Sir R. b... S...t. "Declined—too verbose."

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Editorial

During the past ten years the people of the British Empire have devoted considerable attention to the question of Imperialism. The need of an imperial enthusiasm has been incessantly dinned into our ears. Imperial Federators, Tariff Reformers, Navy Leaguers, and Imperial Missioners, have urged us to knit closer the bonds of Empire. The efforts of these people have resulted in at least a certain measure of apparent success. Imperialistic sentiment has become fashionable. The red cloak of the Imperialist is now as respectable as the black coat of the cleric. Nevertheless, all efforts after greater imperial unity will, we think, ultimately fail. The dominions of the Empire will, we believe, become independent nations, and in such a result we see reason rather for joy and hope than for lamentation and despair.

The feeling of patriotism is immeasurably stronger than that of imperialism. The people of this land of ours, for instance, can have no real pride and joy in the
far distant parts of the Empire. What to us is Imperialism? A name. What real loyalty can we have to the English sovereign? None. We see nothing of him; he has no influence on our national life. The office which he holds has no connection or association with our land. If the English sovereign were not, who among New Zealanders would be greatly troubled?

All the patriotism of us who are New Zealand born is called forth by our own country. The little town in which we live, its harbour, its gorse-clad hills, the great white mountains in the distance—these are things which call forth our deepest love. The patriotism of which most men are capable is, it must be recognised, frankly parochial. Their patriotism consists in the love of some small spot, of the little farm, perchance, on which their youth was spent, of the street, the house in which they live.

It is vain for imperial missioners to point out that the British Empire is the most glorious in the history of the world—that it is an empire on which the sun never sets, and that, if it holds together it may aspire to world dominion. These things simply do not interest the man in whom has been aroused the patriotic, the national spirit.

The conclusion which we draw from this almost certain growth of nationalism, is that the bonds which unite the various dominions to the Empire will be weakened rather than strengthened.

Some Imperialists maintain that the growth of a national spirit is not necessarily antagonistic to Imperialism. Self-interest, the exigencies of defence will, they believe, force the dominions to maintain a close union with the Empire. It must not be forgotten, however, that the dominions are continually growing in strength. The time will come when in matters of defence they will be able to stand alone. When that moment has arrived, if the spirit of Nationalism should even in the very smallest matter come into conflict with the feeling of
Imperialism, there can be little doubt as to which sentiment would prevail.

As we have said before, we see no cause for dissatisfaction or dismay in the disintegration of the British Empire, provided that the disintegration is the result of the growth of a national spirit in the dominions. To be specific, we had rather see the people of New Zealand enthusiastic Patriots than enthusiastic Imperialists.

Great enthusiasms and great empires do not, we believe, go hand in hand. An empire which has become so great that it has no longer the spur of competition to spur it onwards and upwards, has accomplished its useful work for the world.

It is, as a rule, in the struggling nations that great thoughts are thought and great deeds are done. The people of the small nation have always before them the hope of making their nation great and glorious among the people of the world. It is to the small nation, not to the unwieldy empire, that the world must look for its advancement. Therefore it would seem to us that Imperialistic sentiment is a feeling which it is undesirable for the people of this or of any of the other British dominions to cultivate. Let the energies which have been devoted to the building up of an imperial enthusiasm be spent in building up and strengthening the national enthusiasm. It is, we think, in this direction that the hopes of New Zealand must lie.

To aid in arousing the spirit of nationalism, to spread that feeling among all New Zealanders must be the work of the men who will be leaving the University of New Zealand during the next few years.

Until this feeling has spread throughout the whole people we cannot hope to produce much of distinction in any direction. There is at the present time a tendency for our best men to be drawn away from us. Give them a national enthusiasm and they will stay and work for New Zealand.
Complaint is often made that there are no signs of the growth of a New Zealand literature. No such literature will arise until there arises in the people a national consciousness. Give us that, and there will not be lacking literary men to breathe forth the hopes and aspirations of the nation. Not only in our literature would the benefit of this enthusiasm be felt. Every sphere of our national life would be given an added enthusiasm.

