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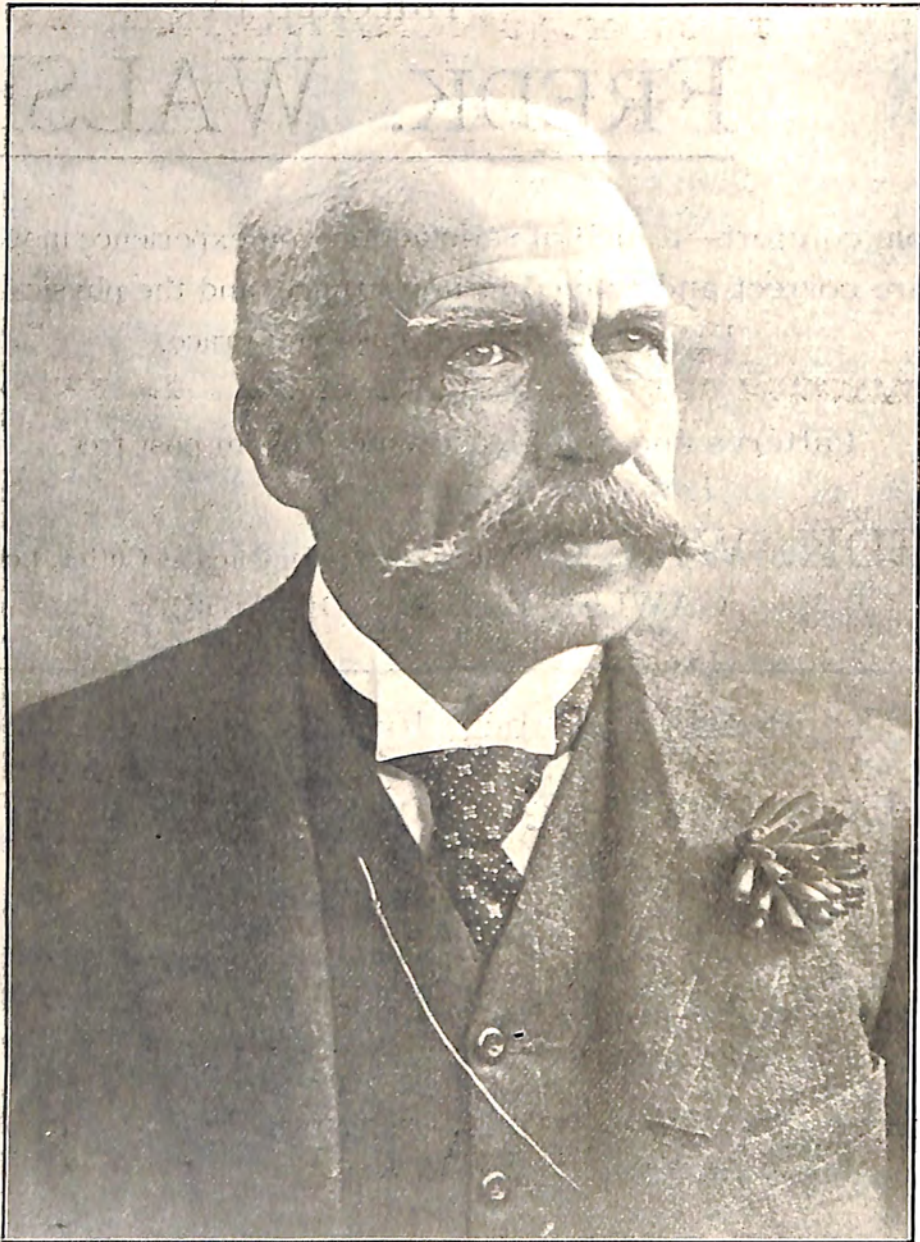
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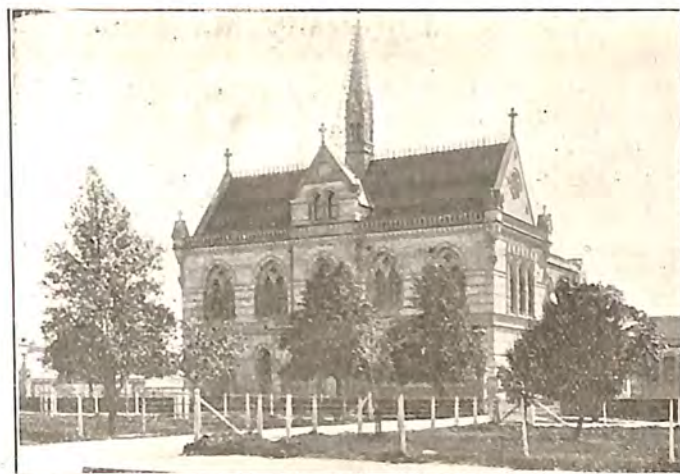
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Adelaide University Magazine

VOL. I, No. 3

JUNE, 1919

PRICE 1s.

Editorial.

Two factors are always at work in the University: one, a disintegrating power, splits us up into small societies and communities, more or less self-contained, and these tend to form "cliques," which are inclined to consider themselves the "salt of the earth." Against this tendency of exclusiveness there works the "University spirit," which aims at uniting "jarring sects" into a component whole. It is surely advisable that, while we keep that individuality so precious to human beings, we should have some common ground of agreement on which we could meet on equal terms. At present we are but groups of separate entities; we have practically no corporate life, and without that in consequence we are lacking in a strong corporate spirit such as older Universities have. The reason for this does not lie solely in our want of residential colleges, for that sense of corporate spirit exists at its best and strongest in many of our secondary schools which are principally day schools. The real reason is that we have no real bond of fellowship, no society whose interests will appeal to all.

This must be remedied before it is too late, and the responsibility lies with the undergraduates of to-day. They have now in their hands an opportunity that they should be proud to grasp, the opportunity to create within the University a place where graduate and undergraduate, professor and student, may learn to know one another better, where wits may be sharpened in the contact of ideas, and souls expand in the glow of friendship.

At Oxford the Union fulfils several functions. It is well known as a training ground for politicians, and in the debates that are held there the student becomes familiar with the leading problems of the day, the newest theories in art and literature. We need something of that kind here. We are too self-centred—too wrapped up in our own petty affairs. We are inclined to forget the wider culture in a narrow view of our own particular subjects.

But the Oxford Union is also a common meeting place for all members of the University—the centre of their social life. There is a reading room for litera-

ture of a lighter kind than one finds in a University library. The student may write letters on the notepaper of his own college, and "brother ass the body" is not forgotten, for the Union also provides afternoon tea.

A Union modelled somewhat on these lines is what we need, and our need for it is greater than Oxford's. For us it is a necessity, for we have no colleges, no general exchange of ideas, no social life, and without a Union, with nothing to bind us together, as the University grows larger we shall drift further apart.

The establishment of a Union will be expensive, and its upkeep will require a large annual income. The subscription

may seem high (£2 2s. per annum is the sum suggested), but the benefit to the students will be greater than money can buy.

The Union will be untrue to its name unless every graduate and undergraduate is a member. Membership ought, we consider, to be compulsory for undergraduates. If the powers that be are opposed to this suggestion we can but hope that it will become morally compulsory, and that all who would keep alive the fires of youthful enthusiasm and who value what the University spirit can give us, will work together to make the Union a great and living power.

University Honour Roll.

(Names accidentally omitted from former issues, or added since the publication of the last number.)

On Active Service.

Brown, J. W., B.Sc., LL.B.
 Jefferis, A. G., B.Sc.
 Kelly, E. G.
 Prest, H. G.
 Stephens, E. G.

The University Honour Roll is known to be incomplete. Readers are asked to report any mistakes or omissions in the lists in "The Calendar" or "Magazine," or on the University notice board. The editor will also be grateful for information concerning military distinctions won by University men

Obituary.

Professor Sir Edward Charles Stirling.

The death of Sir Edward Stirling occurred at his home at Mount Lofty on Thursday, March 20, 1919. Perhaps nowhere in public life was Professor Stirling better known or respected than at the University, and to no one does the story of his life appeal more directly than to the student of the University.

He was born at Strathalbyn in 1848, and educated first at St. Peter's College, where he won the Westminster Scholarship. He travelled for some months in Germany and France prior to entering Trinity College, Cambridge. It was early in his career that Professor Stirling showed an inclination for scientific sub-

jects, for he obtained his B.A. degree in 1869, with honours in natural science. He completed his Arts course in 1873. About this time he was a student at St. George's Hospital, London, and was Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1872, and obtained his degree of F.R.C.S. two years later. In this year he also graduated in medicine at Cambridge, and attained to M.D. in 1880. While in London Dr. Stirling filled the position of house surgeon and assistant surgeon at St. George's Hospital, where he had learnt his surgery. After this brilliant academic career Dr. Stirling returned to Adelaide in 1881. He was soon appointed to the honorary staff of consulting surgeons at the Adelaide Hospital, where he worked in conjunc-

tion with Dr. J. C. Verco as consulting physician. In 1882 he was appointed lecturer in physiology at the University, and later, when the Chair of Physiology was instituted, Professor of that subject. The work done by him in connection with the founding of the Medical School at the University cannot be overestimated. He went back to England mainly to choose a Professor of Anatomy, and afterwards held a meeting of eminent medical men of South Australia at his own house to discuss ways and means of providing for the teaching of other subjects of the medical curriculum. He himself lectured for several years on clinical surgery. For many years Professor Stirling was a member of the University Council and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

Professor Stirling was an extensive writer. Most of his works are upon scientific subjects. Many of them are written from his own experience and far-reaching investigations. In all his writings, whether in the lectures delivered to students or in his records of his own work there is a wonderful charm of diction and fluency of language which at once pronounce him a scholar as well as a scientist.

Nor was Professor Stirling known in Adelaide simply as a surgeon and physiologist. For some years he was a member of Parliament. So keen a thinker necessarily had views a little ahead of his time. He was an advocate of social reform and an educationalist. His interest in the welfare of children was recognized in his appointment as President of the State Children's Council of South Australia.

For many years Professor Stirling held the position of Director of the Public Library, Museum, and Art Gallery Board. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the Museum and honorary director of the ethnological collection.

Professor Stirling was very much interested in ethnology. He travelled one year to the desert district of Lake Callabonna, collected and brought home some fossil remains, and subsequently reconstructed the huge "Diprotodon Australis."

It was for this achievement that he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, that being the greatest honour to which a man of science can attain. In 1917 Professor Stirling was made a knight, also in recognition of his work in scientific research.

Besides taking so prominent a part in public life, Professor Stirling had numerous other interests. His scientific mind no doubt prompted him to experiment with flowers and plants as well as in the animal world. The garden at St. Vigean's, Mount Lofty, where he lived most of the year round, shows that gardening must have been to him rather more than an ordinary hobby.

In describing, however briefly, the career and pursuits of this great man, one must not forget to mention the man himself. Always devoted to his profession, a thorough sportsman; one friend of his calls him "a prince of good fellows"; what higher tribute can a man pay to the lifelong friendship of this man? The death of this man leaves a blank as of a personal loss with each student, and the University has indeed lost a scholar and a gentleman.

Mary L. Langman.

An Appreciation by E. A. Allen.

Surely she must have been born among the glory of the lilies, for she was very fair. Fair and swift she was. The "vivid adjective" was hers. Her speech sped and danced and swam and thrust. With it she caressed and tantalized and urged, and an idle pupil or a stupid one was startled or amazed. The lightning speed of her apprehension and expression were the joy of her teachers, friends, and pupils alike, and as we mourn her death so young, we wonder whether she had not lived through in those vivid years as much as others do who live longer and grow old.

She was born in 1886 and was an only child. The death of her father in 1894 left her and her mother constant and devoted companions. When she was seven-

teen she took a University Scholarship in the Higher Public examination, taking Senior Latin and Greek the same year, and began the Arts course in Classics, reading in English Literature also. At the end of the first year she took the Howard Clark Scholarship in English Literature, and wrote as her thesis upon "Milton, the Poet." She graduated in 1906, taking a Double First in Honours Classics. The brilliance of her gifts in language was already evident, and besides her proficiency in classics she spoke French and German. Reading in phonetics, she prepared for a trip to Europe, which she took with friends in 1907, and with the opportunity of travel she became quite fluent in both these languages. On her return she became a university coach with a very striking success. But she shared in all kinds of girlish interests; sang and danced; joined the Alliance Francaise, and fitted all kinds of engagements into a crowded timetable. She set out to test life for herself with a girl's avoidance of traditional ties. At the University she was both loved and a little feared, for her quickness in judgment and criticism and in taking a decision were unusual.

She had less emotional than intellectual balance. But those who loved her expected that the time would come when her own discernment would give her a juster poise. She became ill in 1916, and in the winter of 1918 gave up her work. She seemed to be better, and her death early in this year came as a cruel shock. Almost the last thing she did before giving up her work was to read a brilliant paper upon "Australian Novelists" before the Women Graduates' Club. Our pen lags as we write, for we grieve that her gifts had not come to a fuller fruition for the world. And we miss a gay companion whose bright presence livened the dullest road. For she was the essence of life.

Dr. A. C. Magarey.

The University of Adelaide, and more particularly the Medical School, has suf-

fered a great loss by the death of Dr. A. C. Magarey. Dr. Magarey's work for some months past has brought him into contact with influenza patients, from whom at last he himself contracted the dread disease in a severe form.

Amongst medical students Dr. Magarey was well known, and held in great esteem for his kindly disposition, his fine sterling qualities, and for the interest which he took in the students. As demonstrator and lecturer in anatomy, he was brought more particularly into contact with first and second year students.

He was a young man, 34 years of age, who by his ability and skill as a surgeon had worked up for himself a good private practice; added to his talent he had a wide experience, with promise of a brilliant future in the medical profession.

Born at Mount Lofty, he received his early education at St. Peter's College, and later graduated at the Adelaide University. In 1908 he was appointed house surgeon to the Adelaide Children's Hospital, but he relinquished the position in the following year in order to continue his medical studies in England. He was successful in gaining his F.R.C.S. degree, whereupon he took the position of house surgeon at St. Mark's Hospital, London. On returning to South Australia he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy at the University, and later Secretary to the Adelaide branch of the British Medical Association. He gained his degree of Master of Surgery, and was for a time temporary assistant surgeon at the Adelaide Hospital.

For eight months Dr. Magarey rendered valuable services at the military hospital, Rabaul, from whence he returned shortly after the signing of the armistice. His pleasant anecdotes emphasized the points of many a dull hour, and his cheerful and pleasant manner and willingness to help will long be remembered by the students. What a loss his death is to the medical profession of South Australia can only be realized by those who knew the value of his work.

