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THE FORTIAN



THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF FORT ST.
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, PETERSHAM, N.S.W.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1925

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The
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The Magazine of the Boys' High School, Fort St.

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Editorial

MANY are the comments made on the beautiful site occupied by our School, making it a landmark far and wide, but Fort Street School has always stood on a hill. In its infancy it was placed on the crown of Gallows Hill, of sinister memory. In these days, when gaols are being converted into schools in so many places, it is fitting that we should look back at times to our old home, and see in the establishment there long ago of a model School, the promise of better days which we now enjoy.

But we Fortians have left the old hill, with its glimpses of Parramatta River and Sydney Harbour, to our gentler compeers, the Fort Street girls, whose presence should surely exorcise all unhappy haunting memories. We abide now on another hill, of ancient fame, for Taverner's Hill was long known to the teamsters as one of the worst between the Mountains and the city.

For more than a century the bulk of the traffic from the great hinterland has found its ways to the capital, past our present home. Still, as we know, a ceaseless stream of vehicles throngs the great road which we face, and the iron road behind us is never without its travellers.

In the light of these facts, we should like to remind all Fortians, and especially the newcomers, that we have the best authority for saying that "a city set on a hill cannot be hid." Our little company of nearly six hundred souls is performing to a great audience—the people of our State. Great things are expected of us. We are to be at our best and always at our best. Here is no place for the "slacker." Here the weakling will find sympathetic and skilful nurture, but he must "make good" as a result.

The Fortian must be studious, if only because the laggard injures the progress of his comrades. He must enter heartily into every activity of the School as far as he is able. He must play games, but, above all, he must "play the game." Some small boy may inquire, "What is the difference?" The answer is that this great School on the hill exists mainly to teach you the difference, and until you learn it you are no true Fortian.

OLD BOYS AND THEIR DOINGS.

Colin Edwards has recently achieved the distinction of Advanced Grade Honours in the examination conducted by the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London.

In the list of solicitors admitted to practice by the State Full Court is the name of Archibald Courtney Boyle, LL.B., a Fortian, who will be remembered well by his contemporaries. He took a prominent part in school activities, especially in the field of cadet training.

Rex Knight, a distinguished Fortian at present in residence at Cambridge University, was last month appointed a senior scholar of his college by the Master and Fellows. This is regarded as a high academic honour, which was this year awarded to only three per cent. of the candidates and which, it is believed, has never before been held by an Australian. Mr. Knight left Fort Street in 1919, and later proceeded to the University of Sydney. He passed his examinations with distinction and a graduation, gained the University Medal, first-class honours, in philosophy, second-class honours in Latin, and Prof. Muscio's Prize. In 1923 he gained the Woolley Travelling Scholarship, and proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is specialising in philosophy and modern sciences.

Mr. A. J. Buckler, M.C., is now District Surveyor of the Armidale District.

Mr. B. S. B. Stevens, who has recently been appointed to the responsible position of Director of Finance in the State Treasury, is an ex-student of Fort Street. On leaving school he spent some years in commercial and shipping offices. After four years in the Town Clerk's office, Mr. Stevens entered the Public Service in 1912, joining the Local Government Department. His outstanding ability brought rapid advancement, and in 1920 he was appointed an inspector under the Public Service Board. In 1923, Mr. Stevens was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary to the Treasury, and he has lately held the position of Chief Accountant to the Public Service.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. H. R. Woodward, who recently passed with distinction the Intermediate L.L.B. Examination. He attained the position of prox. acc. to the winner of the Wigram Allen Scholarship for General Proficiency.

The Faculty of Science at the University has recently instituted the degree of M.Sc. (Master of Science), and among the first to gain this honour is one of our Old Boys—George Walker. In the School of Mathematics, Walker gained first-class honours at graduation and the University Medal. He has also been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics in the University Extension Courses, recently instituted in country centres.

We congratulate Mr. Louis Ingamells on his election to the position of President of the Pharmaceutical Society of N.S.W. Mr. Ingamells was educated at Fort Street, and on leaving school was apprenticed to the late Mr. J. C. Hallam. He completed the University course and passed the final exam. of the Pharmacy Board at the early age of 19. He enlisted in the A.I.F. in 1915, and had a varied war service. On his return to Australia, in 1920, Mr. Ingamells was appointed Chief Dispenser at the Sydney Hospital, which position he recently resigned in order to go into business. He is one of the youngest pharmacists to occupy the chair of the Society, and is held in high esteem.

Mr. T. B. Cooper, the new President of the Water and Sewerage Board, under the new constitution, is one of our most highly respected ex-students.

Dr. Frank Munro has gone to England for experience, and is doing well in London. Dr. Hyam Owen has also recently left for England to continue his studies.

The athletic associations of the State have sustained a severe loss in the recent death of Mr. O. G. Merrett, who visited Europe last year as manager of the Olympic Games representatives. Mr. Merrett was educated at Fort Street, and had consistently devoted his energies to the advancement of sport, particularly swimming.

Mr. Selby C. Jenkins, B.A., Diploma of Modern Languages, has been awarded the French Government Travelling Scholarship for 1925.

Mr. Jenkins, who is on the staff of the Wagga High School, has had a brilliant academic career at the Sydney University. An old boy of the Fort Street Boys' High School, he distinguished himself at the Leaving Certificate examination of 1919 by gaining the maximum pass of four

honours and two A's. He was also placed first on the list of University bursaries awarded as a result of that examination.

Entering the Faculty of Arts at the University in March, 1920, Mr. Jenkins specialised in language study, and was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts with first-class honours in French and Latin, and also the Frederick Lloyd Memorial prize for a Latin essay in 1923. After leaving the University Mr. Jenkins followed an advanced course on the teaching of modern

languages in the Teachers' College. As a result of these studies, he was awarded the Jones Memorial Medal and prize for the most distinguished student leaving the College in 1923. Mr. Jenkins has been at Wagga since January, 1924, and has proved a very successful teacher since his appointment.

H. S. Wyndham has completed his B.A. degree, with Honours in History. He has been appointed to the position of Junior Lecturer at the Teachers' College.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

We are now approaching the end of the first term—a term which has been very successful from the Fortian's point of view. Many Old Boys have graduated, and are about to reap the various rewards due to those who can claim to have fulfilled the adage of "something attempted, something done." On the other hand, we are glad to see a large influx of Fortians as Freshers and wish them every success in their future careers. They now have every opportunity to succeed and to realise what Fort Street meant to them, and still should mean to them. It is only when one arrives at the University that one is able to comprehend the solidity and quality of the education one receives at the old school. To those who have graduated, we offer our heartiest congratulations.

In the sphere of study quite a lot has been gained by old Fortians, as will be seen from the examination results. So general are the good results that it is not fair to single out individuals.

When we come to sport, one feels sorry that more Fortians do not participate in games.

Those who do so have all attained success, and there is plenty of room for more. The University can mean nothing to a person who takes no interest in things outside his books, wherefore, let us hope that no one could be accused of this.

Waddington, Garratt, and Rosenblum are touring New Zealand with the Union team, whilst Sillar, Turnbull and Lovell are playing in Reserve Grade. Tennis is claiming quite a lot of interest at present, and it is pleasing to see that among those to create impressions with the selectors have been two Fortians—Freshers Horton and Rishworth. In athletics, Ebert has shown his worth and will meet with much success.

In conclusion, let us add an expression of the deep sorrow we feel in the loss of Professor J. J. Hunter, M.D., Ch.M., the greatest genius Australia has ever produced. Many words could not express our regret—the suddenness has caused an astonishment and bewilderment at the University, which is still very evident. It seems impossible to realise the facts.

OLD FORTIANS ARTICLED AS SOLICITORS.

The following Fortians have been articled to the solicitors whose names are attached herewith. We extend our hearty congratulations to them and wish them all prosperity in their vocation:—

J. Burrows—R. F. Stuart Robertson.

W. Cassidy—Gale & Gale.

A. Weir—Rowley & Roseby.

A. Harward—Reynolds, White & Crockett.

B. Farlow—E. R. Mann.

S. Godfrey—Windeyer, Fawl & Osborne.

H. Storey—E. R. Abigail.

C. Redmond—Messrs. Sly & Russell.

R. G. Howarth—Henry Davis & Co.

L. Wright—Aspinall & Son.

F. Fowler—W. H. Wood.

A. Baines—Blackmore & Son.

G. Vincent—W. L. Cohen.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE BUSH.

The deepening sky is leaden grey, and great heavy clouds lay sullenly across it.

From the distance comes a sullen angry roar, interspersed with clangs and booms, hoarse human roars, lurid phrases, and often shouts of triumph. As we approach nearer we learn the source of this confusion and turmoil; it is the Murrumbidgee in the throes of a flood.

This stream, placid and gentle enough in fair weather, becomes a raging torrent when gorged by its numerous tributaries in wet weather. It seethes with foaming wrath, bubbles with impetuous excitement, hurls itself over its banks, and sweeps the farmers' work of years to destruction in one crowded minute.

One sees here and there life's last struggle with the elements; further on is seen the inevitable end of such unequal contests. Next to us, on the edge of the swirl, stands a sorrowing group. Where they now look on the foaming torrent, only a short while ago they beheld, in a sheet of waving, golden, grain, the bright hopes of the future. The evil of destruction has certainly bested them for a time, but the gleaming eyes give forth emphatic assurance that they will once more take their places in the scheme of life and rise even stronger than before.

An excited group, opposite an island in mid-stream, now draws our attention, and thither we hurry, post-haste, to learn that a young stockman is about to defy the flood-waters to save two cattle-dogs tied to a tree on the island. The water is still rising, and they are in danger of being drowned without a chance to fight for their lives.

We see the tall, tanned, "son of the sun" laughing to scorn the reproaches of his elders, mount, ride half a mile up stream, throw himself off his horse, remove his riding boots, and, with a laugh, leap into the swirling, seething, cauldron. He is under, he is up, he clutches at a log, grips, and now the fight is on.

With one arm he clings to his perilous craft, with the other he attempts to steer it. He swings now to, now from the island, and ever is rushed nearer. The watchers from the banks

grow tense with dread and excitement; women faint, men blaspheme and rave, and both pray earnestly that the mad youth will be swept on to the island, and so gain temporary respite.

The gap grows ever less: he is a hundred yards away, fifty, twenty, ten, and a murmur rises on the air—he is swept past the point and disappears behind the island. Countless anxious seconds chase each other, on leaden wings, across the horizon of time, and a mighty, thankful cheer rends the noise-glutted air; he has landed and is waving to the anxious watchers from a high rock.

A little joy—then more agonised suspense. He disappears behind the island, and then we see him again in the water. This time his journey is not a solitary one, for he has the objects of his quest plunging about beside him and grasped firmly by the collars. This stage of the journey is not so hazardous, for two hundred yards in front of him is the wall which divides the river for the purpose of irrigation. Despite the assurance of a safe landing in the eddy, caused by this wall, there is still sweeping debris to contend with, and he is fully occupied protecting himself and his charges.

After what seems a decade, he is once more among us, and by the bloody scratches and bruises on his face and the heaving of his mighty chest, his was no paltry achievement.

He is a lover and keen observer of Nature, and as such is "at home" with Nature's beings, both animate and inanimate, and is amply rewarded for his daring act by the very evident love and devotion the dogs give him.

This, friends, is the "Spirit of the Bush"; similar examples are seen almost daily in the true "Outback."

A man glorying in the beauties and wonders of Nature makes her his religion, and is prepared to make any sacrifice in her cause.

After all, this is merely another phase of the "Brotherhood of Man" ideal, but instead of man showing love for man, we see his love claimed by "man's greatest friend," his dog.

RAN GRANT, 4A.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Taylor Memorial Prizes for Geography were won this year by Donald McDonald (Senior) and Jack Draper (Junior). These are awarded to the students who obtain the best pass in Geography at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Examinations respectively.

On April 3rd last an instructive and enjoyable visit to Sydney High School was made by representatives of the Senior Debating Society. The occasion was an inter-High School debate, following on the visit to Fort Street made last year by Sydney High. The subject for debate was "That the rapid growth of Australia's large cities is detrimental to the nation." Our representatives—Martin, Richards and Hyde—spoke ably in the affirmative. The adjudicator—Mr. Grosse, of the Y.M.C.A. Debating Society—awarded victory to Fort Street.

Prizes are offered each year by the Shakespeare Society of N.S.W. to the candidates who gain highest marks in the Shakespearean sections of the English paper set at the Leaving Certificate and Intermediate Certificate Examinations. This year, Fort Street gained special distinction. In the Leaving Certificate Examination, John Bates won the Shakespeare prize, and in the Intermediate Examination Kevin Ellis shared the honour with another student. As these prizes are open to thousands of candidates from the whole State, we feel great pride in the achievements of Bates and Ellis and offer them our heartiest congratulations on their success.

On behalf of the School we express our thanks to Mr. P. Moses for his gift of £10 for the beautification of the School. This sum makes £30 in the last three years, all of which has been expended in the purchase of pictures, of high artistic merit, now adorning the walls.

Mr. J. M. Hooke, of Taree, has been presenting the school each year with a prize of £3/3- for the best pass in the Leaving Certificate Examination. For the year 1924 this prize was awarded for the best pass in English Literature, and was won by Guy Howarth. In the forthcoming Leaving Certificate Examination it will be for the best pass in Mathematics.

We wish to thank Mrs. Scobie for her kindness in again presenting a wreath on Anzac Day.

The Memorial Hall is rapidly progressing towards completion, and gives promise of a building that will add dignity and beauty to the school.

Also, a new fence along the front of the grounds is now being erected. This will be a much more ornate structure than the "old fence" that has been for so long the subject of so much satire and abuse.

Speech Day this year will be deferred to synchronise with the official opening of the Memorial Hall, and will probably be held in August. As this will be a memorable event in the history of the school, all old boys and friends of the school are especially invited to be present.

First-Aid Classes have been established at the school, and lectures and instruction will be given by Dr. J. Paling and Dr. F. P. Allen. The former gentleman was captain of the school in his year, and the latter was for some years a member of the staff. We are greatly indebted to these gentlemen for their support and assistance.

We have been able to obtain the portraits of a number of former Headmasters of the school, namely:—

Mr. William Wilkins	1851-1854
Mr. John Garden	1854-1859
Mr. J. W. Allpass	1862-1867
Mr. Frederick Bridges	1867-1876
Mr. Matthew Willis	1880-1880
Mr. James Conway	1880-1887
Mr. John Dettmann	1887-1889
Mr. J. W. Turner	1889-1905

These portraits have been reproduced in a uniform series, suitably framed, and placed on the walls of the Library. The list is not complete, as we have not been able to obtain portraits of the following gentlemen, who held the position:—

Mr. Joseph Coates	1876-1876
Mr. W. H. Johnson	1876-1880
Mr. Hugh Farrel	1850
Mr. Daniel O'Driscoll	1850-1851
Mr. Randall McDonnell	1854

We would greatly appreciate any assistance or information that might lead to our obtaining portraits of these former Headmasters.

The Evatt Memorial Prize will be awarded this year for an essay on Sir Henry Parkes.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Donald Schofield, of Third Year, who has undergone a very severe operation and is still in hospital. He has had exceptionally bad luck, as it is only a short time since he had an operation for appendicitis.

We are glad to see Alan Milne back at school after his long bout of typhoid fever.

On May 14th last, practically the whole Third Year witnessed the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by Mr. Maurice Moscovitch and his company. It was an excellent production, and the interpretation of Shylock by Mr. Moscovitch was a really wonderful example of dramatic art.

THE OLD FORTIANS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It is undeniably a great thing to see school traditions carried on in outside life. The Fortian practice, therefore, of giving the individual a knowledge and experience of drama in all its forms and presentations, whilst he is at school, must inevitably result in the intense interest such individual will show towards dramatic activities. A little over a year ago was formed an "Old Fortians' Dramatic Society," which, after a trying infancy, reaped a huge success with its first public production, "Are You a Mason"? Thus this year has begun favourably.

This Society is open to old Fortians of both sexes. Its members meet weekly, read and discuss plays, and rehearse one-act sketches or scenes from longer works, for practice and experience. The membership list contains about thirty names, and is steadily increasing. So far the most enthusiastic have been the girls, and much that has been accomplished is due to the energy and zeal of the secretary, Miss Heather Stark.

Our object in thus calling attention to the ex-

istence and purpose of this institution is to arouse interest among those Fortians, and we feel confident there will be many who may desire to be present at the frequent performances to be given shortly, and among those soon leaving the school who may wish to join up with us; and on the whole to maintain extensively our connection with the old school.

We should like to take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Kilgour, our patron, for the generous assistance he has given us. We hope in return to justify his confidence in our aims and abilities, and to do a great deal for the two schools that are really one in spirit, and on the same path of service and honour.

Office-bearers, 1925.—Patrons, Miss E. Cruse and Mr. A. J. Kilgour, B.A., LL.B.; President, R. G. Howarth; Secretary, Miss H. Stark; Treasurer, Miss N. Campbell; Committee, Miss Thornhill, Miss Nicholls, W. G. Cassidy, G. Vincent.

THE STRAND.

The flooding stream that sullen hillsides hedge
 With whirling eddies, gurgling in its flow,
 Pauses an instant, broadens on the edge,
 Then falls in rainbow-tinted sprays below.

Where breaks the stream in icy showers and
 foam,
 Dark rippling ledges, frescoed grottoes, show,
 And, nurtured by hidden beds of golden loam,
 Lichens, soft ferns, and sodden mosses grow.

Around the rocks and downward now, it roars
 Through sunless caverns gloomily ayawn;
 Anon appears; o'er eerie ledges soars,
 Glittering flashes like dewdrops at the dawn.

A chain of pools in shadowy basins deep
 Is all that marks the erstwhile torrent stream,
 And here, where crags their lonely vigil keep,
 The slowly drifting water seems to dream.

—LEONARD W. MCGLYNN, 5C.

WHERE THE KARUAH RIVER RISES.

Far away between the ridges which lead to the Mount Royal Range, and which as yet are untrdden by the feet of mankind, a little stream of water begins to trickle and wind its way among the fronded ferns that shade the ground. Then onward o'er the pebbles, travelling to the murmur of a joyous song, this widening rivulet wends its course until it flows between two banks which are covered with Nature's deepest green.

The small water gums shed their darkening shadows upon the ever-flowing water, the willows weep and wail as they float to and fro upon the surface, and the oak sighs as she hears the story wafted on the breezes.

Still flowing southward, this persevering stream continues to increase the distance between its banks until it finally encounters another waterway, flowing at right angles to itself. At this spot, commonly known as "The Junction," the left-hand branch, that which we have been following, unites with its twin, the right-hand branch, to form one of the prettiest little

fresh-water rivers on the North Coast.

Through the countless ages that have passed, the two branches of this stream have continued to increase, guarded by the giant gums, tallow-woods, and stringy-bark trees.

To their waters came only the wild animals, brumbies, and birds to quench their thirsts; but now the peace of the wild dog and wallaby is disturbed.

There came the swarthy pioneer, with his axe upon his shoulder, searching for cedar.

With what bewilderment did the dingo bark, and the cockatoo screech when his first blow, echoing through the thickly-wooded hills, broke the silent solitude of the deep, unknown bush, and with what feelings of fear did they retreat when the report of a second and yet a third rent the air?

The advent of the timber seekers was responsible for the application of a name to the river, formed by the union of the two branches. "Karuah" was the name chosen by these hardy toilers, and to-day that name remains unchanged.



The Markopad

(Registration applied for.)

Padded at shoulder and elbow.

David Jones' introduce the "Markopad" Jersey of strong cotton. These Jerseys are padded at shoulder and elbow, and reduce the risk of serious injury. Price each ... 10/6 Markopad Jerseys will be worn this season by the New South Wales Representatives.

For Service—**DAVID JONES'**—SYDNEY

THE HAWAIIAN TROUBADOURS.

All is right. Through the darkness arise the melodious strain of that expressive Hawaiian melody, "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee). Dawn creeps over the dark horizon, sending the wavelets shimmering and glittering towards the shore; growing light reveals the forms of the beach by various paths in the forest. A girl and a man are seen walking together, and merrily she sits down and breaks forth into a simple melody, on ukeleles and guitars. As the singers—ten Hawaiians, self-accompanied in last strains die away, seemingly borne off by some invisible breeze, the musicians leave the joyous waltz on the steel guitar, accompanied by the Spanish guitar of her lover. The whole company bursts into song while filing on to the beach. Sitting down, the well-known "Flama Hula" breaks the morning silences, and two beautiful, brown-skinned and dark-eyed maidens, joyously performed the hula dance. The graceful movements, the bewitching music, and the palmy dawn captivate the onlooker and transport him to the far-off shores of dreamy Hawaii. Other dreamy Hawaiian tunes rise on

the still air, and as daylight fades Aloha Oe rises on the softened air, bidding farewell to those shores which all would like to visit.

The lights switch on. To one's intense surprise and sorrow, the walls of one of Sydney's well-known theatres are revealed. A short time elapses, and as the curtain rises and the lights disappear the inside of a hall is seen, with a piano and traps occupying the places of honor. As if from nowhere, the company magically appears, and in an instant a tune, wild and unrestrained, greets the ear. Various solos, duets, and trios follow—well-known American "airs"—and then the Hawaiian shores become visible once more as the Flame Hula dance is performed. The slim-limbed, dark-eyed maidens perform wonderfully the difficult rhythmical movements associated with a "hula." The soft, dreamy harmony of guitars and ukeleles again meets us, and after a short—all too short—period, bids us, in the words of their most beautiful and expressive melody that heartfelt and totally unwished for "Aloha Oe"

C. RALPH.

"THE LAND OF FAERIE."

When I was but thirteen or so,
I went to a golden land,
Where wild cool breezes whisper low,
Far over the glist'ning sand.

There are no shadows in that land,
No clouds ever sail the skies,
Her azure heavens are rainbow-sparred,
And tears never dim her eyes.

And everything is beauty there,
For nothing is fierce or bad,
Her forests wide are fresh and fair,
Her people are never sad.

The honey-bees have lost their sting,
The wild, timid beasts their fear,
The birds, 'mid branches, sweetly sing,
And flutter around quite near.

There's fairies, too, so quaint and small,
That dance near a silver stream,

The dew-drops from their tresses fall,
And soft 'mid the roses gleam.

And, oft, there's goblins, ghostly, grim,
Who steal through the broad green glades,
And watch, and weep o'er the gnarled oak's rim,
Till light, in the forest, fades.

They wish the elves to hear their wail,
To dance in their dainty rings,
But when they venture near the vale
Each sprite in the streamlet springs.

And neither ill, nor hurt, nor harm,
Can come to the dwellers there;
The nights are fragrant, filled with balm,
The days dawn with beauty rare.

There's cure for all, both sick and lame,
New life for the mute and blind,
And who will give this land a name?
'Tis but for the good and kind.

—J. BURROWS.

WONDERFUL NEW ZEALAND.

There is no plot in the following article, nor is there supposed to be. I just present to you some facts about New Zealand as they come into my mind.

