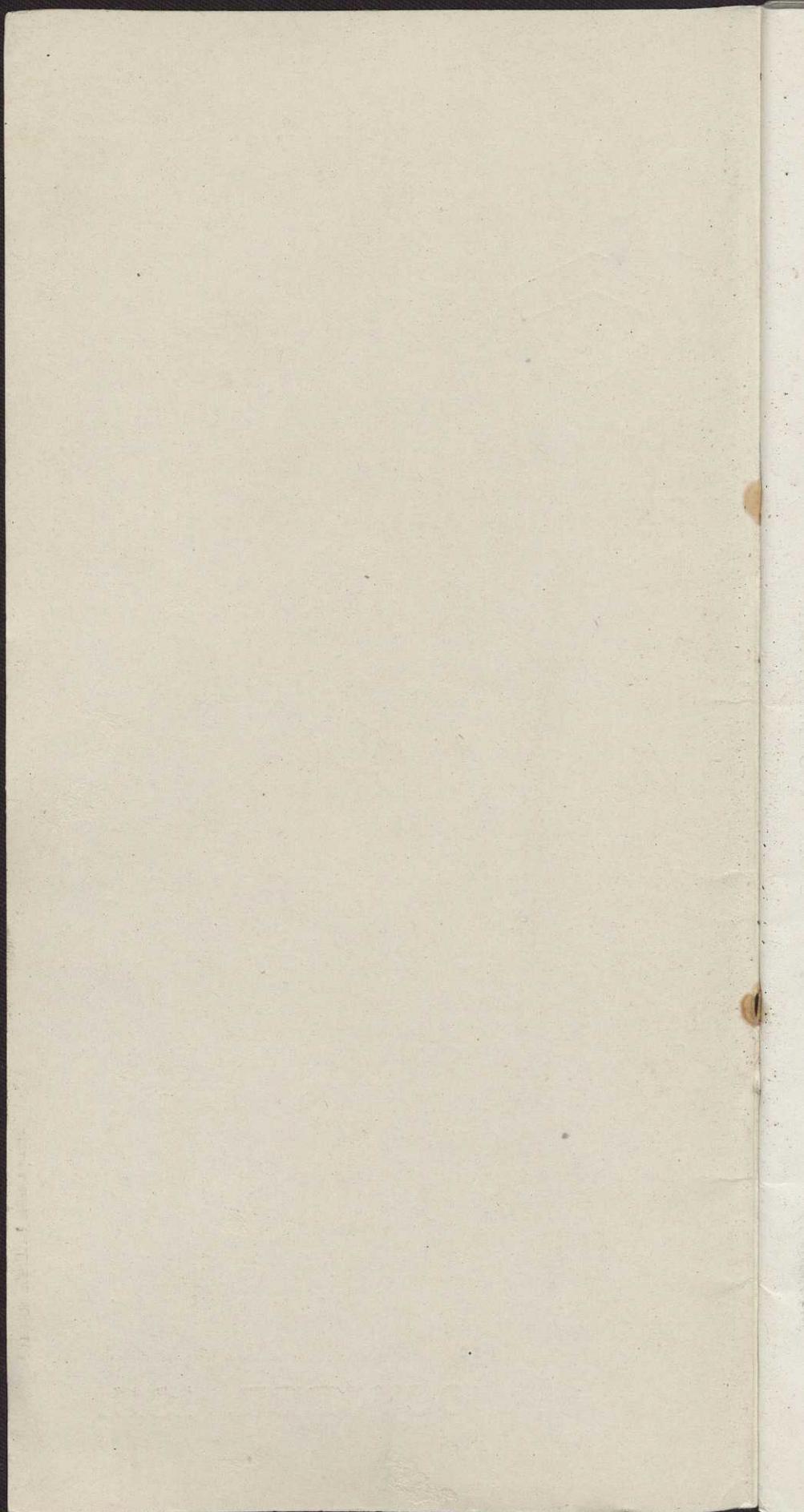


The Fleur-de-Lys

Trinity College

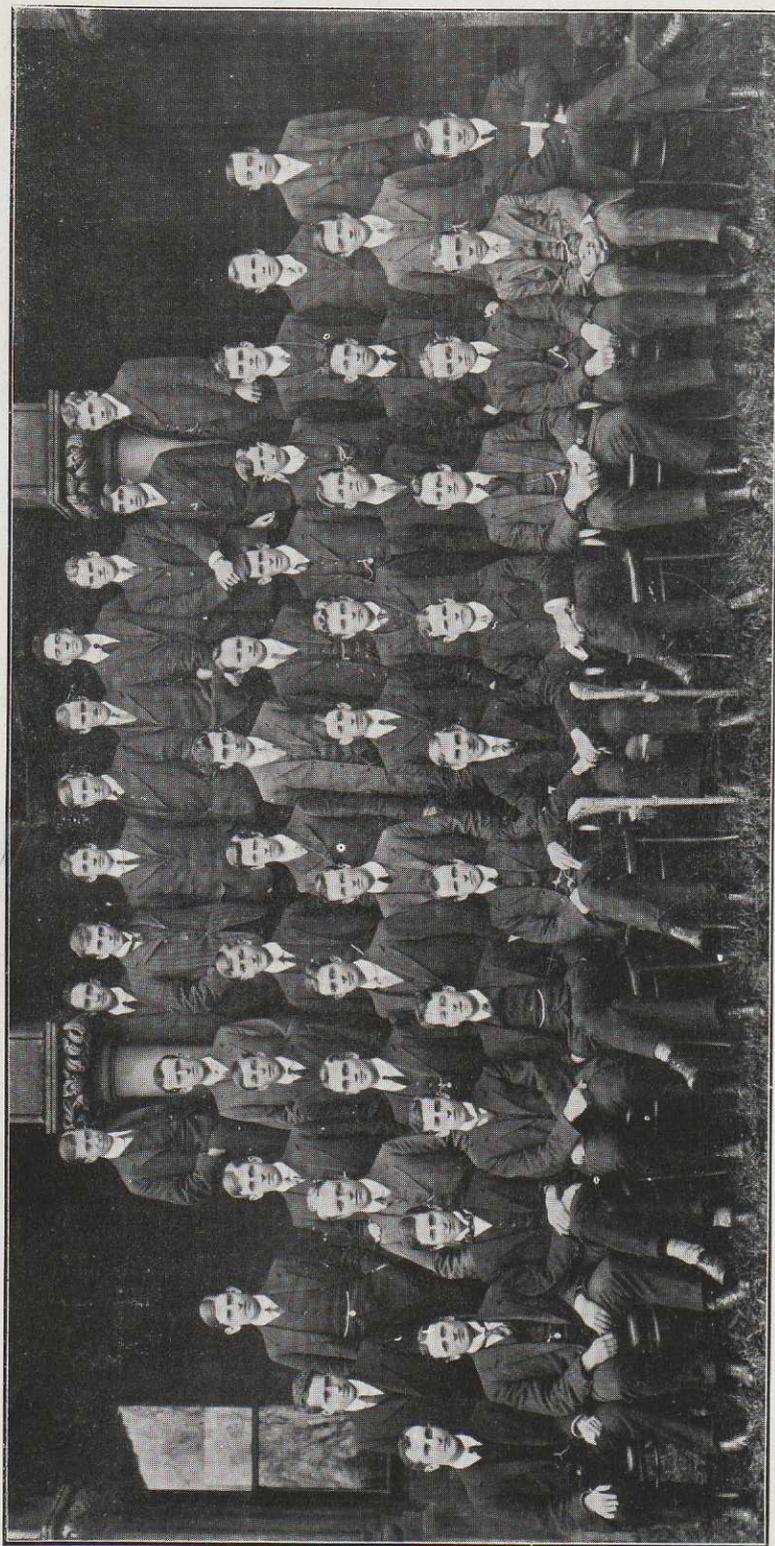
Melbourne University

OCTOBER, 1911.



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GROUP OF COLLEGE MEN.

The Fleur-de-Lys



A MAGAZINE OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE.

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 10

Editors:

R. W. CRESWELL.

H. B. JAMES.

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 choosing of a subject for discussion in this column becomes a matter of increasing difficulty year by year. It has to deal primarily with College matters and attitudes of thought, and should also fulfil the important condition of being about something, as opposed to a collection of vague and meandering generalisations leading nowhere in particular. Although we, using the plural permitted us on account of our editorial capacity, do not wish to take up in any way a superior attitude towards the College in general, it seems fairly clear that if this paper does not transmit to the College what appears to be the true feeling of the place as exemplified by the leading spirits, it is failing in its most obvious duty towards the men as a whole.

The justification of the existence of a collegiate institution should be found, among other things, in an open-minded and progressive attitude of thought among the men it harbours, and it may be permissible to ask whether on this score we are quite doing our duty to it and to ourselves. To try and make clear what we mean, though it can hardly be taken as exactly representative of College opinion, let us consider the general attitude displayed by speakers and critics towards the question discussed in the Dialectic Society. Most of the subjects this year have been of a distinctly progressive and even radical nature, though on all of them there has been a great deal to be

stand on both sides. Is it, therefore, too much to expect that representatives of both bodies of opinion should be found? But we find it to be notoriously true that ninety per cent. of those who deliver themselves of their views on such questions at all range themselves without hesitation on the side of conservatism and adherence to the old ideas, rather than that of experiment, enlightenment and possible progress, their reason, if they have any, being that "things are working very well as they are," or "all new things are bad," or, and one is tempted to say, worst of all, "the time is not yet ripe."