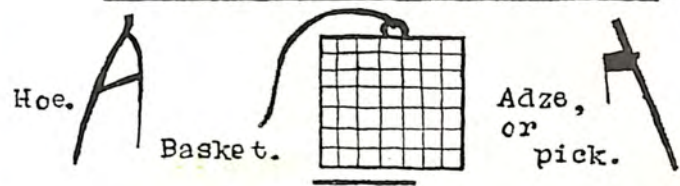
Hieroglyphical text from ushebti:-



Deceased's name:-

His mother's name:-

IMPLEMENTS & C. CARRIED BY FIGURE.



The name of DARIUS I, as appearing in the old cuneiform (i.e. wedge-shape) writings of-

- (A) Persia
- (B) Susia
- (C) Babylonia

and as in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs -

MAGICAL FUNERARY FIGURE OF AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRIEST.

TEMPUS DARIUS I. c. B. C. 500.

Del. A. Rowe
28-4-'19

Magical Funerary Figure of an Ancient Egyptian Priest.*

A 2,400 Year-old Relic in a Local Collection.

By A. Rowe, Lecturer in Archaeology, W.E.A., Adelaide.

The quaint little figure depicted in the accompanying plate is representative of an important class of funerary objects placed in the tombs of the ancient Egyptians from the earliest to the latest times. It is, in fact, a miniature model of a mummified fellah, or field-worker, and is called a "ushebti."

Prior to the First Dynasty (c. B.C. 4400), it appears that at the death of a great man it was the custom in some instances to strangle his slaves and bury them with him. This custom, however, was by no means carried out in Egypt only, for in certain Bronze Age interments of England and the Continent, entire skeletons surrounded by a ring of urns containing the remains of charred human bodies have been brought to light, and it is generally accepted that in cases like this the unburnt bodies are those of chiefs or heads of families, and the burnt bones those of slaves, dependents, or even wives sacrificed at the funeral. Julius Caesar tells us that such religious "suicides," at no remote period from his own, formed a part of the funeral rites of the Gaulish chiefs. As a matter of fact, the practice of suttee, as it is termed, has survived down to quite recent time in many countries, notably in India, where it was not unusual for the wives of a chief to be put to death at his demise.

As the Egyptians got more civilized they dropped this barbarous usage, and brought into vogue the little ushebti figure, which, they believed, would transform itself into a living man in the other world at the command of the deceased person for whom it was made, and would

perform any agricultural work which its master might be condemned to do by Osiris, the great Judge of the dead.

It must be remembered that the Egyptians thought their heaven was but a counterpart of the fertile oases in and near Egypt, with which most of them were well acquainted, and that the righteous dead who dwelt there were employed in the cultivation of wheat and other cereals. Now before this grain could be grown it was assumed that the celestial lands had to be ploughed, manured, watered, etc., and that this work had to be carried out by gangs of beings consisting of the spirits of the departed. As the Egyptians as a whole hated forced labour of any kind, their priests found it necessary to provide some way for their followers to escape from it when they reached the domains of the "Fields of Peace," and this explains why in pre-dynastic times the strangled slaves, and in dynastic times the ushebti figures, were interred with the dead. It may be added that some 700 of these magical figures were buried with Seti I (B.C. 1350), the father of the king in whose reign was sculptured the monolith now in front of the South Australian Museum.

The word ushebti is derived from the Egyptian verb "usheb," meaning "to answer," and was given to the figure because, in the text cut upon it, the figure "answers" the deceased when he instructs it to undertake certain labours, and says, "Verily, I am here."

Various materials were used in the manufacture of the ushebti, but the one shown in the illustration is of porcelain; others are seen to be made of wood or metal. The little object carries a hoe in its right hand and an adze, or pick, in its left hand, while suspended by a cord over its left shoulder is a basket for the purpose

*The property of Major Arnold, A.A.M.C., Adelaide, to whom the writer is greatly indebted for allowing him to issue this description, which is here published for the first time.

of removing earth or top dressing from one place to another.

As a rule the ushebti figure is inscribed with the 6th chapter of the Theban Recension of the "Book of the Dead," i.e., the ancient Egyptian funeral liturgy as promulgated by the priests of Thebes, but the makers of the figures by no means always kept to the wording of the chapter, as will be observed by comparing the following ordinary version with the translation I presently give of the text on the ushebti under review:

Ordinary Version of 6th Chapter.

Title—The Chapter of not Doing Work in the Other World.

The deceased says, "Hail, Ushebti Figure. In the event of my being condemned to do any work which is to be done in the Other World, whether it be to spread manure on the fields, or to fill the channels with water, such work shall be performed for me by thee, and no obstacle shall be put in thy way." The Ushebti Figure replieth, "I will do it, verily, I am here to do thy bidding." (See "Papyrus of Ani," Budge.)

The text drawn in the photograph informs us that the name of the deceased was Utcha-Heru-Resenti (lit., "Protected by the God Horus of Resent"), and that of his mother, Nefer-Abt* (lit., "Beauty of the East"), while the style of the object and other features point to the fact that these persons lived about 500 B.C.

At this time, of course, Egypt, as well as Syria (i.e., Phoenicia and Palestine), Arabia, the whole of Mesopotamia, Iran, north-west India (the Punjab), Asia Minor (including on the Mediterranean side, Cilicia, Pamphylia, and Lycia, on the Aegean side, Caria, Lydia, and the neighbouring islands of Cyclades and Rhodes, and on the southern shore of the Black

* Nefer-Abt's name seems to indicate that she came from some country to the east of Egypt, and that may well have been Persia.

Sea, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, and Pontus), the isle of Cyprus, and Thrace in Europe, were under the rule of the mighty Persian king Darius the Great (B.C. 522-485), each province being governed by a satrap. The curious non-Aryan syllabic scripts of Asia Minor† and Cyprus, and the South Semetic Minaeo-Sabaeon writings of Arabia Felix on the eastern side of the Red Sea, which are all of very great interest to the archaeologist, were probably in general use in the period of which we are speaking. Also, the old Persian syllabic script, consisting of forty-one symbols derived from the practically innumerable Assyrian cuneiform ideograms, had just commenced to be employed; the longest extant inscription of this nature is that which Darius cut on a certain high rock at Behistun, in Persia. It starts with the pronouncement: "I am Darius, the great king, the king of Persia, the king of the provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achæmenian."

Turning from the Near East to the west we find that, excepting in classical lands, the peoples of which had long entered into the full use of iron, most of the Celtic and Teutonic races of Central and Western Europe were passing into the beginning of the Early Iron Age, which, in the case of the Continent, is technically termed "La Tene (a)," and in the case of Britain, "Late Celtic" or "Early British." The immediate preceding periods of transition from bronze to iron are known as "Hallstatt" and "Late Bronze Age," respectively.

From these synchronous events it will be realized that Utcha-Heru-Resenti lived in a very important era of the world's history, and being, as he was, a priest of the god Osiris, in the temple of Resenet in southern Egypt, we may be sure that he was intelligent enough to be able to

† The Museum of the University of Sydney contains a sepulchral stele engraved in Egyptian and Carian characters; this is the only monument of its kind in Australia.

appreciate many of the higher aspects of the culture of the mighty Persian Empire, more especially as Darius, who was a wise, enlightened and tolerant ruler, did his best to understand the religion and customs of the Egyptians. Indeed, the great Aryan king showed much practical sympathy by subscribing money for expenses incurred in the discovery of a new Apis Bull; he supported religious institutions, and built a temple to the solar deity Amen-Ra, at the Oasis of Al-Khargah.

A literal translation of the hieroglyphs on the ushebti would appear somewhat confusing to those who have no knowledge of the construction of ancient Egyptian sentences, so I have thought it best to make my rendering as free as possible. This is as follows:

Funerary Text of Utcha-Heru-Resenti.

The shining one*, Utcha-Heru-Resenti, the priest of the god Osiris of Resenet, born of the lady Nefer-Abt, whose word

* In Egyptian, *Sehetch*. It probably refers to the shining, translucent spirit of the deceased.

is found right and true in the judgment, saith:

"Hail, thou ushebti figure, if I (who am Utcha-Heru-Resenti, the priest of Osiris of Resenet, born of Nefer-Abt, whose word is right and true) be ordered to perform any works in the Other World, remove thou for me all obstructions which may hamper me in my duties."

The ushebti answereth:

"Verily I will be there when thou callest me, O Utcha-Heru-Resenti. If thou be ordered to work, or to till the fields, or to fill the channels with water, or to carry top-dressing about from the west or east, I will perform such duties for thee. Verily, I will be there when thou callest."

The original hieroglyphical text is by no means free from errors, as the word for "priest" is omitted from the first line; the seventh line is somewhat corrupt, and the ninth line has a wrongly spelt word. Mistakes in writing and orthography then would seem to have been as common in the sixth century before Christ as they are at the present day.

Settling Down.

By N. V. Wallace.

So the long expected has come at last to pass. Those little slips of paper which were so very scarce are almost plentiful. Our discharges from the army, which once we esteemed as the diamonds of Kimberley, are become as the copper of Moonta. Why is it that possession ever dulls the keen edge of desire, and why do the roseate dreams of yesterday lose their soft sheen in the hard light of reality?

The old days are past and gone—nevermore to return. What merry old days they were! What a fancy-free existence was ours! We fought, we cursed, we marched, we groused, but still we laughed—always we laughed. Life was ours for the love of living, cares were phantoms,

worry, a ghost. The fates might jest as they rattled the dice, but so did we—and those who left went out with a smile, their game souls wafted heavenwards on wisps of their cigarette smoke.

But now that's over—once again we see before us the days of toil, the nights of study, the life of conventions and civilized respectability. It had to come for all who lived—it was the inevitable, and, as soldiers, we accept it—but yet the other must be over with us. There we shall sit with books before us, intent on the solution of some technical mystery, but suddenly caught by a chance word, or sound maybe, the pages will blur and fade away, and we shall fly to the fields of shattered France—back to the old half-

broken villages and sunny farmlands. There in some estaminet we'll sit among the diggers, what time the wines will flow and the rafters ring with the voice of merry badinage. Perhaps little Marthe will bustle round preparing the eggs and chips, perhaps Marguerite and Yvonne will dance some quaint old peasant step to the strains of the automatic piano. Or it may be that we're on the trek, swinging up the long, straight roads, flopping down as the bugle blows for smoke-oh, and hurriedly arising to trudge along still further. Perhaps—perhaps—and then we'll waken, feverishly aware of our forbidden digression—we'll glue our eyes, our brains, our inner consciousness upon the work that lies before us until by force, and force alone, we shall master our thoughts and drive them meekly down the paths of studious reflection.

Yet it's a struggle—the narrowed compass of four squared city walls is not the free eternity of God's green earth, the sundried profs., the dusty volumes are not the care-free comrades of another existence; the scented ocean breeze veers off at sight of learning's stilted dignity, but we must face it. What must be, must be; life with its chances lies before us, and war was only a phase of life, a mere excrescence on its all-excrescenced surface. Poor gain indeed it were to us, or to mankind, if we, who went to fight that war might cease, were conquered in the fighting. Our comrade's blood had then been spilt in vain, did we not buckle to, and, grasping the broken strands of our careers, apply ourselves to their mending—mending and weaving thicker and stronger, that they may bear a greater strain in the mighty cable of nationhood and empire.

Letters from the Front.

(Continued from last number.)

La Grosie, France,

November 23, 1918.

Well, we're on the move. At last the censorship is up. I wrote a bit of a letter to you about a week ago which I have just found in my pocket. I had no envelopes. It was written at Le Cateau, where we spent a fortnight. I made great friends there with a French family. To start with, there were only two old dames, one obviously a domestique. The husband of the other had died three weeks before during the bombardment. They spent fifteen days in the cellar, and the old lady got a touch of gas. After a while communications with Paris were restored, and she told me with great joy that she had heard from her children, and they were coming up. Next day they arrived—her daughter, like all the French people, at any rate women, I've met—cheerful and sensible, and her husband, who had been captured at Mauberge at the beginning

of the war and was a prisoner in Germany for a year, then ill and exchanged, and in Paris for a year before his wife and daughter could get through to him. They missed a train by four days, and had to wait a year for the next. Their daughter was a jolly girl of about fifteen. They were awfully good to me. I used to take my tucker over most evenings and heat it up on their stove, and share it round with them. One night we had cauliflower au gratin! Of course, there was always coffee—such as the French know how to make. When we left, two days ago, Mme. Vilain filled my water bottle with hot coffee. The old lady has been really very ill ever since they got back, but we got her attention at last from an A.M.C. aid post.

We moved out to this place a couple of days back. It is only about ten miles on, and here we are in wretched billets—very draughty, no windows, and many cracks. It has been very cold—

fine, sunny, and frosty. We hear different rumours every three minutes:

1. We're going to Coblenz.
2. We're just going to mess about in ruined villages for two months to keep us out of mischief.
3. Billy Hughes is dead.
4. We're moving off to Valenciennes to-morrow.
5. Monash and Hughes had a 21-round bout as to whether we are to go to Germany or not. A draw.
6. We're going to Marseilles—and so on.

Anyhow, wherever we go, its sure to be beastly—cold, all polishing up of harness and guns all the time.

Soldiers' Education Scheme.

H.Q. 10th Brigade, A. Field Art.
Liessies, France,
December 3, 1918.

Now observe the change of address. On guard one night at La Grosie the bombardier in charge spoke about the brigade concert party, and said they were short of an accompanist. I shyly offered my services. Brigade authorities have taken up the matter with enthusiasm, and the concert party has been formed and attached to Headquarters, the idea being that we all billet together and have all our time free for rehearsals. No more 6.30 parades or grooming of mules or taking them to water. We searched for lodgings, and at last approached a large rambling farm, and were welcomed with open arms. The lady showed us three quite empty upstairs rooms at one end of the building and in the part where the family lives one furnished room which was for the one who speaks French (*c'était moi*) and a "camerade." The bombardier above mentioned, Lawson by name, who joined us at our last billet and shared my cubicle, was to share this room with me—but now he seems to prefer to sleep with the crowd in the other place, and leave it to me as a sort of

study. And thereby hangs another tale.