The first thing one notices on landing in a new country is, naturally, the place of landing. Wellington was our place of disembarkment, and I can honestly say that I was disappointed in Wellington. Although the harbour is pretty, the city itself is dusty, and gives the impression of being dirty. That is by day, when all the traffic is in full swing. But by night a great change has come over the place. Most of the residential buildings are on the hillsides, and the lights from all these houses shining out above the lights from the flat portion of the city are beautiful. Leaving Wellington by car one travels through the Gorge, which is not as dangerous as it sounds; neither is it beautiful—just the road winding in and out, enclosed on either side by steep, bare hills. Once out of the harbour, skirting Porirua harbour and Titaki Bay, one presently climbs the Piko-kariki Mountain, and from here is seen one of the finest views the earth has to offer. Looking down on Pauraparaumu beach, one sees the waves gently rippling to the edge of the sand. Out to sea stands Kapiti Island, dark and forbidding, yet one where no danger lurks; it is a sanctuary for birds, and a favourite fishing ground. One can see far along the coast the light green of the sea, contrasting with the vivid green of the pastures.

An alternate route is via the Akatarawa and Waikanai track. The bush and ferns on this road are glorious, but it is slow going, as the road is narrow and very winding. There are many beauty spots in the Akatarawas. When the ascent is completed one crosses over into the Waikanai side into the Raeki Rangai valley, and rejoins the main road near the Waikanai station. After that the road to Palmerston North is a succession of beautiful rustic scenes. Palmerston is the centre of the railway system in the North Island. The railway line runs straight through the centre of the square, which is itself in the middle of the town. There are no protecting gates—the line runs straight across the road. One's eyes have to be open in this country; and this applies all through. In one or two places, the main road (in the country) runs across the same bridge as the railway line;

one wheel of the car runs between the two rails. On the road to Napier, the Manawatu Gorge, just outside Palmerston, has to be negotiated. This gorge is a rather dangerous one—the river is rushing below; in some places there is only room for the car to get past, and to make matters worse, landslides are no uncommon occurrence; in fact, often during the winter the gorge is closed, and the traveller has to use the Pahiatua track, a very slippery and winding road, which crosses the range instead of just cutting through like the gorge. Here the railway runs on one side and the road on the other.

Napier is one of the liveliest towns on the Island. One is told to be sure and see the Napier beach, but it is merely a collection of stones, big and small; a shingle beach with not even a good breaker. The town is rather pretty, being supplemented with a promenade which runs the whole length of the beach, about three or four miles.

Leaving Napier, one drives to Taupo. This drive is considered the most wonderful drive in the Dominion. The Taupo-Moana is a large lake in the centre of the North Island, and the whole district round is called "Taupo-nui-a-tia," which means the "Great Resting Place of Tia." Tia was one of the great legendary voyagers from Hawaiki who reached New Zealand in the "Arawa" canoe. The village of Taupo is situated where the Waikato River has its source. This river takes fifty-four million gallons per hour out of the lake. Near Taupo is the Wairakei estate, in which is the wonderful Wairakei geyser valley. In this valley all the geysers play like clockwork at regular intervals; they are right to the exact second that the guide says they will play. The "Champagne Pool" is a huge cauldron of boiling water fifty feet across; when a handful of gravel is thrown in, the water effervesces like champagne. Every few moments the furious boiling of the pool reaches a maximum of intensity, while every now and then the surface is suddenly hurled up in a mass of foam and steam to a height of six to twelve feet, a terrifying spectacle. Proceeding past others too numerous to mention, we come to the beautifully tinted mud pools known as "Madame Rubenstein's Beauty Parlour" and "Madame Pompadour's Beauty Parlour." Near by the "Paddle Wheel" geyser and

the "Dancing Rock" geyser play from the one pool. The "Dancing Rock" geyser is given this name because when the geyser plays an onlooker would swear that the rock moved, but it is the way the water rushes up. Near to it is the beautiful "Prince of Wales Feathers" geyser, which sends its columns of boiling water out in the exact form of the Prince of Wales feathers to a height of from twenty to thirty feet. It is one of the most graceful sights in the valley. Another beauty is the "Hot Waterfall" geyser, which plays at the top of a beautiful terrace formation, down which the boiling water runs in a steaming waterfall.

Waiora Valley, also on the Wiarakei estate, is noted for its delicately tinted lakelets of hot and warm water, its beautiful ferns and mosses, its hot waterfalls and boiling springs.

The Karapiti Blowhole is the safety valve of New Zealand. It is an opening in the ground about a foot in diameter, situated at the bottom of a high bank. From this vent issues a continual column of steam, which escapes under high pressure, and rises many feet in the air, accompanied by a loud roaring. Tins or stones thrown into this column are blown up high.

From Mt. Tauhara, the centre of the North Island, the visitor has a wonderful view of the great wild central portion of the North Island. The great central volcanoes, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, and Tongariro, are comparatively close at hand. In clear weather, Mount Egmont, 125 miles to the west, can be seen.

Taupo-Moana, New Zealand's largest lake, is thirteen square miles larger than the Swiss lake, Geneva. Its average depth is between 300 and 400 feet, and its deepest spot is 534 feet. From the little village of Taupo, nestling among its many pine trees, the visitor looking out from under the picturesque bluegums at the edge of the lake sees a wonderful vista of blue waters, snow-topped mountains, and hills veiled in the magic haze of distance. Behind Tohaanu, a small village at the south end of the lake, rises Pihanga, an extinct volcano, the broken crater at the top being plainly visible. Behind this again rises the grand mountains of the Tongariro group. On the left is Mt. Ruapehu, capped with perpetual snow, and on the right is the flat-topped bulk of Tongariro, with the typically volcanic cone of Ngauruhoe between. About half-way down the right-hand slope of Tongariro is the large group of hot springs known as Ketetahi. But the average visitor will prob-

ably find the greatest charm of this view out over the waters of the lake to lie in the ever-changing play of light and shadow on the white-capped summits of the great mountains. The blue waters of the Taupo-Moana in the foreground, the misty blue Kaimanawa Ranges to the south-east, and the infinite variety of evening effects on the snow-covered peaks of the three mighty volcanoes make up a picture the memory. Lack of space forces us to leave beauty which must ever be a cherished Taupo and proceed.

Twenty-six miles from Napier is Maori Gulley, so named because it is said that in the early days a tribe of natives retreating from their enemies all fell into this crevice, causing the water to be discoloured to within four miles from Napier.

On the same route, 42 miles from Napier, is the native village of Te Horoto. This is where General Birdwood got a surprise. When he was passing through Te Horoto the children were lined up to salute the General, who, after addressing the classes, called for a show of hands: "Who'd like a holiday?" Only two hands went up. "Who wouldn't like a holiday?" was then asked, and up went the hands, some children putting theirs up twice. The General was surprised, and, asked the schoolmaster the reason. The reply was, "Well, you see, sir, these native children have to work at home when they have a holiday."

One little incident that happened in the Wai-rakei Valley is worth recording. We were told to watch the geyser till the boiling water rose to a certain level, then to clear out and sit down and watch play. We did this, and sat on a bank. Suddenly one of the ladies of the party shrieked and jumped into the air. On examination the cause was found in the part of the bank where she was sitting was a small hole about the size of the little finger. Evidently this must have had a connection with the geyser, and as the steam rose in the geyser it rose also in this hole. The scalding stream came out this fissure on which the lady was sitting, with the result that she jumped.

On the whole, the scenery in New Zealand, not only in the thermal district which I have spoken about, but over the whole Island, is better than we have here in N.S.W.

The part that is most like Australia is the Wairarapa. There one finds stretches of brown grass, dead timber, and gum trees flourishing.

There the ground is covered with stones, as is the case with our Northern Tablelands. All over New Zealand is to be found beautiful scenery. The valleys are particularly beautiful. The road through them alternately climbs and descends, depending on the formation of the valley. On looking into the valley from the mountain one sees a magnificent panorama; the river flowing over its bed of

shingle with the pine trees, introduced there of course, on the rivers bank, adding a splendour when seen from a good height. N.S.W. certainly has beauty spots in the Blue Mountains and on the Illawarra, but they are not general as in N.Z. Wherever one goes there, one finds something beautiful to please the eye and the sense of beauty.

H. CHIN.

THOSE CROSS-WORDS.

A DRAMA IN FOUR SCENES.

Scene I.—A Study.

Joseph Antonio, a young school boy, should be fagging.

Ant. (calls at door): "What! Has the paper come?"

Mother: "Yes, boy. I'll send it to you presently."

Ant. (throwing aside notes):

Go! Go! Thou notes and leave the test to chance.

You fiery fiends of deep philosophy,

'Twere better I had left the stuff alone

Than bred it up to haunt me. I'll try a read.

(He settles himself down to read, but is disturbed by cats without.)

I am sorry for thee, thou inhuman wretch

That howl so piteously, so void and empty of any sympathy.

(Further voices.)

Shame! Shame upon thee! Cursed be your life.

Via! Away! lest I be led to murder. Go! take that.

(Throws bottle of ink at the voice.)

Alas, let's try the puzzle, something new, I hope,

'Tis far more beneficial to a man, more healthy

And far pleasanter to his mind than thou—
thou books,

Crammed full of useless, quite unnecessary rot
That seems to haunt me even whilst I sleep.

A word for "dead"? Now, let me see.

A dictionary! A dictionary! My kingdom for the word!

Not there. I am the tainted wether of the flock.

But cheer! We'll try again. Hush!"

(Knock at door.)

Who's there? Away thou puzzle novice.

Sister: "I."

Ant.: "Who's 'I'? Come in and stand before my eyes.

Of what strange nature in the suit you follow?"

Sister: "If it so please your grace, I do desire of you

Some explanation of this cruel sum."

Ant. (glances over the paper): "'Tis straight proportion,

Straight out rule of three.

Begone! This needs no explanation; so begone, you trifle time away!

(Sister exit.)

Why should I be recalled from honoured toil,

By bragging beggar to affairs of earth, but the puzzle?

Now I remember, I must see Bassanio."

(Exit.)

Scene II.—Bassanio's House.

(Enter Bassanio and Antonio.)

Bass.: "Antonio, my friend, where is the puzzle?"

Ant.: "But let us first to work."

Bass.: "Hang work! 'Twas done before we came,

And when we're dead, I think t'll still be done."

Ant.: "But what about the test, that dreaded weekly,

That seem to spoil the joys and pranks of youth?

It must be learnt, or else—you know what else."

Bass.: "Hear me, Antonio. The test's as good as done.

It is fairly simple, but the puzzle, come!"

(Ant. produces the puzzle and they spend the night on it.)

Ant. (leaving): "Now, does the night rebuke me for my waste?

Oh! how I wish I'd learnt the blessed test,
And let the cross-word puzzle go to rest!"

Scene III.—The Test.

Ant.: "Now must I pay the penalty of wasted hours;
The time is come. The test, that dreaded test,
Now must be done. Alas! How I regret
The time I wasted with that wretched puzzle!
Woe! Woe! for history not a bit for me."

Bass.: "Cheer up, old man. The worst is yet to come.

(Aside:)

Also I now myself condemn that cross-word puzzle."

(The test is done and both fail.)

(Enter Shylock, the history teacher, with list of failures.)

Shylock: "I have possessed you loafers of my purpose,
And, by the Holy Sabbath, have I sworn
To have the failures sent unto the office,
To there explain the reason for their fall.
You'll ask me why I choose this timely method
To bring you to account. I will not answer that,
But say it is my joy; and so, adieu!
Unto the office all!"

Ant.: "All is now lost! the Head will put us out."

Bass.: "Ah, if that's all, then shall our dreams come true."

Ant.: "The cat, that mewed afore I saw the puzzle,
foretold of danger hid in joys of puzzles.
Yes, truly those that need not the sage are damned.

(Exeunt.)

Scene IV.—The Office.

(Enter Bass, and Ant. outside the office.)

Bass: My courage now deserts me. Run, friend, away!

So says my fiend, but conscience still does call
So wisely to my ear. Budge not. The fate
That thou hast courted unto you, has come.
Be brave, and bear your evils as a man.

Ant.: "Let's in, and at it; come! (They enter.)

Head: "What are you come? Your names."

Bass.: "Bassanio."

Ant.: "Antonio."

Head: "Come now, explain the cause of this mean failure

In such a simple test and your wild, rude, behaviour for periods past."

Ant.: "Crosswords the fault, but know you the word for 'dead'?"

Full pleasant hours six on it I spent in vain.

But for that word I might have fagged the test."

Head: "No jesting! Come, explain!" (Howling noises above.)

Bass.: "Now thrice the tabby cat has mewed—"

Ant.: "And thrice the tom has answered. That is good luck, I have often heard it said."

Head: "This jest must end, or take the consequence."

Ant.: "We are armed and well prepared. The deed is done, and I beseech your grace to pass the sentence."

Head: "For full three weeks in earnest soul repentant,

At lunch recess, and after school as well,
Must you report yourself. Adieu. Adieu."

Ant.: "What! What! No worse? and so adieu."

(Exeunt.)

J. RATHBORNE (3A).

 THE RETURN OF SPRING.

She comes, the beautiful time of Spring,
And Nature hears her call.
The wide bush hears her great voice ring
Through trees both large and small,
And feather'd songsters answering
From tops of gum-trees tall.

The earth is clad with moss and fern;
The tinkling, purling streams,
The music of the birds' return,
While dancing water gleams.
Released from Winter, cold and stern,
The days are full of dreams

The wattles decked with blooms of gold
Bend low towards the ground;
With verdant tendrils vines enfold,
The trunks so straight and round,
With flowers rich and red and bold
The waratahs are crown'd.

When, flashing, sparkling in the sun,
And wet with morning dew,
The plants hold up their heads, each one
Appears more rich of hue.
All Nature's glad that Winter's done
And Spring is here anew. —H. CHILD.

A SONG IN THE BUSH.

The scene of this little story finds its setting in the Australian bush—the great bush about which our poets have written so much; the bush with the inexplicable, haunting charm and a deep love to answer every call.

To old Bill, as he stood with heated brow and limbs trembling from exertion, there seemed no such attraction in the expanse around him. Behind was a long, dusty road; in front, the same; around him were the trees, and above a hot, sweltering sun. Everything was hot; the trees offered no shade, the air was stifling, the ground hard and caked, and Bill absolutely knocked up.

The bush at this time had no charm for Bill: it consisted of a lot of trees, and in his eye they stood fixed and immovable in the terrible heat and only helped to deepen the picture of everlastingness.

Bill was greatly worried about something; his face contorted and frowned, and his brow kept criss-crossing with bewilderment as one thought after another followed. In his mind all was chaos. Behind him lay a sad picture of failure when he had really struggled to rise, only to be met each time with rebuffs. Around him present exigencies were pressing hard; he was in want, in many ways, and it made his heart sad. In front of him the prospect was no more encouraging; he foresaw hours and days of ceaseless toil to bring but scant reward for the effort. Truly his plight was piteous: his state would make even the most stout-hearted weep, and for a tear or two to trickle down his bronzed, unshaven cheek was but natural.

But stay! Had Bill finished his review? He had looked behind, in front, around, but he had forgotten to look up. Above him there was shining another little sun, shining bravely and truly; a sun of faith and hope, which has its light from a most wonderful Person—the Greatest Friend of all. Bill could not see it, for present circumstances overshadowed everything else—far too strong a curtain for that humble little orbit to penetrate.

At length he sat down and once again gave himself up to hopeless thought. No! Nothing would go right; every plan that he formulated was obstructed. With these thoughts on his mind he became very bitter.

Silence! He is quiet and worn-out with fatigue. He begins to doze. Before Morpheus can completely gain a hold of him, however, he is aroused. Away in the distance he hears someone singing, and instinctively he starts forward. But, on second thought, he stops. What is the good of him seeing anybody? Life in any phase isn't much for him. The song is finished, and soon is sung again. This time Bill's interest is involuntarily aroused, and he listens attentively to the words as they come clearly and melodiously through the still forest:—

Give me youth and a day and a big blue sky
above,
Give me faith and a hope that is good and
strong,
Give me joy and a road where the sunlight
flames and falls,
And I'll march right on through the world with
a splendid song.
And the singing stops.

Bill is lost in thought again. No doubt his meditations are inspired by the song. Let us leave the veil drawn and Bill within the sacredness.

Then, as if time for thought had been given, the song continues:—
Give me youth and a heart that can face the
strife and storm,
Give me love that is true, that is great and fond,
Give me life and a breath of the winds of God,
And I'll march right on through the world to
the day beyond.

The old man is still in thought. Let us steal away. With a reverence which the occasion demands, we leave and make our way through the forest.

Ah! We have come to some sign of habitation—a little clearing, a little hut, and a big, stalwart man meets our gaze. The strapping young fellow—for from a distance we can see that he is in the prime of life—cheerfully trots round his little shanty preparing his midday meal. With a hearty handshake and happy smile he greets us and puts a little more provender on his deal table.

What an interesting meal it is! How entertaining is our host! How cultured and manfully! "I am strangely happy to-day," he says. "I feel that I must sing. The song that best

expresses my feelings is this," and he recites the words which a little while before we had heard him sing.

"Yes, I remember my first acquaintance with that song," he said, falling into reverie. "It was at my grand old school—the school on the hill. I was only a nipper then, but a Fortian to the core, and my word that song appealed to me! It re-echoed the sentiments of the Old School itself. The tune and the words have been with me all the way, and I find myself singing it out here. I didn't expect to find myself in this circumstance; my track's been hard, very hard in fact; but I hope that I've still got the spirit of that song—'The Fortian Spirit.'"

We left him that evening, wishing him the best of luck, and admiring him and his school.

The next day was like its predecessor—a scorcher—and in our travels whom should we meet but old Bill! In the distance we descried a figure, and as it approached a beaming face was revealed under the sundowner's hat. With eyes aglow and body active, he passed us hidden as we were. In the air were faint mutterings, "great and fond," "youth and an 'eart," "day beyond."

No longer were the trees and road the same to Bill. They pulsed with a new life and a new breath. Bill saw things differently. The new sun had dawned on his horizon, and in our hearts we prayed an easy road for him. The song had reached Bill's heart. Fort Street had accomplished one of its tasks.

Let this—the Fortian Spirit—be ever militant, to march on to comfort and to help.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

William de Fitz-Jones was awakened from his peaceful slumber by the gentle tinkling of a radio bell in the year of our Lord 2025. His luxuriant home was situated in the Blue Mountains, all of which were popular suburbs of the renowned City of Sydney, whose centre had now shifted to the place known a century before as Emu Plains. Pressing a button on the wall, his bed gradually sank into the floor, and its place was taken by his huge bath. Automatically-worked sponges did the work of washing, while, on pressing another button the sponges stopped; a towel dried him, the water and bath disappeared, and a magnificent armchair rose up. A suit of purple velvet (men having returned to the Elizabethan style of dress) came out and fitted itself on. He seated himself in his chair and, turning to a silver menu, he touched a small button near the dishes he wanted and tables containing them slid gently into the room. His meal finished, he tapped gently on the wall and a bronze hand holding a paper appeared out of the wall. When he had taken it, the hand drew back again. The paper, the only one existing in Sydney, was the "Fortian," originally supposed to have been the paper of some school in the dark ages. I use the term "dark ages" because schools had long since passed out of existence, learning having become natural, one language—Australian—being universally spoken, all others having died out. Pressing a pedal with his foot, his chair slid out of the room, taking him to the shed of his Vickers-Ford, an amphi-

bious contrivance which went equally well in sea, land and air. I may here add that cars were very rarely seen at this time, except in the poorest suburbs, where an occasional Rolls-Royce was seen. He stepped in and his chauffeur, a young female, they having long ago replaced men, started the machine, which immediately rose into the air. He told her to drive to the Sports Ground, as there was to be that day a crickis (a combination of cricket and tennis) match between Sydney and Canberra, the flourishing capital of Australia.

The air traffic was very congested, and the chauffeur was having a difficult task to keep the machine clear. Suddenly, coming in the opposite direction at a tremendous speed, an air-hog was noticed. The chauffeur, as is generally the case, became flurried and lost control of her machine. The crash was inevitable, and next minute William de Fritz-Jones remembered no more.

Rubbing his eyes, William Jones sat on the floor beside his bed, and looked around him in bewilderment. Suddenly looking up he saw the calender with the date on it—14th May, 1925. He was looking again to see that his eyes were not playing tricks on him, when he heard a high-pitched voice outside the door call out "Willie, your breakfast is all cold and you have exactly fifteen minutes to catch the 'bus, and if you miss it you'll only have to walk to school, that's all. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Willie caught the 'bus.

GREY'S FALLS.

Most people who have visited Casino have been proudly led, after such various minor beauties as the town and its surroundings afford have been exhausted, to the crowning glory of all—Grey's Falls. A certain mysterious air of pride is seen in the local resident, when any subject pertaining to waterfalls is mentioned, and this atmosphere creates an idea of something wondrous strange, which, being an unknown joy, places the stranger on such a key of expectancy as leaves him chafing to satisfy his soul of the beauties and graces of nature which would seem to be lavishly scattered there.

I first gained an idea of the existence of these falls by a photograph in a tea-shop, showing an apparently broad and stately river, winding through picturesque flats and marked by rows of willows—"The Richmond River below Grey's Falls." I was immediately fired with enthusiasm, and lost no time in proposing to my friend a visit to these falls. As we had some distance to go home, however, we were unable to view it on that visit, so it was arranged to devote a whole day to this enthralling attraction.

In the meanwhile, the expectant air mentioned above, continued to fill my mind with pictures of all kinds of exceptional things—lofty walls of glistening rock, a snow-white rush of creaming waters, breaking to a fine spray as they reached the rocks far below. . . . In endeavouring to gain a definite impression, I received, after much questioning, more vague answers, which tended to heighten my eagerness. "You know," said my friend, seriously, "that the waterfall is agreed upon by travellers as being a much greater beauty than the snow-capped mountain, the lake, or the most beautiful vegetation of the world. Again, there are certain standard types of waterfalls definitely established in our minds—the inspiring Niagara, the wonderful Victoria, the misting Weeping Rock of our own country; all these have their charm, but"—and he shook his head sagely and commenced playing the "Cascade de Roses" on the gramophone. I was thrilled, as I tried to realise my enormous good fortune in being permitted to view this sight.

Dawn of the great day found me impatient to view this galaxy of beauty, and despite the attractions of the country passed through, I could

not attend, as the various points of interest were pointed out on our way. At last we came into the outskirts of the town, past the racecourse and coursing ground, past the show ground, and over the big bridge, and so finally to the town itself. I was by this time "fairly dancing with excitement," but my friend seemed to have become a trifle embarrassed—modesty I thought. We pressed on by devious routes, for my eagerness permitted of no lagging, and walked resolutely; as a matter of fact, we continued to do so for quite some time. Finally, rather exhausted, I sat down to wait for my friend where a ledge of rock appeared to form stepping-stones across the river, which here must have been a full twenty yards wide. My friend now seemed very flushed. I attributed the circumstance to our haste. Meanwhile, I surveyed the river further down in vain for traces of spray to mark our goal—the horizon was quite blank of such. Suddenly my eye was caught by some lettering cut into a rock in the stream near me, and then I made out in block capitals the words "Grey's Falls!"