It is a heartbreaking thing to find that on such questions men will not in most cases take the trouble to furnish themselves with decent opinions, their lack of interest being due, probably, to the fact that the subject has no bearing on their lectures, or, "we won't get it in the exam."

A collection of people at our time of life has really a unique opportunity to acquire habits of thought and discussion, and powers of analysis and examination that should remain with us till we die, habits acquired only by resolutely opening our minds to the consideration of any questions that may present themselves, whether they have any immediate connection with our pursuits of the moment or not. And in this very particular should be found the essential difference between a true University College and the average inhabitants of a city hash grindery or a little country town. The College should be known far and wide as the place of all others for a young man to broaden his mind, extend his views, and obtain an intelligent appreciation of the meaning of the great problems of life and the questions vital to the existence of the seething world about him. Is this the case? We hardly think so.

Once in a way the complaint is raised against a freshman who has not been toned down to our standards. "He treats the place like a boarding-house," and steps are taken on the next suitable occasion to point out to the erring one his mistake, and suggest a means for improvement. And yet, possibly, there was more in the offender's idea than we thought, and there are times when one is tempted to think that if the distinction were more marked this would be a better place. Men who take no part in the corporate life of our student body might just as well be in a boarding-house for all the good they do themselves or the College. The opportunities for expansion, getting to know one's fellows, acquiring from them a knowledge of human nature, and learning to make up one's mind and deliver one's opinions, if only to avoid looking foolish in conversation, are entirely thrown away upon any man who is quite contented if he can map out his day so as to include nothing but meals

and lectures, who takes no part in the arguments and discussions in Dining Hall and Common Room, and who looks upon an hour spent at supper time in decent, intelligent conversation as so much waste of precious moments.

Still, this is a gloomy picture, because we have purposely overstated the worst side of the case to try and drive home our point to the man for whom this is really written, the average citizen of College, though, at the same time, it is well for us all to see if the foregoing contains no moral. There seems no doubt that there is not enough open reception and deliberation of ideas among us, the visible cause being that it has never struck many of us to take any interest in what might be called outside things. Some of us, for instance, could hardly bother to inform ourselves about the issues at stake at the last elections in order to go and vote there, happily oblivious of the fact that our ancestors thought a vote so well worth having as to fight and even die for it. Further, it is well to remember that in after life we will not have a company of friends to delight in our anecdotes of what happened when the sparrow got into the lecture room, or the curious abnormalities we have encountered in dissection. When we are thrown into the company of well-informed thinking beings discussing the topics of the day, it is not nice to think that the representatives of a University College must be dumb for want of decent ideas to support their views with.

Let us, then, shed our mental cocoons and emerge, like the butterfly bedecked for flight in new and gorgeous intellectual habiliments, of which we need never be ashamed in the bravest company we are likely to encounter in our new and larger sphere of activity, the wide, wide world. Which, being translated, means to say that the man who in College learns to make up for himself the mind that Nature has so kindly given him, and to air his views when decently founded with no uncertain voice, will find the College a better place, and will leave it with some knowledge in addition to that implied by the letters after his name.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following subscriptions:—Miss Sutton, 2/6; Miss Dixon, 5/-; Miss Barnard, 2/6.

REPORT OF SOCIAL CLUB COMMITTEE,
SECOND TERM, 1911.

The second term is one which is dominated by the element of sport and by the accumulation of that with which we amuse ourselves in the idle hours of the stew vac, to wit, work.

Consideration of the first shows us that we have maintained a fitting position for Trinity in at least two sports, namely, cricket and tennis, which are won in no uncertain manner; but Queen's won the rubber in what was a rather uncertain manner, by pulling off the rowing, running and rifle shooting. However, where we did not come first, we did the next best thing, and came second. We may lay claim to second place in football on the strength of the scores, for Ormond beat us by a smaller margin than they did Queen's.

Unpleasant memories of the boat race were recalled by the rifle shooting, which we lost by a single point. Queen's appropriated the running by leaving us 21 points behind their total. With regard to work, it is to be hoped that everyone has now got into his strides and is settling down to the steady plod of the third lap, keeping enough in reserve to make a brilliant dash for a place.

We have to record the departure for Oxford of the third Rhodes Scholar from Trinity, Mr. Sproule, who, though not a resident student, was connected with this College both as an out-patient and afterwards as a tutor; and we wish him every success.

The greatest regret is felt for the enforced departure of Fonty England, and the sympathy of all who knew him will readily be extended to him in his disappointment at having to abandon his course. May he have a brief convalescence and a speedy recovery.

Chiefly by the efforts of a few, the last issue of the "Fleur-de-Lys" held its own with the previous ones; but we hope the next number will even exceed the high level this paper has attained. That, however, can only be accomplished by the co-operation of every man in College.

We have to extend a welcome to two new members, and hope that they will miss little by their late arrival. We are also pleased to see the name of a quondom student, Mr. H. H. Griffith, again upon the College roster. Is this merely a notification of a future visit? The College dance this year was even a greater success than usual, thanks to the efforts of the joint hon. secretaries, Dr. Fowler and Mr. Foster, who divided between them the duty of attendance upon the guests, both in the ball-

room and in the garden. The billiard tournament is taking a lingering farewell notwithstanding that the unusual talent displayed was more than was expected, while the unusual talent expected was less than was displayed owing, no doubt, to the idiosyncrasies of the table.

YOUNG WERNER'S FAREWELL.

(From the German of J. V. von Scheffel.)

Ruthless the law that of this life ordaineth
 That rose with thorn should ever mingled grow;
 Though hope awhile our fond, poor heart sustaineth,
 Soon comes the parting hour, and we must go.
 Once in thine eyes I read; I saw there beaming
 A glint of love of felicity;
 God keep thee, Friend! fair, all too fair, my dreaming,
 God keep these, Friend! it could not, might not be!

Grief, envy, hate, to these was I no stranger,
 A storm-tried outcast in life's tedious street;
 I longed for calm, for peace, for rest from danger,
 To thee my path then led my weary feet.
 I hoped, in those kind arms the past redeeming,
 To vow my life, in gratitude, to thee;
 God keep thee, Friend! fair, all too fair, my dreaming,
 God keep these, Friend! it could not, might not be!

The clouds scud past, the gale sweeps through the
 beeches,
 A drenching rain o'er field and wood is hurled;
 The firmament itself of parting preaches,
 Gray as yon heaven scowls on me the world;
 But whether Fate for weal or woe be scheming,
 Dear shalt thou be, thou queenly maid, to me;
 God keep thee, Friend! fair, all too fair, my dreaming,
 God keep these, Friend! it could not, might not be!

Pechvogel, Ph. D.

aware that he was plagiarising. "I've been feeling terrible crook, one way and another, and things aren't too good at all. I'd have sold out very cheap down at the Hospital some days after the boys had been in to see me, but now I'm out here things are better. Do you want a moral for the Caulfield? It's a horse from Seymour, and the funny thing is, my nurse's sister comes from the same town, and what's more, there was a bloke in here the other day that knows a fellow whose cousin lent Billy Redfern, the jockey, a shilling, and he says. . ." "Are you comfortable here?" we interrupted, cutting off his turf anecdotes in the middle. "Oh, yes, but you should have seen the first house they picked for me. Ike said it was Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann at the back, and you could shake hands with the milkman from the front verandah. But this is all right." The patient has a bed on the verandah, pianola within call, lots of fresh air, and telephone at his bedside from which he controls the Stock Exchange and the fluctuations of the betting. He is cheerful, contended, putting on weight, and under the care of Dr. Jones, who besides his medical degree has also done a course in first aid. A rapid recovery is certain.

* * * *

People must be complaining. This time it is Miss Dorothea Mackellar, authoress of "The Closed Door and other verses." Her trouble is

"But if I see you smiling at Gigi that sweet way,
Then I go to the galleys and you to churchyard clay."

Miss Dorothea ought to know better. They all smile at G.G. (that is the more approved spelling). They can't help it. They go to the galleys—the M.U.B.C. shed presumably—for the express purpose of smiling at G.G. He is one of those charming characters that invites smiles. But if Miss Dorothea would like to have him inhibited from smiling back, a letter to the office of this paper will have the desired effect. We can keep **him** in order.

* * * *

We regret to have to chronicle the collapse of nearly all that sporadic crop of 40 Hour Leagues which sprang into being towards the close of last term, in emulation of the one established by three heroic experimenters in L.C. These pioneers are still flourishing, and have collected enough money in fines for two dinners and a trip to the Melba pictures, but the others, we fear, were not of stern enough stuff to stand the ordeal involved by the membership of such a body.

* * * *

It is not often that we are called upon to scarify a man, but would really like to let fly a little verbal

vitriol at the heads of two young gentlemen of this College who, when the subject of contributing to this paper was suggested to them by a senior man, found in his idea a source of the greatest amusement. If these miserable, self-opinionated young blighters, using the words in their widest sense, think they have only to sit down in their nice little study and wait while the place is run for them, we promise to preach such a holy war against them that they will be rooted out of the land, and their names become a hissing and a byword.

College Notes

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Rev. Canon Long upon his appointment to the Bishopric of Bathurst. It is indeed noteworthy that the only Australians who have become bishops have been educated at Trinity, while a considerable number of other high positions filled by local men are held by old students of this College.