I think I told you that one day the sergeant-major spoke to me about the education stunt. Well, it is getting under weigh, and the other day the major accosted me and had a yarn about things in general. He is keen on it, and also the padre—who is a nice chap from North Queensland, by name Ash. Anyhow, a meeting was held, and the resources of the brigade in instructors was reckoned up, and things are moving, though somewhat slowly. If we stay here a couple of weeks—as seems likely—I shall have this nice room, and will be able to read here quietly and hold small classes here if I can get one or two going. The difficulty is books; but I salvaged a few French school books—historical—at Boulogne—a little village we camped at one night on our way here from La Grosie. We were billeted in a school, and I may be able to work up something out of them if required. Two or three days ago I was sent into Sains to select some music which a Comforts Fund had there, and while there I called on Capt. Rossiter, the 4th Divisional Educational Officer (I had received a reply to my letter the night before from Bishop Long, telling me to call on Rossiter). He took all my particulars, and told me it is hoped later on—in the south of France probably—to concentrate all University men together. Every day we hear new rumours about the demobilizing plans, but at present it seems as if this would be our programme. Here till about the 15th, move on to Dinant, above Namur on the Meuse—above is south; stop there some while, then relieve two Canadian divisions at or near Coblenz; there for a month or two, and at signing of peace concentrate probably in the south of France for demobilization, which may take eighteen months. There, now—there's the latest oil for you. Compris "oil"? Compris "com-

pris"? It is the "Aussie" way of saying, "Do you understand?" My French has been of a staggering advantage to me here. I even did the sergeant-major out of his nice billets, and got em for myself. And the best of it is, he seems to like me frightfully for it, and has inscribed himself as my first pupil for a proposed Latin class. He is in civil life a State school teacher. (I just have to jot things down as they occur to me.)

Flavin, ten miles west of Dinant,
Belgium, December 16, 1918.

(Three days' march to this little village.) Roughtan Clark, a Tasmanian barrister (Launceston), who was an old 35th sergeant-major, and I have dug in together in a room, and we are going to make ourselves comfortable. The people of our house are good souls—an oldish lady and her man and two children—a smart little girl and an extremely nice boy of 17, who is a good "élève," and wants to join the army as soon as possible, so as to get the chance of going to a University. He has lent me his history of Belgium, which I shall plunge into this afternoon. I got some excellent French history books further back, and am preparing some popular lectures on various topics, and only need some good maps, which I should be able to get easily at any of the schools. The French and Belgian historical text books seem excellent—much better than our English ones. They are less exclusive—perhaps necessarily so; but I do believe our English history would be a more useful subject and more interesting if it were taken as a part of European history, and not something in an almost watertight compartment.

December 26.—To-day I have just seen the adjutant, who has taken down my name and qualifications to send in for the job to the Divisional H.Q. The position is honorary, but I believe I shall be paid. The duties are not only

to arrange classes and lectures, but to deal with papers from Administrative H.Q., explain them when necessary to the troops, give a lecture or lectures on demobilization and repatriation schemes, and give advice to men desiring such with regard to what educational course to take during the period of demobilization. The work may be fairly strenuous for a while, but it will be of invaluable experience. There will be a fair amount of going to and fro among the four batteries. We are central here—the furthest is about seven kilos away.

December 28.—I wonder if it is as hot at Glenelg as it is cold here? On Christmas Eve, at about 5 o'clock, we had our tea and sat down to wait for a waggon to take us to Falsin, seven kilos away, where the 110th Battery are. The concert had been arranged at very short notice, and we had spent the day getting up a scratch programme. We were expected at 7, but the waggon only reached us at a quarter to, so we were philosophically late. It was a cold drive and wet. The ploughed fields alongside the road gleamed white even in the darkness—frost, not snow. On our arrival, after clattering down the narrow winding village street, we got to work at once. Artistically it was a poor show, and I don't think the Aussies enjoyed it much, but the civilian population seemed to like it. We finished up with a couple of Christmas carols—Nowell and King Wenceslas. Before the carols I explained in the French tongue to the assembled populace what it was we were going to sing. (I told you, didn't I, how I gave a lantern lecture in French to the inhabitants of Flavin—views of Australia—a huge success.) Half a dozen Belgian small boys—Belgian children seem delightful—came up afterwards, and wanted to talk about the carols, and to know if it was really true that in Australia the priests married!

Reviews of Books.

Correcting the Compasses.

Many have wondered whether the W.E.A. would be able to lead thought, or be forced to content itself with expounding and stimulating. We shall soon know. In "Democracy and Freedom" (No. 1 of the W.E.A. series, Macmillan & Co., 1/6 at all booksellers), Elton Mayo, Professor of Philosophy at Brisbane (and graduate of our own University, we are proud to remember) has produced a book which is critical and constructive, and cuts across the stock ideas of both capitalist and industrialist. On the one hand, "No society is civilized which exploits the many in the interests of the few," and on the other, "The question for reformers is not only 'What the workers want,' but also what they actually are" (p. 59). It is the work of a man whose devotion to democracy is sane and instructed.

The thesis is carefully developed, and those who like to keep salt on the tail of the argument by making rapid resumes will find a representative sentence crying to be underlined in every paragraph. This implies a logical march of the thought that ought to be, but is not too inevitable to need comment.

"Democracy," says Professor Mayo, "must stand or fall by its superiority . . . for aiding social growth," which is "the acquisition by man of new knowledge and new powers" (p. 2). But "the democracy which was to reflect 'the general will' and thus to secure social unity, has by its methods divided society into two camps" (p. 13). It set out to make the social will sovereign, but it regarded that will as structureless, as a bundle of faggots tied by a state rope rather than as a world of growing, co-operating wills. Consequently it has occupied itself more with artificial organization than with promoting structure, with political parties and with extending the franchise rather than with educating the wills and with widen-

ing the area of sane and logical public discussion. Indeed, "there is a widespread conspiracy to deprive the people of all such control." Is that conspiracy conscious, we ask? And on page 34 we are told that "reasoning is deliberately discouraged," for it is easier and quicker to move wills by fear than by reasoned thought, and we are given a lively psychological account of how the politician handles his audience through their anxiety neuroses, the "unconscious emotional interruptions" in their thinking.

The integrating factor of society is the individual's ability to "feel, as he works, that his work is socially necessary" (p. 37), but "democracy has done nothing to aid the individual to a sense of social function. In the employers' consciousness . . . the workman is still conceived as a mere item in the cost of production, rather than as a citizen fulfilling a social function" (p. 41), while "class-consciousness has obscured the social function of the industry of which the trade union is part" (p. 51). We see the same obtuseness when "the public is asked to believe that its interest in life depends in a 'right use of leisure' rather than work actually done for the community." (It may not be mal a propos to remind Adelaideans of the occasion when two of our professors who had lucidly explained this same point were quoted by reporters, untrained in grasping what they hear, as advocating hobbies!)

Regulation is the substitute our straying democracy has found for the integrated social will. One example is arbitration, "whose primary assumption is that the interests of masters and men cannot be made identical," and which tries "to produce by regulation that which can only be spontaneous growth" (p. 48). Socialism is a logical following of the path we are on, but it follows from Professor Mayo's argument that "the future of

civilization, we have to realize, rests with democracy properly so-called, rather than with socialism" (p. 71), and "the central thesis of democracy, properly so-called, is . . . that growth or development is a character of social life, and not of the state. . . . This does not imply that the democracies of the future will abandon the existing mechanism and administration." It shows how rooted and grounded we are in political sin that we find ourselves asking "How is the government going to set us on the right path?"

The last chapter shows us war and a league of nations as consequences of regarding civilization as structureless.

The book brings us into the bracing current of the thought of the twentieth century; in reading it we no longer paddle languidly in the stagnant pools of the nineteenth, that are the freshest waters known to too many inadvertent souls. For this reason the student will read it, and so will the industrial thinker. The mere capitalist will call it unproductive theory, and the man in the street, whose attention can only be caught by patches, not only purple but ensanguined, who must talk in such language as "Billy Hughes shows his yellow teeth," he, of course, will never hear of it, for there are some ideas you cannot interpret thus. But one knows that there will be many discussions of the book by the earnest, privately and in study circles, and would like to think that, in the long run, it is from such that the opinion percolates which binds the mass.

S.E.J.

"Medley Songs," by George R. Hambidge, late Acting Corporal, A.I.F. (Published by G. Hassell & Son, Adelaide.)

Writing verse with Corporal Hambidge was something more than a hobby. He could not help himself. Of him it was true that "The heart of the singer will burst into rime." Some of his first at-

tempts were made when he was about fifteen, and they were of a particularly high standard for one so young. He was barely twenty-one when he died of wounds on August 8, 1918, and yet his work shows great promise. While we can but mourn his untimely end, we can yet say of him, as he writes in "The Brother Speaks," adapting the quotation:

"His was the choice, he played hot manhood's part!"

Corporal Hambidge had just finished his first year at law when he enlisted for active service. Many of the verses in "Medley Songs" were written before that date. Characteristic of them is his love of nature, and one is constantly meeting pretty similes and metaphors drawn from this source. For instance, in "Aubade" he writes:

"The flapper, Dawn, with sleepy sigh,
Wide stretched her arms across the sky,
And folding Night in warm embrace,
Pressed both flushed cheeks against his face;

He scowled, and tore himself away,
As frowning, came her mother, Day."

And again in "City Rain":

"Tiny little rivulets join hands where'er
they meet,
And dance away together through the town."

In "Evening" a fine effect is obtained:
"With gaudy hand the vanquished day
Has tinged the west with saffron dye."

At times too he grows philosophic, as in "A Fragment" he, with a clever touch, evidences a peculiar characteristic of his nature. At times humorous, as one approaches those verses written with the influence of war upon him, a more serious tone is noticeable. But even in the sterner ways of life he is still capable of appreciating the humour of what some might think a monotonous round. In the "Last Post" there is vividly contrasted the roughness and humour of camp life with the sweetness of love. At times, too, he was capable of very realistic work, and

in the sonnet "War" a good example of this class of work is seen. But of the many fine pieces that this little book contains, which will remain as the permanent record of the singing of one who, had he been spared "the war gods' strange caress," would almost certainly have sung to the whole world, perhaps that of "Two Women" is the finest. We quote the last verse:

"Two things there are most sacred that I keep;
 My mother's smile, my sweetheart's happy laughter,
 Though every effort fail and I grow tired
 Yet can I dream of that sweet peace hereafter,
 When I shall see the glorious smile once more,
 Shall hear that laugh and kiss that rosy mouth,
 If I return; and though the husk remains,
 My fettered soul will wander to the South;
 For till the noise of guns shall cease to be,
 There are two women there awaiting me."

E.L.S.

"Our Crusade," by Mrs. G. F. Dodwell.
 Hussey & Gillingham.

Mrs. Dodwell knows what makes a book attractive to the eye—verses with lines of irregular length, sketches, a photograph, some bars of music, all on thick paper with clear type. Her subjects are such as have been in the minds of most people during the last few years, and one realizes that she must have found relief and diversion in setting them down in metre and rhyme, though sometimes one wonders whether prose would not have conduced better to the clarity and cogency of the thought. Some lines in "The

Creative Instinct" are not easy to construe, and there and elsewhere the thought is made thinner rather than more pointed by the form. "The Spinning Song" will probably please most people best; it is a kind of metrical impromptu of thoughts at the wheel, and flows along very rhythmically, with just the right interruptions and pauses.

"Loudly, softly, fast or slow,
 Round the busy bobbins go."

"Black sheep, black sheep, here's your wool,
 Here are three fine bobbins full."

No irresistible pulse beats through the sonnets, and it was something of a shock to find "The Golden Fleece" and "The Picnic" in this sanctified form. Do

"Chicken, lettuce, and tomatoes cool,"
 to say nothing of a "billy bright," find legitimate place in the metre of Petrarch and Shakespeare?

But let us cease being pedantic and captious, and note the simple kindness, the gracious piety and faith and aspiration shining through the lines. The author has wondered, as we all have done,

"What are they all—rest, movement, war
 life, death?
 The heroic dead sleeping in holy peace,
 The care-free crowd that lightly draws its
 breath?"

and she is assured that there is a

" . . . glorious life, where sordid struggles
 cease
 All things fulfil their purpose high and true."

The very sonnets we have mentioned show a descriptive power, and so does "The Star of Greece," that clear little etching, with its second verse of poetic significance. And we all pounce joyfully on lines that show that some one else has shared happy impressions of the "smooth grey peeling bark" of eucalypts, the "brown and gold of wallflowers sweet," geranium's "velvet heads"; it is as when eye meets eye in sympathy.

S. ELIZABETH JACKSON.

Sharks.

By K. V. E. Sanderson.

Called the tiger of the deep for his reputed ferocity, the sea scavenger for his omnivorous propensities, and in scientific parlance called squalus, no creature has contributed more to the lore of the sea than the shark.

How would the bold pirate have fared without the attendance on his ship of a host of sharks, rubbing cruel fins beneath the sea-end of his "plank," jostling one another in blood-curdling eagerness to finish off unhappy victims of the pirate's wrath? How could the hoary mariner hope to retain a reputation for fearlessness, though he were wrecked in every one of the seven seas, and never missed by a hair's breadth the jaws of a shark? How, indeed—? But we need delve no further into the matter; the paucity of penny dreadfuls consequent upon a lack of shark material would be something too awful to contemplate.

Mr. Aflalo has said with an assurance perhaps a trifle too glib that "the sharks of Australian waters are a good deal more terrible in print than in their native element." To some extent that may be true, because of the inevitable fertility of writers' imaginations; but we in South Australia, although we have no immediate reason for terror of the shark, read only too often of the tragedies that occur in the more tropical latitudes. Only a short time ago the press contained an account of a horrible occurrence in New South Wales. Some day, when bathers have forgotten their temporary caution, we shall read of another, and then we shall know that, given the opportunity, the shark can be just as terrible in his native element as in print. Between the arguments of scientific, thoughtful men, anxious to exculpate him of un-

warranted accusations, and the exaggerations of others who rely rather upon elastic fancy than upon a study of the conditions, we have an extraordinary conglomeration of literature concerning the shark. Those of us who have not had opportunities of seeing for ourselves are prone to accept the exaggerations as facts; but if the truth were known probably the shark's character is neither consistently good nor consistently bad. As a scavenger, ridding the eternal battlefield of its rotting debris, he is decidedly an asset—one of the necessary wheels in Nature's machine. But when hunger and an excess of daring lead him horribly to maim the incautious bather, we forget his usefulness and call him malevolent. We are apt, too, to leave unconsidered the rash temerity which gave the shark his opportunity.