I drew back, appalled by the grandeur of the spectacle! My ambition realised. Yes, there were the falls, crowned by the remains of an umbrella, the epitome of the march of progress, whose proud throne over which the water trickled, was supported by sundry tins and an old lantern. These marked the point of descent—down fully two feet or so plunged the foaming torrent!

On the way home my friend was quite surly; he said that it was entirely different in a flood, and that new residents from all parts had passed the opinion which he expressed. Now, various authorities state that Casino is a flourishing township; others I have met affirm that its standing as regards population has not advanced in the last ten years. Argument on this point brought us away from our original subject, and I noticed that my companion was much more prepared to foster this dispute than to refer to the other.

It is a well-known fact that outstanding events in early life stand clearly photographed through the years; on this authority I am prepared to state that in, say, fifty years, deo volente, my impressions of Grey's Falls will stand predominant in my reflections on Casino.

—"PABULA," 3C.

HEROES OF OUT-BACK.

Nine months ago, during the Christmas vacation, I came across a place known to many as the "murder house." You find it after forty miles travel from Gilgandra, one of our western townships.

In the centre of a wide clearing stand two dilapidated buildings, one a slab hut with a shingle roof and a small verandah, the other the remains of what was once a shed. To the northern border of the clearing a long line of tall gums look down the precipitous banks of a dry creek. To the left a narrow track is lost in a thick grove of pine and oak, and to the rear of the hut you see a large area of dry, scorched land, treeless and desolate.

There they stand, grim symbols of a foul murder. One night, thirty years ago, the avenging spirit of an aboriginal came without warning on a bravely-struggling pioneer, together with his wife and child.

As I looked at the dark, ominous stains that stand out in great splashes and blotches on the floor and wall, I could scarcely suppress a shudder. The whole picture of the deed was running through my imagination—the silent moonlight night and the lonely hut—figures creeping in the deep shadows of the gums—the noiseless entrance into the house—I could almost hear those cries of anguish that rent the silence.

To dwell upon this story is too gruesome. I only desire to pay a tribute to the real heroes

and heroines of our country, to those who endure the isolation of the Central Western Plains, to those now contesting drought and disease west of the Darling, and to those lonely men who drove vast herds and flocks along the Queensland border.

Now, woodgetters are disturbing the solemn stillness with a whining sawmill that echoes through the timber and far down the creek. Above, the hawks soar, often poising in their majestic flight. The dismal note of the crows comes from the tall, gaunt trees, and, like a sea of green as they wheel across the clearing, bands of parrots occasionally sweep past with a whirr of wings and wild shrieks, which break mockingly upon the air.

At night the moon, white, cold, dispassionate, gleaming through the trees and casting weird shadows on the ground, the breeze rustling the leaves, and the tall, dry grass and the eerie mysterious calls of a distant curlew, provoke a sensation of utter loneliness.

Let us pause one moment and think reverently of those men who endured this desolation, and who often laid down their lives in the attempt to fathom the secrets of our land. Let us also give a thought to those who now face monotony for our sakes, for surely these men and women are true heroes and heroines.

P.E.N.

A THUNDERSTORM.

The atmosphere is sultry and gradually becomes darkened by the menacing clouds which gather overhead. The heavy silence is broken only at times by the shriek of some bird, as it flies swiftly through the air, in vain attempt to escape the destruction of the rising thunderstorm.

But hark! Gradually a deep rumbling sound strikes the ear. Louder, clearer, more terrifying, until at last a ball of fire shoots from the sullen sheet of clouds from overhead, and the thunderstorm is here in its full force and glory. Each flash of lightning and peal of thunder is followed by another, more terrific, yet more magnificent.

Following the continuous rolling of the ear-splitting thunder, the jagged lightning flashes vividly, and, as the darkness gradually commences to fall, the rain pours down in torrents, and the wild wind blows furiously. Still the fury of the heavens is not appeased. The live lightning leaps from point to point, and the storm continues to rage with unabated fury. The thunder cracks sharply and fiercely, while the work of desolation is carried unceasingly.

Finally the thunder dies away into a low rumbling, and the lightning ceases to flash. The fury of the thunderclouds abates, and the rain falls in torrents to complete the devastation.

THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

Dusk had just fallen over the bush, and a cool stillness pervaded the air. It was but the calm before the storm, for black threatening clouds were fast approaching from the southward.

In a clearing some hundred yards square, and bordered by hurdles, stood a flock of sheep, bleating their discontent.

A lean and muscular sheep-dog padded noiselessly on his round, and then approached the rude hut which graced the centre of the clearing. "The hut was built of bark and shrunken slabs, that wore the marks of many rains, and showed dry flaws wherein had crept and nestled rot."

The interior was even bleaker, and devoid of feminine touch. A fireplace and several cooking utensils lay at one end, and at the other a mattress of straw and a pair of blankets. Upon this bed there lay a man, whose gaunt form, hollow eyes and sunken cheeks clearly indicated that his life's course was almost run. He slept—not a blissful sleep, but one of a fever-stricken man—disturbed by inaudible mutterings. The dog entered, licked his master's hand, and whined

softly; receiving no answer he betook himself to a couch at the man's feet.

An hour passed, then the storm broke with all its pent-up fury on the isolated hut; the wind screeched through the trees, and the chinks of the hut; the rain beat down heavily, mercilessly penetrating the bark roof of the shack, and disturbing its occupants. The dog nestled deeper into the warmth of his couch and resumed his peaceful slumber. The man tossed restlessly for a while, and then sitting suddenly bolt upright cried in a clear, ringing voice: "I'm coming, I'm coming." With that he fell back on his bed and lapsed into delirium. Death now kindly intervened, and, stretching forth her tranquil palm, soothed his troubled brow.

The storm had lost its fierceness now, and the rain fell with its customary monotonous sobbing once more. The dog, scenting the presence of death, lifted his nose skywards and howled soulfully. Then, rushing forth into the stygian blackness of the night, left the master, whom he had so loved in life.

—B. WENHOLZ, 4C.

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A RAINY VISTA.

The distant Blue Mountains seem to me, as I gaze on them, impetuous, tossing, rollers which, advancing proudly on to the shore, have been frozen, and ever threatening to burst and overwhelm all in a welter of seething, thrashing, chaos, halt immovable.

Day after day I have strained my eyes trying to discern their reality; the dense bush, tall trees, inextricably bound by all-embracing undergrowth, yellow walls of rock and droning valleys. These, I know, are there, but the space between us has drawn over them a veil which conforms to the bold outline of the ridges but conceals the wealth of living detail—whistling birds, sleepy wallabies and flashing streams. Blue is this veil always, but to-day it is unlike any colour I have ever seen, cold, grey, all permeating, reposing not only on the slopes and summits, but piercing to the very heart of the hills; sweeping, but restful; gloomy, yet proud.

Over all, like a lesser depressing heaven, hangs a low, sombre, bank of cloud, intensifying the picture with a darkness which scarcely allows the

mountains to be seen. Slowly, there passes over the side of a crouching mountain, a delicate mist, infused with a pearl light from the afternoon sun. Mysterious, impalpable, it is like a ghost, through whose body objects appear pale and strange, and wanders gliding along the summits. Then it dips down to the foothills, covering all now, and presents a spectacle as lovely as it is incomprehensible.

What is this mist? The manifestation of an approaching spirit? No. The humble, familiar rain, transformed by space from the dreary, monotonous drizzle, to a soft saffron light. Its size has increased, and now it storms the surface of the plains at the foot of the mountains with a roar unheard, an onslaught unseen. Everything, mountains and plains, is hidden, and the rain approaches, but suddenly veers towards the south, and draws with it the delicate mist and saffron light, its earlier and later forms. A light, streaked with silver, breaks through the dark cloud and sheds a holy gleam on soaked plains, but, above, and towering high, stretch the same mountains, blue as before.

MY SONG.

The night was warm and sultry,
We boys were feeling fine,
But, no, we could not go to play.
But must to French confine.

Two hundred, six and forty,
And, Oh! it seemed so long,
But yet we could not murmur
For Latin was the song.

The master coughed and sighed,
The point we could not hold,
And so we have not learned it:
Is Kosciusko cold?

The night was passing heavy,
The master seemed so glad,
A red book on the table lay
About Sir Galahad.

Our notes were in by Monday.
The master took a seat,
For not a one was missing,
And all were very neat.

Next test for Tuesday ev'ning.
Oh! didn't we look sad!
For it was Monday morning.
Oh! Gee! it was too bad.

With Sines and Tans confounded,
And figures "up the pole,"
We felt like going "west," sir,
By drowning in a hole.

So now my song I've ended.
I'd advise you not to wait
And do not be so worried
If Jack is working late.

H. P. WILLIAMS.

OLD EAVIN'S FLUTTER.

Old Eavin's flutter is remindful of two adversaries entering a tram-car from opposite sides, both scrambling to secure the one vacant seat. One gets the position and seats himself sedately, with the smile of victory upon his brow. Presently the grin vanishes, and the expression on his face changes from one of happiness and security to one of horror and regret, for the weather is rainy and the ceilings of trams are not too waterproof.

Old Eavin was noted for his eccentricities. Rarely, if ever, did one see signs of emotion lighting upon his face; never did he deign to express a grief; never did he give way to mirth and jollity, being a thorough stoic—a stoic in the true sense of the term. People would scoff at him and say he was bordering upon his dotage; but "Pooh!" said Old Eavin, "what do they know about me?" "Let 'em go to pot," he would add, after a little reflection. "I've not lived on this earth for seventy-three years without studying my anatomy a little. I know, if anyone knows, if I'm sane or not. I'm good for another fifteen or twenty years." Indeed, Fortune did seem to smile upon Old Eavin and treat the gossipers to a gaze of scorn.

In business Jonathan Eavin, commonly called "Old Eavin," had been exceedingly successful; but a peculiar circumstance is that as his age increased, his desire—no, not ability—for business decreased. At sixty-five he had retired from active business, and thenceforth led a semi-hermitical existence. Being thus left to himself, he became so eccentric that the above report gradually circulated. To see Old Eavin in the shopping area of the town was a very uncommon sight. Very rarely did he leave his dwelling.

[It is here, in the similtude, that the two adversaries enter the tram-car.]

Suddenly a change came over the man. He smiled occasionally; he became jolly in some measure.

[Here the victorious adversary gloats over his victory.]

Gossip had it that he had regained his senses; but again they were destined to be in the wrong, as will afterwards be seen. Even men began to talk about him, for he was the talk of the town; his name was upon everybody's lips.

People began to wonder who had effected such a change in temperament, who had exercised such an influence upon him, and once more brought him into the public eye; when—when—more suddenly than the change had overtaken him, Old Eavin died!

[Here is the change in countenance of the vidor.]

Fuel was added to the fire of discussion. His death was completely enshrouded in mystery. Some said that the change had had such an effect upon him that, thinking he would never see Heaven if he continued thus, he had taken poison to avert such a catastrophe. Others said that he had died of heart failure. There were yet others who held the belief that he had put an end to this life's miseries in a temporarily insane moment. But all these were equally distant from the solution of the mystery. Only those who were very closely connected with Old Eavin knew and understood the real cause of his unexpected demise.

The fact is that from the very outset of the change from hermit-like habits, he had become violently insane.

Old Eavin had formed a plan, entirely his own, which he proceeded to carry out, whereby he should rejuvenate himself. The plan was a series of intense physical jerks. Doubtless he thought it would make him or break him. The following is the plan.

On leaving his bed in the morning, he would hop into the bathroom on one leg, have a cold plunge, run around the backyard five or six times without stopping, have a hot bath, then hasten to breakfast, taking full care to see that his arms and legs were kept in constant motion. Having broken his fast, he took a series of physical jerks before a blazing hot fire, this being followed by another hot bath, and succeeding this with a cold shower (poor fool, silly fool). Without arresting his movements, he would grasp a heavy sledge-hammer and swing it for a quarter of an hour, which action in itself would, with all due expediency, bring him to a state of complete exhaustion. After his blacksmith's tactics he would lie perfectly still upon a slab of marble for half-an-hour, and then begin all the ceremonies afresh.

Thus, little is the wonder that Old Eavin

died, considering that, beyond walking to and from his business, he had never exercised his limbs throughout his seventy-three years of dreary existence.

Poor Old Eavin is, as the ancient verger said

about an old identity of a certain town, "dead at present," lying, not above, this time, but below a slab of marble, in a quiet corner of the old churchyard.

E. K. HUTCHISON (4C).

IV.—"ATLANTIS."

Redly glows the orb of morning, in the stormy,
cloud-swept skies,
Bathed in his lurid rays Atlantis the unholy lies
Dazzling 'mid the foam-flecked waters of the sul-
len, tossing main,
Like a gem of evil beauty—gorgeous with a
venom'd bane.
Oh! thou child of all corruption, heedless of im-
pending doom,
See the red clouds burst asunder, see the shapes
of terror loom;
Hear the dreadful voices pealing, thro' the tem-
pests howling breath,
"Daughter of ten thousand evils, expiate thy sin
in death."

In the city, pleasures seeking, all her idle thou-
sands stray,
They whose lives of dissipation look their last
upon the day.
One alone of all the surging, splendour-mad-
dened crowd that throngs,
Hears the warning, sees the portents, knows his
country's awful wrongs.
He, an ancient, hoary elder, who by orison and
prayer,
Learned the secrets of the ages, all their mys-
teries laid bare.
Through the city, drunk with madness, hear this
holy prophet cry
"Woe upon atlantic glory, in this hour the race
shall die;
No one heeds—the lust of evil clouds their minds
with madness o'er,
Wild and wilder grows their frenzy—madder yet
than e'er before.
Sad at heart, the man inspired climbs the
temple's lofty stair.
From its soaring, dizzy summit gazes on the city
fair.
On to noonday grows the morning. Now the
skies are overcast,
Presage of their doom impending dawns upon
the crowd at last.

Now 'tis eve. . . No star shines brilliant
on the velvet pall of night,
But the darkness now is torn with dreadful beams
of hellish light.
Round the city's lofty turrets howl the voices of
the blast;
Shrieks the tempest—on the ramparts leaden
waves are rolling fast.
Sober now, with terror smitten, seeking to escape
their fate;
Rage the people, wailing wildly, but repentance
comes too late!
Now the heav'ns with thunder rattle, on the
deep and on the strand,
Boom the ocean's heavy rollers, crashing through
the smitten land.
Far amidst the verdant valleys, flaming tongues
are flaring forth.
Surely all the fiends of death appease the Father's
holy wrath!
Shaken in a dread convulsion, buildings totter to
their fall,
Wreathed in smoke, their shattered fragments in
the havoc bury all.
Battered by the seething torrent, down the sea-
side fortress goes.
Now o'er all, the boiling fury of the flood des-
troying flows.
One last crash, the heavens thunder—one last
blaze of fiendish light,
One last wave, then all is over—quiet rules the
peaceful night.

The past is gathered to the past, the name alone
remains,
Yet can the tide of time suffice to cleanse her
deathless stains?
The wages that she paid for sin were those of
death and shame.
But can the crystal waters wash the venom from
her name?
Ah! she from grace has fallen low, and ever
more must be
A link in God's unending chain, which is eter-
nity.
G. GILLARD, 4B.

DIAMONDS !

In 1895 a native chief in Bechunaland was notified that Cecil Rhodes was going to visit him. Rhodes came, and the chief, a vain old man, showed him a collection of diamonds he had, the fruits of years of pilfering by the natives. When Rhodes left it was pointed out to the chief that he had shown his spoils to the chief diamond owner in the country, and so he became frightened and sent the diamonds to a brother in Portuguese East Africa. The messenger wandered into the dry country, just below the Drakensburg Mountains, and died of thirst with a million pounds worth of diamonds on his person.

They remained there till 1899, when two Boers—scouts from Ben Viljoen's column, which was operating north of Middleburg—found them. These two men, Schwartz and Klerk by name, agreed to hide the diamonds till after the war, when they could dispose of them. Schwartz was killed during the war, and Klerk was sent to St. Helena. He returned in 1902, and by that time the I.D.B. (Illicit Diamond Buying) Act was in force, making it impossible for Klerk to sell the diamonds openly. He confided his difficulty to Maritz, his landlord, who told him that he had the very man to do it. So the next day Klerk was introduced to Ryan, an ex-private detective, who consented to sell the diamonds. They agreed to go to Middleburg by train, and from there to the cache by a donkey waggon. On the way to Middleburg a Mr. Murphy en-

tered the carriage and Ryan introduced him as the man who could get the diamonds out of the country.

Klerk and Maritz trekked North East from Middleburg, and on the third day Klerk announced they were near the diamonds. That night Maritz died from a bullet wound through the back of the head, and three days later Klerk left camp with both his own and Maritz's outfit. He returned to Jo'burg, and boarded with Mrs. Maritz, who accepted his statement that he did not know what had become of her husband. However, she became suspicious when she found that Klerk was wearing her husband's shirts, and went to the police. Klerk was arrested for the murder of Maritz, and the police discovered Ryan and Murphy, who were their chief witnesses.

These men got into communication with Klerk, who told them the location of the diamonds. An expedition, sent to hunt for them, found Maritz's body greatly charred, his rifle near him, and his clothing hidden near by beneath some bushes. He had a bullet hole in his skull, and a bullet was embedded in the stock of his rifle.

At the trial Ryan said that Klerk and Maritz had gone shooting buck, that they had heard three shots, and Klerk returned alone and wanted to know where Maritz was. Klerk was convicted, and was hanged for having the bad luck to find a million pounds' worth of diamonds.

J. WISHART.

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY.

As would be expected from the numerous records created in the last Intermediate examination, the Top Fourth Year Class soon formed itself into an effective Debating Society.

The leading members, anxious that the Society should be superior to all such former functions, came forth in the first two or three weeks with ever-debatable topics of "The White Australia Policy" and "That Civilisation Leads to Physical Deterioration." These topics were taken up with great enthusiasm, and many of the Society found, after three years of comrade-

ship, that certain members were most successful and effective debaters, and possessed the ability to influence and convince the non-participating members.

Many weeks elapsed in this way, when, after having received into the Society a very notable debater and a participant in class discussions, a motion was brought before the Society by a leading member, "That our Society should in future be called 'The Imperial Parliament.'" On the worthy and helpful support, mainly by our lately received friend, the motion was unanimously carried. So the "4C Debating

Society" underwent a sudden and elevating change, and was to be called in future "The Imperial Parliament."

A change it was indeed. The Society now became the powerful and momentous body of the Imperial Parliament. Each member now must consider himself an Honorary Member of that great body, which holds together with a bond of kinship, those greatly beloved children across the seas, and which guides that mighty power that gives Britain the admirable position she holds at the present day—of protecting her children from foreign invaders.

There was a short time, a period of slight turmoil, due to the numerous bills brought before the constitution in rapid succession, but owing to the determination of many of our most industrious members the bills were passed or rejected as the Imperial Parliament thought necessary, and matters of foremost importance were then debated.

Undoubtedly the most important was "That Britain should give Colonial Preference to her Colonies." Interest in this debate rose to the highest in the year, and spirited arguments on both sides balanced the debate practically throughout. Although the subject was really one of seriousness, yet several Honorary Members at times introduced sparkling humour.

One rather degrading feature of our Imperial Parliament is that the same members participate in the debates practically every sitting. It is not due to the lack of ability of the remaining members, but rather to the apathy of certain members, to see the present 4C Imperial Parliament flourish, and we all hope, and we are confident, that it will continue in the same strain, and will merit the name of such a mighty body as the Imperial Parliament.

N. NEAL.



A LANDMARK OF MEMORY.

There's a few old stumps and hearthstones, and
 a crumbled brick or two,
 And acacia trees around them let a greeny sun-
 light through;
 There's a crumbling old red chimney, and the
 grass grows o'er the hearth;
 And the soft shade, in the bower, lends a comfort
 to the earth.
 The thick, green-leaved acacias stoop in pity
 round the home
 Where they knew of happy people, e'er a whis-
 per told them: "Come"!
 There's a bill behind the homestead, and a track
 winds at its side.
 The bottom of a river, sandy, deep, and parched
 and dried,
 Holds a little stream of water, stealing past in
 furtive flight,
 On the far side of the homestead, round a willow,
 out of sight.
 Smooth stones burn in the sunshine on the
 river's sandy bed;
 Pale-green, sickly thistles strewn around like
 corn ill-spread,

Lend their hard and dusty splinters to the par-
 ching of the scene,
 Where a scorching sun had dwindled down a
 river that had been;
 Yet beside that sandy hollow, still the banks grew
 green and soft,
 As they breathed the cooling shadow from the
 dark-leaved trees aloft.
 The dusty track swayed inward, as though long-
 ing for the shade,
 And the little ruined homestead, where once
 happy children played.

The shadows linger sighing, the cool, dark air
 breathes low,
 But the little lonely ruin stands there mutely;
 crumbling slow,
 Like a softly-breathing goddess, as she whispers
 low her plea,
 For the happy days of long ago—a page from
 memory.

D. LUMSDEN.

DRAMA—"LA BONZA."

My dear reader, I am a dramatist, and am going to compose for you a little play—short, crisp, and, as I hope, entertaining.

Before commencing the drama itself, there are certain matters to be considered.

The first of these is to decide as to which type of drama the contemplated work will belong. Of course, there is a very wide choice offering, and a decision would be hard to make, but, aiming as high as possible, and confining ourselves to something classical and cultured, there seems nothing else left to do but to select the grand opera.

The second matter to decide is the name of the play. Since it is going to be "grand opera," it is most essential that some well-sounding appellation with the Italian "twang" in it be obtained, and for this reason I have taken upon myself the liberty of choosing "La Bonza." Now we will have questions. Someone asks what "La Bonza" means. Well, as far as I know, it means nothing, except perhaps in its resemblance to the word "bonzer," it might infer that the play is going to possess qualities expressed by such a word. Another question. Why did you select it? Because, in the first place, it sounds well, the two long vowels producing a most desirable effect, and, as I said before, this quality is one of the essentials for success.

Thus the name and type of the play are settled. I suppose that now it would be advisable to decide upon the characters. A hero, heroine and villain, as you will all agree, are an absolute necessity, but, as for further characters, they are merely a hindrance, and tend to prolong the play, which I promised you would be short and crisp. The hero, of course, must be an exceptionally good man, as perfect as possible. A handsome, tall fellow, I think, will suffice, one that wears tan shoes and a blue and brown tie. The heroine is a dainty, frail little thing, with sparkling eyes. You all know the type of maiden I refer to, so I will not go into minute description. The villain, the vilest and most detestable of all men, wears a great, black mantle, and a black collar stud; a heavy frown and a great bushy beard adorn his ugly features and his top hat smells strongly of hair oil. So much for the characters, and now for the play itself. I think I

may safely say that you may leave the form in which the play will be written to myself. I will introduce verse when the dramatic interest is tense, and also when I can find suitable rhyming words, otherwise prose will be used. The first act is as follows:—

ACT I.