* * *

At the end of last term Mr. G. Sproule sailed for England, after having spent the first and second terms in college as a resident tutor. On arrival in England Mr. Sproule goes into residence at New College, Oxford.

* * *

The excellent photograph of the entrance to the Bishops Building was taken by Mr. C. Riddell, who kindly allowed us to publish it in this number.

* * *

We are very pleased to learn that the Trinity Theological Faculty is to be restored. The successes of men who passed through Trinity speak for the benefits derived from the liberal education provided.

* * *

We congratulate Mr. Wertheim on his recent success in the M.C.C. billiard tournament.

* * *

We congratulate Messrs. Watson and Roe on their election to the Social Club Committee, on the retirement of Messrs. Gill and H. Ross-Soden, who admirably filled arduous positions during their terms of office.

We have in our chaplain a most ardent College man. His latest achievement was the writing of a special hymn to be used in the College Chapel, and for which our thanks are due.

* * *

A number of Wattles, kindly selected for us by Professor Ewart, has been planted in the grounds. Also another attempt has been made to grow suitable creepers along the north wall of Clarke's Buildings.

* * *

We greatly regret that two members of the College were forced this year to leave us on account of illness. Mr. J. Mackay was laid up for some time and then went to the Blue Mountains. We are glad to be able to report that he is now in excellent health. Mr. England was in hospital for some weeks, and was recently moved to his home, but will be laid up for some considerable time.

* * *

Canon Gason, on behalf of the Victorian Auxillaries' Union of the British and Foreign Bible Society, kindly presented our Theologs. with handsomely bound copies of Dr. Nestle's Greek New Testament. Mr. Watts expressed the sentiments of his fellow-students in heartily thanking the Union and Canon Gason for the gifts.

THE PRELECTION.

A large and fashionable audience attended at the Chapter House of St. Paul's Cathedral to hear the annual address of the Prefector of Trinity College Dialectic Society, together with the speakers that followed. The list of past Prefectors is a distinguished one. It begins with Sir Winthrop Hackett, now a member of the Legislative Council of West Australia and editor of "The West Australian" newspaper. It includes an ex-premier (now deceased) of one of the Australian States, Mr. T. J. Burns; two bishops; two K.C.'s (Mr. E. F. Mitchell and Mr. T. a'B. Weigall); and many others who have obtained distinction in their different professions.

Mr. Duffy had taken for his subject "Problems of Punishment," and in an interesting address dealt with the subject of punishment under its different aspects as retributive, preventive and reformative. He remarked that English law, even down to so late a period as 1837, when the pillory was abolished, retained the vindictive character of the old Roman punishments. In the Prefector's opinion legal punishment as a deterrent was really not distinguishable from Lynch Law. In dealing with

punishment by the State as a preventive, Mr. Duffy ventured to support Mr. Bernard Shaw's startling analogy of inoculation with smallpox as a preventive against chickenpox. Capital punishment he held to be quite unjustifiable, as murders were generally crimes of passion, and so were outside the sphere of deterrent influence. The condition of England had never been so bad with respect to the morals of the people as in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when punishments were marked by great severity. Proceeding to deal with the reformatory influence of punishment, the Prelector contended that sentences should be indeterminate, but admitted the great difficulty of deciding what satisfactory authority could be found for the revision of sentences. He urged also that warders should have a scientific training in the treatment of criminals. In conclusion, he maintained that the most effective methods of checking crime were to be found in better housing, in sanitation, in the control of the drink traffic, and, most important of all, in the spread of education.

The Bishop-Designate of Bathurst (Canon Long) proposed a vote of thanks to the Prelector for his address. While approving generally the views of the Prelector, he questioned whether he had attached sufficient importance to the training of the will by religious and moral influences, and the appeal to the affections.

Mr. G. A. Maxwell, in supporting the motion, gave a vivid picture of the conditions of the present prison treatment of long sentenced prisoners. He also urged that greater attention should be paid to all humanising influences. He said that two of the best "reformers" that he had ever seen in a prison were a pet cat and a pet canary. It was a touching spectacle to see the manner in which the softer and kindlier feelings of two prisoners had been drawn out and cultivated by their affection for these prison pets.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Strong, in proposing a vote of thanks to His Excellency the Governor for presiding, dwelt at some length upon the unsatisfactory present day social conditions and the urgent need for reform. One great step towards the diminution of crime would be the abolition of all public houses as at present conducted.

Mr. T. a'B. Weigall, K.C., seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

His Excellency the Governor, in responding to the vote of thanks, insisted on the importance of the reformation of the criminal being made the first object of all criminal legislation. In concluding his remarks, he spoke of the great value of such societies as the Dialectic Society of Trinity College. As a member of Oxford University,

where he said he had spent the happiest years of his life, he expressed his deep interest in the work of the University of Melbourne and its colleges, and hoped he would soon be able to make a closer personal acquaintance with their work. He then presented the medals and prizes for Oratory and Essay Writing to the successful competitors, adding a few kindly words of congratulation.

The President's medal and the "Fleur-de-Lys" Prize for Oratory were presented to Mr. R. Creswell, and the Vice-President's medal and the "Fleur-de-Lys" Prize for Essay Writing to Mr. Campbell.

In conclusion, the Warden tendered the cordial thanks of the Committee to the Governor and Lady Fuller for their great kindness in attending at the cost of some personal inconvenience.

LAWN-TENNIS.

The first Inter-Collegiate Tennis Match of the year, that between Trinity and Queen's, took place at Trinity on August 4th. Our four was exceptionally strong, as it was composed of A. and P. O'Hara-Wood, E. Herring and H. Griffith. All four are Inter-'Varsity players, and three of them have played in Inter-State matches.

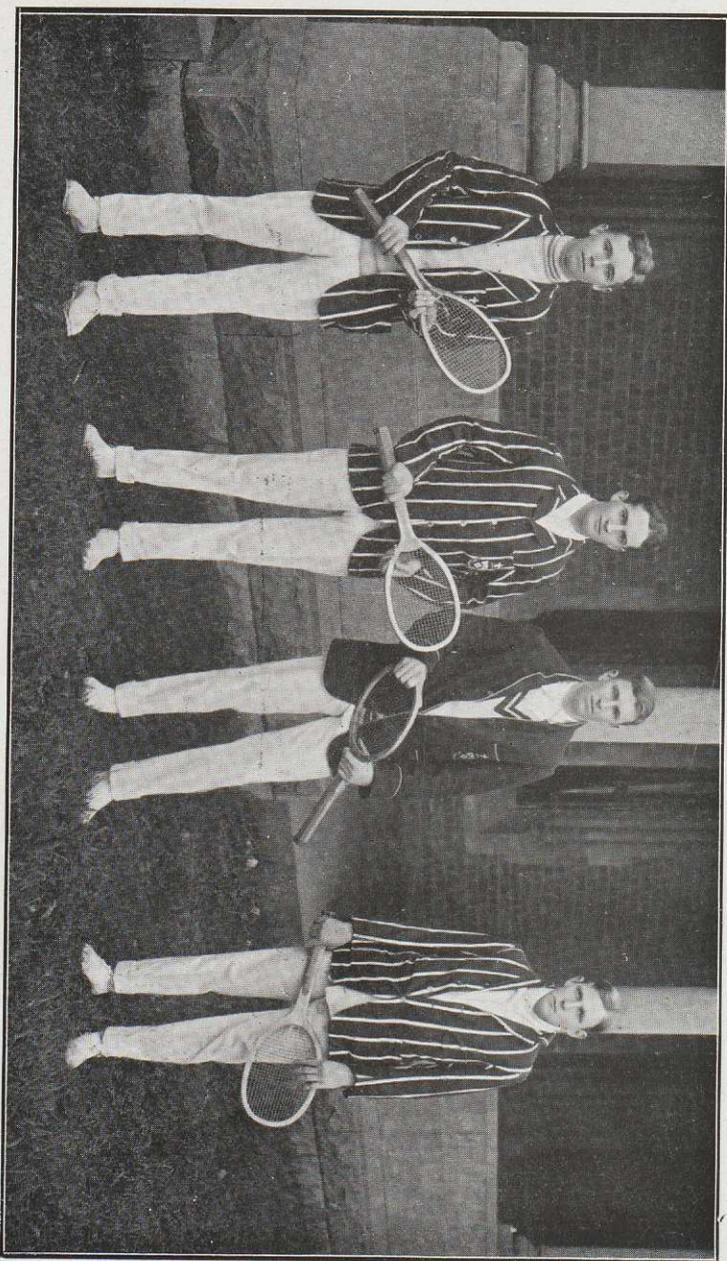
The outstanding feature of the match was the brilliant hitting and volleying of the brothers O'Hara-Wood, whom we hope to see go far and do great things in the near future. The other pair had not had much practice together, and did not combine as we had hoped they would. But there was no doubt as to the issue of the match.

The scores were—Trinity 68, Queen's 38.

On August 11th the final, between Trinity and Ormond, was played on the Trinity courts. As on the previous day the weather was charming for both game and spectators—cool and without wind. The College was represented by the same four, who won by 70 games to 28. The play calls for no comment.

The Inter-Collegiate matches have been important functions this year, and have given our "Social Successes" opportunities of which they have taken full advantage. The Warden very hospitably provided afternoon tea in the Hall for everyone, for which we take this opportunity of thanking him.