Our scientific investigators would be given an additional spur if they felt that their discoveries were adding not only to their own fame but to the prosperity and glory of their own country. Our politicians might be able to rise above a mere grasping after power if they realised that to some extent they had in their hands the destiny of a nation, and that on them rested the responsibility of upbuilding an honourable and dignified political tradition.

Our men of commerce would have an additional pride in the extension of their trade if they felt that they were adding to the dignity and importance of a nation. Every ship launched would be something towards the upbuilding of national greatness. Every increase in trade would be more than a mere financial gain to the individual. It would be something accomplished for the New Zealand nation.

It seems to us, therefore, that it would be wise for the University men who will be entering the public life of the Dominion during the next few years to do all in their power to build up an enthusiastic national spirit.

Some men will, no doubt, call then little-minded, parochial, disloyal. These things, however, will not trouble the man who realises that the true patriotism is love of one's own land.
Charis.

Look! Her glance hides
More than other Beauty beareth
When alone for Love it careth,
All forgetting.
I am magnified,
Who have gathered all the riches
Folded in the fairy stitches
Of Love's netting.

Some have Love denied,
Who their triumph have repeated
Over Love himself, defeated
By one holder.
I am deified
In the shadow of her splendour;
I uplift her, and defend her,
And enfold her.

—HUBERT CHURCH.

The four following songs are from a poem on "The Death of Oenone." We are sorry that lack of space prevents us from publishing the whole poem.—Ed. SPIKE.

Cassandra's Song.

Clashing arms and ringing steel,
Glare of fire, and warriors' cries,
Shouts, and tramp of arméd heel;
Tell me, Troy in ruins lies—
Tell me, that the Trojan dies.

See, the swarming foemen come
Out the islands of the West.
Trumpet's blast, and roll of drum
Cry, Now comes the vengeance-quest!
Can ye, Trojans, take your rest?

Arm you, arm you, men of Troy!
Strike, fight!—yet your city falls.
Comes the Hellene to destroy
Tilion's lofty towers and walls:
Burns with fire your ancient halls.
Paris to Helen.

I wandered in the land of Greece,
    And naught but beauty did I see:
Yet all the beauty of the land
    Is but as naught compared with thee.

Fair are the daughters of the isles,
    Fair, too, the isles amidst the sea,
For all the fairness of the isles
    I would not part, my Queen, with thee.

The sons of Greece are more than men—
    Are tall, and strong, as gods must be:
Yet none might fitly be thy lord,
    For ne'er was goddess like to thee.

The lordly mountains, deck'd with clouds,
    The peaceful vales of Aready,
Olympus, dwelling of the gods—
    What are all these, my Love, to thee?

The gleaming brooks of Hellas wind
    In rocky course with boisterous glee;
Her seas are fair, her skies are blue—
    But Nature must give place to thee.

What though our sweet-voiced minstrels sing
    Of Leda, or Penelope?
These are but beautiful until
    The raptured eyes have look'd on thee.

Full sweet it is to love, and live
    Enthralled by beauty's bondage free—
But who hath beauty like to thine,
    Or how can love be, without thee?

Helen, the fairest gem of Greece,
    So then wilt deign to smile on me,
I am content; so let me live.
    And dying, let me die for thee.
Oenone to Paris.

The fiercest thrust of foemen's steel
Can ne'er such mortal anguish deal
As that the lonely heart doth feel
When love is fled.
The tear stands ever in the eye,
No peace rewards the constant cry:
Ah! Why cannot the body die?
The heart is dead.

My loved one's love is turned from me,
He leaves me here in misery.
Ah! When my soul cries out to thee,
Oh hear me, Death!
Let sweet oblivion come at last;
Let me, forgetting all the past,
Be loosed from pain with welcome blast
Of thy cold breath.

O fearsome Eris, cause of strife
To all that draw the breath of life,
Why should'st thou sunder man and wife
With fruit of gold?
O Aphrodité, goddess fair,
Let Paris still his love declare
To me: restore us as we were
In days of old.

O Paris, still I love thee true,
My tears and prayers thy soul pursue:
Ah, come, thy broken vows renew—
I weep for thee.
Return, return! By Ida's rill
Thy promises of love fulfil.
Ah, Paris mine, I love thee still!
Come back to me!
Oenone's Song of Vengeance.