Scene.—Heroine reclining upon a couch; the hero gallops up upon a mule.

Hero.—What is the hour, my sweetest flower?

Heroine.—It is dinner-time.

Hero.—To the butcher's, I will go (dashes out).

Heroine.—Ut with the subjunctive.

CURTAIN.

What do you think of that for drama short and crisp as I promised, n'est-ce-pas. I suppose you all followed the thought. The last quotation of the heroine, perhaps, may puzzle some. It is extremely easy, however, and is nothing in comparison with Shakespeare. "Ut with the subjunctive," as everyone knows is the Latin for the English phrase "in order that." Now let us attack the problem mathematically. The data given, i.e., the hypothesis, is as follows. It is dinner time, the hero has gone to the butcher's, and the heroine muses to herself "in order that." The heroine would be thinking of the hero, so we may insert in front of the heroine's speech, "He is gone," and now the phrase becomes "he is gone in order to." Now why would anyone go to the butcher's. To get meat, of course. Hence the heroine's phrase now becomes, "he is gone to the butcher's in order to get (and keeping in mind that it is dinner-time) the dinner meat." Thus the heroine, instead of using a long sentence, namely, "he is gone to the butcher's in order to get the dinner meat," merely utters the concise and trim little phrase, "ut with the subjunctive" (cute way of expression, hey?).

By the way, I have gone and forgotten the prologue. Of course, it is too late now to go back so you will have to excuse me and do without one; anyway, it is not of the greatest importance or a vital factor for success, so it does not matter much. Now for the next scene.

ACT II.

Scene.—Butcher's shop. Hero dashes up on his mule, alights and strides into the shop.

Hero.—A sheep's kidney I will take,
 And a pound of the best stewing steak.
 Butcher.—I am.
 Hero.—I have none.
 Butcher.—What did you do it with?
 CURTAIN.

This scene, as before, is of the greatest dramatical interest. I suppose it would be advisable at first to make a few "explications," as before. "The first quotation is quite obvious. The butcher's reply may cause trouble, but is really extremely simple. Of course, he does not liken himself to steak and sheep's kidneys, and so must be explaining to the hero that he is getting the steak, etc. After the steak, etc., had been duly cut off, weighed and wrapped up, the butcher would demand a certain amount of money, and hence the hero's reply. The difficulty in the last phrase is due to the printer, who put the "it" before instead of after the "with."

The third act is the dramatic climax of the play.

ACT III.

Scene.—Same as in Act I., heroine still reclining upon her sofa, awaiting the arrival of the dinner meat.

Heroine.—Poor John's forgotten the cash,
 I bet he's in a hash.
 (You will excuse the word "hash," as it is the only appropriate word I could find to rhyme with cash.)
 Enter villain.
 Villain: Ha! this is fine.
 She shall be mine.
 Heroine: What vile creature do I see approaching?
 Villain: Arise, you are going on a journey.
 Heroine: Beloved, where are you?
 Come quick, dear, I need you.
 (Enter hero with dinner meat.)
 Hero: Vile sir, thou shalt surely die; with mine brawny arms will I crush you dead as this dinner meat.
 (Struggle, villain eventually stunned.)
 Hero: He will not trouble thee again, Kate; Hurry, or dinner will be late.

CURTAIN.

Thus my play ends. I could have made it a tragedy in which everyone dies, but then I would have been faced with the difficulty of disposing of the dinner meat, but, as it is, the latter is consumed, and the hero and heroine live happily ever after.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(With all due apologies to the Famous Ten Niggers.)

Ten little Fort Street boys
 Standing on the "line",
 One got another week,
 And then there were nine.
 Nine little Fort Street boys,
 All running late,
 One fell over the Assembly Hall,
 And then there were eight.
 Eight little Fort Street boys,
 All under eleven,
 One ate a "lettuce-roll",
 And then there were seven.
 Seven little Fort Street boys,
 Jumping over sticks,
 One jumped over the "new front fence," (?),
 And then there were six.
 Six little Fort Street boys,
 Busy as bees in a hive;
 One saw a Latin book,
 And then there were five.

Five little Fort Street boys,
 Each one "passing sore",
 One intruded on the "front",
 And then there were four.
 Four little Fort Street boys,
 Each one paying his "fee",
 One sank beneath the strain,
 And then there were three.
 Three little Fort Street boys
 Grew and grew and grew,
 One grew out of his boots,
 And then there were two.
 Two little Fort Street boys,
 Having a little fun,
 One sank beneath the mud,
 And then there was one.
 One little Fort Street boy,
 All his homework done,
 Curled up and went to bed,
 And then there were none.

THE WAR MUSEUM.

The War Museum, situated in the old Skating Rink, in Prince Alfred Park, near the Central Railway Station, is one of the most interesting places in Sydney to-day. Statistics show how popular this exhibition was in Melbourne, for during the first four weeks of its existence there it was inspected by 41,796 visitors.

On entering the building the first interesting object to attract the eye is a statue, entitled "Anzac Undress." This statue shows us the clothes worn by the soldiers while carrying water to the front lines. There is also a large torpedo, which was used by the Germans during the war, and which is most interesting. These and many shells and pictures occupy a small vestibule.

We now pass into the main building, and on entering, the eye is confronted with a multitude of things, so that one does not know where to cast his gaze first.

The most attractive objects are the aeroplanes and seaplanes. The largest of the aeroplanes is that in which Sir Keith and the late Sir Ross Smith flew from London to Australia in less than thirty days.

At the side is a glass case in which is the head of the famous horse, "Sandy," of the late Sir W. T. Bridges.

Along the walls are interesting pictures of prominent leaders during the war, sketches of places of interest, like Anzac Cove, and depicting outstanding incidents during the whole war.

On each side of the building there are many glass cases, two of which contain figures dressed in the uniforms of the various nations which participated in the Great War. Another contains figures of men and women, showing the uniforms worn by the Australian soldiers, seamen, nurses and masseuses. There are also numerous cases containing sundry relics picked up on the battle-field after the signing of the Armistice; among these are some crosses which were found on a soldier's grave, and some distorted hats belonging to French soldiers.

To the left of the building there is one massive picture, entitled "Anzac"; this picture shows us the first landing and the ascent of the soldiers over the range of mountains towering above Anzac Cove. This picture gives one an invaluable knowledge of the trials and hardships which our countrymen had to suffer, and it seems to

make those of us who did not go to the war realise how far removed we were from those dangers.

There is one large case devoted specially to the sports trophies won in the field by A.I.F. units, among which there are some remarkably fine cups and shields.

In one portion we may see the regimental colours of the 46th Turkish Regiment. This is of a red silkish material, bordered with a golden fringe, and in the centre is the Turkish emblem, worked in golden thread. These regimental colours are very interesting, because they are practically the most coveted trophies of the whole war, and were generally captured after a desperate fight. During the late war there were few regiments which took its colours into the field, and so the capture of such a trophy was unique.

A very striking representation is the model by Mr. W. Anderson, illustrating the conditions under which the troops lived during the winter of 1916-1917.

This model is very vivid, and shows the soldiers practically knee-deep in mud, and very ill, yet doing their duty. This model is a representation of the country in which the Australians fought during the first Battle of the Somme.

Another striking model is that entitled: "Attacking a Pill-box." This depicts a stage in a fight between the Allies and the Germans, in which the Australian rifle-bombers and Lewis-gunners have beaten down all German resistance, and the bayonet-men are attacking the pill-box.

There are also two or three plan-models of the battles of Villers-Bretonneux and Flanders. The most interesting is that of "The Attack on Mont. St. Quentin." "This shows the marshes of the Somme River at Peronne and the heights of Mont St. Quentin. It shows the trenches, barbed-wire entanglements and all the trials and tribulations of trench life. In the far end of the building, there is a series of models, beginning with the attack at Anzac Cove, showing trench life, Red Cross dressing stations, and many others, until finally the transports taking the troops home after four and a half years' of hard struggle. A very fine picture is that of "The Emden Beached and Done For," which shows the

Emden on the point of sinking after being defeated by H.M.A.S. Sydney.

The War Museum is a place which every one person should visit, because it is practically the only knowledge and idea of the war we, in Australia especially, shall ever obtain.

When we look round the building and see the misfortunes which the Germans caused, a feeling of hatred and anger arises in our minds, to think

that this is the result of humans.

The exhibition, besides being interesting, is instructive and educational, for when we hear, or perhaps read of trench life, or life in a dug-out, we only think of just a rough life, but when we see these vivid models, a totally different picture arises before our eyes, and we then realise the things which we have hitherto thought of in the wrong light. —L. SOLOMON, 5B.

KIPPERED—SNACKS.

We decided to do some deep-sea fishing, and went about four miles from the shore and dropped the anchor overboard to steady the boat. Suddenly it shot forward, like a hydro-plane, as if driven by some irresistible force. We were fully ten miles down the coast before anyone recovered from their surprise, or thought of cutting the anchor rope.

We since came to the conclusion that the anchor had dropped into the mouth of some sea serpent.

* * * *

Once we put out a set-line for flathead in shallow water. Came back at low tide and found three sea-gulls caught.

When the tide went down it left the line in about five inches of water and the birds must have mistaken the small mullet for live ones. It was a pity the gulls were not ducks.

* * * *

Thought I'd try my hand at spearing sweep (fish about 2 inches long). I coiled the line up nicely, brandished the spear, and like a savage after his prey, let drive with all my force at one solitary, innocent fish. A sudden shock of cold water threw to the winds all my expectations of hitting it. It appears that in picking up the spear I twisted the line around my arm. I don't remember whether it hit the sweep.

* * * *

Saw a chap once tread on a stingray. The pain was so great that it took four men to hold him down. I quite believe the person who described the lash of a ray as "sending one mad with pain."

Was cleaning about fifty small mullet one night by the light of the moon. The job was getting monotonous, and I was half asleep scaling the fish, opening it, and giving it a slight cleaning by dipping it into the water at my side. I had opened one, dipped it into the water and taken it out, simultaneously happening to glance casually towards my hand as I pulled it away. Not more than three inches, separating my hand and it, at the surface of the water was the phosphorescent form of some elongated fish of about four feet in length, slowly turning back to deeper water. You can speak of thrills and fright, but you can only imagine the uncanny, creeping feeling that crawled through my body and the terrific rate at which my heart was beating after I had somewhat recovered from the shock.

* * * *

The above reminds me of once fishing for bream off the rocks one very dark moonless night when the fish were rather slow at biting. Sitting about two feet above the water, I must have dozed, for suddenly I was paralysed by a terrific roar at my feet, and found myself staring at a large streak of light as it shot by. Then a few moments later, about fifty yards away, I heard the low "h-a-a-a-wh" of a porpoise as it came up for breath. One doesn't think much of the breathing of a porpoise ordinarily, but when he blows at your feet and you are in a semi-conscious condition surrounded on all sides by darkness and stillness, then, I say, it is quite a different matter.

May, 1925.

THE FORTIAN.

SHELLEY.



It is said that as a poet Shelley contributed a new quality to English literature—a quality of idealness, freedom and spiritual audacity." In Shelley's verse, apart from the enunciation of his favourite creeds in their superficial directness, there burns a prophetic fire that is lacking in the other poets of his age.

Again, Shelley's lyrical faculty was supreme, and in none of his greatest contemporaries was this faculty so paramount. He is the "loftiest and most spontaneous singer" of our language, whether we consider his minor songs, his odes or his choral dramas.

And as he was conspicuous above the rest in lyrical brilliance, so he surpassed others in range of power. For, though his lyrics are perfect, he yet wrote the best tragedy of the century, "The Cenci."

It is also said that the best familiar poems of the time and the best translations are his.

It is as an artist that Shelley has faults from which a number of his contemporaries are free. There is a want of narrative force, there is "haste, incoherence and verbal carelessness." His verse is marked by inequality. The defect was not one of power, but of patience; and the larger bulk of his poetry is immature.

His work was not ripened by reflection. He was intolerant of detail, and would not treat common things with artistic fulness; the grand, the spacious, the sublime, attracted him, while the perfection, maturity and mellowness which we find in his shorter poems, like the "Ode to the West Wind," is lacking in his longer works for the reasons mentioned.

But the result of this is that there is about his work something that is elemental—a part of nature herself—that does not allow us to class the poem as an artistic creation alone.

But perhaps paramount in his poetry, is that never absent quality, or rather spirit of aspiration, of endless striving, passionate in its earnest intensity, which gives to his poetry that peculiar atmosphere of spirituality with which probably no other poet imbues his work. No poet ever had such mastery over the feature that is inseparably connected with Shelley—he is the master of the imagery of nature's "remote and ethereal phenomena," which he ever linked with "visions of a radiant future and renovated humanity."

And if the question is asked, for what feature is Shelley's poetry most remarkable, we can only answer, to the suggestions of form, thought or imagery, that it is remarkable for all three.

For when Shelley is mentioned one immediately associates with him those visions for the redemption of humanity, those passionate negations of the world's creeds and laws, and the fiery ardour that inspired them. Inseparable from Shelley also is his surpassing lyrical touch, which his contemporaries never equalled; while, finally, the imagery of nature's moods which he employs to amplify his visions, is also unique and practically unattempted by any other. How then can we say which is the chief feature of his poetry when it is equally remarkable for thought, form, and imagery.

If we compare Shelley with Byron we find that both are reactionaries against accepted social codes, but whereas Shelley displays his visions with spiritual audacity, and cheers us with new hopes and splendid vistas, Byron's is of a daring nature; his "elemental worldliness" and pungent satire have no such effect as that produced by Shelley; they have not Shelley's magnetism.

In many ways there is a curious affinity in the characteristics of the poetry of the two men. Very few pages of Byron's verse aspire to perfection; his stanzas will not bear the minute dissection which brings out more clearly the delicate touches of Keats and Tennyson. Byron paints with a big brush, his pictures are not meant for the microscope.

In this we find a similarity to Shelley. He is habitually rapid and careless, and we have already remarked that the bulk of Shelley's work is denoted by immaturity and the lack of that perfection, found in his smaller poems.

Shelley himself said that once he was interrupted his soul descended to earth, and he could not again cast himself into the spirit of the interrupted theme.

Byron said: "If I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle. I never can recast anything."

Shelley, of course, far surpasses Byron in lyrical power, yet he also possessed a capability in

this direction; but his best inspirations fade suddenly, or are interrupted by incongruous buffoonery.

Comparing the thought contained in their poems, we realise that Shelley brought new idealistic visions to the world that were all his own; Byron did not bring a new idea, "he quadrupled the force of existing ideas, and scattered them far and wide."

Of course, the greatest force in Byron's work is his power of descriptions. His "Siege of Corinth" and the Giaour are redolent with vivid description and realism. Both Shelley and Byron were devoted to nature—Shelley to the vague, inexplicable, skyey beauties that no other could

give words to; Byron to the storms and crags, the raging waves and the iron-bound coasts that seemed to respond to his nature.

Yet Byron's genius was not dramatic, while Shelley wrote the best drama of the period; but the former, by virtue of his passion, as well as his power, was enabled to represent the human tragedy in which he played so many parts. His greatness, as well as his weakness, lay in the fact that battle was the breath of his being; to tell him not to fight would be like telling Shelley not to sing, and so his work is animated by the spirit of action and of enterprise.

N. MACINTOSH.

A BALLAD.

The king spake in the palace hall,
His goodly knights around,
Oh, where can e'er a youth so bold
To fight this beast be found?
Oh, where is there a goodly twain
To kill the dragon dread,
With mace and sword to win a name,
And leave him cold and dead?
From out the goodly throng there stepped
But one, and he to all,
Seemed but a lad, a slim tall boy,
Yet bore his armour well.
"Sir, King! I need no help," he cried,
"Alone I win or fall";
A warning leapt from lip to lip
Within the mighty hall.
"Proud knight, beware! thou art too young
To die in hopeless strife,
Full forty better swords have failed,
What is thy hope of life?"
"Ay! Ay! I know that forty knights
Have waned beneath his blow,
But greater then the praise, say I
To him, who conquers now.
"Tis better far that one be lost,
If he perchance be slain,
And what is death in manly fight
If honour be the gain?"
"To-morrow morn, ere break of day,
As forth from marsh he creeps;
I'll meet him by the river bank,
While yet the daylight sleeps."

At dawning when the swamp was grey,
From dim night mists he came,
His slimy body foul and green,
His nostrils breathing flame.
Beside the river flowing clear,
He stole across the sward:
The knight stood firm, with axe in hand,
And in his belt a sword.
The hungry dragon him espied,
And rushed to gain the prize,
With lightning speed he sprang aside,
And smote him twixt the eyes.
But lo! the trusty battle-axe
In shattered ruin lay;
The monster turned, the youth now stood
With sword in hand at bay.
And as the watchers pale with fear
Had made in haste to fly,
He leapt, he swung his gleaming blade,
And pierced the flaming eye.
No more the dragon roars by night,
From marsh and slimy fen;
No more he drags the human prey
To cave and loathsome den.
And in the palace hall next day
The king with pleasure spoke,
"I offer you whate'er you ask;
You won it by that stroke."
"I want not wealth; my whole reward
The glory gained from strife,
But just one boon I crave, O king,
The princess as my wife." —G. SCHRADER.

EXAMINATION.

Now have I passed through the bath of fire that is an examination, and have emerged shaken and purified, purged of false pride in myself, robbed of tumultuous doubts, calm as a sleeping air. What is done is done; and even if failure follows me unseen, I have yet stood in the lists of intellect matched for combat.

Yet what a silent tourney-ground, or amphitheatre was that spacious room! No clash of swords nor clash of wits, no plaudits, no bouquets, but seven-and-twenty youths went forth to meet as deadly a foe as ever haunted this earth. Some had the shields of long study, others the lances of intellect, and as for the rest I do not believe that a more curious collection of knives, spears, bow and arrows, javelins, spikes, stones, boiling oil, could be found anywhere. All had their own methods of attack for the common foe—but, oh, some were weak and pitiful.

As for me, I had commandeered a charger whose name was Imagination—though some call him Originality, and others Foolishness—and with him I would ride triumphantly over my foes.

Mathematics II. lay sleeping as I went towards him. I would have my steed step gently over his body to reach the goal; but no! even as I started the enemy leapt up with a curse, nursing his toe! Foolish horse! Then it was all a matter of the best man, and so I turned away sadly before long.

Now I advanced to meet English, and him I absolutely overawed, browbeat, vanquished, squashed, sat on, rolled on, rolled off. But I think my charger has carried me too far, so that my English enemy, too much beaten, may retaliate by suggesting a low mark to that archfiend, Examiner.

How did I ride that day over my deadly foe, Physics! How did I repulse him at every turn with some manoeuvre of my steed! How did I finally leave him bewildered, counting his weapons on his fingers, swearing with strange swear-words like "Velocity!" "Dyne!" and "Kilowatt!" Verily, my charger had so far borne me well—but, oh, soon came a sturdy enemy called French.

"Ha, fellow," quoth he, "ready to be vaincu once encore? But I noticed that he paled at the sight of my palfrey, and seemed mighty uneasy, for all his boastful words.

We fell to, but after a time we ceased fight-

ing, and agreed to call it a draw, shaking hands affectionately over the bargain. As I was going he whispered in my ear, "Don't let your steed trample too much on Latin's flower-beds, especially the prose one." So thanking him, I fared onward.

Why Latin chose his flower-beds as the field of battle is beyond me. One had to war in the midst of them, neither leaving them nor tramping them down, and on a charger like mine, I verily believed that I would be overcome.

But it was too late to withdraw. Already the foe was advancing with outstretched Livy, deadly weapon that pointed at my heart. "Pugna!" cried Lat. in a voice of thunder, and before long there was an unholy mess of Latin, flower-beds, and particles of my own good steed. But I won. I escaped with jubilation, leaving the wreckage behind me, and thankful that half the great battle was done.

Do you know History? He is such a gentle, peaceable fellow, he comes towards you with the love-light in his eyes, but behind his back he has a brick. Great Gods! He fairly knocked me from my perch, but I refused to descend to commonplace after such a lofty seat, and so sat tight.

His power was gone. I drove my steed over him transversely, horizontally, vertically, latitudinally, longitudinally, equatorially, Tropic of Capricornally, Einsteinally, and, finally, boomerangally. So you can now pride yourself on having discovered that he was thoroughly beaten.

Ah, Mathematics I.! Oft have I sat adoring thee, composing sweet nonsense for thy common-sense ears, singing thee little lyrics to charm thy heathen heart, laying little contributions and bribes on thy adamant altar! Yet hast thou never succumbed, thou hast never even believed in my sincerity. And now mine ancient enemy and I met in fair combat, and I could see the surds glittering on his finger-nails, and his eyes bright with logarithms, and the crimson flush of a negative geometrical progression, playing gently o'er his cheeks. How he smote me that day, how he vanquished me, ah, saddest of all, how he slew my gallant steed, that hardy little friend that some call Imagination, others Originality, and others still who are employed by the fiends of Mathematics, sheer unadulterated Bunkum!

—R. G. HOWARTH.

MEDITATION.

It was nearly midnight as I wandered dreamingly through a part of the great and silent Australian Busb. The light of the moon played mysterious tricks with the shadows of the grey, gaunt gums that were flung across my path.

My steps led me towards the old ruins of a one-time log cabin, the scene of a great siege by the blacks. It is true that there have been other such sieges as this, known and unknown. Unknown, for, clasped in the great bosom of Australia are secrets that no man will ever know.

My thoughts were brought to a sudden halt by the outline of the weather-beaten remains of "The White House."

The moon's pale rays falling softly on that old, dilapidated building cast eerie shadows, making "The White House" show up in all its ghostliness, and as I leaned with my chin cupped in my hands, I pondered. The shadows became more distorted. Fear clutched my heart! The light breeze blowing gently through those ancient remains sighed as if in sympathy for those that were gone.

An owl screeched, a stick fell. These sounds, mingled with other noises of the night, stirred

my vivid imagination. It was on such a night as this eighty-three years ago that "The White House" had been besieged by the blacks.

The horrible shadows, distorted by the flickering, uncertain light changed into weird prancing blacks, the sounds into shouts, into rifle cracks. Little spurts of flame split the darkness, spears and bullets flew about in erratic confusion.

Steadily the defenders ran out of ammunition. Black demons fell; still they screamed their blood-curdling war cries.

Then, slowly the door of the cabin opened and a little child in night attire tottered out, only the next moment to fall flat on its face, a spear sticking in its back. A woman, evidently the mother, ran over the threshold of the cabin in pursuit of her child, and as the door shut with a slam her soul continued the long chase of her little ones to heaven.

A bat flapped angrily in my face, bringing me back to life again. The scene I had just witnessed in my mind appalled me, and with an agonising cry I turned and flew back to the big, bright fire-side and peaceful company I had so recently left, leaving the still sighing wind and mysterious sounds of the bush to themselves.

-:-

-:-

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS SPILT
INK OVER MY TROUSERS.