The able scoring of a giant engineer afforded everybody a chance of obtaining a clear (?) knowledge of the scores. He had thoughtfully posted a blackboard in a



TENNIS FOUR.

conspicuous corner, and everyone with a sound grasp of the Differential Calculus could have followed his methods with ease.

We have a tennis team in the Second, the Third, and the Fourth Pennant Competition this year.

The Second Pennant team negotiated the doubles with the loss of one game only, and consequently led at the conclusion of the first round of the competition; while, now that the second round is finished, they are level with the M.C.C.. This necessitates a play-off, the winners of which meet the winners of the other section in the final for the premiership.

The Third Pennant team has improved steadily throughout the year, and they also are in the leading four. Their recovery in the latter part of the season makes their strong position particularly pleasing.

In the Fourth Pennant there are a number of young players, whose future should benefit by the experience of this year.

The teams are:—

Second:—Wertheim, Lewers, Jowett, Fraser.

Third:—Yencken, Puckle, Godby, Cowan.

Fourth:—Wanklyn, Pascal, Maudsley, Fetherstonhaugh.

“HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.”

We have often been struck by the fact that the truth of that old saying “One half the world does not know how the other half lives” is to some extent applicable to our own little world—College.

Reflection aroused within us the feeling that we should like to know something of what the other half of the College were doing, if not of how they were living.

With this idea in mind we decided to call unexpectedly and at a suitable hour upon a few of our most exclusive neighbours.

Chance led us first to visit study No. 55 L.C. Having knocked twice without receiving any answer, we decided to peep in upon this mysterious silence, and were confronted by a spectacle of immaculate tidiness.

A slight film of dust, an undisturbed fireplace, absence of litter, the silent clock, all testified that the owner was a man who did not appreciate much the expensive privilege of the single study.

Hoping to come across the picturesque owner (we gathered this from a glance at numerous photos of him-

self and another adorning the walls and mantelpiece) during the course of our wanderings, we turned to the next abode, study No. 54 L.C.

Here a feeling of being about to launch into the unknown came over us, and we nervously announced our arrival with our knuckles, and on being bidden entered.

A solemn scene was being enacted—supper. On such a scale of magnificence as we seldom see in College. Brimming cups actually in saucers, cakes of all varieties, artistically piled on dishes of rarest china, while one of the occupants was preparing toasted muffins over a glowing fire.

Our host arose and placing us in the cosiest chair fussed about us till we felt oddly embarrassed with so much attention.

Our desires were foreseen and fulfilled with the greatest alacrity. Having supped, and a valiant attempt at conversation having been made, the mutual embarrassment became too much for us, and to the evident relief of our hosts we quietly withdrew as nervously as we had entered.

Feeling a little depressed we were not exactly in our best form for the trying ordeal which was to follow.

Study No. 53 claimed our attention next. We rapped and proceeded to fling open the portal, but it was immovable. Great Scott, locked! We were about to turn away when a scuffle of shifting furniture and drawing of bolts announced that we could now enter. We did so. We were dazzled. Great arc lights flooded the room with brilliance. When our eyes became accustomed to the glare we discerned great ottomans, sofas, divans and armchairs loaded with luxurious cushions.

In one corner sat a gloomy figure, a great volume eclipsed most of it, but the sight of an enormous calabash belching terrific clouds of smoke gave us a clue as to which was the head of the figure.

On an opposite sofa was a "wee" man shrouded in white and half buried in a pile of cushions. Eye shade jammed well down over one eye. All we could see were muttering lips as the owner rushed through sheaves of notes.

This we knew must be the man who has the reputation of being able to go through the whole of one subject in two nights.

We stood awhile. Neither figure moved or looked at us. The atmosphere felt like O degrees Centigrade despite the gigantic fire.

Our one hesitating remark was unheeded. We backed out completely frozen.

We were now considerably "bent" in spirit and gloom-

ily shuffled along till we were brought up opposite the door of study No. 38 L.C. by most ear-piercing shrieks, followed by diabolical laughter. Fearing a tragedy we dashed in, but what we saw was a motley groups of "The Boys" disposed in graceful and ungraceful attitude intently listening to what we took to be a gramophone representation of a woman being "done to death" by a demented being.

In answer to our enquiry something was shouted above the din about Melba and Caruso. The paroxysm of shrieking just then reached its height, and a volley of imprecations was hurled from the neighbouring windows.

This was evidently mistaken for applause, for the owners of the machine quietly proceeded to repeat the offence. And we firmly closed both doors.

We were now beginning to feel the strain somewhat, but with rising spirits entered study No. 37 in the same alley.

Quite a unique experience awaited us. The owner of the trombone-like voice which bade us enter was evidently a man of many parts, all of which it seemed his endeavour to play at one and the same moment.

Sitting with his feet on the mantelpiece, a murderous cherrywood pipe in his face, he was singing an excerpt from Tannhauser, a work by E. Glynn in his left hand, while his right was employed in writing an eloquent essay on culture.

Every now and then he would drop all except the cherrywood and heaving himself across the room begin a weird series of manipulations with a slide rule, the results of which he jotted down on a grimy-looking drawing representing the anatomy of an engine.

A patient-looking person sat upon the remains of an armchair quietly working away, amid this scene of energy, quite eclipsed by the massive personality of his mate.

The man of energy flung us an epigram of wonderful subtlety and invited us to be seated.

When he spoke it was in sentences of Milton-like roundness and finish, and the simplest remark had a witty point.

We asked him to recount to us of his triumphs with the oar, the souvenirs of which, in the shape of cups, shields and pot, decorated the walls and mantelpiece.

It was like sitting under Niagara, with such an easy flowing volume of words were we overwhelmed.

We were tremendously "bucked" up, however, and having tendered a "fill" which was reluctantly at first but eventually received enthusiastically, we took our departure with an empty pouch.

It was now getting late, so we hastened to catch our next neighbours before they retired.

Study No. 36 we were duly requested to enter. We could see nothing at first but glowing red points enveloped in a dense fog of fragrant smoke. Presently we made out a thin, anaemic figure going through some sort of conjuring trick whereby he produced from apparently nowhere a cigarette case containing one fag.

It was offered to us surreptitiously, and taking the hint, we also took the cigarette unostentatiously, thereby deceiving onlookers into the belief that it was our own and our last.. We did not stay long, as we were desirous of making a few more calls before retiring, and as also our hosts were just about going to the gramophone party up the street.

So we looked in at No. 35, but stood stock still on the threshold. A grisly monster glared at us, baring a battery of grim teeth that we thought must surely belong to some fierce hunter of men. We ran!

And did not stop till we came to No. VIIA U.B.

There we found an ardent soul, although it was fairly late, deep in the throes of composing a programme of entertainment for a few guests of the gentler "persuasion," to quote Mr. H.

He had apparently been wrestling with the thing for hours for he was looking much distraught, and finally sought our aid. He unfolded his plan in so far as it was complete, and asked for our criticism and emendation.

His idea was: That as each guest arrived in the doorway a cunningly devised spring would release a grotesque snake-like contrivance and project it straight at his victim; as he started back in alarm an ingenious string arrangement would trip her up into the protecting arms of the famous G.G.

We said we thought that this performance would certainly tend to break the ice, but wanted to know if things went with such a swing from the start where would they end?

He looked at us dubiously for a moment, then suddenly lowering his head and whinnying like a horse, he made a dive at us and gave us what we presumed was a rehearsal of an alternate plan of amusement for his unfortunate guests.

After this encounter bed was considered a "fair thing," and we forthwith turned in.

Pleased and enlightened with our adventures and experiences, we closed our eyes with the hope at some future date to continue them and be in a still better position to solve the problem of "How the other half lives."

J. M.

Hostel Notes

This year second term has been unusually quiet, and there is little to chronicle except tennis. That certainly occupied us all and every day, and the result proved worthy of our energies. For the first time for five years we succeeded in beating the Ormond Four (O. Stillwell, capt., O. McCance, O. Williams and J. Alexander), and the Queen's (M. Gault, capt., P. Secomb, W. Fisher and C. Égerton), the former by 21 and the latter by 26 games. D. Ross (capt.), B. Sproule, D. Townsend and B. Preston composed our four, and the play of the premier pair who also played for the University, was excellent, as may be judged from the fact that they did not lose one set at either match. One interested spectator was heard to remark that he could not understand how, when they played net, the balls could help getting over. At the close of each match there was afternoon tea in the Hostel dining hall for players and onlookers.

After the match against Queen's we entertained all the teams at dinner. This has now become an established custom, and this year's dinner was no less successful than on previous occasions. Unfortunately, Mrs. Archer was suffering from an attack of the all-pervading influenza, and was unable to be present.

The entries for the third term tennis tournament are small, but the matches should be close and exciting unless the handicappers have been much at fault. Golf is at present proving a serious obstacle to tennis, and numbers many devotees.

After an absence of more than two years we were very glad to welcome Miss Scantlebury back to the Hostel again. A fourth year Med. is a valuable asset at all times, and so long as we are quite well she will do us no harm.

We congratulate Miss Dorothy Penfold, A.R.C.M., and an old Hostile, on the successful concerts she has lately been holding in Melbourne.

We would take this opportunity of thanking the Trinity librarian for sending us a copy of the library rules which is now pinned upon our notice board. There will be no excuse for any mistakes with regard to the registering of books occurring in the future.

It only remains to offer our heartiest congratulations to Trinity on their brilliant tennis, and to wish we all may be equally successful in November.

