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Register

4 MAR 1924

### HIGHER COST OF LIVING.

That fourpence was the first of many indications of deep changes in British life. The cost of living, which was once far below that of Australia, is now about the same as in Adelaide. True, rents of working-class houses are only about half those in Australian cities, and clothing is generally cheaper. But foodstuffs cost roughly as much, travel is at least as dear, rates are high, taxes terribly high, and coal is over £2 a ton. A weighted cost of living index number would probably show about 85 for England against 100 for Australia. Yet, in spite of all, I believe that the standard of living is higher in working-class circles than in 1914.

Yorkshire manufacturers of shoddy and cheap cloth have had to begin making better qualities of fabric, for the market for the old rubbish is gone. Youths have their motor bikes, and maid-girls have discarded the cloths and shawls for coats, boots, and hats. The middle class between the upper millstone of high prices and the nether of high taxation, and the old rich are being pinched, and their standard of life is lower.

Other changes I can only mention now, and pass on, leaving a description of them to later articles. There is first the coming of the motor lorry. Climatic conditions, high prices, and heavy taxes on cars prevent the passenger car from becoming more than a luxury, but the heavy truck has driven the horse from the roads. Long-distance haulage is general; the charges are reasonable, the roads are once more good, and the fact that goods need to be handled only twice instead of four or six times is an important economic consideration. To-day half the railway traffic is paralysed by the engine-drivers' strike. But on every road fleets of heavily-laden lorries are speeding along, carrying mails, newspapers, food, milk, and passengers. If England would set to work to reconstruct and revive her canals, she would have a magnificent triple system of transit—road, rail, and canal.

### LABOR PARTY IN OFFICE.

Next in importance is the coming of wireless telephony, a highly organised institution, working efficiently for the benefit of tens of thousands of listeners throughout the land. Next is the arrival in power of the Labor Party. Ten years ago no one would have dreamed that a Labor Ministry would occupy the Treasury benches in 1924. Finally there is the disappearance of the starched collar. I went to a conference at Oxford, and lived in Balliol College. I dressed for dinner, and was then told by my "scout" that no one did that nowadays. After a hurried recharge I went down to the dining hall, and found my fellow-conferencers all in sac suits, and most of them wearing soft collars, rather sloppy ones at that. There at the head of the table were two knights, an eminent civil servant, three or four Oxford professors, scores of dons from the newer Universities; yet not a single starched shirt among the whole lot of them.

I had already had one shock that day, when I discovered that Balliol had installed bathrooms, which were open from 7.30 to 8.30 a.m. But this other was too much for me. For if the starch has been washed out of the Englishman's collar, may it not also have been washed out of his character. If that has happened, he may be willing to talk to strangers in theatre or train without waiting for an introduction. He may even begin to let his thoughts and feelings get to his tongue, and express his opinion instead of only thinking it, to people like Poincare. That would be a revolution indeed.

News 1 MAR 1924

## LEADING EDUCATIONIST

### DEATH OF MR. F. CHAPPLE

#### Forty Years at College

Mr. Frederic Chapple, B.A., B.Sc., C.M.G., who was headmaster at Prince Alfred College, Adelaide, for 40 years, died at his home in Parade, Norwood, at 8.45 o'clock last night, after a prolonged illness.

Mr. Chapple, who would have been 79 years of age in October, was one of the leading educationists. During his sojourn at Prince Alfred College no fewer than 4,000 boys passed through the college, and all came to know and respect Mr. Chapple, who had many ideals in life, one of which was to make fine men of his scholars, and to mould their characters as best he could.

Born in London on October 12, 1845, he was educated at London University. There he obtained his B.A. and B.Sc. degrees, both first class, and also honors in logic, moral philosophy, and physiology. After teaching at the Westminster Training College for some time he came to Australia in 1876, and from April of that year was headmaster of Prince Alfred College until he retired in 1914. For his educational work the honor of C.M.G. was conferred upon him in 1914.

#### LONG DISTANCE WALKER.

In addition to his scholastic achievements, Mr. Chapple was an athlete of no mean order. He was a great long-distance walker, and played cricket in his younger days. His companion on most of his walking tours was the late John A. Hartley (former Inspector of Schools). However, it was on the tennis court that Mr. Chapple achieved most success. His great love of the game kept him at the courts until he was 75 years of age, when he played with his sons in England. Mr. Chapple also played in the veterans' doubles.

While at Prince Alfred College Mr. Chapple became associated with most of the educational movements in the State. He was president of the Young Men's Christian Association for two years, and for more than 27 years was vice-president. He was president also of the association's war-workers during the war period. He was president of Our Boys' Institute for the first five years of its existence. He also held the chairmanship of the Council of Churches, and interested himself in the Bible in State schools' movement.