Sweet maid, if but your beauty equalled were
Had made in haste to fly,

By some slight care, this harm had ne'er been
wrought,

My nether garments would have not been
caught

In such a sable shower, such sights would stir

The blythest heart to woe. This inky blur
Has quite o'erwhelmed me, if I'd but thought
That this would chance, I should have sought
Someone who on the careful side did err;

But now, alas, the evil has occurred,

And I must bear it with a tranquil mind
Who could give tongue to many a lurid word

When I know that my trousers from behind
Are streaked artistic'ly with ink and blurred.

Ah! if you love me, then, let love be blind.

—N. R.

"ESPERANTO."

When man first chattered gibberish sound,

And guttural voices wrought,

When e'er the savage heart was moved,

And knew not how to express thought,

When Tartar, Briton, Gaul and Greek

In motleyed throng were stirred,

Then but one tongue their hearts could speak,

But one, with common heart they heard

The mellow notes of lyre, or reed,

The Muses wond'rous tongue—

The Esperanto known, unlearned—

The magic notes of song:

Drear death they mourned with waiting pipe,

And hearts throbbed to a stirring beat,

When battles cry, loud blasts the sky—

The thund'rous drums, the marching feet!

'Tis to the doorway nations throng:

The portals of the hall of song!

D. LUMSDEN.

THAT MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

The object of this medical examination is firstly to provide employment for a few doctors, printers, publishers, and carriers, and secondly, to determine whether your little darling is suffering from any complaint, such as boils, which, though single at present, may possibly lead to the formation of others of this pestilential family of diseases, which is undermining the scholastic and political life of the world to-day. Have you ever stopped to consider how often the progress of a nation has been arrested, delayed, or hindered, because the Prime Minister had an inflammation of the little finger. Think only on this, and then direct your boy to furnish the following requirements. In case of any scruples we wish to make it quite clear that this information is strictly confidential, no more than twenty persons being allowed to inspect this card (besides those who have a special permit from the doctor, who can, if he wish, proclaim to the world at large, that B. Oil, or M. Easles, at an early period of this life, contracted a severe attack of "growing throats" or "rheumatic rickets," but in later life recovered sufficiently to enable him to pursue his scholastic course.

Questions—

- (1) Minute and hour of birth; description of house born in.
- (2) Number in family (including dogs and cats).
How many living.
How many dead.
How many not yet born.
- (3) Does your father drink, smoke, or swear?
Is he a member of a trades union?
Is he a Nationalist (if not, why)?
Does your mother wash-up, or do you?
Does she gossip (if so, about what)?
- (4) Give full address of grandparents.
Does your family go back to the Norman Conquest? (Give all names and addresses, please).
Was your furthest relative a fishmonger, or merely a Dago? (In answer to this, please state processes of evolution of the Italian's family down to your time).
Did your grandfather wear snake-skin shoes, or did he confine himself to lizards?
Have any of your great grandparents suffered from false teeth? (Please state cause—was it chewing gum or candy?)
Did your grandfather wear spectacles, or

did he use a magnifying glass?

- How many of your ancestors were brought up in Moscow?
- (6) Have you ever suffered acute pains in the head?
Please state time and date of occurrence.
Do you find they occur after Latin or before.
 - (7) Do you ever have a great toeache? What does it feel like?
Give dimensions of last wart you had.
Do you feel the pain in your toe or in your thumb?
When and how was it removed?
 - (8) When was the last time you took an Aspro?
Was it for brain fag or a "floating ear"?
 - (9) Do you ever go to bed? Do you ever get up? (In each case state how often.)
 - (10) Do you have five or six blankets at night? Do they ever fall off? (In last case state precise time of these occurrences.)
Does your bed face N. 28d. 30' E.? If not, why?
Do you sleep on your right or left side? (Please discontinue this practice.)
 - (11) Underline any of the following, if present, whilst asleep:
Sleeping, dreaming, snoring, grunting.
 - (12) Do you ever do home-work? If so, why?
 - (13) What form of recreation do you take? Also underline:
Marbles, home-work, catching 'buses, two-up, electioneering.
 - (14) Underline any of the following diseases from which you have suffered:
Water on the toe, rats in the garret, cold feet, mental or wireless telepathy, kleptomania, suicide, sea or home sickness.
 - (15) Have you ever been vaccinated on the ear?
Did it succeed in producing permanent deafness, or merely mental obsession?
- Additional remarks, ejaculations, etc.
(In this paragraph, please state any further diseases, such as ingrowing toe-nails, tugging at the heart strings, love-sickness. Did you recover from these, or were you killed by them? At present are you dead or living? State your personal opinion of yourself—(e.g., a jolly decent chap).
(Please sign on dotted line and state your relationship to yourself.)

D. HYDE.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

The chief figure in the double tragedy which I am about to relate, was a young Shorthorn bull, owned by my father about five years ago.

Reared on our own property, he was, until the age of two years, the pet of the male portion of our family, and nothing delighted my brothers and myself more than to catch and ride him about, occasionally twisting his tail to make him buck. Oftentimes we were amused by the sight of him kicking and bellowing whilst in flight from our three dogs, but little did we know that by so doing, we were mounting up a store of grudges against ourselves in the mind of the young beast, from what seems certain death.

He did not forget our practical jokes, which to him were very painful at times, and the day came when he assumed a hostile attitude towards us.

His first revenge was to charge me while driving home one day, but fortunately I escaped without injury. My father experienced a similar attack a week later, but the third and last rush was made about three months after this latter attack.

One evening, the discontented bull broke from his paddock, and sought a foreign strand in which to vent his pent-up rage. So, finding a quiet herd of cattle on the town common, he determined to stir up trouble in this direction. Here he met another, but larger, bull, and this meeting, as is generally the custom when two bulls come into contact, resulted in a battle royal.

For more than an hour the bloody battle raged, 'midst a cloud of dust and angry roars, which attracted the attention of the whole township.

But the heavier of the two proved victor, and after a grim fight our bull departed from the field of battle, crestfallen and severely gored, and in a very dangerous mood.

All night he strode about the common, suffering from defeat and burning wounds, roaring incessantly, only halting at intervals to paw the earth or vent his wrath by tearing the lower branches of trees with his short but treacherous horns.

With the first streaks of dawn this bulk of fury broke from the common on to the main road,

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and paced its length till sunrise, now quiet, but in a dangerous and sulky frame of mind. A resident, whose house faced the road, rose from his bed, and coming on to his front verandah, was met by the fiery gaze from the blood-shot eyes of the bull. Whistling his dog (who had a reputation as a heeler), he set him on to the bull, but the dog, perceiving lurking death behind those eyes, was too wise to attempt an attack, and slunk away to a place of safety.

Being informed of the whereabouts of the missing beast, my brother (armed with stockwhip and spurs) rode down to bring him home to his usual paddock. The resident described the grim struggle of the previous evening to him, and warned him against approaching the infuriated animal, who was now striding about in an aimless manner, as if constrained by some indomitable power.

But, heedless of the warning, my brother rode after the bull, who turned and headed for home in a very submissive manner.

The horseman, not expecting trouble after this apparently immediate resignation from a pugnacious front, cracked his stockwhip with a ring that echoed through the trees and in the ears of the beast. As if awakened from a reverie, it suddenly wheeled, and tail in air, charged with a deep roar of rage and pain, taking both horse and rider absolutely unawares. Before an attempt could be made to escape the sudden onslaught the bull's horn penetrated the belly of the horse, ripping a gash there fully eighteen inches in length, at the

same time, with a toss of the powerful neck of the bull, horse and rider were thrown feet into the air. My brother leapt from the saddle while in the air, and luckily, landing on his feet, was able to make good his escape before the dust of the rush had cleared.

The horse collapsed at the feet of the bull, who, infuriated the more by the sight of blood, gored and tore him in his fury, rendering more terrible the first tragedy.

The bitter revenge of three years' torment now came to the surface of this vicious fiend, as he tore and mangled the inert body of the cruelly-murdered horse.

A man who had witnessed the awful scene from his backyard immediately procured a large bore rifle from his gun rack, and loading it as he approached, placed it in the hands of my brother.

The two returned to within about fifteen yards of the bull, who stood, head close to the ground, holding them in a brazen gaze.

His long-restrained hunger for retaliation against the tormentors of his early life was satiated, for his work was done, and his day had come.

The rifle was raised, a steady aim was taken, a sharp report, followed by one low but terrible roar, and the bull sank to rise no more, with a .44 lodged in his brain, and the blood streaming from a round hole between his eyes.

And so, the murderer murdered, closed the double tragedy.

—H. W. DAVIS.

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SONNET.

It is the month of May; far in the west,
The rays of sunset languidly depart,
But leave a tinge of warmth yet in my heart,
And night approaches with her honeyed rest.
The clouds are drifting, tenderly caressed
By airy breezes, that sweet peace impart.
Now 'cross the blue a tardy bird doth dart,
And hastens homeward to his cosy nest.
Such peace as this, mine eyes have never seen;
Though many views of nature have I spied,
Still none surpass this eve of stately mien.
Oh! why, throughout our mother earth so wide
Is strife so rampant, and so much with us?
When peace like thine could reign so glorious!

—G. D. GAWTHROPE.

RAIN.

Pour down, ye little drops of cooling rain,
Come winds! come storm, and swiftly-moving
gale!
And then to thee, O God of Joy, all hail!
Pour down! O joyous rain! which conquers pain.
Come! long-awaited one, but not in vain,
'Gainst fears and terrors all dost thou prevail.
When thou art near no anxious heart need fail,
And o'er the world the God of Mirth does reign.
And then once more in cloistered hall we'll stand,
And to our names we'll answer one by one,
With happy thoughts of joys beyond compare.
Our hearts will leap with joy at that command.
Two hours from soldiers' duties hard we've won,
Yet rain on Monday afternoon is rare.

—G. B. C.

THE WEAPON OF THE GODS.

Then came one with the curved sardonic sword:
 "Ho! strike thyself, and die as best might be!
 The Queen is merciful to those abhorred
 By her—and justly—wherefore, be not free.

Of words; End, end thyself. Lo! even now
 The furious furnace in the dungeon flames,
 The black slaves heat for thine own unmarred
 brow
 An iron circlet! Not a touch but maims!"

Sunken in deep despair the doomed prince rose,
 And murmuring inarticulate, grateful words
 For this fair chance to finish his sad woes
 With one bright stroke, untortured, threw the
 birds.

That had been his companions now for long
 For want of human friends, a farewell glance.
 "Ho, there! Ho, there! Come forth from mellow
 song!
 Ho, there! He dies! Ho, there! Leave love and
 dance!"

The Queen, proud-eyed and venomous and pale,
 Heard sorrowfully. Why had choice been
 given?
 Ah, wasted fire, and rack and band and rail
 In vain prepared! By ire her soul was riven.

Out swept she the many-pillared hall
 Where lights fantastic sported with the gloom,
 And out her courtiers—lo! upon them all
 Laughing and jesting in the just-left room

An awe had come. So calm, so dread, so still
 The doomed one stood, the sword in his tight
 hand,
 The very torches seemed to feel the chill,
 And cease their gambols. Did they under-
 stand?

"O, Queen"—the assembly gasped at that calm
 voice—
 "O, Queen, thou hast no mercy—I have none.
 Be sure that when I fly by this my choice
 Thy misdeeds shall I tell to star and sun!"

"The very beams that light thy morning bed
 Shall waste thee, all the stars shall baleful
 glare,
 And the moon mutter curses on thy head
 And poisoned arrows pursue thee everywhere!"

"Yea, and the night shall see thee dread
 The morn, and in the morn thee dread the
 dark,
 And never more shall peace to thee be led—
 Not even when at last you swift embark

"On a dark voyage—Gods, what is this I say?—
 Hush, hearken! Didst thou hear it! Is it
 gone?
 Ah, sweet Queen, have I now a better way?
 Bid me good-bye, I pray, and speed me on!"

The Queen had shrunk not 'neath the poet's
 curse,
 Merely disdainful, made no sort of reply
 But a murmur, like the rumble of a hearse
 Spread through the crowd, and heartless, it
 said "Die!"

Oh, ne'er before had such a wicked smile
 On that great blade been seen; the lights
 burned low,
 A tense pause held the crowded hall a while,
 The prince stood firmly, and prepared the
 blow!

A thousand-throated shriek! A gust of fear!
 Look, Lo, behold! the grim sword cleaves not
 flesh,
 But whirls around the spark-stript atmosphere
 And holds the wielder in a fiery mesh!

"Seize him!" the Queen cries, livid with despair,
 Mindful of furnace flames that still burn high,
 But as she speaks, lo! all the place falls dim,
 And rattling thunder-tongues break forth
 anigh!

The crowd shrieks, none can move, the weapon
 revels
 In this dread outcome, round and round it
 leaps,
 The air seems full of twice ten thousand devils
 Waiting to do its bidding when it sleeps!

Fly! Fly! The palace walls! Feelest thou that
 shock?
 O, Prince, cease, cease! To us be merciful!
 The Queen staggers when the loud walls rock
 And none supports her. Comes a sudden pull.

The crowd falls flat. Ere it can scramble up
 The lit Prince throws a strong triumphant cry,
 With a loud crack like the crashing of a cup
 'Neath music, right and left, and to the sky.

The sword breaks. With a dull increasing rumble
 Down slide the walls, the roof—the sparks throw far
 And wide the terror—down the great stones tumble
 And bury the doomed concourse. Star after star
 With momentary tears is blinded—then
 Nought, nought remains but a silent twisted heap
 Of masonry, and underneath it men
 And women in sad ruin sleep.
 Sparks die away, the world seems strangely still,
 For the denizens of the town keep to their beds
 And cower in fear—let the Queen fight her own ill,
 Not bring unheard of terrors on their heads!

Yet one sad figure 'mid the ruins stands
 Bent-headed. 'Tis the Prince. O, ye on high!
 Behold what ye have done with these weak hands!

O, grief! I thank! I tremble! and I sigh!

Why stoops he 'mid the ugly tumbled stone?
 As fair white hand, limp now, and oh, so cold,
 That never fire would warm it, with a groan
 He takes and kisses, and the manifold

Grim lamps of heaven turn to pitying eyes—
 Alas for the Queen, that can no more be woken,

Alas, poor Prince! that cannot bear to rise—
 With the vengeance of heaven was his own heart broken!

R. G. HOWARTH.

FABULA BREVIS.

The night was dark, a heavy bank of clouds curtained the heavens, allowing not even the slightest glimmer of starlight to penetrate its vapoury folds. The short side-street was illuminated at either end, while its centre was in Stygian darkness. Silent warehouses lined the street, and passers-by were few and far between. For the last hour the watcher, ensconced in the darker gloom of a doorway, had seen no belated reveller to relieve the monotony of his vigil. As the clocks were striking in chorus the hour of three, he moved, as if about to leave his station, but—

Suddenly he heard slinking footsteps echoing in the almost oppressive quiet. Crouching in his doorway, he sees a man glide round the corner and come towards him. The watcher holds his breath. The newcomer halts before a door opposite, which he proceeds to examine. He, of the doorway, knows his position by a shadow slightly darker than the rest of the opposite wall. A faint odour of whisky and a dull clink of metal reach across the street. A faint scratching noise! the click of a turning lock! a faint squeak as the heavy door turns on its hinges!

Swiftly and silently a shadow detaches itself

from the opposite doorway. The expert with the skeleton keys is about to enter the open door, when he feels a slight pressure in the small of his back, while a gruff voice says: "Hands up, or I'll shoot." The tone brooked no disobedience, and the hands were held high. "Lucky I happened to be passing," said the same voice. "Step along now, and none of your tricks."

"Let me go, constable," says the other, "me missus is sick an' I only did it to get th' money to pay for th' stuff the doctor ordered."

"I'm sorry for you," says the constable.

"But I won't do it again; I swear I won't."

"Righto, hop it, quick!" came the soft-hearted reply.

The erstwhile watcher waited till his man was round the corner, and then turning, he softly entered the open door, picking up the bag left by the other in his haste.

Next morning the cleaner, arriving early, found the front door of the warehouse still open, and on the floor inside lay the safe, which contained certain valuables, its door half open, queerly twisted on its hinges.

—By X.Z.S.

SOME SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean. This is known as the Pilgrims' Progress.

Pompeii was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican.

The Feudal System: William the Conqueror was thrown from his horse and wounded in lived, wrote the Iliad and Paradise Lost.

Queen Elizabeth rode through Coventry with nothing on, and Raleigh offered her his cloak.

Charles I. was going to marry the Infanta of Spain. He went to see her, and Shakespeare said he never smiled again.

In Holland people make use of water-power to drive their windmills.

Clive imprisoned one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and so laid the foundation stone of our Indian Empire.



AUSTRALIA.

There's a land where skies are blue,
And the sun is warm and bright,
Where the sunset's ruddy hue
Oft portends a still cool night,
And the plains are dry and wide,
Where the big Merinos feed
And the sun-tanned drovers ride—
Men of simple faith and creed;
And at night the gum-trees tall,
White and ghost-like 'neath the sky,
Stand like sentinels over all,
When the mournful curlews cry.

There's a land where clear, blue hills
Turn their faces to the sea
And the little mountain rills
Bubble joyously and free;
And among the crags and rocks
Hides many a fairy bower,
Where the laughing echo mocks,
And the hard, grey, boulders tower.
Oh, the grandeur and the awe
Of that noble mountain range
Hint the ages gone before,
And their tale so old and strange.

There's a land where rollers long
Curl and sweep on beaches white,
Where the laughing mermaid's song
Makes the seagulls pause in flight;
Where the sea is blue and calm,
Scarce a white-cap tips the wave;

The air is filled with balm
Which the weary-bodied crave.
Here, those tired of life, and men
Come and rest at Nature's knee,
And they come and come again
For the soothing of the sea.

There's a land where forests cool
And each tree or tiny pool
All defy the power of words;
Where the streams and waterfalls
Whisper, laugh, or chatter gay,
Where the lyre or whip-birds' calls
Break the silence of mid-day.
On the broad streams, deep and slow,
The lovely hyacinths float
On the water, where they grow
Like a light, blue, fairy boat.

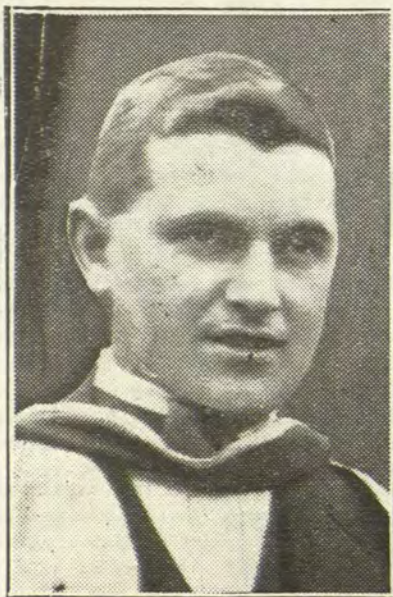
In this land the droughts are hard,
And the floods and fires are rife.
Many a squatter's dream is marred
By the set-backs of his life.
But this glorious southern land
Is our rightful heritage
Under God's protecting hand,
We will hold from age to age,
All its laughter and its peace,
All its beauty and its mirth,
All the hopes which never cease,
For all these are ours from birth.

N. WYNDHAM (5C.).

JOHN HUNTER, M.D., Ch.M.

The old motto of Fort Street—"Faber est suae quisque fortunae,"—has stood as an inspiration to generations of Old Boys, but in no pupil has it found a nobler exemplification than in the life and achievements of John Irvine Hunter.

Born at Bendigo in 1898 in humble surroundings, handicapped by a birth deformity (double club-foot), without the "res abundantis domi" which have cheered so many others on the road



to success, he achieved a world-wide reputation as an anatomist, neurologist and anthropologist entirely by his own initiative and pluck, and by his devotion to learning.

As a child Hunter never wasted a moment; as soon as the table was cleared he was pouring over his books; if set to polish boots, a book would always be propped up before him; and on one occasion, as he held a candle for a relative to chop wood, he continued to study his book with such concentration that wax was scattered over the floor. Yet out at play he was rough and tumble, threw himself into any scrum, and was always ready to wrestle with his brother. How typical was all this of the "Johnny" whom we were to know and love in after years.

In 1913 he came to the old Fort Street School, on Observatory Hill. His entrance into the class-room, late in Term, will remain a vivid memory to his forty or so fellow students—a raw country youth, thin, dressed in a short grey suit and long black stockings, so that head and legs seemed almost to predominate; the dark hair brushed up from his lofty brow of a then pale, studious face which wore a half-apologetic look but broke frequently into that irrepressible smile, the whole dominated then, as in all moments of excitement, by the glow of those wonderfully luminous eyes, expressive of innate power and deep spirituality. The headmaster, Mr. A. J. Kilgour, had set a high standard of achievement, and never spared himself to open up a career for his boys; this was meat and drink to Hunter, who grasped eagerly all that was given, and matriculated in 1915 with 7 A's, 1 B, gaining a University Exhibition and Bursary.

The first three years of the Medical Course were years of difficulty and doubt. Refusing proffered financial aid with sturdy independence, bound as he was to contribute to the support of a mother who had sacrificed so much for him, it required all the young student's courage to continue the unequal struggle. But, by pertinacity and application and long hours of work, not tedious to one of his enthusiasm, he showed a gradual development of his powers, till at the end of the third year he gained the John Harris Scholarship, with a pass of such exceptional merit that his teachers began to realise that in Hunter they had a student whose ability gave promise of opening into genius. During the latter part of this period Hunter began to establish a reputation as a coach. He was a born teacher—lucidity of expression, the faculty of co-ordinating facts, a keen sense of their practical value, a power of inspiring enthusiasm in others—everything about him attracted students. This success was the turning point of his medical course. Disembarassed now of financial cares, his career became meteoric. He gained all the prizes in the fourth and fifth years, and graduated with first-class honours and the University Medal.

These achievements might well have taxed the resources of many a less brilliant student; yet,

during this time, Hunter revealed himself as a man of many enthusiasms. He served his University as one of the Board of Directors of the Union, Librarian and Vice-President of the University Medical Society, Secretary of Union Debates Sub-committee and Joint Secretary of Anderson Stuart Memorial Fund. Likewise, he had devoted himself to the art of debating with his usual thoroughness, and had become a lucid and forceful speaker, presenting his points with devastating power, his whole energy concentrated in forcing his hearers to understand his point of view.

We have now reached a crisis in the young graduate's career. Were his wonderful abilities to be devoted to teaching and research work, or to find scope in the wards of a hospital? Hunter was, indeed, fortunate to be under the influence of a master craftsman, whose reverence for truth and devotion to scientific research were to become the inspiration and ideal of his future work. Professor Wilson secured Hunter's appointment first as Lecturer, then as Associate Professor of Anatomy—and Hunter was then only 23 years of age! The man and his opportunity had met—the outcome was a record of most brilliant scientific achievements.

In August, 1921, the Senate sent the youthful Professor abroad to develop and gain experience for his appointment to the Chair of Anatomy. Hunter worked for a short time with his old teacher at Cambridge, but mostly he served as an Honorary Demonstrator at University College under Professor Elliot Smith. The writer has a vivid recollection of the Hunter of those days—the marked contrasts of his character; at one time the profound expert, dilating on the intricate reconstruction of the Piltdown Skull, at another the irrepressible happy-hearted boy rushing off to some festive occasion.