The shark, it has been said, is naturally of nervous disposition, and from such casual observation as I have been permitted, I am inclined to believe he is. Any considerable amount of splashing or other noise, especially in shallow water, will keep him at a safe distance. In such cases of man-eating as we hear of the victim is invariably alone or isolated from his fellows. Rarely, if ever, do we hear of an attack upon one of a numerous party. This is accountable only by the fact that the noise keeps the marauder at a safe limit; for bathing parties, especially if they be of the kind called mixed, are generally vociferous. When we remonstrate with a bather for his indifference to the probable presence of sharks, we are always confronted by the same tiresome argument that there has been no authenticated case of man-eating in South Australia. To this

platitude there is but one answer—that if there has been no authenticated case in the past, there is no telling when there may be one in the future. We find the same dangerous species here as in Queensland and New South Wales, and there is no reason to suppose that the same white pointer or tiger shark which is misanthropic in New South Wales will invariably be philanthropic in South Australia.

The largest species most commonly met with in our waters are the white pointer and the blue pointer. The white pointer (*Carcharias rondeletii*) is one of the largest and fiercest sharks that visit the Australian coast. Its great size at maturity, and the fierceness which its insatiable appetite leads it to assume, have been the themes of many a hair-raising yarn. As far as distribution is concerned, it is almost cosmopolitan, specimens having been recorded from almost every sea. The largest ever caught had a length of over 30 ft. The average would appear to be about from 10 to 15 ft., though fishermen and yachtsmen declare that they have seen them in St. Vincent's and Spencer's Gulfs of 20 ft. and over. The back is greyish in colour, and the under parts are white. The head is forbidding, with its broad, triangular teeth and large mouth; and this effect is heightened by the stubby, sub-triangular nose. Looking at a specimen fresh from the water, one is at once impressed with a sense of its power. The great crescentic caudal fin is built on lines that give the greatest propulsive power, so that what appears to us to be the merest flick will force the great bulk through the water with majestic ease. The occasional appearance of a white pointer at seaside resorts has, no doubt, given rise to those rumours that periodically set the sea front agog with excitement. In some cases, be it said, the increase in his dimensions between the time of the visitor's first being seen

and the time when the facts are jotted down for the press suggests an elasticity quite foreign to the solid nature of his composition.

Next in order of size comes the blue pointer (*Lamna glauca*). Built on similar lines to his great cousin, he is also formidable in appearance and daring in disposition, though he attains to nothing like the same size. The maximum length is about 12 ft. 6 in., and the average about 10 ft. He is easily distinguishable by the dark blue of his back, and the pure white of his belly, the line of demarcation between the two being regular and distinct. He is slightly slimmer in proportion to his length than the white pointer, and consequently more agile in his movements. The teeth, too, instead of being triangular, are longer and narrower. The species is commonly seen in both gulfs, and particularly in deep harbours, such as Port Lincoln. The blue pointer is in bad odour among schnapper fishermen from its habit of seizing fish on their way to the surface, and purloining all but the head. The task of hauling a big schnapper through twenty fathoms of water is an arduous business at any time, but when the fishermen land head after head of large fish, neatly bitten off behind the gills, and the process goes on ad nauseum, he knows there is nothing else to do but stop fishing or "up killick and clear."

Every one has heard of the Port Jackson shark (*Heterodontus Philippi*), and most fishermen have caught them from the jetties or on the schnapper grounds. It is commonly called dog shark, though that name should more properly apply to quite a different species. In colour it is yellowish grey, with brown markings, and its general appearance would certainly justify one in calling it "doggie." It is easily distinguishable by the bony excrescences over the eyes, and the strong spine immediately in front of

each dorsal fin. On the snapper grounds it is a great nuisance, for it takes a bait freely, and when hooked offers but little fight, merely sagging half-heartedly from side to side. Except for the dorsal spine, which is capable of inflicting a bad wound, the fish is provided with no effective weapon of offence or defence, but passes a slothful, harmless existence on the weedy bottom—its home.

Of quite a different nature is the gummy, or southern smooth hound (*Mustelus*), the lithe little bluish-grey fellow, which inhabits, for the most part, shallow, sandy-bottomed inlets. Slim, as graceful in form as a shark could be, and full of life and energy, he provides rare sport on a rod or hand line. The local name is "Sweet William," of which term I have never heard the origin. The name gummy probably arises from its having no teeth, but merely rough, hardened jaws. If popular prejudice against the idea of eating shark meat could be overcome, the gummy might rank well up on the list of table fishes. The flesh is beautifully white and clear, and—I speak as one who has tried the experiment—excellent in flavour. Let me confess, however, that my enjoyment was tinged by ever so slight a feeling of reluctance. No one who has spent the whole of one hot summer day in company with a dead shark could well repress the feeling. The odour of dead shark is, to put it mildly, one that clings. Yet I wonder how many gullible housewives who buy "prime butterfish" eat gummy unconsciously. Skinned and cut into neat fillets, the difference would not be apparent to one unversed in fish anatomy.

The gummy has its bitterest enemies among its larger relatives. Several instances of this fact have been revealed to me. On one occasion I was

gingerly playing one on a handline, and watching him as he swam half-exhausted alongside the boat. A dark shadow shot suddenly from under the boat, and for the moment the gummy and a tiger shark were mixed confusedly in swirling water. Loth to lose my fish, I pulled desperately on the line, and somehow succeeded in hoisting him from under the very nose of the tiger shark and into the boat. A few minutes later the lifeless gummy, attached to a stout snapper line, was thrown out into the water. The splash of its entrance had scarce subsided when a dorsal fin made its appearance within a few feet of the spot. There was a gleam of white, the line tautened and then slacked, bitten clean through. The tiger had made his meal.

On another occasion a friend had thrown overboard a dead gummy in shallow water, and was lying on the counter watching it as it reposed on the clear sand below. His dreamy meditations came to a sudden end when a large tail emerged from the water beneath him and thwacked the surface with such force as to drench him with spray. An 8-ft. shark of doubtful species had come from the other side of the boat, and seeing the dead fish on the bottom, had made a sudden downward swoop to pick it up. Having achieved this object, he was seen swimming away with the smaller fish crosswise in his jaws.

Most curious in form of all sharks is the hammerhead (*Zygaenus malleus*), which is remarkable for the projection from either side of its head, on the extremity of which there is an eye. Though it attains to 10 or 12 ft., it has never been my fortune to see one over 6 ft. Some years ago several small hammerheads made their appearance at Largs Bay Jetty, and did considerable damage among the snook lines before they were finally caught. In Florida it is listed among the danger-

ous species. Mr. Otis Mygatt, veteran tarpon fisherman and writer, tells of one 14 ft. in length, which seized and bit in half a 6-ft. tarpon just as it was being gaffed. There are many other species of sharks, less common, though no less interesting, but it is not within the scope of this article to treat of them.

In conclusion, I ask permission to tell a shark story. It is true, and therefore commonplace. It has not even the virtue of being stranger than fiction. It happened during a cruise on the north coast of Kangaroo Island. We were anchored for the night under the lee of the sandspit at Kingscote, and our skipper, who is a veteran fisherman and a sworn enemy of the shark, had baited the largest hook aboard, and thrown it over attached to a length of stout line. As nothing happened during the first two hours, everybody promptly forgot the line and turned in to sleep. In my dreams I heard vague shoutings that were dim at first, but gradually grew to reality. The first intelligible words that came to me as I sat up in my bunk were in the words of the skipper:

"Shoot him in the face! Shoot him in the face! Bung down the ——! Bung down the ——!"

Prepared for anything from piracy to murder, I scrambled on deck, and for a few moments stood watching the scene that was being enacted there, while the sleep daze passed from my bewildered senses.

Four of the men comprising the party were tailing on to the end of the shark line, and leaning backwards, as contestants in a tug of war. The bright moon lit the whole scene with pale light, and following the line as it groaned over the taffrail and hissed where it met the water, I could see at

the end of it a great attenuated bulk turning, doubling, and twisting. When the shape turned and swam away from us it dragged the four men across the deck as though they were babies. Once the end of the line had been reached, and the leading man, hanging on to ease the strain, had almost been pulled over the taffrail. But when I arrived on deck the fight had practically been fought: foot by foot the line was coming in, the shark describing ever decreasing semi-circles and weakening sensibly. When at last he came alongside the skipper's brother hung over the rail, fingering a double-barrelled gun, waiting a chance to deliver a coup de grace. But the brute gave few chances. Rolling and splashing he had wound the line half a dozen times around his body, and though held close to the side continued his mad twistings until the line threatened to become even more inextricably tangled. But when the chance came two shots followed each other closely, and the shark lay quiet. Almost simultaneously with the first shot he had his chance too. In some way he had got the line between his teeth, and one bite had been sufficient to sever it just above the wooden floater. After the second shot the line snapped off, and the shark was slowly sinking independently of it. One of the party acted as quick as a thought. Before the floater had time to be drawn under, he threw the bight of the line over it, and hauled it aboard. But the shots had done their work; the brute was lashed alongside with a bowline about his tail, and left till morning. When we towed him ashore we found him to be a white pointer, and his length from snout to tail was 12 ft. 6 in.

He who seeks excitement is advised to try shark fishing by moonlight.

The Mount Lofty Conference.

Personalities—Complimentary and Otherwise.

It would seem a pity that the doings and adventures of that brilliant little party comprising the Easter C.U. Conference should pass away into the dim mist of forgetfulness, without some mention in these columns: especially so, as such representative gatherings of all the faculties are of so rare occurrence.

To attempt to give a detailed description of the doings and special foolishness of each member of the party would be a task far beyond the present writer, but most probably a satisfactory result is obtained from the publishing of the "potted poems" of an alphabet such as we append. For some of the rhymes we are indebted to a short-lived contemporary, but a large number are original in this issue

A's for Alexander, also called Mollie—
Music, you know, is her special folly.

B's for Berriman, whose other name's Annie.
We think she is Scotch, she's so fearful
cannie.

C for the Count, a "turrible" person,
Whose scurrilous "rag" had every one
"cursin'."

D is for Dorrie, a famous housekeeper,
From her gay little laugh shes ne'er been
a weeper;
Though also for Daphne, whose stories,
you know,
Of pickles and puppies are quite all the go.

E is for Ernest, always up to a lark;
If he lives long enough, he'll sure make his
mark.

F is for Fon, who'd forgotten his brush—
He really left home in a terrible rush.

G is for George, the best of good cooks;
He's broken his nose, but it won't hurt
his looks.

H is for Harry, a good-looking youth:
The ladies all think so to tell you the truth;
And also for Hone, a real shining light,
In the C.U. movement a pillar of might.

I is for Isabel, Maisie or Gault,
She's a pretty young miss, with many a
fault.

J is for Jimmy, with political views,
That place him akin to Billy Hughes.

K is for Kenneth, whom duty detained;
Fancy *work* for a reason! It must have
been feigned.

L is for Lenna, or otherwise Baker—
The end of her line *should* rhyme with
cake-maker.

M is the Mother they call chaperon,
She's the best of good Mothers one ever
could own;
And also for Muriel, regal and stately;
We hear that her ways have improved—
though quite lately.
Yet again for Murray, of botanical fame,
With Ossie and Collins she'll sure go in-
sane.

N is for Nobes, a sweet little girl,
Whose hair every evening is put up in curl.

O is Order that there ruled that day;
Bad habits return now once we're away.

P is for Phyllis, who's always so gay—
When her thoughts wander she's thinking
of Ray.
And also for Paddy, the camp engineer;
He'll end up in Hades we very much fear.
And not missing Peggy, a really good
sport,
Though too wilful to do all the things that
she ought.

Q is for the Quake and upstanding hair,
When the Voice rang through the chilly
night air.

R is for Reimann, a very good fellow,
As long as you don't ask him to play on
the 'cello.

S is the Singer, Dorothy named;
For this and for other things some day
she'll be famed.

T is for Tomo—a sportsman, you know;
Hunts eggs, apples, meat, and also a "fel-
low-e."

U is for Us, a lazy young band,
Whose minds would grow fallow unless
we were crammed.

V is for Vita, loving sport for itself—
She doesn't care two pence for all the
world's pelf.

W is for Winnie, a med. of great fame;
'Tis said the most virulent microbe she'll
tame.

X is for Excellent leaders we find
Who are great on improving *our* morals
and mind.

Y is for Youth, happy, care-free,
Seated around 'neath the shade of a tree.

Z is the Zoo, the home of the Wild,
The specimens here are exceedingly mild.

How to Develop the Mind.

We all know that the literal meaning of the word 'education' is "leading out." It implies that the mental faculties are already there in the germ, and the whole work of education is simply to cause those faculties latent within us to gradually evolve by suitable cultivation, study and exercise. Facts collected by others or by ourselves, and the thoughts of others are valuable to us as food for the sustenance and growth of the mind, but they have to be digested, assimilated, and built into the mental organism, much in the same way as the food we eat builds, renews, and strengthens the body. So that the mere work of committing to memory cannot be regarded as education in the strict sense of the term. The facts may be valuable and necessary for us to know, and the ideas of others may be valuable and beautiful, but they can only be regarded as food for the mind—material upon which the evolving faculties have to work in clasifying, co-ordinating, judging, etc. From our collection of facts or ideas we make deductions, and so we train and strengthen our reasoning powers. Now, all these necessary mental operations may be summarised under one word, and that word is "thinking"—concentrated, steady, and sustained thinking, and the greatest difficulty with all of us is the lack of this power of sustained, concentrated thinking. How to evolve that power—how to strengthen and increase it—is the leading idea of this paper.

Diligence in education, industry in trying to learn, develop, or leave undeveloped the inborn characteristics of the mind. Exercise is the law of increase of life; if you wish to increase any quality you possess, exercise it and it will grow. Recognizing that a man's intellectual power is a power that he can increase by exercise, but which will atrophy if it is neglected, at once you have a stimulus to apply to the sensible

and thoughtful person to exercise the intellectual power he possesses, sure that if he exercises it, it must inevitably grow, and that ability is not a gift of a partial Providence, but a result of labour and industry.

In our studies the greatest difficulty we have to contend with is the difficulty of keeping the mind concentrated for any length of time upon the subject we are studying. More especially if the subject be interesting, we continually find our mind wandering and other thoughts intruding, and just in proportion as we surmount this difficulty so we succeed in our studies. Few people know that in this matter of the concentration of the mind, the mind may be trained and cultivated to a great degree of perfection; regular mental exercises every morning will be a powerful factor in doing this, and if followed by a concentrated attitude of mind, throughout the day, progress will be much increased. Train your mind constantly to concentrate upon whatever is before it, whether it is business, sport, pleasure, reading, listening to lectures, or observing things around you. Whatever we may be doing we should concentrate upon it, put our best into it, so that it may be done well. Eminent barristers by long training and constant practise have acquired this powerful concentration of mind. Frequently they receive their briefs just before entering the court, and after only a short study, they fully master it, and they enter the court with every point for and against clearly marked in their minds.