Joy be in Troas' hills!
Joy be by Ida's rills!
Paris is slain!
Paris, the false of heart,
Struck by the hero's dart
Lives not again.

Not all his songs of Greece
Now give the singer peace,
Sweet life restore.
Wounded to very death
Draws he his latest breath,
Life's pleasures o'er.

See—still in pain he lives!
Ah! how his torture gives
Joy to my soul!
Writhing in pain he lies:
Mark how the traitor dies!
Triumph, my soul!

Back falls the perjured head.
What! Is the traitor dead,
False Prince of Troy?
Nay, but his end is nigh.
Sing we, and let him lie.
Sing we our joy.
By the Wayside.

The spring wind was warm, the sun was hot in the sky, the roads were white and dusty, so I was glad to fling myself down to rest on a green bank by the wayside. The bank was already occupied by a man in a Norfolk suit, with a knapsack slung over his shoulder and a stout walking stick by his side. A farmer’s cart passed us slowly, the driver whistling cheerily and bidding us good morning with a beaming smile.

“‘That.’ I said to the man in the Norfolk suit. ‘is a smile like a benediction.’

I received in reply a slow, embarrassing stare.

‘What do you think you mean?’ said he.

‘Well,’ I returned, slightly nettled. ‘I mean what I say. That man looked so absolutely happy and pleased with life that his smile did one good to see.’

‘It didn’t do me good to see.’ returned the man, vehemently. ‘It made me sick, and if the gods who made this planet bothered to look down on it occasionally it ought to make them blush in shame to see a man pleased with their rotten gift of Life!’

‘What’s wrong with you?’ I demanded. ‘Can you look around on all this’—I waved my hand, showman like, at the prospect—‘and yet talk like that.’

My companion leaned forward and looked slowly and comprehensively at the view before us; at the green and lovely fields; the sea blue in the distance; the winding hill-road, bordered with golden gorse. He turned to me. ‘Yes, it’s because I look at all this that I talk as I do. I look further than you. I see the rottenness of things. That underneath this show of beauty is ugliness. There’s that silver river,’” nodding his head in its direction, “‘eating away for all it’s worth at the fields on either side of it. There’s the beautiful golden gorse growing all over poor men’s property. There,” pointing to a cobweb, “is a delicate gauze net hung to catch an innocent fly. There’s a thrush—you’ll say its singing a hymn of gladness to the Sunlight. I say it’s chortling over a nice, fat, harmless snail. There’s a silly flower flaunting to attract a bee, which soon will make its beauty wither. There are bursting buds thrusting aside poor, withered brown leaves that sought to shelter them. Everywhere rivalry and death!’"
"Come!" I remonstrated, "you’re looking at one side of things."

"No!" was the quick rejoinder, "I’m looking at both—I’m seeing the light and the dark—but there’s more of the latter."

"There’s not much ‘rivalry and death’ about that, anyway." I said, triumphantly, pointing to a rosy child who came puffing round a bend in the road, holding a fistful of primroses.

"Pardon me," he said, triumphantly in his turn, "It’s as much a bird of prey as anything else. It has picked those yellow primroses; doesn’t care whether they live or die; it’s dropping them to wither on the road."

So it was. If it kept on dropping them conscientiously, one would be able to track it for miles.

"Besides," added my jovial acquaintance, "I wager if that child saw a butterfly it would grab it."

"Very probably," I assented.

That moment a woman came into view.

"Now," said he of the Norfolk jacket in a disgusted tone, "there’s a woman."

She was carrying a drowsy, flower-faced little urchin, and looked hot but quite pleased with her lot.

"What’s the matter with her?" I enquired. She looks happy."

"That’s the worst of ’em!" grumbled the man.

"Are you a—er—misogynist?" (That word has always been hard for me to get out.)

"No," he returned, "I pity women too much to make love to them."

"You have a queer pity, then. Most of them like having love made to them."

"Yes, they’re never happy unless they’re running their heads into a noose," replied he.

"It’s what our friend, G.B.S., calls the Life Force," said I. "Aren’t you ever impelled by it?" He looked at me somewhat wanly. "I’ll confess I am at times—but then, everyone born is a fool!"