Two achievements of this period must be chronicled as indicating the rapid development of his powers. At a meeting of the British Anatomical Society, before a most critical audience, Hunter presented arguments on certain controversial points in the development of the human ovum with such clearness and wide knowledge that he not only converted his hearers, but left them with the feeling that there had arisen a new John Hunter, who, in the untiring zeal with which he studied the natural phenomena of disease, might yet rival his famous namesake of the eighteenth century. Hunter had devoted much time to the study of the Piltdown

Skull, representing the oldest known type of true man, and, independently of Elliot Smith, had established the harmony between the skull and the jaw-bone. Elliot Smith and Hunter had collaborated to write an article on this subject, and, owing to the former's illness, it fell to Hunter to read this before a gathering of anthropologists at Amsterdam. He was able by forceful deductive argument to prove the new reconstruction of the Piltdown Skull and to convert some of the keenest intellects in Europe.

Professor Hunter worked for a short time in the laboratory of Professor Aricus Kappe at Amsterdam, and accomplished here a piece of brilliant research on the forebrain of the Kiwi, which later gained him the M.D. degree with Gold Medal and Ethel Talbot Memorial Prize.

On his return, Hunter was appointed Challes Professor of Anatomy—his age was then 25—surely a unique achievement in the academic world! In spite of the heavy responsibility in controlling and reorganising the Anatomy Department, this youthful teacher found time to collect round him and to inspire with his keenness a body of research workers, to maintain an interest in the social and political questions of the day, and, far more important than all these, to collaborate with Dr. Royle, and by his enthusiasm and wide knowledge to enable that surgeon to achieve results of momentous importance.

The initial problem, the treatment of spastic paralysis, was attacked by surgical operations on animals. The principle of the discovery was that all muscles are supplied by two sets of nerves—the one controls movement of muscles, the other one locks the muscles in the new position. In spastic paralysis the first nerve has been destroyed, and the limb is "locked" in a fixed position. Now, if the "locking" nerve is cut the limb becomes "unlocked," and can be moved.

On September 1st, 1924, the first operation on the human subject, fraught as it was with momentous consequences to humanity, was performed at Lewisham Hospital. A soldier-patient was paralysed in the right leg, which was "locked" in one position so that he walked with extreme difficulty. After the operation the "locking" of the leg disappeared, and the patient walked with ease. This achievement of modern surgery created a sensation throughout the medical world; yet it had an even wider application in revolutionising the accepted ideas of neuro-

muscular function, and will be of increasing benefit in unravelling the complicated problems of nerve disease.

In recognition of this unique achievement, Hunter and Royle were invited to deliver the John Murphy Memorial Oration in Washington. They gave many demonstrations and lectures throughout the United States, and were received with great enthusiasm. Hunter's address before the American College of Surgeons must have been a memorable event. We can see the young lecturer, stimulated in every fibre of his being by the atmosphere of scepticism and opposition, his mouth drawn up into that combative and aggressive angle that we all knew so well; we can picture the high, nervous tension of the speaker, his whole being merged in the effort to force his auditors to conviction, and then his face transfigured by the glory of the truth revealed, the thrilled silence of the audience, the tense moment at the end of the address, and then the outburst of acclaim and admiration. This will be the picture that all Hunter's old friends will carry in their hearts.

The closing chapters of the story come with dramatic suddenness. The offer to expound his discoveries before the critical and conservative opinion of London surgeons; the trip to London; the brief visit to Cambridge; the sudden illness; the removal to University College Hospital; the sinking of a constitution worn with the nervous strain of the last month; his death—"In the hot-

fit of life, a-tip toe on the highest point of being . . . this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

The mead of praise has been given to Hunter as a scientist. The tribute of words must now be paid to Hunter as a Man. His life was a romance of the most noble and beautiful kind. In the fine words of Arnold, he was "A strong soul tempered with fire, fervent, heroic and good, the helper and friend of mankind." Dominated by an ideal of service to his fellow-men, he forced the wonderful engine of his brain at a tension that might result in disaster—he could not do otherwise, because of the overmastering spirit within him. In spite of all his success, he remained always the same lovable, unaffected boy, taking pleasure in simple delights, meeting all his companions on the old friendly footing—he was never anything but "Johnny" to them. He was loved by all for his charm of manner, his humility, his wide human sympathies and his sweet reasonableness of temper.

In affectionate remembrance of his character, and in grateful admiration of his heritage to posterity, Hunter's old school friends are erecting a bronze mural tablet and medallion with the hope that in the record of his simple and beautiful life Fortians of the years to come will find a stimulation to a nobler and truer existence and an inspiration to a loftier ideal of service to God and man.

—"J.P."

SACRIFICE.

On gentle hills and verdant gales
Of countries far away,
Where whispering winds and rushing gales
Chant to their praise, a lay;
They rest, who gave their noble lives
For England's glorious name.

They heard resound the clarion call,
And fast their answer brave
Rang out: "We give our lives, our all,
That dying, we might save
Old England, and more laurels add
To her victorious crown."

And drums of war, with sullen roar
Like wind-lashed foamy waves,
Which, storm-tossed, beat on their rocky shore

And echo through its caves,
Led on to death and deathless fame
The sons Australia gave.

And the crimson flood, our brothers' blood,
Upon those hills was lost;
Our brothers, in the joyous bud
Of youth, felt not the cost;
They faced a mighty foe and bold,
And fell like soldiers true.

But the drums of war—they beat no more,
And stilled is bugle sound,
For peace is queen the wide world o'er;
And gently 'neath the ground,
Far from their island home, they rest,
Their duty well performed.

GORDON J. TURNBULL.

JOHN IRVINE HUNTER MEMORIAL FUND.

To commemorate the association of the late Professor John Irvine Hunter with Fort Street School, his contemporaries and other Old Boys have decided to erect a Bronze Mural Tablet, bearing his likeness and an appropriate inscription. This action will establish a permanent memorial of his achievements, and will hand

on to Fortians of future generations the inspiration of his noble life and work. A sum of £300 is required to secure this object. We have pleasure in publishing herewith a list of those Fortians who have already contributed to this fund.

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Allison, Dr. J. R.	2	2	0	Evatt, Dr. H. V.	3	3	0	Lyon, W.	0	10	6
Armstrong, Dr. H. G.	1	1	0	Freeborn, Dr. W.	1	1	0	Leverrier, F.	3	3	0
Arnold, E. T.	0	10	0	Fox, O. S.	0	10	0	Logan, Dr. C. J.	2	2	0
Anderson, P.	0	10	0	Frecker, Dr. E. W.	1	1	0	Lush, W. H.	2	0	0
Anderson, W. H.	0	10	6	Furber, Dr. R. I.	0	10	0	Lawrance, Dr. G. A.	1	1	0
Allum, Dr. A. E.	3	3	0	Feather, Dr. W. W.	1	1	0	Lord, A. H.	1	1	0
Apperly, H. W.	3	3	0	Fraser, Dr. M. B.	2	2	0	Levings, E. M.	0	10	6
Albert, F.	5	5	0	Ferris, Dr. G. T.	2	2	0	McKee, Dr. John	1	1	0
Assheton, C. F.	1	0	4	Fryer, C. M.	1	1	0	McClelland, A. R.	1	1	0
Brukarz, B.	1	1	0	Fenn, R. G.	0	10	6	McIntosh, C. A.	1	1	0
Barrow, Dr. J. M.	0	10	6	Golding, Dr. H.	1	1	0	McCulloch, Dr. I. F.	1	1	0
Brown, H. L.	0	10	6	Green, Dr. J. C.	2	2	0	McCleery, F. C.	1	1	0
Barry, Dr. H. C.	1	1	0	Gilchrist, Dr. A. G.				McIlwraith, J. T.	0	10	6
Bateman, R.	0	10	6	S.	2	2	0	McLaren, Dr. N. E.	3	3	0
Blackburne, Dr. A. J.	0	10	6	Harper, Dr. H. S.	1	1	0	McLean, Dr. I. A.			
Bauer, C. J.	1	1	0	Hannaford, B. H.	0	10	6	Mawson, Sir Douglas	1	1	0
Burnett, Dr. R. K.	0	10	6	Harrison, Dr. B. J.	5	5	0	Mackaness, G.	3	3	0
Bye, Dr. W. A.	1	0	0	Haggett, E. W.	1	1	0	Morgan, G. A.	0	10	6
Connel, N. S.	1	1	0	Hansman, Dr. F.	10	10	0	Mawson, Dr. W.	1	1	0
Chedghey, H. V.	1	1	0	Hansman, Mrs.	2	2	0	Mitchell, Dr. R. S.	1	1	0
Cotton, F. S.	1	1	0	Halloran, Dr. G. R.	2	2	0	Morgan, Dr. I.	1	1	0
Cotton, Prof. L. A.	1	1	0	Hipsley, Dr. P. L.	2	2	0	Mote, L. C.	2	0	0
Culey, A. C.	1	1	0	Head, R. L.	0	10	6	Muston, Dr. W. K.	2	2	0
Culey, E. J.	0	10	6	Hunter, Dr. H.	2	2	0	Mason, H. H.	5	5	0
Cullen-Ward, R.	0	10	6	Hooke, W. A.	0	10	6	Macdonald, Dr. L.	1	1	0
Cullen-Ward, R. A.	0	10	6	Hooke, M.	0	10	6	Murray, Dr. C. W.			
Cleland, W. B.	0	10	0	Hales, Dr. G. B.	1	1	0	W.	2	2	0
Chisholm, A. R.	1	1	0	Hodgson, F. A.	0	10	6	Noble, Dr. R.	2	2	0
Conder, J.	0	10	0	Hunter, Dr. J. G.	2	2	0	Nichols, Rev. R. G.	0	10	0
Cutler, Dr. H. M.	3	3	0	Holland, Dr. L. L.	3	3	0	Overend, Dr. B. R.	1	1	0
Cuthbert, Dr. N. U.	0	10	0	Hughes, Dr. J.	5	5	0	Penn, A. P.	0	10	6
Connelly, Dr. J. J.	1	1	0	Jacobs, E. A.	1	1	0	Ponton, Dr. R. G.	2	2	0
Collins, Dr. A. I.	1	1	0	Jennings, A.	1	1	0	Porter, Dr. H. K.	3	3	0
Deloitte, Q. L.	2	2	0	Johnstone, H.	0	10	0	Paling, Dr. J.	5	5	0
Doig, B. C.	0	10	6	Kilgour, Dr. K.	1	1	0	Packham, Dr. G. B.	2	2	0
Dawes, Dr. S. R.	1	1	0	Kilgour, A. J.	5	5	0	Pile, C.	0	10	6
Densley, D.	0	10	6	Knox, E. G.	1	1	0	Pile, M.	0	10	0
Denning, S. N.	1	1	0	Kerr, I. W.	0	10	6	Paine, Dr. C. L.	3	3	0
Dale, G.	1	1	0	King, J. Mc. E.	0	10	0	Paxinos, E.	1	1	0
Davidson, F. M.	0	10	6	Kenedy, Dr. E. S.	3	3	0	Paradise, Dr. W. E.			
Davis, Dr. C.	1	1	0	Langker, A. V.	3	3	0	I.	2	2	0
Dennis, S.	0	10	0	Lasker, S.	1	1	0				

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Quayle, A. F.	0	10	0	Stephen, Dr. B. A.	0	10	6	Willard, Dr. F. T.	3	3	0
Quigley, R. A.	1	1	0	Samuelson, A. B.	1	1	0	White, Dr. G. B.	3	3	0
Rome, S. G.	1	1	0	Servetopulos, C.	3	3	0	Waddington, W. R.	1	1	0
Richardson, R.	1	1	0	Sillar, K. J.	0	10	6	Waddington, W. J.	0	10	6
Roberts, W.	1	1	0	Stoney, J.	3	3	0	Waddington, R. J.	0	10	6
Rigney, W. A.	2	2	0	Spender, P. C.	3	3	0	Watt, C. J.	3	3	0
Steel, Dr. R. S.	3	3	0	Simmat, R.	0	10	0	Wellish, Prof. E. M.	1	0	0
Symonds, Dr. H.	1	1	0	Still, E. T.	0	10	6	Welch, M. B.	1	0	0
Scott, Dr. L. J.	1	1	0	Spencer, H. W. G.	1	1	0	Yum, Dr. Walter	2	2	0
Schwartzkoff, H.	3	3	0	Steel, Dr. E. Mc. A.	2	2	0	York, W. R.	3	7	0
Smith, Dr. C. R.	5	5	0	Tester, W. G.	0	10	6	Additional donations			
Silverton, Dr. R. J.	1	1	0	Tremlett, F. C. G.	0	10	6	of sums less than			
Smith, S. H.	1	1	0	Tunks, Dr. O. G.	2	2	0	10/-	17	13	0
Sherwood, Dr. J. E.	3	3	0	Turbet, C. R.	1	1	0				
Smith, Dr. C. N.	1	1	0	Taylor, L. N.	1	1	0	Grand Total	£272	4	0



A REVERIE.

Life, with all its joys, sorrows, and pains, is a subject not often discussed and less often described. This may be put down to the different aspects with which life may be associated, and to the mystic and indescribable air that centres around it. One seems to pass over it as an unimportant matter, and to regard the vicissitudes and pleasures of life as the work of unconquerable Fate.

The strange part of life, however, is that we ourselves are the main factors in its development; we are the makers and designers of our own destiny, and whether we prove ourselves worthy of our existence depends on our character, will-power, and the circumstances in which we live.

The small boy, just entering on his world campaign, grabs the reins of Father Time, and joyously bids him "Giddup!" The latter, arrayed in his familiar apparel, obeys, and laughingly thinking perhaps of future, sets going the hour-glass which he holds in his hand.

As time goes on the lad changes to a youth, and laying aside the "toga praetexta" he dons the "toga virilis." Father Time's pace is then too slow. The youth being in the prime of his life, requires joy, fun, and all the pleasures of life, and so Father Time is ordered "to go for his life," which he and the sand in the hour-glass do.

Then comes the period of manhood. Youth is now lost for ever, and he is a man, who still clings to Father Time's reins, with all the troubles and worries that beset him. He begins to take for the first time a serious outlook on life, and to repent many of his actions. He feels Father Time is going too fast for him; he feels the years slipping by, and so with a tug on the reins he exclaims: "Steady now!" Our ancient friend, however, is intent on watching the sand, which now partly fills the other compartment of the glass, and he heeds not these words.

Old age then comes as a shock to him whose boyhood, youth, and early manhood are gone. He is worried by many troubles, his back is bent, his face is lean and wrinkled. He is beset by illnesses, and realises that life is too quick and fast for him to keep up. He shouts a last desperate "Whoa!" to Father Time, but is unheeded by the latter, who, perceiving the sand in the hour-glass, has changed compartments, plunges with his unhappy victim into oblivion and the Beyond. Such is life. Each one has his special time on this earth; the sand in the hour-glass and Father Time run quickly, too quickly in fact for most of us.

G. BROWN.

PIXIE LAND.

When I was only six years old,
Heigh ho! for Pixie Land,
Where fairies flitted, clad in gold,
A gorgeous, tripping band.

With music sweet the air was filled,
And scents of tender flowers;
With beauties my whole spirit thrilled
In those bright, joyful hours.

The land was fair on every side,
Green swards were there to view,
Wherein the elves were wont to hide;
The sky was cloudless blue.

Then, forward, with a zephyr's aid,
I hurried through the air,
And reached a cool and shady glade,
Which was the pixies' lair.

And here upon the soft, green grass,
Each with his task to do,

I saw the little spirits pass,
Decking the blades with dew.

I listened to them as they talked
With rippling voices sweet,
And saw they skipped and never walked
Upon their dainty feet.

The pixies led me here and there
Throughout their widespread lands,
And showed me many a castle fair,
Built strong by elfin hands.

And other things they showed me too—
Great caves of glittering gold,
So full of precious stones, that you
Would marvel to behold.

The fairy queen I went to see,
And she was wondrous fair;
Her eyes were blue, she smiled at me,
And gold was in her hair.

THE . . .

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MY NOVEL.

Dear readers, please note my title, and remember, if this novel does not please you, it is *my* novel—not *yours*. Also, please remember that I am under ten years of age, and that my parents would swear to this statement, only that they never did like swearing, and never tell fibs. I know you could never think of me transcribing someone else's novel, as that is nothing more than "phonographic reproduction," my friends tell me, but still it is just well to point out, that it is my own work, and then you will not be amazed at anything you find in it. Dear readers, do we now understand each other? I think so, so please let me proceed.

I have been told, and after due consideration I fully believe, that a novel must have characters in it. This statement may seem startling on first appearances, but really there is not much in it, as you will probably see. Now, I have in mind a wonderful creature, a creature combining womanly grace and loveliness (misery me!) with manly courage and prowess (lack-a-day dee), but for the life of me I do not know what to call it. Shall I make it a heroine or . . . ? Yes, I'll make it a heroine—I always had a weakness for the fair sex. My hero is a noble, well-proportioned, athletic, graceful, refined, courageous, quick-on-the-draw, wild man from the west—in fact, the hero is myself—ahem! (This may seem like boasting, but as a novelist it is my duty to present the facts as they actually exist; and, besides, one must have a good hero to oppose that villain who was really base and all that sort of rot, you know! However, now I have my characters, let me commence.

"The bright rays of the rising sun. . . ."

No, that doesn't sound well; these things never happen at sunrise.

"A wonderful silvery moon was bathing the landscape. . . ." That's a bit better, but I have a confused idea you will think I am still suffering from the effects of that moon, so stop a while—look! listen!—I have it now—not 10,000 bullocks, 500 men, or two Latin books could entice me from my subject now—I feel a thrill of fire (which unfortunately dries the ink on my pen)—I give a short exultation—then I start.

"The glories of the setting sun were lighting up the western sky with a thousand hues; armies in brightest vermilion were mingling and clashing

with the more sombre battalions of violet and golden; before me stretched the westward path winding straight into this vast paint-box of Nature, but my thoughts were far from such terrestrial sights and scenes, and were engrossed in the latest cross-word puzzle as I jogged along in company with my Webster, which my faithful steed bore bravely. Twice he sank under the strain, but twice revived under the powerful tonic—"Greatest Prize-money Yet Offered"—which I regularly administered to him every 300 miles. I had started on my short trip. About five o'clock in the afternoon, and after administering the fifth dose to my faithful horse, I was rudely awakened by a still brighter gleam of gold, which, to my intense surprise, originated, not in the sun, but in the beautiful hair of the loveliest creature I had ever beheld. She was evidently suffering extreme pain, but her noble face, so clearly defined in the last light of the dying sun, showed no mark, but remained inflexible, calm, pure, and loving.

She was injured; the age of chivalry was past, yet I hastened to her side muttering with calm deliberation and thought: "3 vertical, a girl's name." The strain was too great for my sturdy steed, who sank exhausted, bearing Webster with him, and, at this sudden apparition, the girl fainted away. The beautiful waving grass formed a soft couch for her worthy form, and, as if by special providence, a green mound provided her pillow. As I gazed upon this scene of unearthly calm and repose, my mind misgave me, and still thinking of that "21 horizontal" to flee "in 26 letters," I fled, breaking ten seconds with an ease that was born of the life in the wild west. After running a few miles I began to chafe myself. "Fool! dolt!" I cried. "Booby that thou art, return idiot, and get your horse and Webster."

Reluctantly I returned to find that the steed had had more sense of the appreciation of true beauty than I, and had remained stock still; so still, in fact, that I fully believe to this day that he had expired whilst Webster was still worrying over the girl's name in six letters. Leaving the dictionary to its meditations, I carefully bandaged her sprained ankle with my handkerchief, and was thinking of running back to town for a new handkerchief and a book of instruction on how to bandage broken legs, when I was restrained from my purpose as she opened

her wonderful eyes, revealing two lakes of burning fire, deep, deep, o'ershadowed by drooping palms. A blush suffused her cheek, her tiny ears turned crimson, her hair hung in long, black—no, it was bobbed!

The pent-up torrents of my emotion broke the bonds that held them, my soul o'erflowed, the tears of joy coursed down my cheeks. I was on my knees pouring out incoherent phrases mingled with cross-word puzzles. I'm sure I said much that was foolish, but was not so. I will repeat: "Heart of my hearts! For days I have sought you; for weeks has my steed borne me in the quest. I have looked for you in the early morn, I sought you in the glare of the midday sun; at eventide I have watched for you in the moonlit waters of the great lake, in the

roaring torrents; in the waving fields of grass. Day and night has my search continued, wending through heaven and earth, through fire and flood, through rushing torrents and waving grass, through everything, in short, except a plate-glass window. Thus has been my course. The long trail is over. Visions of everlasting bliss and happiness float before my wearied eyes—a mansion in the glory of the setting sun beside the never-failing streams, two steeds to bear my Webster, and the rest of my dream is dim. I beseech you, I earnestly demand of you, I pray you, I make a personal appeal to you; in short, I ask you: "Can you tell me the name of an Egyptian god in two letters? Utter silence.

P.S.: I am still looking for that Egyptian God.

D. HYDE.

NIGHT.

A gentle murmur breaks the silent eve
 And the trickling water babbles on its way;
 O'er mossy rocks and diamond-studded sand
 It moves toward the bay.
 To stand beside that little stream
 When the sun is setting low;
 To watch the shadows gently fall,
 And the streamy sunlight go;
 To see the flowers growing dim,
 And darkness come o'er all;
 To scent the silent night's approach

 Would the strongest heart appal.
 When every stump's an armed man,
 And every sound's a fiend,

When the stubble's crack beneath the shoe
 Is an enemy unseen;
 Then an old horse by the wayside
 Will set the pulse apace;
 And there are demons visible
 In every common place.
 There is a vague and mystic spirit
 That pervades the bushland here,
 'Tis a queer and harmless terror
 That nigh approaches fear.
 And 'tis only for the farmer,
 The bushman born and bred,
 To know the secret ways and wild
 Where fairies ever tread.

—M.

A LATIN PERIOD.

(With apologies to Gray and His Elegy.)
 The bugle sounds the knell of ending play,
 The Economic students slowly leave,
 The master opens Vergil's weary lay,
 And all the world is dark to Cant and me.

Now fade our glimmering hopes our train to view
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the master takes the homeworks few,
 And loudly roars as he the miscreants scolds.

Then, from her polished desk and shiny cha'r,
 The master does to all of us complain,

Of such, as wandering near the devil's lair,
 Forget to do our Vergil once again.

Let not perdition mock our lazy toil,
 Us homely boys, our destiny's secure,
 "A hundred lines," we burn the midnight oil—
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

But knowledge to our eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
 Our impositions checked our noble rage,
 And so we ne'er attained the cherished goal.

—KISMET.

QUO VADIS.

The sky, for a long time, had been dark and overcast with threatening lowering clouds, black and sullen. The very air seemed affrighted, and still, seeming to sense the impending storm. The vast expanse of ocean afar out seemed as still as glass. Near at hand, the thunderous waves beat with a low, dull, roar upon the strand. In the east, a low rumble of thunder was heard at intervals.