Football

This year Trinity had the bye. We played Ormond under ideal weather condition, and although the Ormond team was considerably weakened by the loss of Elliot, Macky and Anderson they nevertheless scored a substantial win.

Only for a short time at the beginning of the game, and again at the end, did we hold our own. Our team, unlucky in the matter of practice matches, lacked the combination shown by the Ormond team, but with men short it is seldom a side shows any signs of system at all.

Early in the first quarter Fetherstonhaugh's ankle went, and apart from supplying Godby with an excuse to vent his feelings, much to the amusement of the spectators, Fetherstonhaugh took no further part in the game.

We might add here that sundry little exclamations and conversations of the opposing teams were distinctly audible to the audience. In fact, one Ormond man, after half-time, is said to have supplied his lady guests with cotton wool. Again Ross-Soden was crippled in the first half, and Cumming's ankle reduced him to about half speed; nevertheless the form shown by the remainder of the team was sufficient excuse to hope for better things in the future.

For Ormond, Doig played very well half-forward, and mainly due to his and to Young's play on the wing, Tait was able to secure 4 goals.

McCracken and the brothers Hinman also put in a lot of good work for their side.

For Trinity, Fraser was, as usual, our best man, whilst Frewin quite surpassed anything he has yet shown us.

The final scores were:—Ormond, 16 goals 18 behinds; Trinity, 6 goals 4 behinds.

THE CULT.

(On some pyramids in the neighbourhood of Lake Atitlan, Guatamala, there are portraits of men smoking.)

On that great home of the Silent Dead—
The Shore of Atitlan,
'Ere Aztec hordes to the South had sped,
The Pipe of Peace began.

When Romans sat by the fires of Gaul,
Or froze in Vectis' Isle,
No Scented Weed to the Heart could call
And bid a Roman smile.

Had Greeks but smoked on the Hill of Mars,
Their sneering tongues were stilled,
Or Khayyam puffed to the twinkling Stars,
He'd psalmed two gods that thrilled.

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Yet ere Virginia's Leaf was brought
From Appalachian dale,
Each humble suppliant Mino's Court
Perfumed with fragrance frail.

And Incense odorous, wafted down
From Eastern Palace Lawn
In spreading wreaths o'er Susa's town,
Propitiated Dawn.

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How crude their taste, in the Bygone Days,
Ere Walter Raleigh blew
That fragrant breath o'er the Devon ways,
That I inhale with you.

For who had fled from the Eden State
To struggle with the brute,
Had Adam smoked while his Impish Mate
Was handing him the fruit.

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The Fuming Jove of the Lightning Shaft
To placid Jove of Calm,
Is swiftly turned by the subtle craft
Of Nicotina's balm.

Olympus (soothed by the Pipe of Peace
As we are soothed—today)!
What Joy and Peace with the Pipe increase—
As Earth rolls on her Way!

—"Fumeur."

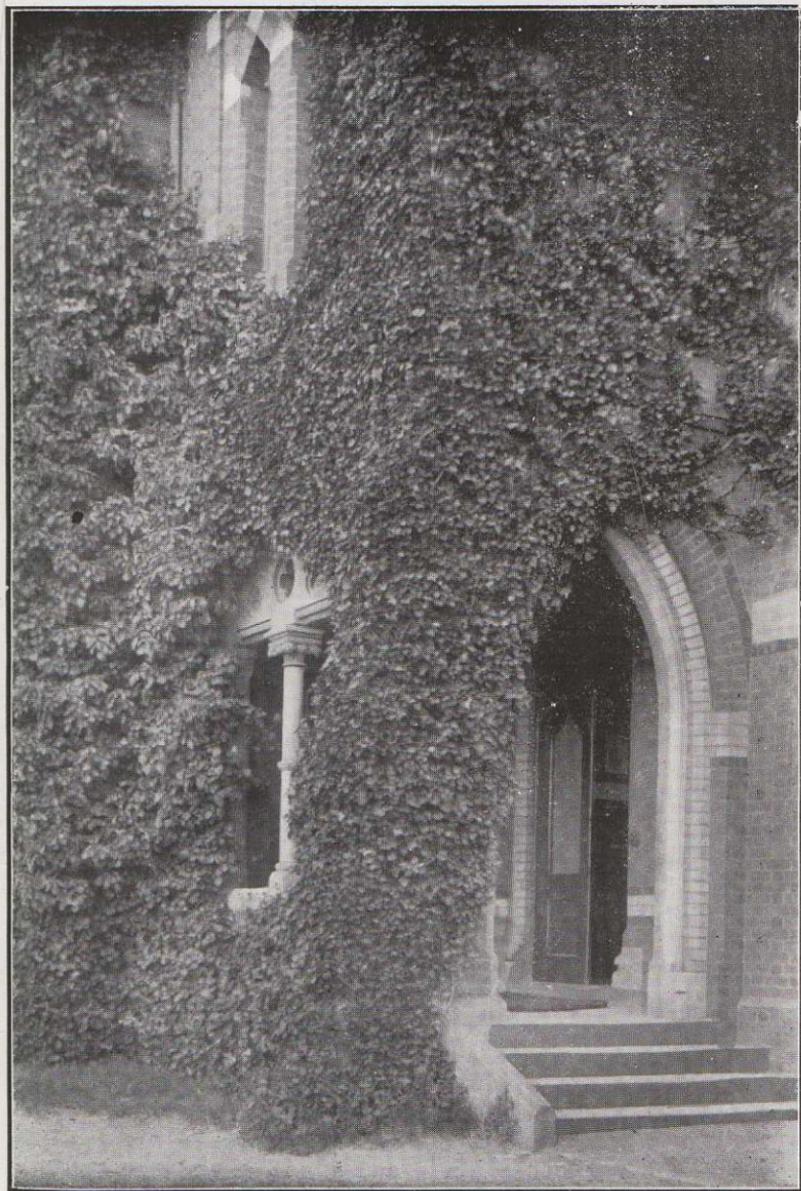
IN THE COUNTRY.

"In the country" is not the same as "up the country." The latter connotes, to us, either work or else loafing so systematical as to be practically the same thing. It is "up the country" where that well known unshaven phenomenon hangs round the local pub in pretence of seeking a job, gleans casual drinks as tribute to a rare intimacy with the records of the back-block turf and "winnows the buxom air" with all the garnishments of garish expletive. But, for all that, we have a country to be "in" and not "up," a country where the bar-loafer ceases from troubling and language is at rest, or at least is justified by circumstance. When the plough-share snags in an unsuspected stump, when the two-year-olds swim the creek and career wildly just where they oughtn't, can we blame the ploughman's rhetoric? Shall we censure the boundary-rider if, in his effort after the "sublime," he temporarily drowns the magpies' chortling? There is a country where the edge-set foliage casts a clear-cut tracery of shadows, indemnifying for the loss of "la clarte des feuilles," the leaf-filtered light of old-world woodland; a country where the springtime grass sward of the three-chain road, almost hiding the track that winds among the box-trees, awakens congenital memories of baronial lawns; a country where acres on acres of young crop, green beyond belief of greenness to eyes too attuned to brown, re-inculcate the legend of home-coming Persephone.

There is a country of nodding orchids, suggestive somehow of tiny green elephants; a country of humble helmet-flowers with frosted under-leaf, of pink and white epacvis, of the massed yellow of the wattle, of the snowy ti-tree, of the even snowier jasmine-bush; a country brilliant with blue-wren, with fire-tail and rosella, musical with magpie and harmonious thrush, unrivalled in size of eagle and dainty curiosity of bowerbird; a country where a mob of cockatoos can endow a ring-barked gum with all the semblance of a blossoming magnolia. There is a country of white sands, washed by waves that Britannia in her new home loves to rule so straight; a country of velvety hills, of heights and depth of hazy blueness, of mist-fretted islands, of azure sea-vistas, of trembling mirage; a country where "Great Pan is not dead." And there is a country, too, whose cool-blooded emu, egg-laying platypus and unmaternal mallee-fowl beckon us, if we could read their teachings, across aeons upon aeons of time, nearer and nearer to that day when "God saw everything that He had made and, behold, it was very good."

That country is mine and yours. It is Australia.

"SCOLOPENDRIA."



THE BISHOP'S ENTRANCE

RAILWAY PUDDING.

There were about twenty of us, all shades like myself, and we seemed to be wandering along a well-defined path paved with little bricks on which sentences were inscribed, such as "I'll pay my sub. on Monday," "No more beer at dinner," "Must knock off smoking," "I'll have a bath to-morrow," "Must get to chapel in the morning," "Start work on Monday," and many others. The last seemed to be the commonest, however. Presently we came to an animal which the shade of an Arts man recognised as Cerberus. "Oh, look!" said a fair-haired shade with G.G. on his toga, "he's got three heads! I remember when I was at the Women's——" and he caught hold of one of the heads to illustrate his gynaeccological reminiscences, but by bad luck the third head snapped at his legs, and he seemed to disappear somehow. Just behind the monster was a shade building a huge kennel, which seemed to fall to bits as soon as he finished it, because he hadn't sent in his bill in advance, somebody told us; he had been doing this for a couple of aeons, and seemed likely to keep going. He was labelled KK., whatever that meant.

Next we came to a dark and gloomy stream, the Styx, I believe it was, and presently Charon came heavily labouring across, making slow progress with his old barge.