His long service at the College and as vice-president of the Boy Scouts' Association brought him in close touch with the younger generations. His chief publication was a grammar book, which he named *The Boys' Own Grammar*. He was a member of the Council of the University of Adelaide, and was warden of the Senate.

#### INTERESTED IN CHURCH.

Two years ago Mr. Chapple fell down the stairs at the Young Men's Christian Association's premises, and owing to injuries received was forced to relinquish most of his public offices, but continued to take a deep interest in church work. He was trustee, and filled almost every other office in the Kent Town Methodist Church. He was a representative at several General Conferences.

Mr. Chapple leaves a widow, four sons, four daughters, and 19 grandchildren. Of his sons, Dr. Frederic Chapple is in practice at Parkside, Mr. Ernest Chapple is in Rangoon with the British Burma Trading Company, Dr. Harold Chapple is a specialist in London, while Mr. Alfred Chapple is a lecturer at Cambridge University. His daughter, Dr. Phoebe Chapple, is in practice in Adelaide. Other daughters are Mrs. G. Waldcek, Mrs. R. Broadbent, and Mrs. J. Haslam (wife of the headmaster of the recently-opened King's College).

Mr. Chapple's funeral took place to-day at noon, when he was interred at West Terrace Cemetery. The Rev. Carroll Myers performed the burial service.

Deep sympathy toward his family was expressed by the Rev. W. A. Langsford (president) at the Methodist Conference this morning. The Conference stood in silence as a mark of respect to its late brother.

Register 4 MAR 1924

#### CHANGES IN LEGAL FIRMS.

There recently appeared an announcement to the effect that Dr. Browne had retired from the legal firm of Symon, Browne, & Symon, in order to join forces with Mr. R. W. Bennett. There has now been effected an amalgamation of the old firm of Symon, Browne, & Symon, with that of Mayo, Murray, & Cudmore, and the combined legal business will in future be carried on under the name of Symon, Mayo, Murray, & Cudmore.

Herald 4 MAR 1924

The council of the Adelaide University at its meeting on Friday last appointed Mr. F. W. Eardley, B.A., registrar of the University. Mr. Eardley is an associate of the Institute of Accountants.

## A BORN TEACHER.

### WHAT LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING CAN ACCOMPLISH

#### MISS M. E. PATCHELL'S VISION.

One of the finest of all professions—and too little appreciated by the public—is that of the school instructor. It is really more than a profession, it is a calling.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Such is the creed of Miss M. E. Patchell, B.A., B.Sc., who for 14 years has so wisely and successfully occupied the responsible position of head mistress of the Methodist Ladies' College at Wayville. Miss Patchell not only loves children, but she understands them, too, and therefore possesses unlimited patience. So it is not surprising to learn that she is also beloved by her charges. In such a happy atmosphere education assumes its true proportions, and is not the bugbear of youth.

herself with dignity, a face full of character and charm, and brown eyes ready to sparkle with humour—such is one of the grandest of women engaged in moulding the minds and characters of future home-builders and professional women. The black gown worn, with such unconscious distinction, was not merely a sign of scholastic authority, but was a reminder that Miss Patchell had taken her University degrees with honour.

Asked how she came to adopt her life-work, Miss Patchell said that she seemed always to have been destined for it. Her father—the late Rev. G. W. Patchell,



MISS M. E. PATCHELL, B.A., B.Sc.

#### A Happy Memory.

Upon a pleasant autumnal morning last week, the writer paid a visit to the imposing and beautiful building, that was originally known as Way College. But since those days the constant growth of the M.L.C. has necessitated continuous occupation of the adjoining properties for gymnasium and classrooms, until that handsome structure is flanked by additions that occupy most of the valuable terrace block at Wayville.

"Busy people have the most time" was proved in the present case, for Miss Patchell readily spared half an hour to chat upon educational matters. The Principal is just the type that one associates with such work. Tall, fine-figured, carrying

M.A., who performed signal service in South Australia in connection with Wesleyan Conferences—was a keen educationist, and, to judge from the daughter's loving description of him, she must have inherited much of his character. She spoke of his sympathy with the young, and their joys and sorrows; and mentioned a charming incident. There was a rather lonely approach to one of the churches—attended for Wednesday evening services—and when Mr. Patchell entered the dusky plantation a figure would approach—that of a little girl, who had been awaiting him—and she would slip her hand confidently into his, and the two would proceed together. There was no feeling of awe because of the minister's black garb.