Concentration may be defined as the power to bring all our mental forces to a point, and focus them steadily and continuously upon whatever subject we may choose to direct our attention. Our aim then should be to so train the mind that it shall be perfectly under control, and always act like a powerful search-

light upon every subject that may engage its attention.

Not many people can do this, and the few that have this power you will find are those successful ones in the business world, and at the top of every profession, in literature, statesmanship, the arts, and science.

Nervous energy, like all fluids, always flows in the line of least resistance, automatically running in the track formed in the brain by taking up a certain class of work. Like all bodily functions, this training of the brain is much easier and more effective if our mental exercises and studies take place with perfect regularity.

As a means of promoting clear and definite thinking, I know of nothing better than the constant practice of expressing our thoughts, and whether the expression be oral or in writing, our words should always be carefully chosen—striving always to make the impression as clear as possible.

That thought makes character is not a modern discovery. Our character consists of a large bundle of habits that we have carelessly acquired in our ignorant past. These are habits of thinking and acting in a certain way. When we begin to think the nervous energy naturally

flows in a groove prepared for by previous thinking of that kind, hence our habits have arisen, good and bad, also our numerous prejudices; the latter are all bad, being the results of misconceptions, ignorance, and personal bias.

Now I take it for granted that we all desire to possess a noble and beautiful character. "As a man thinks in his heart so he becomes." So we see that it all depends on the kind of thought in which we habitually indulge whether our character becomes good or bad. Clearly then we must change the kind of our thought, change it for thought of a higher, nobler, and purer quality. Steadily refusing to entertain the old and undesirable thoughts, and replacing them with thoughts of opposite and higher nature, the old grooves of thought currents in the brain gradually become effaced, and at the same time new tracks are formed, and new cells employed for the thoughts of higher quality. These new channels become deepened and more permanent every time we engage in this higher thinking, our thought currents begin to flow automatically through them, and in this way our defects and bad habits disappear, and a better and nobler character is gradually formed by better and nobler thinking.

Can You Believe It?

The other day—which we explain is a term sufficiently indistinct to mean nothing—one of our professors broke a rule of his life, or rather, we have never found him at it before, by making a joke. Though, of course, perhaps it was unintentional after all. We would prefer it so, because to find that one's learned professor has a sense of humour is akin to finding clay feet on one's idol. It was thus wise: In the course of a post-mortem

on a late lamented terminal examination, we were told that examiners reading badly written papers were liable to "get their hair off." Just think of it! In order to satisfy ourselves on the truth of this statement we looked—and, really, our professor has had such a lot of badly written papers within the last few years.

If any one is dissatisfied with our veracity, we can quote time and place. Yes, really!



The Romance of the Brush and Dustpan.

An Interview with Father Time.

By our Special Reporter.

Feeling sure that our famous janitor must conceal behind his snowy beard and little black pipe vast stores of anecdote of hope aspired to and deeds achieved, a reporter was detailed the other day to test the possibilities of obtaining points of interest for the information of the young and foolish student.

Quite naturally, being one of the young and foolish sort himself, the reporter felt some timidity in approaching a person of so august appearance; in fact, he was so impressed that in impressive tones fitted to the occasion, he remarked by way of salutation, "Hello, digger!" We mention this in passing, as most students have royalty thrust upon them at some time of their lives, and it is well that they should be acquainted with the necessary forms and ceremonies. However, all strain was immediately dispelled on hearing the gruff, "What about it?" that greeted our ears, and we were at once struck with his unique charm of manner.

On mentioning the hope that he would favour us with some few words of wisdom, his gesture of compliance was most graceful, and so, following him along the dreary corridor of his Castle in the Science Wing, we were ultimately ushered into that private sanctum of the Tsar of all the Dust-pans situated in the basement of his Castle, where, with the sceptre of his calling in his hand, we proceeded to chat. We say "chat" advisedly, for the Bolshevik tendencies of the reporter made it impossible for him to adopt for long the formality of kingly address which had burst so naturally from him in the first instance.

On glancing round the royal apartment we were much impressed with the rows of brooms and dust-pans, each burnished to a high degree of brilliance, which served the purpose of mural decoration,

and so, by way of opening the conversation, we suggested to our patron that, perchance, these brooms had adventures attached to them as well as sticks, or that the dust-pans included histories in their sockets as well as handles. The face of the eminent janitor or cleaner—they call themselves both—or either (with apologies to Stephen Leacock) brightened immediately, and his eye sparkled reminiscently as he remarked, "Oh, yes, young fellow, they can tell a tale or two." Feeling rather doubtful of this enigmatic utterance we requested explanation, and our readers will be pleased to hear that the reference was literary and not zoological. Following up the clue thus obtained, we asked to be favoured with a story or so, which request once again brought forth the gracious gesture of compliance, and, rising and passing (he rose in order that he might pass, we explain) to one corner of his bright and sunny abode, he pointed out for our inspection a broom of ancient pattern and shattered head. "Yes," he said, "they can all tell stories. Now, you see this one, for instance; well, once upon a time there was a medical student—" Upon glancing again at the shattered head we requested the raconteur to desist, feeling that we could not bear to hear the rest of it—not in our bare feelings at any rate. Incidentally we realized the justice of requiring meds. to pay a sum for furniture insurance. Turning round to one of the larger variety of sweeping utensils, the thick and tangled state of its hairy adornment was immediate evidence of its lack of further usefulness, he continued, "You young fellows don't realize the number of things that have to be cleaned here. This broom, now, was finished off in an afternoon. You see, some of those Chem. I people had been going harder

than usual, and when us janitors, or we janitors—we call ourselves both, or either—mounted our ladders as we customarily do—indeed, we are accustomed to it—to sweep the air, it was so thick it matted the broom.” The reporter said, “Well! well!” in order to assure the ancient of days of complete confidence in his veracity, though we were somewhat surprised when we saw, rather than felt, a murmur of something about “Pussy” and “Johnny Green” emerging from the lips of our Grand Old Man. This short-circuited the conversation towards animals, and thence to the zoo, but our notes being then full, we concluded the interview, leaving it to a future date to harrow the feelings (feelings are always harrowed, not ploughed, in such a case) of those who meet in Classics A.

So, packing our notebook in our hip

pocket and removing our cigarette butt from behind our ear, we rose to leave, and once again our host charmed us with his charming manner as we were bowed from the apartment. As the reporter passed from the presence he felt that never before, indeed, as that famous barrister, Mr. Charles North, once remarked in a brilliant declamation in the case of Soap v. Dirt, “Never, never, I say, since Carthage bowed to Rome,” had we been on such companionable terms with royalty.

Though unusual in such circumstances, we did not emerge a sadder and wiser man, because we had buttoned up our pockets before entering.

(Of course, this is all lies; but what does that matter in these days of Peace Conferences and Wheat Commissions?)

The University and the War.

The University seems to have sat down complacently, folded its hands, and said, “Well, the war is over, and we have done our bit; we will return to normal conditions.” But is the war over? We run the very grave danger of forgetting the aftermath of war, of being satisfied with the pitifully little we have done, and thinking our work is over. Have we an honour roll worthy of our men? Have we made any attempt to welcome back those who have returned to take up their work again? Do we make any allowance for them? **Are we forgetting?**

The University must wake up. There is work for it to do. Why is the University Red Cross Society disbanded when there

is still need for Red Cross work and for money? The war will not be over until stricken France and Belgium have repaired the devastation of the Hun, and we must all take our part in that restoration.

If we can forget so quickly the sorrows of human beings, let us remember the vandalism that wrecked Louvain and the Cloth Hall of Ypres, destroying with brute force the loving life-work of so many hands.

“Make friends with Germany!” cry some. Yes, when Germany is fit for the friendship of civilized nations, and even then, as the ghost of Cromwell would seem to whisper, “Keep your powder dry!”

Our Literary Scientists.

“When the sparrows of to-day blossom into the wonderful eagles of the future the air-borne commerce will provide a link between us and our brothers overseas.”—“The Airman.”

An Impending Apology.

“Ensign — is doing excellently well in nursing among the sick cases. Her resources and ability have quite struck the authorities. Six died on Sunday whom she had visited.”—“The War Cry.”

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Military Training.

By Acting Rear-rank Blank File.

The military training required to be done annually by those who come within the scope of the Defence Act is a source of great inconvenience and worry to undergraduates. At irregular intervals and inconvenient times, we are faced with all the whims of the military authorities as to how this training is to be done, until, driven nearly to desperation, many are ready to risk being detained in that haven of refuge and excellent seaside resort, Fort Largs, rather than miss examinations or even lectures so necessary to their future careers.

Occasionally we are threatened with camps of continuous training, or we are called upon to attend night drills, greatly to the detriment of our lectures, and further, our sports suffer materially, since Saturday afternoons are set aside for drill.

We must thank our Council for the energetic and able way in which it has championed the cause of luckless trainees when called upon to do their duty at an inopportune time, but this necessitates the trouble and labour of letter writing and other unsatisfactory communications.

No doubt the authorities always hear our complaints with ungrudging politeness and try their utmost to satisfy the convenience of all, but even then great injustice is often done to trainees.

None of us desire to evade the law, and we are willing to go into camp; in fact, those who happily hold rank rather welcome the opportunity as a means of replenishing their meagre funds.

At present the undergraduates are not trained in one unit, but are scattered amongst various units, according to their place of residence. This tends to negative rather than foster the spirit of camaraderie so essential to our University life. During the first week of the vac. many undergraduates underwent eight days continuous training on the parade

grounds. Many of these belonged to one unit, but others, comprising details, belonged to various units which were completing their training by means of night drills and Saturday drills.

These circumstances are not only inconvenient to the undergraduates, but necessarily cause great trouble to the authorities themselves. Could not something be done to set the training on a more convenient and appreciable basis?

In some of the other States the Universities, acting in conjunction with the military authorities, have systematized the training, with the result that the undergraduates train together in one unit, such as the "Melbourne University Rifles." This brings all the undergraduates together whilst in training, and the authorities can more easily decide what is best for the benefit of all. It also strengthens union and fellowship, and results in greater rivalry amongst the trainees.

It might be possible to form a unit here, not only for the undergraduates and non-graduating students, but also for graduates who, even though they have obtained professional status, are bound to fulfil their training obligations.

There are difficulties in the way of forming such a unit, but they are not insurmountable. Many students engaged in scientific and similar technical courses are attached to units involving practical work in which they are interested. If sufficient numbers are not obtainable to form a unit without those trainees, should they be asked to sacrifice the practical knowledge so gained in order to establish a unit for undergraduates, past and present?

This problem is one which deserves the attention of our Union, and a workable solution of it would be of great advantage to many in fulfilling their military obligations.

The Significance of the Repertory Theatre.

By "Penoyre."

Until the middle of the eighteenth century the English stage was progressing satisfactorily along the lines of natural development. In 1737, under Walpole's regime, a statute for the censorship of stage plays by the Lord Chamberlain, was enacted, which reduced the English stage to a rank of inferiority, while other forms of artistic expression were left untrammelled by state regulation and control. The pulpit and the press went their way unhindered. To what heights the English stage might have risen had not the interposition of an obstacle such as this taken place, is a matter for conjecture.

The development of the English press and its enormous strength and stature were lime-lighted throughout the period of the great war. The ascendancy of a pressocracy over a democracy was evident, and in the House of Commons today, this powerful antagonist is being grappled with by one who has already shown his capabilities in dealing with menaces to democracy—Lloyd George. It cannot be suggested, however, that, had the English stage remained free it would have developed along any such lines. Nevertheless, many of the jewels of English literature have been taken from the crown of the English playhouse through the forced separation of the English stage and letters, which was caused by the censorship. Just as the Spanish Inquisition might be the symbol of the dark ages of history, so is Walpole's statute the symbol of the dark age of the English theatre. The history of the English stage from that time to 1866 can best be given in the words of John Palmer: "No idea, no method or convention of art entered the theatre in those days, which had not already, as Disraeli said of Peel's quotations, received the meed of public approbation. When an idea had been sufficiently long in the public mind to be sanctified by familiarity into being en-

tirely respectable, it was put into play."

But a renaissance came to the English stage just as it came to English literature, and one of the fruits of that change is the repertory theatre. It must not be thought that there was a great outcry against the censorship of plays in England. It was not until 1892 that a protest was heard, and this was made by William Archer, who pleaded for a "free theatre" when giving evidence before a committee on the theatres. He was, however, alone, and his proposals received little attention. In 1909 a joint select committee found: "The effect of the censorship can hardly fail to coerce into conformity with the conventional standards of the day dramatists who are seeking to amend them. It is an axiom underlying our legislation that only through toleration of that which one age thinks to be error can the next age progress further in the pursuit of truth."

The House of Commons, following the lead of the committee, resolved that the censorship should be abolished, and it has been abolished. The result has been that the best in English life and art has been re-united with the English theatre. The sign of this re-union is the repertory theatre. There is a general but mistaken idea that any play produced in a repertory theatre is, of necessity, the sort of play that could not be produced elsewhere. A repertory theatre is defined in Statute 12 of the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre as: "A repertory theatre should be held to mean a theatre able to present at least two different plays of full length at evening performances in each complete week during the annual season, . . . and the number of plays presented in a year should not be less than twenty-five."

It will be seen that there is little scope here for the machinations of the speculative manager, who, finding a play to suit public taste, runs it until either everybody has seen it or a fire burns down the

theatre. Considered from the business point of view the new theatre has many advantages over the old system of "finding the public taste." The manager does not stake his all on the success of one play. Financial ruin does not stare him in the face should one or two or even three of his plays fail. His company is more reliable. It is not composed of two stars and a hundred supers. A repertory player can truly say, "One man in his time plays many parts." Naturally the player gives his best. His intelligence is needed and used. His status is raised. He no longer imitates, he studies, interprets, and understands. Fresh casts are made for each new play. John Palmer, the greatest authority on the English stage, writes of the repertory player: "Every symptom of that fatal tendency to inelasticity, to the stereotyping of the art of this man or that man, will be watched and corrected. As soon as A shows the least sign of being able to play Polonius in his sleep, he will be put into Claudius or Laertes." Repertory means not only number and variety in the plays, but also number and variety in the characters which the repertory player interprets.

The plays produced are the works of the greatest writers of the day, but the door is kept open very wide for the budding young playwright and author. "Repertory is the only system whereby the theatre can be continuously kept in a healthy condition of experiment, discovery, and honest work. It is the only salvation for the art of the player, for the conscience of the manager, for the encouragement of the dramatic author."