"Really," I said, exasperated, "You are a miserable pessimist. Can’t you see the underlying principle of things? The thing beneath both the beauty and decay? The Law fixed and unalterable? Can’t you learn the lesson of Life—acquiescence—that what happens must be?"
"Acquiescence!" he ejaculated so sharply that I almost started back. "Acquiescence, say you? and you call me a pessimist. 'Tis you and all like you that are the cumberers of the Earth. You sit by with your calm philosophy. 'Nous verrons ce que nous verrons,' say you. You walk in your gardens and watch the flowers fade and the seeds ripen and you moralise on Life and Death. You read of crime in your newspaper and think 'The sins of the fathers are visited on the children.' You say you see both the beauty and the ugliness of life—you acknowledge that both exist—but you take care that more of the beauty comes your way. But it's men like me"—his eyes glowed with purpose—"men like me whom you call pessimists. We fight the evil, for we see it, and the seeing makes us sad and purposeful. You are too comprehensive to select a way to betterment. I narrow my view. I will not see further, but I act. I speak and do more than I think, else I would be paralysed like you and your kind. He rose to his feet, frowning at me. All kinds of retorts rose to my lips, but I checked them.

"My dear fellow," I merely said, "I hope you'll do more good than harm, and now good-day." I nodded farewell and took out my pocket Omar Khayyam. The man in the Norfolk suit returned my good-day curtly and swung on his way down the road, stopping, however, to pick up the wilting primroses and pinning them tenderly and carefully to the lapel of his coat. —M.L.N.

In Memoriam.

John Griffith's death has deprived us of one who gave his friendship without making demands upon his friends—a true friend but an unostentatious one. He listened to all and gave advice when he was asked, and his very quality of true, kindly sympathy hid from the writer, at least while he was with us, the large part he held in the writer's life, both in and out of College. He was so unobtrusive, so quietly genuine, that perhaps those who knew him only slightly did not realise the truly great and purifying influence he had on the lives of others, who, by understanding him, appreciated him at his true value. His going has left a blank in the lives of many.
Evening.

The wavelets lapped on the harbour shore,
And the sky to the west grew red,
As the crimsoned clouds of an amorous eve
Blushed as Apollo fled.

The blush died out of the western sky
And the love-star glist'ning above,
Sent a world-old message to children of earth,
"Drink deep of the cup of love."

Drink deep o'er the love-cup's foaming brim
With its sparkling bubbles of joy,
Bringing laughing-eyed visions of red-kissed lips
And loves that never cloy.

And two who walked where the wavelets lapped
O'er the shore, read the message aright:
And the love-star set o'er the day's dying eve—
But Love reigned queen o'er the night.

---PIRI.

The River.

By yonder towering boulder-studded wall,
Between those cliffs that ever chafe and curb,
This snow-born river hurried to the sea
Long centuries before our fathers came.
In ceaseless turmoil, striving to be free,
It hath but laid itself in deeper thrall
To earth, that seeks its spirit to entame.

In ages gone with louder voice it roared,
And seaward rushing ever mightier grew;
Those moss-touched rocks were like sea-pebbles strewn
Along its course, and now are left enthroned
In peace above the waters. There immune
From yellow turbid floods, but scarred and scored,
They tell Time's children how the waters moaned.

---PIRI.

21/7/11.
As it was in the Beginning.

The Parish Pump in 1841, and Other Ancient History.

(By Julius McL. Hogben.)

Here we have it: "Papers. || New Zealand. || (With plans.) || Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be Printed, || 12 August 1842. || [Price 6s. 6d] || 569... Under 320z.||" And at that time Auckland was Auckland and Port Nicholson was Wellington and the pot's indictment of the kettle was a mild circumstance by comparison with the opinion held by either village of the other. In short, in 1841 the chief problem exercising the minds of New Zealand's truly great, seemed to be whether Auckland was better fitted to be the capital than Wellington. Listen to the Cassandra of the New Zealand Company, the founders of Port Nicholson, prophesying falsely on the 7th September 1841 when he speaks of:--

"The mischiefs that must be expected to result from the factitious support of a seat of government not recommended by any great natural advantages, situated almost at one extremity of the long narrow islands subjected to its authority, and not at present or likely to be the residence of the principal or of any considerable population nor the emporium of the trade of the colony."