"That boat's not running very well between the strokes," remarked a shade that looked uncommonly like old Dob, and raising his rather unmusical voice he called out, "Sculler! . . . Sit up more and get those hands away at the finish. Get a bit more nip into the catch, and flatten the knees down. You'll never be in your light boat in time for Henley, if you don't look out." But the old man didn't take any notice, and slowly rowed us all back to the other side, where there was a small crowd waiting to receive us. The red-headed shade of a past Prefector cracked a few of his jokes as we stepped ashore, wheezes which we were told had done more to block his promotion to the Elysian fields than anything else. The first shade we noticed was that of old Watts, who was greeted with great surprise, as he was the only theolog. in sight. "What, you here! I thought you were a moral for Elysium," said a shade. The other spirit sighed. "Ah no, they blackballed me. The others all got in, but that new hymn book spoilt my chances. L*w*rs said it didn't suit his voice, so the musical ticket voted solid against me, and there isn't an organ in this place, either, not one." But he brightened up as he told us about the agitation he was running to put down the sale of molten lead in the fire regions, because traces of alcohol had been found in it, and some of the stokers took too much.

Prometheus was quite bottled the other evening, so he said, and some of the others nearly as bad. Our attention was diverted to an altercation that had arisen further along, and we wandered off to hear it. The shades involved were two Barons, one very tall and black-haired, with the shade of a crop of pimples on his face, who, we thought, belonged to our party; the other Baron was **Munchausen**. The old gentleman was annoyed because the newcomer had tried to cap his story of the pearl and the nineteen ducks by telling how, with one foot hobbled, one hand tied behind his back and a blinker over one eye, he had beaten the shade of Norman Brookes in straight sets. "Sir, you exaggerate," said the old nobleman. "Gescharrte, you're a liar. Briedler, Ghabpssit. I'll toss you for a quid," retorted the young gentleman, at the same time distorting his features into such frightful guise that two satyrs bolted and even Pluto could hardly restrain a shudder. This seemed to close the discussion, and our group was broken up by a cadaverous shade carrying a cigarette case with the ghost of one cigarette in it.

He too had been blackballed for Elysia by the Lower Clarke's men, who naturally were very strong represented there, and this was his punishment, to go round and see if he could find a man to take the last cigarette. We thought the task rather appropriate, but an almost impossible one, though we were told he could escape by offering a fill of tobacco to any of the shades, which would release him at once. However, he had been there several centuries now, and didn't seem able to bring himself to it.

As time went on our party split up a bit, and a few of us wandered off to the fire regions, where a lot of shades were being grilled and roasted for various offences. We noticed some rather cheerful ones perched on little dark triangular masses placed on the flames. They were allowed to stand on these pedestals to cool their feet as a reward for good behaviour, as the pedestals were always stone cold and resisted fire beautifully. On looking closer we saw that it was the shades of College chops which were being put to such useful service. Here also we found the inventor of the bandolier outfit supplied to the University Rifles, who had to get all the tins, which had been heated to bright redness, on and in their right positions in an aeon and a half. He was still working as we moved away.

We were next called in to referee a dispute between the ghost of the Senior Medical Tutor and that of a quiet whiskery-looking old gentleman in the costume of the Middle Ages, who turned out to be Rembrandt. His adversary had completely blown him out on the subject of Art, and appealed to us vociferously to witness his down-

fall. The ready knowledge and cocksure handling of his facts so dismayed the aged painter that his ultimate withdrawal of all his remarks and agreement with the opposite view surprised nobody who knew the shade with which he was arguing.

Ghostly heralds blowing on shades of trumpets called all the Tartareans to the trial of one of our party, who, after staring about him like a lost soul, had wandered off and got into trouble. The Elysians had rung up to say that if he disturbed them by knocking his head against the roof they would have to attend to him in person. Pluto tried putting the lanky shade in the bottomless pit, but he was too long for it, so was sentenced to be sent off to Elysium right away. As we were saying good-bye to poor old M*neck*r, for it was he, somebody said to the other Medical Tutor, "Don't you wish you were off to Elysium too?" "Never 'eard of it," replied that worthy shade, with an emphasis that gave an air of great quality to his remark. At these impious words an almighty crash shook the whole region, volley upon volley of thunder rolled and reverberated above our head—and I woke up, cursing the evening meal of the night before, to find my boots had just been hurled on the bedroom floor by the College officer on whom that diverting task daily devolves.

Dialectic Society

The Dialectic Society may justly claim, we think, to be able to look back on a successful year.

The most striking feature of the year's work was the high standard of speaking maintained throughout. But this seems to have had the effect of deterring less practical and experienced speakers from making their first attempts. They seem to have forgotten that the power of making a coherent and sustained speech can only be attained by practice, and that the path of the beginner is often thorny. It is to be hoped that next year will remedy this excessive bashfulness, for the training of the younger members is the Society's most important work. Few educated men have gone through life without having to make a speech on some critical occasion, if only to reply to the toast of the bride and bridegroom. The work the Society has done in the past shows that it is scarcely possible to overrate the work it may do in the future, for a glance at the roll of prize-winners and Prefectors will reveal the very great proportion of

them that have become leaders in the Church and at the Bar. The names of Bishop Green, Dean Stephen, Rev. T. J. Smith, Canon Long, Bishop-elect of Bathurst, and others, while among the present leaders of the legal profession the Society has produced the following:—Messrs. E. F. Mitchell, H. W. Bryant, T. a'B. Weigall, Donald Mackinnon, W. Lewers, G. A. Maxwell, J. T. Collins.

In the medical profession we are represented by Dr. Stawell and others. As far as our information extends, the Prelector of 1912, Mr. Creswell, is the pioneer of the Engineering School.

Surely even Freshmen can scarce afford to treat with languid indifference a Society with a record such as this.

One point which beginners should consider is that it is very much easier to speak on a subject of which one knows nothing. The imagination is not hampered by facts.

We hope, also, next year to see more "life" among the auditors. Not enough legitimate use is made of the right of interjection. An interjection must, of course, never be personal, but it may be witty or to the point, perhaps both.

Orderly and dignified proceeding must be maintained, yet a great deal of profitable diversion may be obtained without sacrificing either. For members have great liberty under the standing orders, if only they were awake to their power. It is open for any member in the course of a dull debate to move the adjournment of the house to discuss any subject he may like to propose, and a judicious use of this right would often give life and variety to a meeting. Extemporaneous variations would sometimes be cordially welcomed.

We have only space for a very brief review of the work of the year. Mr. Creswell was invaluable, for the Secretary knew that he could always be relied on in any emergency, and he was.

The swing of the political pendulum seems apparent, even in the work of the Society, for a steady Conservative spirit was shown in all the divisions.

In the first debate, on Preference to Unionists, there was no one found to support the opener in his advocacy. Women Suffrage in the United Kingdom, though championed ably and gallantly by Rev. F. Lynch, was churlishly rejected by the House.

The proposal that the University should be free, though it met with sympathetic treatment, was respectfully negated. An attack on the Press was just defeated by the casting vote of the chairman. The only occasion on which an affirmative answer was given was, as Mr. Weigall pointed out in his speech at the Prelection, a Ladies' Night.

We have to congratulate the Society's two prize-winners, Mr. Randolph Cresswell (Oratory) and Mr. Herbert Campbell (Essay). They have taken both a keen and active interest in the Society's work.

In conclusion, let it be again pointed out that the Society has most to offer to those who cannot speak. Let them take comfort in the fact that a "maiden" speaker is always treated with respect, and that a man who lacks the moral courage to let himself be laughed at on occasion will never be taken very seriously in after life.

PRELECTION, 1912.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, September 20th, Mr. R. Cresswell was nominated by Mr. Henderson, seconded by Mr. Puckle, and the standing orders being suspended, unanimously elected Prefector for the year 1912.

Rifle Shooting

There were many who predicted, early in the year, that the result of the rubber for the intercollegiate events would depend on the shooting; but few of them expected a win by the narrowest possible margin of one point, with the third team only 5 points behind the second.

This speaks well for the keenness of the teams, although there is a tendency to devote an amount of time to sports, out of all proportion to the time given to them a few years back.

Shooting rather leads the way in this respect, but it appears to be inevitable in this and some other of the inter-collegiate events.

The impression it leaves is that of a team anxious to do its best. This year saw the conditions of the contest made more difficult. The ranges were changed from 200, 500 and 600 yards to 300, 600 and 900 yards. The method of firing at the disappearing man was, however, made less strenuous.

The weather conditions were difficult, and at the 900 yards mound changes for wind, between consecutive hits on the target, had to be made that would in calm weather have meant hits at least a target's width away.

The scores were as follows:—

	300 Yards.	600 Yards.	900 "Man" Yards.	Total.	
Queen's	143	145	111	56	455
Trinity	154	137	107	56	454
Ormond	152	145	100	52	449

RESEARCH WORK IN COLLEGE.

From time to time the present editors have been pestered by men wanting to know what their associates were doing in the way of research. The editors regarded the question as an entirely irrelevant one, until tired with repeated importunings they themselves made inquiries. Nothing resulted however. Still, believing that some half dozen at least must be doing something in that department, they asked their private detective to institute a minute search, and to send in his report forthwith. After some months of patient work they received the following official report:—

Mr. Cr*sw*ll.

Has been continuing his dredging operations for old pewter in the river, being highly successful. Has made measurements of their varied capacities. It is interesting to note that the last pot has an equal cubic capacity with one which he has had in his possession all his life.

Mr. B*rr*chi.