Then with an ear-splitting crash, as terrible in its suddenness as in its strength, the storm burst. The wind, let loose from the four corners of the earth, shrieking and howling like a thousand demons, bowed stout old forest giants to the ground. With a cracking and splintering of wood, branches were torn away, tossed hither and thither as though they were matchwood, then hurled aside as some broken plaything.

The huge combers rushed, relentless and terrible, upon the shore, and seized with cruel fingers upon the breakwater. There was that vivid presence of cruelty and awful fierceness in it that made it appear terribly human. Debris and refuse were snatched up, hurled and tossed about on the boiling foam of the swirling waves.

With demoniacal fury, it hurled itself against the beetling, overhanging cliffs, seeking to push them back and raze them to the ground. Huge pieces of rock, torn away with irresistible force, were pitched about in disdain. Beneath the seething turmoil, the mighty caverns echoed and re-echoed and were filled with hideous noise. The thunder above and the crash of the waves on the shore beneath sounded as some terrible artillery. The sea seemed a living fury, animated with a bitter, sardonic cruelty.

On the top of a cliff, hanging to a railing, in the driving, pelting rain, could be dimly discerned the figure of a man. Clinging grimly to his support, he peered fiercely through the blinding rain out to sea. His clothes were ragged and unkempt, and his toes appeared through his boots on either foot. His eyes were set in a fierce stare upon the seething turmoil before him. He breathed heavily, and at times through his nostrils.

The rain dashed fiercely into his face, but he heeded neither it nor the saturated condition of his clothes. In his half-closed eyes, sullen bit-

terness was portrayed. He appeared not dejected, but aflame with an angry bitterness.

His whole being seemed to go out to the storm, to meet it, and grapple with it. It was as though he understood and sympathised with its mood, as though it was reflected in his whole feelings. He seemed to bear a grudge against mankind; he seemed the victim of a deadly injury which he would have liked to revenge fully. His whole bearing suggested a bitter hatred against humanity. Bitter, mocking suggestions raced madly through his inflamed mind. Amidst a riot of bitter exclamations, a feeling of contempt was felt toward the world. The human race seemed contemptible—it was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Of a sudden, he braced his shoulders back in an angry, defiant, attitude. Turning toward the land, he shook his fist revengefully and shouted aloud passionately: "You miserable lot of contemptible puppets, acting your way through life and dancing to anybody's tune! You double-dealing set of Judases! you—you!"

He choked in his rage, and with one more impassioned gesture he vaulted the railing and sprang into the boiling abyss below. For an instant he was seen amid the tumult. Some words came faintly upwards, torn from his lips and flung hither and thither by the wind. Then he vanished into the seething cauldron at the base of the towering cliff. The black, relentless waves gathered over him and drove him down into the depths.

The rain came down with greater force, and the thunder redoubled, a sure sign that the storm was coming to a close. The wind howled fiercely around the desolate cliffs.

Gradually the rain ceased, but the thunder still growled a warning now and again. Finally the imprisoned sun came forth and shone through, without warmth, upon the earth. Gushing torrents rushed madly down the mountain side, and freshly-created streams flowed everywhere. A careless world came out, surveyed the scene with smug satisfaction, inhaled the damp air, and leisurely resumed its suspended tasks.

"REYDEN."

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

I've heard men speak of distant fairy lands,
Where lovely spirits throng the golden halls,
Of palaces whose forms for ever change
And take on wond'rous shapes, grotesque and
strange;

And I have heard a tale that oft enralls
Of lands of mountains, mighty waterfalls,
Of rolling plains, of blist'ring desert sands.
But I have seen all these, not in a dream,
But when the sun sinks low down in the west
And casts a fiery glow into the sky,
A mass of rolling, white cloud passes by;
And lo! I see the Islands of the Blessed.
The Great Magician at His own behest
Has given us of paradise a gleam.

And now the lovely white cloud is no more,
But in its place I see the rising spires
And towers of many a shining palace tall.
And then a red glow passes over all,
As when the light of ever-burning fires
Upon the shores of some great sea aspires
To send its glow unto the other shore;

So then the sun, though distant, sheds its light
Upon the walls and streets of cities fair;
And there I see great domes of shining gold
Like those great kings of Asia built of old;
And glitt'ring windows made of jewels rare.
And lo! in sudden glory do they share—
Behold! the vision flashes out of sight.

Now in its place a black cloud, passing by,
Is being fashioned by the Enchanter's hand.
I see before me, motionless in space,
The unknown country of an unknown race.
And on the borders of the gloomy land
A thousand trees like silent sentinels stand,
Sharp silhouetted 'gainst the glowing sky,
And far behind towards the farther shore,
A line of black gigantic mountains rise—
A mass of changing shapes, peaks great and
small.

And on the crest of every mountain tall
Shines a great golden light that flames and dies.
And to this "wonder land" my fancy flies;
But lo! it passes, and is seen no more.

N. WYNDHAM.

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THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

Memory! What a pleasure it awakens in some ears! but, sad to say, it is often cursed, but cursed in vain. Every man has his own garden of memory, and is free to cultivate or to neglect the plants growing there. Many plants are placed in the gardens without the feeble aid of man, and still more are waiting in the form of seeds to be planted to bring forth life and harvest.

See the business man on the way to his office. His stern, grim, brow is furrowed with the hard lines caused in his fight for wealth. Has he time to think of his garden of memory as he strides alone unconscious of the outside world? No, he is too busy making money and gaining a position in this world to be troubled with such delicate matters. Little does he think the poor man he has trampled under his feet, is dying of hunger and nakedness. Little does he think that that terrible weed—selfishness—is thriving and choking that gentle white flower—love. What will his harvest be?

We see now a man trudging along a dusty road, dirty, but happy, tired, but singing. We are astonished at his cheerful nature, for his clothes are in tatters and his stomach empty. What does he care for the broiling sun pouring down in ceaseless ray on his scarce protected back? He meets one with a cheery "Day, sir," and passing on, resumes his song. As he goes he scatters seeds of cheerfulness which drop into well-watered, well-fertilised ground. When his harvest is ripe he will have a happy time, surrounded by love and plenty.

Now we see a different scene. Enter through this door and look. There, sitting in an arm-chair, darning and mending piled on her knee, we see a pale-faced, gentle, mother. Come near reader, and look at her care-worn face; see anxiety and love furrowed in her brow and patience and forgiveness creased in lovely lines

around that beautiful mouth. She starts and listens; we too will strain our ears to catch what arouses the mother. The faint cry of a child is heard, and dropping her work, she runs to see what ails her dear one. Her garden is blooming with the beautiful flowers of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Here we see the poor drunkard lying in the gutter, moaning and groaning to himself. Once he was a child, like you, pure and innocent, the darling of some mother's heart, with a garden desitute of weeds. But he fell among bad men and became a drunkard and gambler. His poor old mother died of a broken heart, and his wife and children led a dreary existence in a dirty garret.

Let us look in his garden now. What a weed-covered patch it is; even the cleansing sun cannot penetrate the dense maze! How quickly the weeds of drunkenness and forgetfulness spread over the once fertile plot! But you notice a pure, white, flower is just seen above the weeds. So purity is not yet dead, and if those weeds were uprooted it would shoot up green and lovely as before. Now here is the seed of kindness offered to anyone who aids back that man to a weedless garden of memory.

Has it never occurred to you, reader, that you were assigned a memory in order that you might store away kind actions given and received?

Your memory causes your thoughts to stray on some friend long passed away. You would never give up your wonderful gift of memory; yet it often reproves you for faults long committed, but never forgotten.

Memory often, like a great, black demon, whispers in the ear of the crafty burglar or the most cold-blooded murderer: "What would your mother say if she was here?" and cool and without fear, as they are, they tremble in the limbs and reflect.

—ESORNAVI.

NOD THE FISHER.

A breath from heaven sent me down a stream,
Studded with the myriad glow of little twinkling
stars,

And ere I caught the ripples on my craft,
I saw a fisher sitting on his raft.

And as I watched I saw him cast his nets,
Yet neither fish he caught as long I waited,
For he was angling frost-dimmed stars of heaven
—Old Nod, the fisher, with his sons a-seven.

—"MAGOG."

TO NARRANDERA BY CAR.

Ah! 'twas lovely; the bed was nice and warm, the air was cool, yet I had to arise and put my armour on—I did so with a smiling face, for I was not going to school; I was going for a holiday!

The weather was fine, yet the sky was cloudy and rain was predicted, but it forgot to come, or perhaps the Fates considered me more than the farmers, thus giving me an enjoyable trip and them an anxious heart.

We left Coogee about 9 o'clock in a Chevrolet one-ton truck, plus a good cushion, which I was glad I took, for if I had not perhaps I would not now be writing. Soon Coogee and Randwick were left behind, and I found myself gazing on the old school, yet also actually passing it. Parramatta Road was followed, till we came to the Liverpool Road, and then we changed our route. Many fine advertising signs were noticed as we went along in the new truck, and so consistently were we going that not one car or truck passed us, save in the opposite direction.

Arriving at Liverpool at 10.20 a.m., we took the main road, that is, the Southern Road. Our next stopping place was Picton, and here we gave the truck a drink, perhaps I should say, of water. Then, continuing, we arrived at Mittagong at 2 p.m. How glad I was to stretch my limbs; how hard the seat had felt; how refreshing seemed that drink—not of water, should I say?

Goulburn was our next resting place, and the first place that was pointed out to me was the gaol, then the asylum, the church, and then the cemetery. You can be sure I was glad to leave this huge town; the gaol had been enough, but the asylum! No, I won't say anything.

It was now getting dark and cool, yet we saw a fox and several rabbits on the road, which was very bad, and we, at least I, was feeling fairly sore and weary. Yass was reached at 7 p.m., and a warm dinner was heartily welcomed. We found the hotels full, so had to look about for a bed, which at length we obtained.

It was remarkable that the town was so crowded at Easter, yet it appears that the city people were visiting the country to make room for those visiting the city. I, myself, was rather disappointed with Yass, for I had heard such a lot about it.

After a good breakfast we left, about 8.45 a.m., and then to Gundagai. The nearer we approached the town the more curious I grew, for had we not been singing the song? First a tributary of the Murrumbidgee was crossed, and then I saw the town at 11.40 a.m. Here the truck was given a little petrol, and rousing up an old Chinaman, I bought some good apples. The town was much as I pictured it; perhaps a little larger. The Murrumbidgee was there certainly; the gums too. The main road was left here, and a "cow track" was taken. Mehercule! I had better put it that way, for it is difficult to express my thoughts in English. It was bumpy. Although I was stiff, the trip was very exciting, and I would do it again. At 1.30 p.m. we passed through Junee, and then off to Narrandera.

Several cars were passed, when a big Buick Six started to play with us as a cat plays with a mouse. It let us go ahead then pounced on us very quickly, and passed us cheering. It, however, stopped at a small town; we passed; then with a loud purring it went past us at 50 m.p.h. Later we reached the Two Mile Plain and could just see a line of dust travelling along at a terrific speed, 'twas the Buick.

As we approached Narrandera the first object that met my gaze was the Star Hotel; then, passing down the main street—quite a long one—we reached my holiday home. I was surprised at the size of the town; it has nine or ten hotels and a dozen or so garages.

Thus ended my trip from Sydney to Narrandera. It had been a fine journey, full of excitement and bumps. The scenery had been good and the weather fine, and what more is needed for a good motor trip?

H. P. WILLIAMS.

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"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY."

Adversity we're like to meet
Awaiting in life's every street,
But when each struggle passes o'er
It leaves us richer than before.

Happiness full oft to find,
But just as oft to leave behind;
For hardship's lessons still will stay
While light-gained teachings fade away.

--"4C."

A REVIEW OF MY PAST THREE YEARS AT FORT STREET.

One experiences a feeling of satisfaction and also of regret on looking back into the events of the preceding three years which have been spent amid these most congenial and venerable surroundings. One longs for those happy days in first year, blissfully ignorant of the trials to come, wending one's way, proud of having attained the desired goal, of being a Fortian, and we all agree that such pride is undoubtedly justified.

Commencing from the very beginning, allow me to present to you my feelings and thoughts on the first day of my eventful career (although yet unfinished) at Fort Street.

The feeling which predominates in my excited being was that of awe—awe of the majestic building, of which I was to become an inmate, of the learned masters—and especially of one, of whom my greatest fear was that he would walk on me (being so small) and thereby end my brief existence. These impressions were more marked because I was a country boy. Why! my little home school, with its 30 pupils, would be almost lost in this great building, while one could nearly place a pupil in each room.

To deal with the school in a general way: One novelty which is quickly taken advantage of by the new boy, "while there is corn in Egypt," is the tuckshop with, regularly at 10.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., its heaving mass of hungry humanity, the task of allaying the wants of which is an unenviable one.

Before many days are past one settles down to the school routine, and all goes well.

It would be too sad a story for me to dwell upon my initiation into the fathomless mysteries of Latin and French, but I will refer to the brighter side, the field of sport. The most eventful day in my first year was, undoubtedly, that on which the Rugby Union final with North Sydney was played. I am afraid that, after the match, my vocal organs were sadly worn, and if anyone had said, "Let him roar again" the request could not have been fulfilled.

One must not overlook the day of the year—watches the mighty men, now old boys, go out to receive their prizes, honour caps, cups, and enormous piles of books. He immediately begins to form "castles in the air," and dreams of the time when *he* shall stalk out and receive

his prize. Then the headmaster delivers his speech, and thrills us with pride for the old school. Those are the moments ever to be remembered.

The second year begins. We are feeling old already, and look down with scorn upon the new arrivals, various remarks being made, such as: "Aren't they a measly-looking crowd," "Not as good as last year," and, "What! Do they think this is, a kindergarten school?" Of course, not realising (from our exalted position), that the younger the boy, the greater the honour.

Now the work becomes harder; our store of knowledge is (or rather should be) increasing, and several begin to falter on the road of learning. Yet one cannot say that we do not enjoy it. We now begin to realise vaguely the value of our masters, and begin to become attached to them.

This year was almost uneventful, except for the fete, which was a "huge success," as one person stated it. Lessons were entirely forgotten, and one could not realise that it was in those richly and artistically decorated rooms that only a few days previously arduous lessons were being done.

With dread, the third year is entered upon; the Intermediate looms ahead, and one settles down to hard work, determined to do or die, with the doubtful consolation that there is a long rest after it is over. At length the Intermediate arrives. Boys appear with berimmed eyes and careworn faces, but ere long the stress of examination is over, and the much-longed-for holidays arrive.

This was our most successful year in the arena of sport. We carried off the football shield undefeated, and were triumphant at the Combined High Schools' Athletic Meeting, in winning the Senior Cup for the first time, and it is to be hoped that these events have established a precedent.

At last, continuing through the school course, comes the much-desired position of being a Senior, to be able to look down upon the juniors with disdain, and to no longer suffer the indignity of forming up into ranks on the "quad." But, above all, one now realises to the full the worth of his teachers, who are now more like companions than masters.

It is said that in some of the old English public schools one may find engraved upon the desks and seats, the names of many great Englishmen; it suffices to say that Fort Street is no exception to the rule, and we may look forward, (far forward) to the time when these engraved cognomens will be placed in the Museum.

This has only been a very brief review of the past three years, yet one can see from it, how eventful they have been, and that they will ever hold happy memories for all who have enjoyed

them here, while it is evident that in all our activities we are heartily in agreement with Henry Newbolt when he says, in that splendid, invigorating poem, "Vitai Lampada,"

"Play up! Play up! And play the game.
This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget."
—"G.D.G." (4C.)

OFT.' IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

(With apologies to T. M.)
Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Wasting electric light
With piles of books around me
I sit and swat
Till twelve o'clock—
And sometimes early morning;
Then go to bed
With buzzing head,
To rise as day is dawning.
Thus in the growing light,
When all but I are sleeping
I cram with all my might
The fruits of leisure reaping.

When I'm remembering
Those hours of preparation—
History, Latin, Algebra
For that examination,
I feel like one
Who holds alone
That awful place of bottom;
My memory's dead;
My hope has fled—
O! aren't exams. just rotten!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I sit and swat till twelve o'clock
With piles of books around me.
—R. C. O.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THOUGHTS ON ANZAC DAY.

We stand bare-headed, still, in silent prayer,
With hearts of mingled gratitude and grief,
A nation's lamentation for her dead.
Whence such lament, such sobs of broken hearts,
Such pensive minds, such passion deep
That surges in the breast, that raises high
To heights of rapturous glory?
Ah! illustrious dead! the object of a people's ac-
clamation,
Whose names will ever be
Emblazoned on the scroll of time perpetual,
They who from dell, from glade, from town,
From plain and valley came to do
Eternal honour to their country's name;
Honour to which the races of mankind

Will make colossal statua.
To these great patriots our praises ring,
To them swells up the mighty chorus
From a nation's grateful throng.
Brave were they all in life,
Their greatest treasures sacrificed
To answer duty's call. In death
Their pain was gain; they bore it nobly;
They died like men: Oh God! receive their souls.
Ah! their example was of One Divine,
Their love of country pure and ever true,
They plunged unfalt'ring into Death's dark sea;
Oh Death, where is thy sting?
Where Grave thy victory?

—K. S. RICHARDSON, 5C.

KID SHOOTS.

It may be irreligious, but none the less, I am very fond of shooting on Sunday. I do not know why I should set apart Sunday for that purpose, because I have nothing to do on any other day. Wednesday there is tennis, Thursday singing, and Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday are rest days. Perhaps it is because I need a change, or some athletic diversion, but certainly not to stray from the "green pastures" in which the divines lead us "by day and by night."

Before you are quite sure of my competency as an instructor you will doubtless wish to know whether I can shoot or not. Well, to avoid exaggeration, I have fired some fifty thousand rounds. That shows I can shoot. As to the accuracy of the shooting I have hit one barn door, one buffalo, three rabbits, and sundry jam containers. Anything less than these in size I have not recorded.

Now for the instruction:—

If the big game is averse to roaming abroad on Sunday, I usually take with me a friend and a few golf implements to bear me company. Golf is a fine game for exercise. All should take it.

One great advantage connected with golf and shooting is that either can be played to advantage in the rain. It is well-known that game are prone to sport in the rain, rather than in fine weather. As to the players, they retain a measure of calmness and coolness which is indispensable.

Some may consider it strange that golf balls and game should be sought at the same time. But not so. It is always easier to kill one bird with a golf ball and several rounds than to kill one bird with the two proverbial stones. Another reason is, that if the player finds himself incapable of striking the ball with the club, his partner or opponent may be able to strike him with a bullet, or with the butt of the rifle. Much harmless amusement and friendly competition is thus occasioned.

It is invariably advisable to take along a ferret and a few beaters. Egg-beaters will do. They arouse the game and make it more absorbing. Some of them can hardly fail to be shot.

Decoys, of course, must not be omitted. A small gauze cage should be filled with a diamond sparrow or an attractive magnet. If these decoys fail to perform their duty they can be let loose, driven into the bush, and then shot. There will then be no excuse for returning with an empty game bag.

Although these games are very invigorating and soothing, it is advisable for those neurotically or physically incapable, to refrain from taking part in these pastimes.

If these instructions do not bring success and game in their train, please don't ask me to accompany you on your next shooting expedition. In addition, it would probably be better not to go shooting yourself.

-- --

THOSE CROSSWORDS.

(For the Asylum)

The cross-word craze has caught me up,

My heart is in a flutter,

I wander, deaf, and all obsessed,

I mumble, start, and mutter.

To flee the dreadful curse I go

To read my French and Latin;

I hear a spirit whisper near

The Latin word for "pattern".

In desperation then, I turn

To surfing on the sea-shore;

The waves all cry with one accord

Part of the verb "to be sure".

A last resort! I am resolved

I'll try electioneering;

Amidst the smell of fertile eggs

I hear the word for "jeering".

And once I thought I had a cure,

Without a doctor's payment,

I bought the "Sun" in stead of the "News,"

And then I tore my raiment.

Alas, the frailty of man!

Alas, his vain self-praising!

I found that criss-cross was the craze,

And how it set me blazing!

And ever since that fatal day,

My heart is in a flutter.

I wander, deaf, and all obsessed,

I mumble, start, and mutter.

THE CHINESE POETRY.

China is one of the oldest countries in the history of the world. For how many thousand years the nation has been civilised, no one can tell, though the Chinese spread from the fertile banks of the Yangtse-kiang River, north to Mongolia, south to the coast of China, west to the eastern boundaries of Europe and east over Japan and America. The glorious traditions of Chinese inventions are appreciated by people of to-day, even after a long period of time. The invention of paper, of the compass, of paper currency, the use of tea, the discovery of the use of coal and silk are among China's contributions to civilisation. Her history and literature prove that often in the past she has been the most advanced of nations. Until the Renaissance (fifteenth century, A.D.) western civilisation could not compare with Chinese progress and culture. In history's records, how many countries could shine out for hundreds and hundreds of years? It is a period of downfall, and then a period of progression, which we may call the balance of prosperity of the country.

The great Chinese writer of the present day, Liang Ch'ich'ho, said: "Our country was established on this earth 5000 years ago. Of those countries that came into existence at the same time and have disappeared completely, one after the other—I do not know how many there are—but we still stand, like the Ling Kuang Palace in the state of Lu, mountain-like, and have alone survived. Our national character has formed itself during long years, and thus has accumulated strength. It has entered deeply into our hearts; this need hardly be stated. Besides, there must have remained in it something very beautiful, sufficiently so to be the best on this earth. Our ancestors have worked laboriously. They have thereby bestowed benefits on us, their descendants, in a manner which has no bounds."

Now we became acquainted with the idea of the writer's words, but what he is aiming at is the written language—black and white—the most essential for human beings. The language of China, during the forty centuries of history, spread over a large part of Asia. The teaching of Confucius, who was a wise teacher and able minister, who collected the best customs of ancient China for future ages to follow, has left

its mark. The result of this system gives the Chinese their ethical and moral codes. They are the teachings which have been handed down to us for twenty-five centuries, and yet, in his ancient ideals, Chinese Christians also honour the Sage and reverence his teachings; that is to say, the Christians' doctrines are not at variance with what Confucius taught. As the result of his teaching, the Chinese carried out this code from generation to generation, and it became one of the foundations on which all the countries on this world must have to rest. Of which particular kind this foundation of countries is, I have no name to express; one may call it national character. The existence of national character is just like personal character, and thus we find their ideal is "Calm" and "Peace," and the great love of Nature.

This feeling point of view is most distinguished in old Chinese poetry. The ideal runs through the piece, and in addition to that, all the poetical writers based their work on the same principle, and had a long life of pleasure, as had the great poet, William Wordsworth, who is regarded as an artist full of pictorial power and peacefulness of expression.

The most remarkable of the Chinese poems were those of the T'ang Dynasty, about 618 to 905, A.D., and it is not a little creditable to Chinese civilisation that such refinement of thought should be current at a period when the ancestors of Europe were over-run by German barbarians.