But the prophet business was not all so badly conducted:--"It appears but probable," runs a letter dated 3rd April, "that there would grow up a feeling of bitter rivalry and hostility between the owners of land at the seat of Government and the owners of land in the Company's settlements"; such no doubt, as may now be seen at any Auckland-Wellington football match. Aucklanders did not by any means endorse the statements made by the residents of Port Nicholson and their advocates. But they seem to have lacked the ingenuity of the latter. For example, when in May 1841 Captain Hobson assumed office as Governor of New Zealand on its separation from New South Wales, the magistrates of Wellington, six in number, hastened to forward to him a congratulatory address. The congratulation appeared in the first few lines, while the remainder, that is nineteen-twentieths of the address, set forth at length and with much repetition the advantages which would
derive from the removal of the seat of Government to Wellington. Governor Hobson, in his reply, was brief and pointed: "I should hold it to be inexpedient and improper for me to enter into any discussion with you on suggestions you have thought fit to offer on the future government of this colony."

But Wellington’s greatest effort was made in November, 1841, when the residents forwarded an "Address of Congratulation and Humble Petition" to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The matter for congratulation was the birth of a Princess Royal and then, by an easy logical step, Her Majesty’s humble subjects proceeded to put forward a number of arguments in favour of removing the seat of Government to Wellington. These congratulations and entreaties were humbly submitted to Her Majesty by some one hundred and thirty signatories, the most interesting of whom appears to have been the gentleman who, in his moment of exceeding loyalty, signed himself: "D. Donald for myself on 45 Satermion on the Parma Road."

It was left to an Auckland, however, to sing most loudly the praises of Wellington. This fall from grace was performed by the then Surveyor-General, who, on his return to Auckland after his inspection of Wellington, reported to his Excellency. This is what he was moved to say of Wellington: "A more beautiful and romantic spot it would be difficult to conceive; a finer harbour could not be desired."

After which it is only fair to set forth the true Auckland opinion. This is contained in a letter of 20th September, 1841, from an English firm writing on behalf of several settlers at Auckland. That the Wellingtonians had very capable rivals in their obstinate partiality, is well shown by the extracts from the letter which follow:

"Auckland has the extraordinary and uncommon advantage of having two ports communicating with opposite coasts. Vessels of the largest size can enter either harbour and lay in safety."

"Port Nicholson," on the other hand, "is very fine unquestionably, when a ship is inside it, but it is most difficult of access, owing to the perpetual violent winds that always rush directly through Cook’s Straits."

Then again: "Auckland is placed to receive the agricultural produce of the extensive and fertile districts
to the south, by means of the great rivers which diverge from this point."

"Port Nicholson is singularly defective in reference to its communications with agricultural districts. It has no river; the Hutt is called a river, but is only a streamlet, and not navigable."

And furthermore: "The position of Auckland cannot be surpassed by any in the island for excellence of climate, wholesome, healthy air, and good water; and the climate is peculiarly suitable for the growth of flax and wheat."

While on the contrary: "The violent winds almost daily blowing at Port Nicholson must necessarily make agricultural operations, especially in the growing of wheat, uncertain, and this is an injurious circumstance, in respect to the climate at Port Nicholson, not existing at Auckland. That violent winds are painfully prevalent at Port Nicholson is an undoubted fact, and all parties returning from it have certified to their strength being such, that it is unsafe to build houses of more than one story high."

But the local partisanship did not end in such delicate compliments as those quoted above. Writing under date of 26th May, 1841, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Governor Hobson relates that the settlers at Port Nicholson have drawn up and signed a petition for his removal "on the grounds of partisanship, neglect of public duty, etc." This was followed by a counter petition from Auckland. "It is quite evident," comments Hobson, "notwithstanding the extraneous matters introduced into the Port Nicholson petition, that the whole matter resolves itself into the simple fact, that I have not studied the exclusive advantage of the Company by fixing the seat of Government at Port Nicholson; and it is equally certain, that the counter petition must be attributed to my having chosen my position on the Waitemata." And, perhaps, after all Governor Hobson was correct.