Has been researching in Classics. One sentence, however, "Nihil quod tetegit non ornavit," has caused him considerable worry. The problem is not yet solved. Did the scribe mean the man, or his raiment?

Mr. K*lly.

Working out the effect of Altitude on Growth Results to date, tend to show that:—

The Higher, the Faster.

Mr. *nd*rs*n.

Still hammering away at the jokes in London Punch, dated January, 1911. Reports "No progress."

Mr. W*rth*m.

Trying to calculate the maximum to which chapel fines may rise during one year. Reports, "Every prospect of succeeding."

Mr. L*w*rs.

Doing his best to cook Social Club Balance Sheets. Reports, "No success."

Mr. D*bs*n.

Had hopes of reaching his high G. Reports, "Was just beaten by the College cow."

Messrs. The Editors of the Fluer-de-Lys.

Looking for someone, to write something, for some magazine, supposed to be run by some *one* at least, besides the editors. Report, "Have failed up to date, but have great hopes."

Mr. Gr*ff*th.

While on the subject of perpetual motion, has arrived at the following interesting fact. Starting with the formula E equals WT

where E equals energy

W equals work

T equals time.

E

Then T equals —

W

And since W equals zero,
therefore T equals infinity.

Old Students

Mr. W. Campbell Guest and Mr. C. J. Zichy-Woinarski have "taken silk." The College can now boast of three K.C.'s.

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Ernest Sandford Jackson (now enjoying a flourishing medical practice in Brisbane) was one of the first, if not the very first, student enrolled by the present Warden. A son of his is to be in residence in the College next year. He is, like his father, an old Geelong Grammar School boy.

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Reginald Ernest Horsley has retired from the practice of the medical profession in order to devote all his time to literary work. He is the author of "The Romance of New Zealand" in the "Romance of Empire" series. He has a talent for titles. "The Yellow God," "The Blue Balloon," "In the Grip of the Hawk," "Hunted through Fiji" are the names of some of his works.

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Miss F. M. Stawell's "Homer and the Iliad," now in the College Library, has received great attention from literary reviews in Europe. Her weighty arguments,

based upon a minute knowledge of the Homeric text, have notably contributed to the reaction against the extreme doctrines of the German critics who hold practically that the Iliad and Odyssey are due to a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Miss Stawell is a sister of Dr. R. R. Stawell, and was in residence for a time in the old Women's Hostel. (Please observe that the adjective belongs to the second noun.)

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Frederic Gordon Robinson has charge of the classical department at St. John's College, E. St. Kilda.

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Henry Lubeck has sent a dollar and a half towards the expenses of the Liber Albus. He is a veritable man of letters, these being **among** his many degrees:—L.L.B., Union University; M.A., Lennoxville; D.C.L., Trinity College, Toronto. Dr. Lubeck is rector of one of the most important parishes in New York, and is special preacher for a number of the leading American Universities. It is remembered against him that on one occasion he broke the whole of the crockery in his bedroom. It is believed to be the record smash of the College. It is said that he took away very little of his Caution Money to America. That is over thirty years ago, but he still retains a strong affection for his old Australian College and takes a great interest in its well-being.

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The Rev. Thomas Jollie Smith is now one of the evening lecturers on Logic at the University.

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"The Venerable" Richard Harry Potter, Archdeacon of Beechworth, proposes to send his son to Trinity next year as a theological student.

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The Federal House of Representatives has two representatives of Trinity in the persons of Dr. C. Carty Salmon, late Speaker, and L. Atkinson, who sits for a Tasmanian constituency.

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In the State Parliament, Trinity has only one member in each House: Donald Mackinnon in the Assembly and the Hon. W. Russell Clarke in the Upper House.

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"The Venerable" Ernest Judd Barnett is now Archdeacon of Hong Kong, and head of a great missionary college there.

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Dr. W. J. Sedgfield has published what is regarded by leading authorities as the best English edition of the Lay of Beowulf.

George Norbury MacDonnell, rector of Gisborne, sends annually without fail a handsome present to the College Library. "O si sic omnes!"

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Three out of the four speakers at the late Dialectic meeting were old Trinity students and former prelectors.

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The College has given two University professors to the world of learning, Professor Chapman, of Adelaide, and Professor McDougall, of Hobart.

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Arthur Wadsworth is Librarian of the Federal Parliament. Contributions under his name may sometimes be seen in the English press.

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James Sykes Battye is Chief Librarian of the Victorian Library, Perth, W.A.

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Edward Higinbotham is, we believe, practising as a lawyer in the Straits Settlements.

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Basil Porter, who stroked the College "eight" in 1891, is a master in Brisbane Grammar School.

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Morris Mondle Phillips, taxing master, is a leading member of the Council of the A.N.A.

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Augustine Bithray Rowed, rector of St. Silas's, Albert Park, is regarded as the best procession-manager in Melbourne. His services are always in request when anything processional has to be organised at St. Paul's Cathedral.

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Arthur Edward Grabham is now a clergyman in the diocese of North Queensland.

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Miss Rosie Menzies Lewis is one of the staff of the Girls' Grammar School, South Yarra.

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Dr. D. O. White has a practice at Ringwood.

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Clive Herbert Gaunt, an old College oar, is a barrister at Rangoon, Upper Burma.

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The College is extending its influence in Asia Minor. An old Trinity student, William Henry Brett, is chaplain of St. John's College, Smyrna.

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Canon Long is the fourth Bishop presented by Trinity College to the Australian Church. These four are the only Bishops in the Church of Australia who received

their education in the Commonwealth. No other College in Australia has been able to produce even so much as one Bishop.

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Allen and Rex Leeper, though they can now graduate at Oxford, are each taking up an additional honour course, the former in Modern History, the latter in French Literature. They will both spend another year at Oxford. Each now plays tennis for his College, Allen for Balliol, Rex for New.

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Arthur Sherwin has got a position as resident in the Queen Charlotte Hospital in London, one of the oldest and best managed hospitals in the United Kingdom.

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Dr. Arthur South has emerged as an author. There is an article from his pen in the last number of the Australian Nurses' Journal.

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The membership of the Union of the Fleur-de-Lys has now increased to 138, but of these only 85 have sent in their subscriptions for this year. A second circular has just been sent out, reminding members of their financial obligations, but in case it does not succeed in extracting the necessary five shillings from the more absent-minded, it is hoped that this notice will. All subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Frank Carse, Selbourne Chambers, Little Collins-street. Any past students who are not members can become so merely by sending a subscription of five shillings to the above address. Present members would greatly assist the Committee by bringing this fact under the notice of any old students they may know who are not already members, and persuading them to join.

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One subscription in the form of a South Australian postal note was sent along by a gentleman who omitted to mention his name. Any information leading to his identification would be welcomed.

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Congratulations are due to S. E. Elder and Rev. W. E. Moorhouse on becoming proud fathers.

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News of that "old and popular favourite" Bob Elcoate is to hand through the no less celebrated Tommy Atkins who is now assisting Dr. Forster at Clunes. Bob is flourishing at Tarnagulla near by, and writes to congratulate "Tommy, old man, on blowing out the wretched old examiners." He has sold his motor bike and taken to a gig, which he finds a slightly less adventurous mode of conveyance, as the only accident to date was the pitching

out of himself and a lady passenger on one occasion, and the smashing up of the gig on another. Otherwise he has a little fun occasionally, but regrets "the old College days, the best time of all when you're young and nothing matters," and expresses the pious hope that "we must all try and reassemble somewhere, at the 'Fleur-de-Lys' dinner, or something." Tommy himself expects to be down either for Henley or about a month later. His friends confidently back the earlier date.

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Married just after our last issue, Dr. "Pat" Long to Miss Molly Ryan, and another medico, Guy Miller, recently engaged to Miss Marjorie Levey. Congratulations and best wishes all round.

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Dutton Green elected to the Brighton Council, which we hope he will long continue to ornament.

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Balcombe Quick, F.R.C.S., returned from England to put up his brass plate in Collins-street.

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Also back from foreign parts, Norman Hodges and Simon Fraser. The former has taken chambers to practice at the Bar, and the latter is principally occupied stroking the Senior Eight for Henley.

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Rev. Horace Finnis moved from Toorak to Meredith.

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E. T. Brennan at Fremantle Hospital.

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T. Parnell flourishing at the Queensland University in a land with which he has long had a legendary connection. Is lecturer in Physics, and was recently given an assistant.

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Harry Crowther on the staff of Armidale School, N.S.W., but last heard of devoting a week in Sydney to pursuits probably of a less scholastic nature than ordinarily engage his attention.

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Gresley Harper back in West Australia, where he intends to practice as a barrister after his admission in December.

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H. L. Wilkinson announces himself as a candidate for the Boorondara electorate. He has recently been occupying himself as secretary of the Traffic Commission, and filling in spare time giving the Graduates Association a lift along.

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Teddy White and Arthur Sherwin in pursuit of experience in the London hospitals.

All who knew "old Arthur" (otherwise Dr. Arthur South, Peak Downs Hospital, Clermont (Q.)), will be glad to hear that he is now quite recovered from his accident, and back at work again, and wishes to be remembered to all the "old gang."

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Boss Croker blew in awhile back, looking very prosperous, with great tales of engineering triumphs in Queensland. He has just written down for a new Trinity blazer, cap and scarf. By this week's "Bulletin" we notice that the beauty aide-de-camp has left Government House for England. Coincidence?