On the Continent there has been little of the strangling regulation of the stage which was such a hindrance to its development in England. Great writers on the Continent grew up under the shade and protection of the stage. In Russia were Tchekoff, Gogol, Gorki, and Tolstoi; in Scandinavia, Ibsen and Strindberg; in Germany, Wedekind and Hauptmann, all of them reflecting and contributing

to the intellectual life of their times and countries. Ibsen, the expounder of naturalist drama, was the first to be translated and played on the English stage. The effect was a revolution. The English drama was laughed at and ridiculed. An attempt was made to censor Ibsen productions and the like, but the Lord Chamberlain, strange to say, stopped the wrong plays. "The Doll's House" slipped through, "Ghosts" was stopped, although the idea of it had been commonplace in English art and letters for the previous half-century. Among the English writers who escaped the censor was Robertson, whose work created another ferment of ridicule and criticism on the drama as hitherto expounded. It was not long before English writers began to turn their attention to the stage, and in a short time the work of William Archer, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and others was attempting to evade the censor. Sometimes they escaped through, but the Lord Chamberlain had learned his lesson, and was watchful.

While this skirmishing was going on Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest" was produced, and this play sounded the death-knell of the censorship. From that time on the line along which the stage determined to develop was shown, and has been followed. The dramatic author has keenly felt and honoured his relationship with the English stage. Bernard Shaw, the most conspicuous dramatic figure of his time, Barker, Hankin, Wilde, Archer, and Galsworthy have all contributed or are contributing to an English national drama and to English letters generally. The repertory theatre has not forgotten its old friends, and to-day in all the leading cities of the British Empire it is possible to see, hear, and know the works of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Strindberg, and many other celebrated dramatists and authors of Europe. More and more are the public looking on repertory work as a fine art, and "the future difficulty of repertory will be, not in the unpopularity, but in the popularity of their plays."

Reports of Societies.

Arts Association.

Officers for the year 1919 were elected as follows: President, Mr. Mander, B.A.; Vice-Presidents, Professors and Lecturers of the Faculty, and Messrs. Eardley, Leach, and MacDonald; Secretary, Mr. Stribley; Treasurer, Mr. Naylor; other members of the Committee, Messrs. Lapidge, Symonds, and Opie.

A programme has been printed for the Arts Association for 1919. Any one desirous of perusing its delightful contents will be supplied with alacrity by the secretary, Mr. Stribley.

The first of many successful meetings (to be) was held on April 14. The secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting; also he informed the meeting that the Committee had decided against the admission of women into the Association, but an invitation would be extended to them to attend certain meetings selected by them. The treasurer then proved to the assembly that he had not defrauded them of any moneys. After all the sordid and material matters had been safely shelved, the president, Mr. Mander, gave an inspiring address on the objects of the Arts Association. Men who were present will agree with me that the address contained sound philosophy, which any one and every one should take to heart. His main theme was that you will obtain from the Association what you will not possibly get from the lecture room; that a man's views will be widened, his field of knowledge increased by mingling with his fellows. Every Arts man should attend the Association. It is not only a pleasure, but it is a duty to himself and to his fellows. The man who does not mix with his fellows misses the great good of University life.

After the president had given his magnificent address, Professor Naylor gave "some" lecture on "Greek Poetry." Greek poetry is "Greek" to most people, and is associated with weird letters, flowing drapery, masses of marble, and deep meanings. Professor Naylor dispelled all doubts and fears on the subject, and made those present feel that they had missed one of the "big" things in life when they bade farewell to Greek after the Senior. The professor eulogized the Greek style, and compared it to the morbidity, sensationalism, and "snoopathism" of modern literature. The professor was thanked heartily by the audience, who after they had partaken of a very material supper and nondescript coffee, drifted out through the door in company with Homer and other bards of ancient Greece.

The next brilliant meeting of the Arts Association was held in the Union Room on May 5, Anno Domini 1919. The minutes, etc., were read by the secretary, who, to his everlasting credit, talks like shorthand. The meeting then coloured or enlivened the witching hour of 8.35 p.m. by singing classical melodies in twenty-seven parts. The ivory-tickler is to be congratulated on the way he kept his own amongst the terrific discord-harmony (?). After a few songs had been massacred in this way, Mr. Opie delivered unto the assembled multitude a stirring recitation, which made strong men weep in their agony.

Then came the chief item on the programme, when that all absorbing and stimulating subject, "Prohibition," was forcibly discussed by Messrs. MacDonald and Opie. Mr. MacDonald was ennobled to such an extent that he upheld prohibition. He delivered a really fine speech, vibrating with his forcible condemnation of the liquor traffic. His experiences while on active service abroad were appreciated by all present. He has a strong delivery and command over language. Mr. Opie was depraved (or otherwise) enough to take a stand against the prohibition of alcoholic liquor. From reports received I believe Mr. Opie did very well. (Convention forbids me to go into hysterics and rhapsodies¹)

Criticism of the speeches was ably undertaken by Dr. Schulz and Messrs. O'Connell, Stribley, Sanderoock, and Isenstein.

Earlier in the meeting the secretary (Mr. Stribley) was requested by the Association to compose a letter to Professor Mitchell, wishing him a pleasant holiday. Professor Mitchell has performed invaluable work for the Association in the past, and the Association is extremely grateful to him.

At the termination of the debate the meeting partook of some excellent eats, drunk some doubtful coffee (oh, why that coffee!), sang Gaudeamus, and rushed out to catch the last tram home. Mr. Mander our distinguished president, while walking past the Public Library, donated a piece of cake (which was placed on the posts outside the Circulating Library) to any nocturnal gentleman who might want it. (We applaud his thoughtful action.)

Gentlemen of the Faculty of Arts, I ask you to attend the meetings of the Association. It is your duty to become a member of it. It is an everlasting shame to be an Arts man and not a member of the Arts Association. The next meeting will be held on June 16.

We (in my capacity as sub-editor of the Arts) are astounded at the rate contributions are being handed in. It is a wonder and a miracle to us that the undergraduate in the Faculty of Arts have not had a nervous breakdown. If we get two contributions we are prepared to lay ten to one that we will faint. Where is your pride in your Faculty?

T. S. P.

Adelaide University Law Students' Students' Society.

Formerly Adelaide University Law Debating Society.

The attendance at the annual meeting of this society, held in April, augured well for its success during the 1919 session. About forty were present, the majority of whom took a lively interest in the affairs of the society. It is to be hoped that this interest will be sustained throughout the year. So far the meetings have been fairly well attended, and in order to give all members the opportunity of speaking it has been decided to meet at 7.30, instead of at 7.45, as hitherto. This has been found necessary, as we are obliged to finish our meetings by 10 o'clock.

Owing to the lack of definite and adequate rules, new rules were drafted and submitted to the annual meeting. This society was founded in 1898, and has since then been working under the rules adopted on the inauguration of the society. Numerous amendments have been made from time to time, which are scattered throughout the minute books. It will therefore easily be seen that inconvenience was often caused. The discussion of the new rules was adjourned to a special meeting, which was well attended. Members fully, and sometimes heatedly, discussed the various rules. The two chief alterations made in the constitution of the society were in the name, and in the inclusion of a new sub-clause adding to the objects of the society. The objects of the society now are:—

- (a) To discuss or debate or otherwise deal with any topic of interest to law students.
- (b) To conserve or advance the interests of law students in matters touching their University life or professional career.
- (c) To advance the interests of law students in sport.

This addition of matters of sports to the objects of the society, it was felt, would allow the society to stimulate a greater interest in such matters than is at present taken. The rules have been printed, so that a record of them will always be available.

This year there will be three prizes awarded for debating. Two of them will be given out of the funds of the society to the two best

debaters for the year, £2 2/ as a first prize and £1 1/ as a second. Mr. F. G. Hicks, a Vice-President of the society, has generously donated a prize of £1 1/ to be awarded to the first-year student who, in the opinion of the secretary and two fourth-year students appointed for that purpose, shows greatest proficiency in his addresses for the year. This will be an added inducement to first-year students to take part in debates.

Owing to the financial state of the society, we have been able to include the annual subscription to the Magazine in the subscription to the society, at the same time only raising the subscription from four to five shillings. But while the needs of the society will probably be met this year, it will almost certainly be necessary next year to raise the subscription.

So far as is practicable, meetings are being held fortnightly this year. There will be nine debates altogether, and at the last meeting for the year Mr. Angas Parsons, K.C., will deliver a lecture upon some subject of practical interest to law students.

The officers elected for this year are as follows:

Patron—The Hon. Sir G. J. R. Murray, K.C.M.G., C.J.

Vice-Patron—His Honor Mr. President Jethro Brown, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.

President—W. J. Isbister, Esq., K.C.

Vice-Presidents—Messrs. A. W. Piper, K.C., E. E. Cleland, K.C., E. W. Benham, R. W. Bennett, F. A. D'Arenberg, P. E. Johnstone, T. J. M. Napier, T. S. Poole, H. Thomson, R. N. Finlayson, A. J. Hannan, T. J. Browne, F. G. Hicks, E. Povey, and W. A. Norman.

Hon. Treasurer—Mr. K. H. Kirkman.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. E. L. Stevens.

Committee—Messrs. G. V. R. North, J. G. T. Woods, L. Rutter, C. C. Brebner, and W. R. Hunt, the Hon. Treasurer, and the Hon. Secretary.

Hon. Auditors—Messrs. J. T. Reid and K. F. V. Sanderson.

All law students are cordially invited to attend meetings, which are held in the Law Library. A copy of the programme can be obtained either from the Treasurer or Secretary.

—E.L.S.

Adelaide Medical Students' Society.

Three meetings of the Society have been held this year up to the present date. The first meeting of the year was the annual general meeting, held in March, at which the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. Dr. F. S. Hone, B.A., was unanimously re-elected President, Mr. K. S. Hetzel was elected Honorary Secretary, and Mr. R. L. E. Walmsley Honorary Treasurer.

At the first ordinary monthly meeting a paper was given by Dr. A. Campbell Magarey on his experiences with various tropical diseases met with during his sojourn at Rabaul New Britain. Students' papers were given by Mr. R. McM. Glynn on "Blood Pressure" and Mr. E. West on the "A.V. Bundle of His."

The president delivered the presidential address at the second monthly meeting. He took for his subject, "The Medical Conscience and the State." This was very ably treated, and brought before us many aspects of the profession with which we were not as conversant as we should be. The address naturally followed on the previous presidential address on "The Prevention of Disease," and centred around the present pandemic and the late Sir E. C. Stirling.

It has been gratifying to those responsible for the tenor of these meetings to see such a good representation from the junior years, but the senior years have not been as well represented as they might have been. If the pressure of work necessitates a senior man curtailing the number of evenings he spends away from his studies, we hope that he will not deprive the Society the mutual benefit of his presence at its monthly meetings.

While every medical student becomes a member of the Society, it behoves him not merely to become a member in name only, a mere sleeping partner, but to take an active part in its activities, for no doubt many of the changes for which we are so earnestly striving will come about through the agency of this Society. In fact the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine has stated that he will be pleased to receive any suggestions which are regarded as desirable by this Society. So come along to the meetings and air your complaints or make your suggestions.

The objects of this Society are to further the interests of medical work among students and to promote social intercourse amongst its members, and it has occurred to me whether we could not interpret this in a wider sense, and occasionally have papers on English literature or sociology. It has practically become a platitude that the medical man is most ignorant on subjects immediately extraneous to his profession, and this is mostly due no doubt to the large amount of special study necessary. Nevertheless this should not crowd entirely out other things which will help to equip him more fully for his after career.

With a few notable exceptions the medical student is conspicuous by his absence at meetings of societies or the like whose topics are not of medical interest, such as sociological discussions, etc. While recognizing the fact that our Australian Universities have crowded courses with numerous lectures, and the undesirability of increasing the number of meetings, necessitating more nights spent away

from studies, yet not to be deprived of them altogether, one considers whether it would not be worth the while to introduce an occasional paper into our meetings on such subjects from men well versed in them.

Most of us are not sufficiently interested in this to argue either way, but the question is whether the benefit derived would counter-balance the loss of the papers of purely medical interest, and whether it would weaken and strengthen the Society. Perhaps some of the members are interested enough to use the open column in this magazine. Do so.

We intend continuing the scheme of obtaining papers from our returning graduates from active service so long as material is available. It was originally introduced to give the "about-to-graduate" student an idea of administrative work and instruction in the ways of the Army, but it has now taken on a much wider aspect, and we hope to have in the near future papers on war surgery, etc.

It has been decided to hold a medical dinner this year, which function had lapsed during the war and we naturally expect the whole-hearted support of every medical student to make it a success, both socially and financially.

Report of the University Branch of the M.S.U.W. for the Year ending April 10, 1919.

The number of members on our roll at present totals twenty-six, while the sum of £3 11s. 6d. has been handed in to the State Treasurer from subscriptions, etc., for 1918. The officers for last year were: Miss Somerville, Treasurer; Miss Gault, Miss Hawken, Miss Holmes, Miss Hunter, Committee; Miss Darnley Naylor, Secretary. On April 26 a tea and concert was held at the cottage to awaken interest in the society. In the lunch hour on June 13 a journal from Miss Crosthwait was read, while the even of the year took place on August 3, with the fete which Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide take it in turns to hold. Our branch had charge of the refreshments. The sum realized amounted to £60. All 1917 students will be pleased to hear of Miss Crosthwait's marriage. Mrs. Whelan now lives at Palancottah, in the south of India. Members from the University contributed 9s. towards a present of a dozen teaspoons, which has been sent to her. The name, but not the initials of the society has been changed, for the title is now **Missionary Settlement** for University Women. There are at present two Australian representatives at Bombay, Miss Stillwell, M.A., of Melbourne, and Miss Meek, B.A., of New Zealand. We have every reason to be most proud of despatching two settlers, but we must remember

our increased responsibilities, for Australia has to support these workers who, in addition to their duties, will spread a spirit of comradeship between our country and distant India. The secretary for the present year is Miss Doris Hunter.

University Women's Union.

The only gathering of the union during the first term was the Freshers' Tea, held on Friday, March 28, in the North Hall. The committee spent a strenuous time that day, for the difficulties of entertaining in this hall seemed greater than ever. The crockery and comestibles have to be carried by a devious path from the cottage to the far side of the Conservatorium; the mound of rubble which for some months past has stretched along the direct path from the cottage to the University is a difficult obstacle to be overcome at the outset. Later in the evening, when the whole path is in absolute darkness, the lot of those who clear up is hard indeed.

But things might be worse, and we make the best of them, recognizing that even having to boil the water outside in a copper and to pour out the tea in a corner of the hall itself is better than having no hall at all.

The tea itself was a great success, and the "mixture" prescribed by the women medical students, and concocted by them in the secrecy of their common room, was eagerly partaken of by all the members present.