Since the introduction of international intercourse, many Chinese students have been taught English thoroughly, and have found out that in the Chinese language there are practically no abstract nouns, and for such the Chinese has borrowed terms from his one great master—Nature.

Thus, in the majority of Chinese poems, or, perhaps, the whole, love is typified by Spring, with its wealth of bursting flowers and sweet stirrings of the sap; old age growing upon us, by Autumn, with its falling leaves and sere complexion.

Whereas the poems are essentially sketches of Nature, written by true lovers of China's grand scenery, amid ruins of famous dynasties and the memories of immortal beauties. A strain of

Buddhist mysticism adds in places its longing for the unseen, the unseeable. One finds in them the sun, the moon, the stars, and "the wind on the heath brother." There is no clatter, noise, steam, or hurry—the author floats in sailing sampans, noiseless save for the rippling beneath the prow, through scenes peaceful and calm. The white clouds pouring like snow down the mountain sides, the gulls and herons gliding white against the sky; the low boom of a temple gong in some tree-hidden glen; the quiet labours in the plains below; the village smoke curling upward in the temple of Nature as placidly as incense spirals about some Buddha's knee—all combine in them to form China's great ideal, great charm—Peace.

The very poems on the subject of war dwell only on its disquiet. There is no enthusiasm for destruction; no great greed for wealth or possession; no social distinction of caste. There is just human life portrayed in terms of Nature.

The construction of Chinese poetry is most common in five or seven syllabled lines, and it also has rhyme as in English. Although the language is difficult, in finding the scansion, it is much easier than in English, for the simple reason that in Chinese each word is represented by one sound.

The greatest poets during that dynasty were Li Po and Tu Fu.

Li Po, the Chinese greatest poet, enjoyed a long life, and came from a respectable, well-educated family. When he had reached man's estate, his literary work was already popular. After finishing his education, he became Chancellor or Adviser to King Ti Jung, and spent most of his life in the charming lake region and among great rivers. His poems are mostly short, and generally about out-door subjects, description of the scenery which he admires, or a few lines describing an historical thought—as an ode to the ancestors who had passed.

This is one of his poems:—

"The Phoenix Tower of Nanking

Of old upon the Phoenix Tower the phoenix used to go,

But since it left, that tower is lone beside the river's flow.

The flowers once bloomed in Halls of Wu now gloomy alleys hide

The hats and robes of state of Chin now swell that hillock's side.

Of Triple Hills but half is left above the azure sky.

Round Egret Isle the rivers twin, in double streams go by.

That floating clouds can cover up the sun is ever known.

That Ch'ang-an I may see no more, makes my sad spirit groan."

This is one of his out-door poems, and probably he had an attendant to act as a writer of his poems, as John Milton's two daughters did. One of his poems, which fully described himself and of his character and appearance, is the piece called:—

A SONG OF LU SHAN.

"A bad and mad fellow am I,

Whose wild songs philosophy mock,

A staff of green jade in my hand,

At dawn said farewell to the land,

Where the Crane left its print on the rock,

Through five sacred mountains to wander,

In search of some beautiful hill,

No distance could ever yet daunt me,

The joy of my lifetime is still

Across the famous mountains to ramble,

In search of some beautiful hill."

Although he was a great poet, he had rather weakness for wine, as he said:—

"One pot of wine amid the flowers

Alone I pour, and none with me

The cup of life; the moon invite;

Who with my shadow make us three."

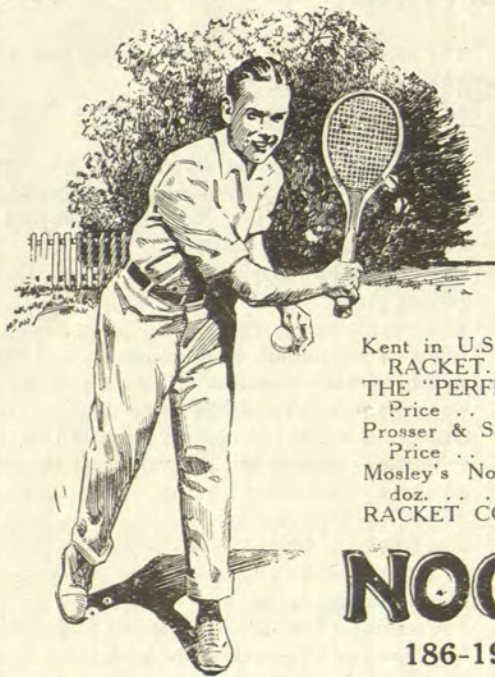
Being such a great poet, there were many tales told of the end of his life. One of the stories said the dragon carried him away—but of this, there is no proof—it is a tradition like that of Muses and Horatius. The true story I think is that one night, while drunk, he was rowing in a sampan, when, observing the reflection of the moon in the water, he tried to catch it and was drowned. As the poem of Tu Fu tells:—

"The moon sinking down fills the room with her lights,

As if it reflected your countenance bright.

Lo, deep is the water, and wide is the wave;

And how shall the dragon be found in his grave?"



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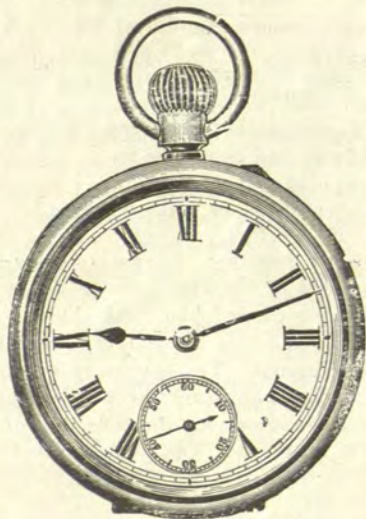
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Examination Results.

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The subjects are distinguished by numbers.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

1. English; 2. Latin; 3. French; 4. German; 5. Maths I.; 6. Maths II.; 7. Mechanics; 8. History; 10. Physics; 11. Chemistry; 14. Geography; 18. Economics; 22. Greek; 16. Eng. and Geogr. (Engineering).

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 Hancock, James H. E., 7B, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6A (x), 7B, 10H, 16 Pass.
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 Ellis, K. W., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Falconer, A. W. J., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Forsyth, G. A., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Gawthorpe, G. D., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Gilson, R. R., 1B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 9B, 10B.
 Grant, A. A., 1A, 2B, 3B, 6B, 11B.
 Grear, A. G., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Gulliford, W. E. D., 1B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 9B, 10B.
 Harper, L. A., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 9A, 10A.
 Harris, R. H., 1B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 10B, 14B, 15B.
 Hastie, W. J., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B, 10B, 28B.
 Hayward, Ernest, 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 9A, 10A.
 Hedges, R. C., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 9A, 10B.
 Henderson, J., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 8B, 9B, 10B.
 Hickson, C. L., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Hook, E. J., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Hulls, Alan, 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 9B, 10B.
 Hutchinson, E. K., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Marsh, H. G., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B, 10A, 28A.
 Martin, J. A. D., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Mathieson, L. R., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10A.
 Maudson, A. E., 1A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 10B.
 M'Coy, C. W., 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 M'Kenzie, W. W., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 MacSween, G. C., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 10B.
 Morgan, C. W., 1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9A, 10B, 28A.
 Moulton, F. K., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 11B.
 Neal, Noel, 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10B.
 Norris, A. G., 1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10B.
 Perkins, J. P., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9A, 10B, 14B.
 Petersen, F. C., 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 10B, 19A.
 Poppel, Thomas, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 9A, 10B, 14B.
 Punter, H., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10B.
 Radford, A. C., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Ralph, C. H., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Russell, J. D., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 9A, 10B.
 Schrader, G. D., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.
 Sheldon, E. H., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10A.
 Shortridge, K. T., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10A.
 Slinn, A. A., 1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10B.
 Smith, A. A., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 9A, 10A.
 Snedden, A. N., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10B.
 Sorensen, C. P., 1A, 2A, 3B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 10A.
 Taylor, W. C., 1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B.
 Tinson, J. H., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 9A, 10B.
 Todd, C. H., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10B.
 Travis, W. A., 1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 9A, 10B.

Waddington, A. L., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Walker, H. S., 1B, 2B, 3B, 6B, 9A, 10B.
 Walters, D. G., 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 9A, 10B, 14B.
 Wardley, H., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9B, 10A.
 Webber, A. R., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Weir, Arthur Douglas, 1B, 2B, 5B, 11B.
 Wenholz, L. B., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 8B, 9A, 10A.

Wheeler, A. J., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6A, 9A, 10A.
 Wilkinson, F. D., 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7A, 9A, 10A.
 Winters, N. H., 1B, 2A, 4A, 5B, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.
 Woodcock, Frederick Horeson, 1B, 2B, 3B, 11B.
 Woods, G. R., 1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7B, 9A, 10A.

**LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1924.
 Honours List.**

R. G. Howarth.	M. P. Gallagher.
I. Latin (first place)	II. Latin
I. English (second place)	II. French
I. History	A. A. Wearn.
I. French	II. Latin
J. Bates.	II. Science
I. English	P. S. Wolfe.
I. History	II. Maths.
II. Latin	II. Science
II. Greek	O. W. Hunt.
K. W. Starr.	II. English
I. English	II. History
II. French	E. A. Lake.
II. Latin	II. English
II. Science	II. History
H. Child.	D. S. McDonald.
I. French (first place)	II. English
I. Latin	II. History
II. English	E. R. Stack.
G. L. Wright.	II. English
I. English	II. French
I. History (second place)	J. R. Horton.
J. T. Dingle.	I. English
I. English	E. Bishop.
I. History	II. English
J. E. Burrows.	B. J. Dooley.
II. English	II. History
II. History	A. L. Hefren.
II. Latin	II. History
B. N. Farlow.	R. J. McKeveitt.
I. Science	II. History
II. Maths.	W. S. Godfrey.
J. H. Hancock.	II. Latin
I. Science	S. Goncharenko.
II. Maths.	II. Science
F. E. Holt.	A. D. Hope.
II. English	II. French
II. History	R. A. Hunt.
W. G. Cassidy.	II. French
II. English	C. J. Oslington.
II. History	II. Maths.
A. McK. Hooke.	H. C. Sheath.
II. English	II. Maths.
II. History	H. M. Webber.
	II. History

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, 1924.

G. B. Dance	G. R. Woods
8 A's	7 A's
E. K. Hutchison	E. J. Hook
7 A's	7 A's
K. Shortridge	
7 A's	

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONS.

We congratulate the following ex-students who have gained Public Exhibitions at the University of Sydney, as a result of their passes at the Leaving Certificate Examination of 1924:—

Faculty of Arts.	W. G. Cassidy
J. Bates	H. Child
E. S. Bishop	B. N. Farlow
J. Brennan	W. S. Godfrey
J. T. Dingle	R. G. Howarth
B. J. Dooley	H. C. Storey
C. M. Ebert	G. L. Wright
Faculty of Medicine.	J. H. Hancock
M. P. Gallagher	A. A. Wearn
A. McK. Hooke	Faculty of Engineering.
A. D. Hope	H. C. Sheath
J. R. Horton	Faculty of Denistry.
O. W. Hunt	P. S. Wolfe
R. J. McKeveitt	F. E. Holt
C. J. Oslington	Faculty of Vet. Science.
E. R. Stack	R. O. King
Faculty of Law.	
J. E. Burrows	

**TEACHERS' COLLEGE
 SCHOLARSHIPS**

The following ex-students have been awarded Scholarships at the Teachers' Training College, University of Sydney:—

J. Bates	H. C. Sheath
K. W. Starr	W. G. Spencer
H. Child	J. Brennan
B. N. Farlow	C. Harley
F. E. Holt	S. Goncharenko
P. S. Wolfe	J. Archer
J. Hancock	A. Weir
E. R. Stack	G. Heery
E. Bishop	R. G. Pugh
M. Gallagher	A. Weichmann
O. W. Hunt	M. Guillier
A. L. Hefren	D. H. Page
R. McKeveitt	M. Brereton
H. Webber	L. F. Hunt
C. Ebert	W. Eason
R. A. Hunt	K. Sims
D. McDonald	R. Thompson
H. C. Storey	F. Kirkwood
J. Carew	J. Vivian
C. Oslington	F. Uren
B. Dooley	C. Elbourne
A. L. Harward	T. Armstrong
E. Lake	

BURSARIES.

Bursaries, tenable at the University, have been awarded to the following ex-students, upon the results of the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1924:—

K. W. Starr	H. Child
G. L. Wright	B. N. Farlow
J. Bates	E. R. Stack

MATRICULATION EXAM

The following ex-students passed the Matriculation Examination and have complied with the special requirements prescribed for entrance to the several Faculties of the University:—

W. A. Baines (Arts and Law)
S. M. Hannaford (Arts)
R. G. Pugh (Arts and Law)
T. C. Redmonds (Arts and Law)
R. T. Thompson (Arts)
G. L. Webb (Arts and Law)
H. S. Cornish (Arts)

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

We extend our congratulations to the following ex-students on their success in gaining the following degrees:—

Faculty of Arts—B.A. Degree.

R. E. Paine—First Class Honours in Latin, Second Class Honours in English.
R. J. Brereton—Third Class Honours in French.
B. C. Doig—First Class Honours in Psychology.
R. Simmat—First Class Honours in Psychology.
H. R. Woodward.

Faculty of Economics.

Economics II.—H. D. Black, Distinction in Business Principles, High Distinction Economics II.

Faculty of Law—LL.B. Degree.

Y. R. Andrew—B.A. Second Class Honours.
J. W. Smyth—B.A. Second Class Honours.
A. H. Garratt—Second Class Honours.
W. A. Crain—Second Class Honours.
C. H. Dunlop.
A. J. Somerville.
W. J. Biggs.

Faculty of Medicine—**Final Degree Examination, M.B., Ch.M.**

R. R. Perkins, Honours Class II.
W. W. King, Honours Class II.
J. K. Alexander
H. D. Ashton
W. L. Davies
F. T. Grainger
J. A. Holt
R. T. C. Hughes
W. F. Machin
H. Pearlman
R. W. Thompson

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The following ex-students have gained distinctions in the various Faculties:—

Faculty of Arts.

English I.—Distinction: M. Rosenblum. Credit: W. E. R. Wilson, T. R. Sloane, A. D. Edwards.
English II.—High Distinction: H. W. Hogbin. Distinction: W. E. Gollan.
Philosophy I.—Distinction: W. J. Weeden, E. R. Walker. Credit: M. Rosenblum.
Psychology II.—High Distinction: W. E. Black, C. McLelland.
Mathematics II.—High Distinction: O. S. Potter. Credit: H. J. Hamnett.
Mathematics III.—Credit: A. J. Higgs.
Physics I.—Credit: W. J. Weeden.
Zoology I.—Credit: R. Simmat.
Geography I.—High Distinction (Prof. Tay- lor's Prize): H. W. Hogbin.
Economics I.—High Distinction: E. R. Wal- ker.

FACULTY OF LAW.**Final LL.B. Examination.**

Section I.—G. F. Amsberg
G. E. Barwick, B.A.
J. W. Smyth, B.A.
H. A. Snelling
W. P. Densley, B.A.
A. C. Magnus, B.A.
N. J. Bell, B.A.
G. C. Champion

Intermediate LL.B. Examination.

Section I.—H. R. Woodward (Prox. Acc. Wigram Allen Scholarship)
L. A. Lochrin
F. A. Newnham
E. A. Hancock
E. A. Dash
K. C. Codd
J. H. Fisher
K. A. Wilson
C. R. Airey
E. J. Culey
Section II.—A. W. Higgins
C. E. Griffin
A. C. Hake
F. A. Hodgson
N. A. Jenkyn
J. H. McDougall
H. B. Dickinson
T. S. Holden
R. A. Wright
R. S. Phillips
H. M. Shaw

Faculty of Arts—M.A. Degree.

C. B. Newling—History Honours I.

Faculty of Science—M.Sc. Degree.

G. Walker—Honours I. Mathematics and Univer- sity Medal.

SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.**First Grade.**

The First Grade team for 1925 promises to be a very good one, and it is quite probable that its record at the end of the season will be equal to that of the best of its predecessors. In Cant, the captain, the team possesses an excellent leader, who is known throughout the school, both by masters and boys, for his manly qualities. In addition, he has the distinction of being the best back that High School football has produced.

Blessing, as vice-captain, is another representative of whom every school would be proud. As a forward he is a hard worker, plays with noted success in the line-out, and keeps his forwards together. His ablest supporter is I. Smith, who plays a hard and creditable game. Of the remaining forwards no one has, to-date, distinguished himself, though all played well in the recent North Sydney game.

Of the backs, after Cant, Cohen is playing with greatest distinction, although Forsyth and Watts have done the work of their positions splendidly. Undoubtedly the prospect of a successful season is promising.

Third Grade.

This team has shown very fair ability of late, improving vastly throughout the season.

Five matches have been played, the school winning two, drawing one, and losing two; thus we have gained ten competition points, and with two matches to play have a good prospect of winning our division.

The batting strength of the team depends largely on Sawkins, Manning, Morris and Bosley, while Beaumont, Haines, Cunningham and Dunlop annexed the bowling honours.

Generally, the fielding is faulty, though gradually improving. Clark is always conspicuous for fine work in slips.

Fourth Grade.

The Fourth Grade team starts off with a good stiffening of last year's Fiftths and one old Fourth.

The backs show great promise, and made an excellent showing against Parramatta—45-0.

Against North Sydney's excellent team we could not succeed, partly owing to lack of combination among the forwards.

Smith and Percival, as captain and vice-captain, are working hard to strengthen the team, and we should finish close to the top.

Fifth Grade.

It seems too early to hazard a forecast regarding the prospects of this year's team. So far, two matches have been played, Parramatta being defeated by 20 to nil and North Sydney winning by 8 to 6. Both matches should have been victories for the Fort Street team, as the play was altogether in its hands. The last match was lost through the very faulty handling of the full-back.

Many players in the team show promise, and the more prominent are Shields and Buxton in the backs and Crisp, Punter, Gash and Macaulay in the forwards. The team is greatly in need of a full-back. The half-back and five-eight will have to show greater skill in handling the ball and in getting the backs into action; and the backs will need to throw the ball about more when attacking.

TENNIS.

Tennis is booming in the school. More than 200 boys enjoy each week the full benefits of the game. So great has been the interest that new courts had to be sought, and we were lucky in obtaining good ones within reasonable distance of the school.

After try-outs, extending over several weeks, Clark, Cunningham, Sundstrom and White were chosen to represent the school in First Grade; Richards, Sinclair, Lee, Jones, Ellis, Griffith, Martin and Tonkin in Second Grade; and Scutt, Beattie, Wallace, Witheford, Walker, Hatfield, Brown and Scott in Third Grade. The Second Grade A team and the Third Grade A are particularly strong, and we are expecting great successes from them. There is also a Reserve team, consisting of Twigg, Benson, Cox and Glass.

CRICKET.**First Grade.**

This year's XI. entered the competition a formidable side and very sanguine of recovering the much-coveted shield. The team included four of the 1924 XI. and a number of very promising players from the Second Grade.

The prospect of regaining the "ashes" are still very bright, although the first match of the season was lost to Parramatta. This defeat might be partly explained by the fact that the majority of the players had not yet found their true form. In the remaining matches the team gained decisive victories, in each instance winning by an innings. It still remains for the XI. to defeat our old rivals, North Sydney, who are leading in the competition.



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Owing to the team's assiduous practice and evident improvement, and, moreover, by the presence of that very necessary element, "the will to win," we have every reason to feel sure that our representatives will rise to the occasion and gain victory for us.

Cant (Capt.).—A brilliant field and brilliant bat. To him is due our signal success so far. He handles his team well, and we hope to see him captaining the winning team of the competition. He put up an excellent score of 75 against Sydney.

Cohen.—Has proved himself one of our most brilliant batsmen, being an adept at the late cut. His best scores were 55 n.o. and 62 n.o. He is also a valuable fieldsman.

Smith.—One of last year's players, continued to show good form, both in batting and bowling. His best efforts with the bat were 51 and 47 n.o., while his bowling has been very consistent and much better than his figures indicate.

Forsyth.—Has proved an acquisition to the team. A good googly bowler, a forceful bat, a fine fieldsman, he is one of our most reliable all-rounders.

Solomon.—One of the star performers of the team, is a brilliant field and a very fine batsman. We congratulate him on his inclusion in the New South Wales schoolboy team which recently toured Victoria, in which team he headed the batting average.

Galvin.—Caused a sensation by taking seven Sydney wickets for 27 runs. He is a solid bat and a good slip-fielder.

Johns.—The star of last year's Second Grade, has not yet shown his true form, but we know what he is capable of and are looking to him to shine in the coming matches.

Furzer.—A new player from Cleveland Street; a left-hand bowler of whom much was expected, but, so far, although he was able to keep down the runs, he has not met with any great success.

Ferrier.—The wicketkeeper, surprised with a vigorously compiled 71 n.o. against Parramatta. He is the team's comedian.

Hawkins.—A good bat, but has failed to get going properly; when he does, the opposition will find themselves chasing many a ball to the boundary. He might easily improve his fielding by being more earnest.

Watts.—One of last year's team, has failed to show his capabilities with the bat, but he is one of our outstanding fieldsmen.

Blessing.—A good change bowler and a good field.

Second Grade.

The Second Grade team began the season with a substantial victory over Drummoyne, and followed up this success by beating Petersham, last year's premiers, by an innings.

Archer's performances as a batsman are very creditable, and his century against Drummoyne was an almost faultless display of marked ability.

White is a slow bowler of promise, who also performs well with the bat when runs are needed.

Jarvis and Vernon have been consistent performers, and no small measure of success has been due to their efforts.

Scale is a good wicket-keeper, and is a promising batsman who should develop quickly into a first-grade player.

SWIMMING.

The school was runner-up in the inter-High School Carnival and twice in succession, both in the December Carnival and at our own Carnival, the school won the Relay Race.

There is some very promising swimming talent in the Senior, Junior, and Junior Cadet Grades that augurs well for the future, and when the season opens again we expect and know that all grades will join the club and attend the club contests with a view to fitting themselves for the inter-High School contests in December. We hope that our champions, injured in their recent football contests, will take to the water next season with all their former suppleness and strength.

Our Carnival this year was held on a Wednesday instead of the traditional Saturday, and the success of the function inclines one to believe that the experiment will be continued. In spite of the absence of the Fort Street Girls and the inclement weather, the attendance was surprisingly good, and as a result of the function the funds of the School Sports Union were augmented by fifteen pounds.

The boys who won in their various grades were:—Senior Cup, Waddington; runner-up, Isaacs. Junior Cup, Stevenson; runner-up, Harman. Cadet Cup, Backhouse; runner-up, Roulston.

The school's record this year in Life Saving was:—2 Silver Awards of Merit, 1 Bar to Award of Merit, 2 Bars to Bronze Medallion, 2 Hon. Instructors' Certificates, 31 Bronze Medallions, 41 Proficiency Certificates, 466 Resuscitation Badges; and there are still others awaiting examination, with good prospects of success.



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