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Victor Crawford still at Mt. Morgan, contracting underground, we believe.

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T. W. Ross, doing research work on mine ventilation as Assistant Inspector of Mines, Bendigo. Leads all the cotillons there, and much in demand at tennis parties. Has even been seen smoking a pipe! We have ourselves noticed something peculiarly bracing and invigorating about the climate of Bendigo, but never expected this.

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Paul and Mrs. Mitchell, comfortably settled in Sydney, where he is doing third year Med. They have a nice house and the dearest little bulldog.

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Geoff Moule working for his Army exams, pitched us a harrowing tale about overwork and general debility, but looks ready to gallop for the Melbourne Cup.

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Bill Miller turned in his Water Supply work, and working for a B.Sc.

OUR BOOK-SHELF.

"Voice Production," by the well known artist Dob, the talented author of "A song with any other words would sound as sweet." He has also taken a prominent part in the controversy, "Should opera singers be understood?"

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"Laugh and Grow Fat." A most entertaining little pamphlet by the author of "Life: A Continued Fag." We would hardly expect such a book from one who has written "The Deathshead" and "The Curse of the Cadger."

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"Should We Live in College," by the "Count," well known as the author of "Melbourne by Night." In this article he conclusively points out the advantages of a quiet life—strongly recommended to theological students.

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"Words Without Meaning," an interesting treatise on

public speaking, by the Bombardier. Two chapters "The Art of Repetition" and "How to Conceal our Thoughts," can only be spoken of as unique.

"Paris and Its Environs," by Carlton, deals in a sledgehammer fashion with the delights of the Quartier Latin. A monograph on "Prawns," with the author in the name part, supplies much food for comment.

"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," or "I wonder who's kissing him now?" by Ike. The hero, who has hitherto posed as a pillar of unconscious rectitude, is revealed in a new light. However, virtue in the end is triumphant.

"Rowing Notes," by Guido. A collection of criticisms collected by the author during his evening rambles along the Yarra. A monograph on "Architecture of the Shelters in the Botanical Gardens" is also worthy of more than a moment's notice.

"The Brook," by G. G. A. Too verbose.

"The Pink Envelope," by H. B. L. An insipid novel concerning a love-sick swain who is almost lured to his ruin by an unknown lady. The editors tremble to think of what the ending might have been had the envelope been a red one.

"Cow-punching in the Bulpadock," by C—w—n. The author is evidently a realist. The story is of a most brutal and degrading type. We sympathise with the cows.

"Hypochondriasis," by the author of "The Brown Tongue." The subject is thoughtfully treated. We understand that the author has been gathering the information for years, by the science of "Trial and Error."

CORRESPONDECE.

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

Sirs,—

I had certainly been asleep for several hours when the nightmare first assailed me. I say "first" because it later became a regular visitor to render wretched my hours of sleep. As I lay in cherubic attitude well under the eiderdown, a series of sounds impinged on subconscious me, of which at first I took little notice and made no attempt to interpret. Their persistence and increasing loudness made me more conscious that they were undesirable. Then I tried to fathom their meaning—and from that attempt there started in me a fear which grew greater,

as the various solutions failed to account for the turmoil. Reasoning at first from past experience, my first guess was burglary. But no; firstly, what was there to burgle? Perhaps a unique collection of cherrywood pipes might attract an enthusiastic collector; or some one might be after the valuable furniture, including the adjustable chair or the priceless carpet in 36 L.C.; secondly, why should a burglar wear hobnail boots and whistle—even though in murderous fashion—the latest comic opera songs? It would not be even a mad burglar. Then it seemed that all this might be happening out in the Bulpaddock. Certain unintelligible noises, windy bellows and erratic movements suggested the midnight frolics of the College cows. But the sounds had not the even squish-squelsh rhythm of these ruminant animals.

My horror was increasing, my limbs trembled and my hair bristled as the unknown approached my room. It must be an armed assault, a strike of hospital patients, an attack of creditors, or even a foreign invasion. But why, by all the powers of heaven, earth and the College porter, should the armed assault two-step, hop-step and jump and waltz down the dreary corridors, in black darkness of dread midnight, amid all the perils of open doors?

In an agony of fright I was by now sitting bolt upright in bed, bathed in clammy sweat and—I was wide awake. With the realisation that I was fully awake came the knowledge that the moaning, howling and gibbering of my unknown tormentor had ceased. The only sounds that broke the silence were the words of one midnight-oiler requesting from another a piece of candle and a match, and the second begging the former to wake him in the morning. These weary students, quiet and decorous in the act of betaking themselves to a well earned rest, could surely not be responsible for my state of agonised suspense and dread.

No, I must be ill, overworked, or overfed. I must take exercise. I must go in for a course of Dr. Bouton's famous Buck-Up Pills. Then perhaps my unnatural dreams will not destroy my badly needed sleep. Now, sirs, I have stated my case, can you give me any advice upon the subject?

[We believe Mr. Baracchi is the only man in College now doing Mat. Med. Apply to him.—Editors.]

Blue Pencil

In spite of the most frantic and heartrending appeals by the Editors, the paucity of the supply of copy can only be described as appalling. We had intended to heavily abuse non-contributors in the editorial, but think that a dignified silence is the best reproof. We would, however, ask the gentlemen who had no time to write anything, how they would like to be editors and have to sit up all night writing the whole paper themselves. Is the game worth the candle? Only just.

* * *

A FRESHMAN'S SAGA.

Torn from my bedstead,
 Crashed to the floor.
 Life and the very breath
 Choked from my body.
 Into the darkness hurled—
 Hurl'd to the corridor.
 Gripp'd by the head and neck,
 Swung off my feet.
 Into the vestibule
 Plunged and deposited.
 Maniacs of all degrees
 Gibbering and howling
 Whirled me the Common-room,
 Faced me the wall.
 Called to the High Judge;
 Flung on the Table.
 Bowed by the force of hands
 Unto his Honour.
 Sang me a war-song
 Midst vigorous combat.
 Took me an awful oath,
 Blew out the match.
 Rushed thro' the outer door
 With Order for Bath.
 Plunged in by shrieking hordes,
 Served like a rat.
 Left to my own device,
 Crept me to bed,
 Thanking my lucky stars
 For their safe keeping,
 Hailing the early morn
 Joyous in spirit,
 No more an alien—
 Glorious Trinity!

POST-PRANDIAL.

I had smoked my tenth cigar,
 I had left at the nineteenth toast,
 I flung myself on my bedstead,
 I tried hard to give up my ghost.

I saw the College shake and sway beneath
 A mighty blast of burning lava, blood-red,
 Mixed with sleet and hail. Before my eyes raised
 Miles and miles above, and dropping faster
 Than Jove's bolts, came angry green seas, wind-whipped.
 I shipped aboard a racing eight of steel,
 With crackling yards and masts ablaze, like some
 Great Monarch of the past with steam and sweeps—
 Steered her like a top that spinning travels,
 Into burning noon, and choking night-time.

Where the B*r*n threw handsprings,
 While M*nck*r grew small,
 And G.G. was silent and tongue-tied.
 Where Gu*do no longer the tailor's delight,
 Kept Gr*ff*th well up in his work,
 And the rhetoric of J*w*tt was first
 Of its kind, putting Cr*sw*ll quite into the shade.
 Where D*rw*s was lulled to a Morpheus state
 By D*bs*n his dulcet tones—
 Where H*rr*ng no longer the place did explore,
 To find indispensable R*e.
 And the wit of old W*tts, with his high-pitched
 voice,
 Caused even poor C*mpb*ll to smile.
 Where C*ns*tt no longer on bikes did dilate,
 But coached for the Bachelor Artium.
 Where D*ggie refrained from an argument raised
 While Fr*w*n played touch with the fishes—
 Where W*nl*n was seen with a smile on his face,
 Having risen from dull despair.
 But the greatest shock of the whole bang lot,
 Was P*ckle grown impolite.

The Editors fear comment is useless. They sincerely hope that the author has imagined it all. It would be appalling to think that a man should get into such a state, after a mere handful of cigars, and some paltry score or so of toasts.

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"Admirer" sends us an "appreciation." We print it,

believing that the recipients will not refuse to recognise the whole-hearted admiration which it divulges.

Of all the youths I ever saw,
None were so much on pleasure bent,
Or so upheld the College law,
As Ch*rlie, St*n and L*nds*y Br*nt.

For every Sabbath day these three,
Make College tone the greater,
By asking maidens up to tea
From three to six, and later.

* * *

An irritated member of Upper Clarkes sends the following: We hardly think that is levelled at our leading (?) tenor—he is so extremely proud of his voice and includes “Molly Mine” amongst the first two of his repertoire. However, we shall know, should our fighting editor be called upon to interfere in a case of assault against our contributor when this number is issued.

O Bird of the morning bath!
Be thine a stony path,
Thine is no carolling,
With voice like a shrieking spring.
Thou art no lark divine;
So cursed be thy “Molly Mine;”
And may thou be thrice drowned,
If from my sleep profound,
Once more thou disturb me.

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Messrs. G*ll and C*le paid a visit to the editors “en masse.” They stated that year after year their efforts towards the “Fleur-de-Lys” had received scant courtesy, and that if the following was not inserted there would be great trouble. The editors dislike trouble.

When Bulpaddock grows green in spring,
It makes our long haired poets sing;
But those with hair in scanty patches
Think deeply of their long lost thatches.