There were not as many graduates present as we should have liked to see, considering what a splendid opportunity for keeping in touch with past and present students is afforded by an informal gathering such as this

University Women's Debating Club.

At the first meeting for the year, the League of Nations was discussed. Firstly, its general outline was explained and its ideals concerning peace and internationalism were fully appreciated. In the second place, the question of racial equality was the subject under discussion. To Japan's demands for unrestricted immigration Australia greatly objects, feeling, by her position, that she is liable to be overrun by Asiatics. Nevertheless in America and Australia also, non-labouring Asiatics are to be allowed entrance, while at Sydney a chair of Oriental study has been endowed. Lastly, an explanation was given of Dr. Wilson's Mandatory System, under which conquered territory was to be governed by an adjacent state, but under the supervision of the League. This method of government would prevent a repetition of the atrocities perpetrated in the Belgian Congo, and would assist international

trade. Short discussions followed each of the speeches (which were delivered by Miss Davey, B.A., Miss Kathleen Magarey, and Miss Jean Tassie, M.A.).

At the second meeting of the term a debate was held on the question whether "our educational system should be made more technical?" The affirmative side claimed that the duty of the State was to make good citizens and prepare the child for his vocation; that thought must be turned into action. Those who advocated the negative side said that education by its derivation means the drawing out of light from within, and gives the student employment for his leisure time, while it prevents social cleavage.

The speakers for the negative and winning side were Miss Hawker, B.A. (leader), Miss Graves, and Miss Hunter, while the affirmative side included Miss Gillman, M.A. (leader), Miss Sarre, and Miss Macghey.

The affirmative side obtained a greater number of votes on the merits of the debate.

Women Graduates' Club.

The first meeting of the club for this year was held at the cottage on Tuesday, May 6, Miss Whitham, B.A., presiding. Opportunity was taken of welcoming new members and wishing Dr. McGlew "bon voyage." Miss Jacob kindly helped us in giving a paper on "Idealism in Education." She dealt only with the education of girls, dividing their school career into six stages, and showed that it was necessary for the educator to have in mind the ideal woman, for the development of whom this training was planned. Two great principles should guide us in the education of girls; we should teach them to become independent, both in a material and in a moral sense, and also qualify them to do their work in the world thoroughly. But this was not enough: they must also learn to set before them one great ideal all through—the ideal of service. Miss Collins, B.Sc., dealt with the "Teaching of Science: its aims and how far these are realized under existing conditions." In a clear and interesting paper she showed how the importance of scientific training was gradually being realized in Great Britain, and explained that the chief difficulties in the way of its being more generally introduced arise from the lack of trained teachers and the expense of laboratories. The science curriculum could be divided into three stages, but the syllabus should not be too rigid. There was a "Science for All" movement in England, which aimed at making science, which would be necessarily biological, a compulsory subject in all schools.

The eager discussion that followed these two papers showed that the audience greatly appreciated both papers.

Our next meeting will be held in June, when Miss Mary Kitson, LL.B., will speak on the new English Education Bill.

Through the death of Miss Mary Langman the club has sustained a great loss. She was one of its most interested and helpful mem-

bers, and her paper on "Australian Fiction" last year will long be remembered among us. The sympathy of all graduates is extended to Mrs. Langman.

C. M. Davey, Hon. Sec.

Sports.

Hockey.

Hockey is a great game, and this year the girls have shown that they fully appreciate the fact. A lively enthusiasm has been displayed right from the beginning of the season. There was no difficulty at all in getting together two teams. It was found advisable to have an A Grade and a B Grade team. Both of these have joined the Association, and both are equally keen to carry off the premiership this year. The result has been that practice is more alive now than for some time past. Players realize that without training they are nowhere, and so an additional 7.30 a.m. practice has become an established fact. On the whole our girls, both in A Grade and in B Grade, play fairly well. This is due in some measure to the captains, Rae Miller and Eileen Ingleby, who spare neither time nor energy in doing their best for each team.

A brief survey of the A Grade matches may help considerably to see how the first hockey team stands.

Troubadours were our first opponents. 'Varsity had the play throughout the match, but owing to the fact that we were time and again "off side," we were unable to score. However, during the second half we shot a goal. Troubadours did not score.

On the following Saturday we played the Lemnos girls on our own grounds. This team were the premiers of B Grade last year, but owing to their good play, they now hold a place in A Grade. Again 'Varsity had all the play. The opposing team are "hard-hitters," but they fail to follow up their "hits," and consequently their play is largely ineffective. Four of our forwards shot a goal; Lemnos did not score.

Our third match was against the Heathpool girls. This team has always caused 'Varsity some anxiety. Heaths have been in A Grade for some years, and they play a steady, well-organized game. The match was a tough "go" from start to finish; each side was so determined to win that as a result neither team was beaten, the final scores being one goal each.

The following match was played against Excelsiors. This team showed great promise

last year, but owing to the influx of new players, their organization was sadly upset. 'Varsity again had all the play, but the Gawler girls crowded their defence, and made it impossible for us to shoot goals. 'Varsity played their usual steady, well-combined game, and before the end of the second half we had scored a goal. Excelsior did not score.

'Varsity's defence is good; only one goal has been scored against us this season. Our fault lies in the forward line. The forwards pass well, but there is not enough speed there. Selfish play is an element entirely absent from the team. The girls realize that with twenty-two players on the field, organization is the thing that is going to count, and without it a team can never get anywhere near the top.

The results of the matches that B Grade have played show that the team undoubtedly plays a good game. So far they have lost only one match.

Both A and B are determined to keep up their records. If they continue their good, steady practising there is no reason why they should not achieve their aims.

Women Students' Rowing Club, 1919.

The club held its annual meeting at the cottage on April 7, when various questions were discussed, and the following officers elected for 1919:

Captain—Miss Macghey.
Vice-Captain—Miss Magarey.
Treasurer—Miss Ingleby.
Secretary—Miss Wait.

It is unfortunate that this club suffers from lack of enthusiasm, for, though there are nine crews enrolled, one hears little of regular practice. One must admit that it is rather a drawback to those who are really keen oarswomen that the rowing season begins when students are becoming somewhat busy in view of approaching exams; and the season is practically over when the University year begins. It is annoying that even such trifles as the "letting out" of the river, or the frequent winter storms, interfere with one's rowing practice.

But let it be the ambition of every crew to reach the stage where it is considered fit for "slides"! Owing to the increased number of members, a request was made to Mr. Jolly for another boat, but he, unfortunately, has only one four-oared boat. He announced however, that he may have to "hand us over" to the care of his brother, Mr. "Ern" Jolly (reason unknown). That would be a distinct advantage for several reasons, as this Mr. Jolly has more than one boat, and his haunts are much nearer the University, and the shorter walk to and from the boathouse would save the time of our busy students who grudge every minute unnecessarily spent away from their books.

Women's Tennis Club.

The annual meeting was held on April 3, and the officers for the year were elected, viz.:
 Captain—Miss E. R. L. Reed.
 Vice-Captain—Miss E. Davidson.
 Secretary—Miss K. Magarey.

Assistant Secretary—Miss I. Bridgland.
 After the report of the "Blue" Committee had been read, it was explained for the benefit of new members that this committee now lapsed, as Blues will again be given for play in inter-Varsity matches. It was proposed that a tournament, consisting of women's singles and doubles handicaps should be played this year, and the proposal was carried unanimously.

The entries for this tournament were very good, and great interest is being taken in it. The first round of the doubles is almost complete, and a few singles have been played. Competitors will do well to play their sets as early as possible, owing to the difficulty of booking courts towards the end of the time allowed.

A letter from the secretary of the Sydney University Women's Tennis Association during the term, asking whether we should be able to enter a team this year in the triangle scheme, as we did before the war. The committee replied that we were willing to play, and suggested the end of the second term as a convenient time, but nothing more has been heard from Sydney about the arrangement.

The Rifle Club.

After four years of recess, during which this fairest of sports of the true eye and steady hand has lent itself to the most grim of realities—life and death and the fight for liberty—rifle shooting as a pastime again rises to make its bow to its devotees.

Early in the year, at a general meeting of those interested, it was decided to reconstitute the Adelaide University Rifle Club, and bearing in mind the glorious traditions this club has behind it, it is necessary that every effort be made to uphold the same standard of excellence in the ensuing years. At present our main worries are "active" members, "honorary" members, and the Defence Department—shortage of the first, excess of the second, and the pink ribbon, red tape, or something, of the third. We have been in negotiation in regard to the want of rifles for quite a time now, so as each day passes we feel sure that it brings us nearer to the time when the weapons will be made available.

The matter of "active" and "honorary" members is one of some importance. This club, like most others, requires money, and the only members recognized by the Government are the "active" ones (by recognized, I mean financially supported). Now, an active member is defined—this isn't really a law report, though it does sound like it—as one who is either exempted from or not liable to the compulsory training scheme, and, seeing that we get an efficiency grant in cash for each one of these who fires a specified musketry course of 50 shots during the year, besides being allowed to purchase ammunition at reduced rates on his account, and even given free a certain amount of ammunition for each one, we, quite naturally, cry aloud for all who fall under this category to join up immediately. Returned soldiers, particularly those in the Army Reserve, are urged to join, since the firing of the above musketry course counts as one day's training.

Honorary members are those who are liable to universal training, and though the Defence Department will not disgorge on your account, the Sports Association supplies the need. Once the rifles are to hand, you are all wanted.

We are in communication with the Universities of the eastern States, and it is hoped that an inter-Varsity shoot will be held this year. When once started, shoots will be held frequently on a Saturday morning, so this will not interfere with other sports, and don't forget! As the Rifle Club is affiliated with the Sports Association, you can obtain your "Blue" for shooting as well as for other sports.

In 1911 this club occupied the premier position among Universities of the Empire. Let us not be satisfied with this, but rather gather new marksmen from younger generations, who will again carry the Black and White to victory.

Information will gladly be given by either of the undermentioned.

Captain Mr. H. C. Hocking.
 Hon. Secretary Mr. H. M'I. Birch.

Poetry.

Sleep.

Eyes slowly close;
 Vague sounds drift from afar and lull the
 brain;
 The darkness closes round in soft embrace;
 The world recedes, and tangled thoughts
 refuse to move
 In ordered ways;
 And on a fleecy cloud my spirit lightly sails,
 And gently falls — down — down — through
 space;
 My weary pulse grows weak and slow the
 beat—
 I—am—tired—

A drowsy yawn,
 And sleepy arms stretch forth to greet the
 new-born day.

—Edgar L. Stevens.

The Changing Seasons.

From Horace, Odes, IV, 7.

Snows are fled, and verdure blesses
 Plains once more with waving grass;
 Trees are crowned with leafy tresses:
 Earth's cycle bids a season pass.

Swollen runnels shrink; their banks
 Hedge the streamlets streaming past.
 Graces and Nymphs in dancing ranks
 Trip forth, their winter mantles cast.

Yet life eterne thou'lt not achieve;
 The year gives warning by its flight,
 The hour, too, which brings the eve
 And plunges kindly day in night.

Frosts the west winds change to flowers;
 Summer tramples Spring—and dies;
 Apple-laden Autumn showers
 Ruddy fruits, but leaden skies
 Bring lifeless winter's dragging hours.

At Night.

The air is cold and thinly frail,
 The moon slips through the cloudless sky
 Across a scarce-seen starry veil;
 The white mists through the tall trees sail
 And die.
 The ancient moon is glad to-night,
 She smiles on forest and on hill;
 The trees stand up against the light,
 Calm and benignant in their might,
 And still.

But something moves among the trees,
 Something seems to shake and rise;
 A sighing as of countless seas,
 The sounds of many feet are these;
 And eyes.

—Edward Morgan.

Wisdom Then is Wisdom Now.

An Extract from a Cambridge Journal of
 many years ago, headed

A FEW FAILURES.

He started life on the first rung of the ladder.
 It broke.
 He thought the door of Fame was opening
 before him.—It was sported.
 He stood on the tip-toe of expectation—and
 sprained it badly.
 He started favourite in the Walk of Life.—
 He was at once disqualified.
 There were no limits to his natural ambition.—
 He had some made.
 He thought to follow in the train of the great.
 He missed it.
 He put his best foot forward.—It was boot-
 less.
 Friendship lent her helping hand.—He has not
 yet returned it.
 He took Time by the forelock.—It came off.
 There came the call of Duty.—He was out.
 Finally he threw himself on the generosity of
 a friend.—It gave way.

Sonnet.

To a Musician's Hands.

Oh, ice and fire clothed in human flesh,
 Oh, marble long entombed beneath the sea,
 Shaped in the magic of the living mesh
 For weaving symphonies so slenderly;
 As, moving quietly you bronze to fire
 Each stirring string, and make each woodcell
 pant
 With wail of beasts and a wild bird's desire,
 And mould to amber all our adamant.

You turn and beat the plates of supple air,
 Bend hills and hollows in the curving breeze,
 And fill each crease with dew and honey-hair
 And running water, and green willow play.
 Then leave us wandering, when you play no
 more
 Lonely and cold upon some other shore.

E.M.

The Greater University and the C.U.

The years of the great war have seen at least one student generation come and go. Those of us who can remember Australia's University life in 1914 will recollect that, in many respects, our Universities were tending to become conservative and narrow in their outlook. Our traditions, which, for Australia, are old, had begun to give rise to what might be called a "student class" consciousness of a type that savoured of snobbishness. But a new element was beginning to make itself felt, namely, the closer relationship of State education with University life, brought about by the great influx of bursars from State schools. The Universities had nurtured and developed the public school spirit, and the clash between this and the State school spirit gave rise to many a jarring note.

Then came the war, and the full and varied life as seen in sport, fellowship, social functions, and inter-'varsity relationships was superseded by a confined, and, in comparison, a dull, monotonous routine. We were a disintegrated crew during those dark days, and a motley crew, too, for we were made up of those who had been turned down, those who were under age, and of some who were shirkers. These were in many respects narrow days. The man whose one and only idea of a University was that it was a "fagging institution"—a shop in which he was trained in the art of earning bread and butter by means of "an education"—this man was in clover. Yet, for all this, there was a remnant of men, and a large number of women students, who dreamed and hoped for life—real University life.

And now the war is over, and their dreams are going to come true. Once again we detect that "student class" consciousness, but broadened and purified. Despite the 'flu, new life is blossoming forth; spring has come, bringing with it, as ever, the spirit of unrest. The roots of

the old 'Varsity have worked their way into our hearts—we love her—she is our "alma mater," and we want to give her our costliest and our best, for only as we give shall we receive from her. We want to serve her, and in doing so fit ourselves to serve our God and our country.