The book does not, however, deal solely with this aspect of the history of those days. There is an interesting series of correspondence passing between the Directors of the New Zealand Company and Downing Street on a projected agreement to sell the Chatham Islands to a German syndicate formed at Hamburg. A Colonization Company had been formed at Hamburg, and
an agreement entered into between J. Ward, acting on behalf of the New Zealand Company, and a Herr Sieveking, on behalf of the German syndicate. When the arrangements came to the knowledge of Downing Street, the Secretary of State for the Colonies interfereed, and the Chatham Islands remain a part of the British Empire.

There are also several letters relating to the history of the settlement of Akaroa, telling how Captain W. M. Stanley, in Her Majesty’s sloop “Britomart,” arrived in Akaroa, hoisted the British flag and held a court, some five days before the French frigate “L’Aube,” and six days before the French whaler “Comte de Paris,” with 57 French emigrants aboard, arrived; also the arrangements that were entered into by which the French authorities assisted in the keeping of order in the settlement. Here was the entente cordiale a fact in being in 1840. There is an interesting letter written in 1841 by Capt. Lavaud, of “L’Aube,” relating what he was doing to preserve order, assuring the Governor that he was not in any way prejudicing Britain’s influence, and deprecatting any suggestion that he should be called on to withdraw at least before he had received from France “l’ordre de reconnaître la souveraineté de l’Angleterre.” He pointed out what would be the result of such a withdrawal: “De cet état de choses, il resulterait de grands maux, et avant peu, soyez en assuré et croyez en l’expérience que me donnent 14 mois de séjour ici, la consternation et le dégout s’emparereraient des colonies; plus de travaux; l’ivresse sur tous les points de la colonie, aussi que le désordre le plus complet.” Governor Hobson agreed to continue to give countenance and support to measures which have so essentially contributed to the tranquility of this community.”

Of much interest is a map of the settlement of Port Nicholson in 1841, as also are the remarks thereon by the Surveyor-General. His scathing denunciation of town planning as practised here should be of interest to-day: “I consider it a magnificent site completely destroyed, and it appears to have been sacrificed to the absurdity of laying out a plan on a sheet of paper, and restricting the size of allotments to an acre, an extent which is far too large for the purpose required, and is calculated only to promote that greedy spirit of speculation in town allotments with which most new colonies are unfortunately rife.” The price paid for sections in Wellington by the
N.Z. Co. was one pound per acre; which, from the purchaser's point of view, compares very favourably with the price recently paid for a few perches in Willis Street, at the rate of over a quarter of a million pounds per acre.

One more quotation—from a letter of Governor Hobson's on 5th August, 1841—should be of interest to our Auckland University friends in their battle for a site:—

"The position of Government House is well adapted to the convenience of the public and may be considered in all respects eligible for present purposes; but the ground will in a few years become too valuable to reserve for that purpose, and then the house I now occupy may with advantage be converted into public offices, and a new Government house be built on a piece of ground that I have reserved about a mile and a half on the east side of the town."

Even a collection of official papers can provide a wealth of interesting information.

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**Down in the Valley.**

Down the valley, lightly leaping,
See a streamlet running,
Trout among the fern-roots sleeping,
Trout in shallows sunning.

Willows, willows, weeping, weeping,
Drooping in the tide,
Elder o'er the greensward sweeping,
Poplars in their pride.

Checkered shadows, gently quivering,
Cross the pathway lying,
Little breezes, foliage shivering,
In the tree-tops sighing.

Evening shadows gently falling,
Sunset's glory paling,
Cuckoos through the twilight calling,
Curlews softly wailing.

—PAN.
Is Life Worth Living.

The world is glad as a maiden's smile,
It is gay as the lights of morning
   When day is dawning,
And as fresh as the lark that soars the while
   It sings;
It is laughter and song that gladden your heart,
Words of love, shouts of joy, friendly greeting,
Acquaintances whom you delight in meeting;
And you love the glad night and the part
   That it brings.

(The world is like this, I'd explain, friend of mine,
When you study the world through the medium of wine.)

The world is sad as an orphan's tears,
It is drear as the wastes of Sahara.
   Wind-swept Sahara,
And as glum as grey ghosts and the fears
   They bring;
It is mourning and sighs that please you best then,
Deep despond, dark despair, black depression;
And life is a solemnly sad obsession
Where you'd shun the most humble of men
   Or the King.
(This I would tell, friend of mine, as a warning.
Is the feeling you have when you wake the next morning.)

—JULIUS McL. HOGBEN.
The Creation.

When Lucifer his flight had ta'en
From Heaven's high towers, in Hell to reign,
From Chaos rang a tuneful strain
As of a Voice Divine.
Then first the darkness took its flight
With tumult to the Hall of Night;
Then first from Heaven, serene and bright,
The radiant Sun did shine.

Still did the glorious music sound,
Whilst silv'ry Luna circled round
The new-born Earth, whose peace profound,
No living sound disturbed.
Then one by one the stars shone out,
And coursed the mighty Sun about,
Who gathered in the Starry rout,
And circling planets curbed.

The listening spheres took up the song,
Which swept the stellar aisles along
In never-faltering notes and strong,
A perfect harmony.
And still the mighty anthems peal,
While through the Heavens the planets wheel,
And mighty systems plunge and reel
Throughout Eternity.

—COSMOS.
University Reform in New Zealand.

Published by the General Editors—Professors Hunter, Laby, and von Zedlitz—under the direction of the University Reform Association.

The University Reform Association is to be congratulated on the vigour with which it is pushing the campaign for reform in the University system.

The pamphlet, which has just been issued, places before the public, in compact form, a clear statement of the present position of the New Zealand University.

This alone, without the suggestive comment which the editors have added, is more than sufficient to prove the need for immediate inquiry.

It is satisfactory to note that the editors have made it perfectly obvious that the University Reform Association is asking for many other things besides merely a reform of the examination system.

The publication of the pamphlet will serve to remove the misapprehension existing in the minds of a large section of the public, that the main plank in the reformers' platform is the abolition of the external examination.

The most fatal defect of our University system is, as a matter of fact, the lack of money. Unless the country is prepared to spend a great deal more money than it does at present on University education, it will be practically useless to reform the organisation, or to adopt a sane method of appointment of professors, or to do away with the external examination.

All these things are very valuable and very necessary, but without largely increased university expenditure they will not enable the New Zealand University to take a dignified position among the universities of the world. The editors of the pamphlet have, therefore, shown wisdom in showing by comparison with other universities the beggarly condition of the New Zealand University, and in stressing the necessity of financial reform. A considerable portion of the pamphlet is taken up in giving the opinions of a large
number of educational authorities abroad on the organisation and examination system of the New Zealand University.

Practically all the opinions support, in the main, the contentions of the Reform party, and the opponents of reform must now realise that they have ranged against them the most eminent educational authorities in the world.

The pamphlet has made out a strong case for a Parliamentary inquiry into the University system. It remains to be seen whether Parliament will be able to spare any time from electioneering dodges, to devote a short space to a consideration of the needs of higher education in this country.

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E Profundis.

University Reform.—We have it on good authority that the Chancellor, when he saw the Reform pamphlet, said he would see the Reformers d—d before they should have what he himself had advocated in 1884; cursed them, moreover, by his gods. It would seem from the news item we quote below that the curse is taking effect, and that the leaders of the Reform Association are spending these early spring days in a sultry place:—

"L.—The Education Committee meets here this month (September) to take the evidence of the University Reform Association."

It was in these regions that Orpheus sought lost Eurydice. The result of that quest is summed up in the following beautiful lines by the poet Smith:—

"The fair Eurydice this fate befel.
He looked behind: she was drawn back to L."

But absit omen. The reformers will come forth triumphant with their Eurydice.
Joie de Vivre.

Joy flashed with a stream down a mountain side,
   Where I washed my face at dawn,
When the sun leaped up and laughed at the world,
   And the jovial day was born;
Joy walked with me down the mountain path
   And along the dusty ways;
She laughed with the sun and sang with the birds.
   This fairest of summer days.
When I slept at noon-tide she filled my dreams.
   Then awoke me quick to see
The sunlight that danced on the river blue.
   The beauty of grass and tree.
And then on thro’ the golden afternoon,
   And into the woodland ways.
Where the twilight shadows were soft and green,
   All hid from the Sun’s hot rays.
When the sun grew tired and sank from our sight,
   And the grey dusk reigned instead.
Joy led me along thro’ the village street.
   In search of a meal and bed.
And when I had supped and mused for a while.
   To bed I went, well content;
The smile on my lips was my prayer of thanks,
   For a day with Joy, well spent.