Such is the trend of feeling that the writer of this article has noticed, and the call comes to each and every student to throw himself into the whole of 'Varsity life—it is not too late, even now, to take up sport, to join one or more of the various societies that interest you most—it is only second term!

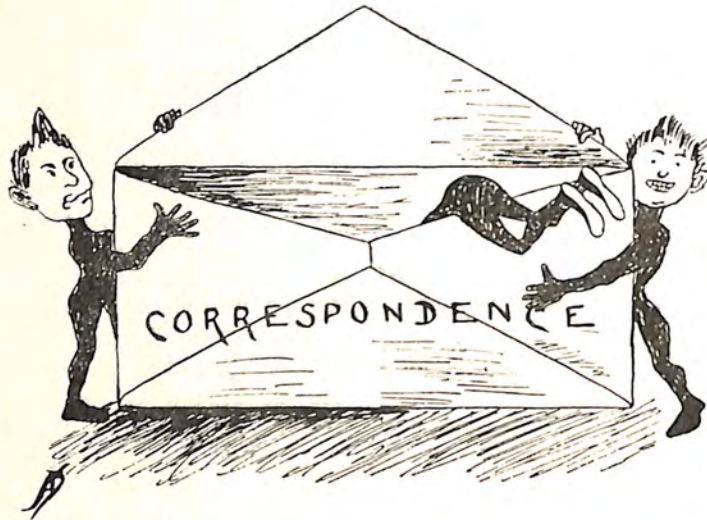
Such a challenge has the C.U. made to its members whenever it has fully reflected the aims of the Student Christian Movement, and in this new day it reiterates the challenge, and can do so in good faith, because its most prominent members are also to be found taking a leading part in 'Varsity life.

And because of this the C.U. has a right to challenge those who are not members. Its special function in the general life of the 'Varsity is to strengthen the spiritual factor, and through its activities enable that side of our nature to develop alongside the other two. In its meetings, study circles, and conferences, the C.U. stands for a fearless search after truth. While it welcomes any student to join its activities, no matter what belief he may hold, it demands of its "active," or full, members, a faith in Jesus Christ. There is no reason why the C.U. should not be the home of every student who sees the need of making time for the deeper things of life. The spirit of fellowship that is engendered between students of different faculties and religious colour denomination in the circles and at conferences, has shown itself to be deep rooted. So that, through this feeling of unity, as well as by its challenge to thought and faith, the C.U., be-

sides fulfilling its own special function, is making a very definite contribution towards the greater University spirit.

These are the aims and ideals that the

Student Movement has set out to realize, not only in Australia, but in every national movement affiliated with the World's Student Christian Federation.



FINANCIAL AID TO STUDENTS.

Dear Mr. Editor—I was interested to note that in Victoria the Government have inaugurated a system whereby they render financial aid to students in order that they may be able to undertake a university career. There have been people who have asserted that the University is composed of the sons and daughters of wealthy parents. If that were true, which it is not, it is time that something was done in order to enable others who are not possessed of wealthy parents to enter the University. Many a person has been debarred from following some course of study or profession through lack of money, and the loss is the loss to the community. Many persons now unable to take a university course would be able to do so if some one was able to supply them with the necessary funds for a few years. In Victoria this fact has been recognized, and the Government have decided to render the necessary aid. Loans are made for five years with interest at

five per cent., the date of repayment to be extended if necessary. Is it not possible for something of this kind to be done in this State? Unfortunately the time has not yet arrived when our University is free, but by some such method as suggested the advantages of the University would be given to many who are deserving of them, but who are not, through force of circumstances, able to make use of them. For the Government it would not be a matter of giving, but one of lending. For the student it would not be charity, but a business proposition. We suggest that this matter be taken up, either by the Council if they approve and are willing, or else by the students, and the Government be approached on the matter. Because we are privileged there is no reason why we should not endeavour to extend the privileges we enjoy to others.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, etc.,

"STUDENT."

A PROFESSOR OF LAWS.

Dear Mr. Editor—As this is the fourth year in which there has been no Professor of Laws at the University, it does not seem beside the question to suggest that it would probably be in the interest of the University, and law students in particular, if one were again appointed. We understand that one has not been appointed owing to the war, and of course the appointment may at the present time be under consideration. At the same time a reminder that there is no Professor of

Laws should not be out of place. In doing this we do not wish to cast any aspersion on the gentlemen of the profession who have carried on the work of lecturing during the past few years. But the presence of a professor who can devote his whole time to the work is essential. The knowledge that a professor will be appointed by next year will therefore we welcome news to law students.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, etc.,

"LEX."

Another "Lancet" Article.

By Simple Simon, M.B., B.Sc.

A subject on which I have several times reflected is tuberculosis, and I believe that I can cure it. An account of my method and of how I hit upon it will doubtless gratify your readers.

I have always held that nature's avenue of healing is the lips. In my youth I studied physics, and passed the Senior—or was it the Junior? Anyway, the idea came to me of disintegrating the molecules of which the bacillus or germ is composed. To be precise, I meant to grab the nitrogen out of them. Unfortunately I recollected that there is nitrogen in the tissues as well, and I did not feel certain that I could disintegrate one without the other.

My present device is strictly scientific. Beginning with the principle that cure is to be through the lips, and that the goal is to be the elimination of the bacilli, I asked myself how they could be extracted. Not with forceps, that was clear. Then, in the course of my extensive reading I was much struck in "The English at the North Pole," with the adhesion of nails, knives, and other steel and iron ware to the magnetic pole. "What," thought I to myself, "if I were to magnetize the bacilli?" Of course the tubercle bacilli contain no iron, but iron can be taken through the lips, and some of it would roost on the germs in passing. I followed

this procedure, and then, having opened the patients' mouth to its fullest extent, dangled a magnet down the throat. On withdrawing the instrument it was found that 149,563,760 tubercles, or more than can dance on the point of a needle, adhered to it. No other treatment is necessary, though the operation needs to be performed daily (at a fee of £10 10s. per time) for twelve months. The operator should wear a mask, and should boil his face and hands thoroughly after each operation.

At the end of this time the patient will be in a very different condition from what he was before.

I tried this treatment on T.B. He was 96 years old, with a previous history of fractured skull and varicose veins. The epidermis of his nose was found to be a good deal reddened. I administered three ozs. of iron, and applied the magnet. The operation was entirely successful. There is no prognosis, because the patient choked. Through what? **Through the flocking of the germs to the magnet.** This proves that the dose of iron was too strong. Care must be taken to prevent the magnetization of too many bacilli at the same operation.

I confidently look forward to receiving large sums for this treatment, especially if well-advertised in gullible quarters.

Recent Admissions to the Bar.

During the past term several of last year's law students have been admitted by the Full Court of Practitioners of the Supreme Court of South Australia. Among them was **Mr. John Tennyson Reid**. Mr. Reid passed in his final subject for the Bachelor of Laws Degree in March last, and the degree will be conferred upon him at the Commemoration at the end of the year. During his course he has actively identified himself with the interests of the law students. In particular he has been a keen supporter of the Law Debating Society, and in 1918 as treasurer he brought the Society to the conclusion of the most satisfactory financial year it has known for some time. He served his articles first with Messrs. Young, Newland, & Ward, and later with Messrs. F. Villeneuve Smith & Alderman. Mr. Reid offered himself for active service but failed to pass the doctors.

Mr. William Robert Hunt, who was admitted on the same day as Mr. Reid, was articled to Messrs. Glynn, Parsons, McEwin, & Napier. Mr. Hunt has seen active service, and the honour he has thus won, unfortunately has interfered to some extent with his University course. He has been, however, while with us a keen member of the Law Debating Society, and was for several years auditor, bearing the heavy burden of his office without a murmur. He is a member of the Committee of the Society for the present year.

Mr. Charles Vincent Rice North is another who was admitted on the same day as Mr. Reid, and like Mr. Hunt is a returned soldier. He served his articles with Messrs. McLachlan, Napier, and Browne, and later, when that firm was dissolved, with Mr. A. J. McLachlan. He is an excellent speaker, and one of the leading members of the Law Debating Society. He is also one of the Committee of the Society. He intends to practise his profession at Port Pirie, where his eloquence, his genial manner, and, in a lesser degree, a quite remarkable punctiliousness as to keeping appointments, may be safely relied on to gain for him a large following of clients.

Mr. John Joseph Daly has also recently been admitted as a practitioner of the Supreme Court. Mr. Daly was articled to Captain W. J. Denny, M.C., M.P., and has been looking after the practice during his principal's absence at the war. The heavy call thus made upon his time, and the many outside activities in which he has so keenly interested himself, have not given him much opportunity to identify himself with the affairs of the University, though, for a time, during the earlier part of his course, he was on the Committee of the Law Debating Society. He is now entering into partnership with Captain Denny.

Elsie V. Willsmore, Mus. Bac.

We have to congratulate Miss Willsmore most heartily upon obtaining the degree of Mus. Bac. As the winner of the scholarship which is awarded on the results of the Grade I public examination in theory of music, Miss Willsmore entered the Conservatorium in 1911. Pianoforte playing is her principal subject, and this was studied under Mr. Reimann's tuition.

Miss Willsmore completed the course of lectures in March, 1913, but it was not until November, 1918, that she entered for her final examination.

In 1918 Miss Willsmore was admitted to the staff of the Elder Conservatorium as a teacher of theory in connection with Mr. Walenn's violin classes, which position she still holds.

Nigger.

By S.E.J.

I.

Master was away all the afternoon; it was very dull. He did not come back in the evening; Nigger was uneasy. Once during the night he slipped his chain and went in search.

"Perhaps he'll be in when I get back," he thought hopefully.

And later: "He's sure to be here for breakfast."

But he wasn't.

Nigger searched every room and sniffed the furniture. No master. Nigger was lonely. He cuddled up on the forbidden cushions of the garden-seat with Simonette, waiting for master to come whizzing round the corner. He opened an eye at a noisy cycle, and cocked his ear for a motor. He trotted up the drive, he wheeled sharply round to the stables, he cut back, barking, to master's room. No master.

After a little dejected self-examination Nigger paid a rapid visit to several rabbit-holes. Whatever the strain, duty must be done. He came back to be comforted.

"I know," he yapped joyously, "he's afraid to come home; he's hiding behind a tree."

But he wasn't.

"Then I darn well hope," snapped Nig-

ger, "that they'll shut him up for a day when he does turn up." He sighed heavily.

But they didn't. They shut Nigger up instead.

II.

The sun shone on the pale sodden summer grass, and the raindrops on the trees glistened. The clouds were rolling back over the plain and the sea. Nigger wanted a walk. He danced down the drive, and looked back to see if any one were following. No one. Nigger wagged his tail and tried again. The invitation was ignored. Nigger drooped his tail (what there was of it) and came back.

Simonette got her coat; Nigger wagged; an umbrella; Nigger sprang into the air and spun round and round and barked. Simonette would indicate the general direction of the walk, and he, Nigger, could introduce all the variety. Simonette went over the hill; so did Nigger—and right and left too; he knew all the best rabbit-holes.

But Simonette heard him tell little kennel-bound Kiwi, "Oh, just a middling walk. Better than nothing, of course. But if only a man had been here."

And since master came back Nigger hasn't even spoken to Simonette.

Answers to Correspondents.

A.O.—Not even crude youth and good intentions are an excuse for such an article as yours on "Dancing." We refuse to be the receptacle for such garbage. The article itself seems to us far more immoral than the "wanton waltz and polka," which have so shocked your sensitive feelings.

LOYAL—These lines especially appeal to us:

"All hail to George, our gracious King,
(While summer leans on spring)."

Just wait till we get prohibition. Summer, and you, won't be able to celebrate the King's birthday as giddily as that!

B.W.—We like the reference in your poem to the ship "bounding" o'er the sea. It is just that "bounding motion" that doth make cowards of so many poor sailors.

M.W.—What does the last line mean?

A.D.—Article received. Held over for the present.

The Art of Answering Examination Papers.

By a Victim.

(Note.—Professors, lecturers, and examiners are specially requested not to read this article. That they will not approve of the principles laid down I am certain; but, at the same time, long experience has proved their validity. Their failure, or the victim's failure, is always due to faulty application.)

The fundamental principle in answering examination papers is summed up in the word tact. To be more explicit, which you never want to be when sitting for examinations, bear in mind that it is essential to create a good impression. As an aid to this it is advisable, for some time previous, to pray that the examiner does not suffer from indigestion, and that he reaches your paper just after dinner. Secondly, never put down all you know first, because it usually fills a line and a half, and blank paper creates the impression that you have got a blank mind. Although it is not advisable to write about the weather in finals, it is sometimes helpful to write about something equally as uncertain, and about which you need not commit yourself. This will give you confidence, and create in you the impression that you do, after all, know something. After having discoursed on the ways of the world in general, if possible illustrating them with apt quotations from your text-books, or, better still, with words which your lecturer has used if he happens to be your examiner; if not, it does not matter, it is sometimes as well, provided you have written a few hundred words, to work in skilfully what you know, and a much better effect will be obtained if it happens to be in answer to the question asked. But do not despair if it is not. If you are careful you can create the impression that you have misread the question. You see, so far, it is

all a matter of impression. Of course, if you are in the happy position of knowing the answer to one question, or even two, do not be too keen on making that fact too obvious. It is apt to throw the answers to other questions into too vivid a contrast. Write a little story about the matter, and put a little of the answer in each chapter. It will interest the examiner, and probably amuse him, and thus again create a good impression, especially if the gods have answered your prayers. Furthermore, always answer every question; that is, have the number of every question against some portion of your MS. If you run short of time, and you happen to have given good measure in one of the earlier questions, take a page or two of it, and allot it to the questions remaining unanswered. Examiners hate not giving any marks when you have written a page or two. They cannot help doing it when there is nothing but a blank sheet of paper, even though there is no answer to the question. And, finally, be sure to make your paper, when handing it in, look bulky. Examiners are provided with very delicate scales, and weight is essential in obtaining first-classes. We are sure if students will follow these hints and others which I will be glad to give on personal application, and for the fee of six and eight per time, their future is assured. But for goodness' sake do not let the examiner know you have been to see me. It is apt to prejudice him, and that, of course, creates a bad impression. You see, I happen to be one of them there fellows called "impressionists."

Received.

Melbourne University Magazine,
Queensland University Magazine, The
Black Swan.



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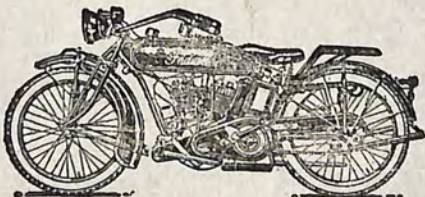
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