—M.L.N.
The End.

The twilight comes for mournful sign
That night is on the heels of day;
The hills, but late incarnadine,
Are, like my hair, a-turning grey.
To tend this little patch of clay.
Thrice happy, had it been my lot;
The seeds may grow, the plants decay,
But I, alas, shall see them not.

The friends I used to greet as mine,
Wind-scattered like a driven spray,
Are some perchance turned philistine,
And some in distant lands astray.
New swords will flash to meet the fray;
Old jests revarnished by the Scot
Will make new hearers passing gay.
But I, alas, shall see them not.

The Green and Gold will cross the line,
Or flaunt their hues across the Bay;
The Staff will still come home to dine
At hours that make the housewife pray
For some reform, as well as they.
And we of old shall be forgot
By men who tread the self-same way.
But I, alas, shall see them not.

Envoy.

For you will others weave their lay
With rhymes and sentimental rot;
For come they must and come they may.
But I, alas, shall see them not.
The Wayfarer.

Towards the close of an October day in the early sixties of last century, there might have been seen a small ketch beating against a fresh ocean breeze towards a bay opening to the Western sea. At nightfall she rounded the fern fringed crag guarding the entrance and running into the wind, dropped anchor close to a shelving beach.

Next morning at daybreak her crew of two landed and proceeded to the Northern end of the beach where they carefully examined a large stream which rushed swiftly into the placid waters of the bay.

This is a tale of the Golden Coast when the gold fever had spread throughout the land and gripped the soul of man; and when the old sailor told to the Wayfarer the story of a bay in the far North and of a stream whose beaches abounded in fragments of quartz studded with glittering gold, he instilled into his restless spirit new life and hope.

Thus it came to pass that they determined to explore the stream in search of an El Dorado in the mountain range beyond. Securely they anchored the ketch and returning to the stream entered the deep gorge.

Many days later the Wayfarer returned to the beach alone, haggard and exhausted; he boarded the ketch, and, slipping anchor, made sail out of the Bay to the South. To him alone was it known how they had climbed into a precipitous valley through which fell the stream in veil-like cascades, and how, when they had given up hope, they had discovered a reef thickly veined with heavy gold surpassing all dreams of wealth and richness; and to him alone was it known how the sailor had been lost in the mountains.

The Summer had almost passed before the ketch returned to the western bay and took up her former anchorage. Several men landed on the beach, and, led by the Wayfarer, entered the Stream Gorge. Steadily they climbed, until they reached the pool into which the first cascade fell from the Valley above, and there they were halted by the Wayfarer. Warning them of the danger of the cascade, he ordered them to climb in single file while he brought up the rear. One by one
they safely made the ascent, but the Wayfarer never reached the summit. An uprooted flax bush hanging on the face of the treacherous cliff marked the spot where he had lost his footing, and in the ravine below, beyond all human aid, they found him. In such way on the large Cascade were ended the hopes of the expedition. Ceaselessly they explored the valley, but no sign of the reef could be discovered, and in the end they abandoned the hopeless search.

Many expeditions have since landed at that peaceful bay, but the Valley of the Cascades, beautiful yet mysterious, retains to this day the secret of the Golden Reef.

—J.F.T.

Conquest of the Air.

Some creep on the earth, some walk, some fly;
O blest to heaven are those with wings!
So spake the ancients, and raised to the sky
Their eyes, impatient of feathered things.

So they winged a steed in their fancy’s dream;
But he shook his weakling rider off,
And his red eyes shone with the stars that teem,
Like red wine shining they could not quaff.

The myth is the shell of a living thought,
Pegasus such, or Icarus bold.
And now men have reached the goal that they sought,
And lie as serene on the cloud as the wold.

Have ye gained so much in your wild-bird flight?
Have ye quarried the fluttering stars in their fields?
Or but petty spurners of Earth, delight
In defying her motherly rule, which yields?

What see ye else from your lordly height
Than the Earth, like Lilliput’s garden, fly;
The back of a slumbering cloud in sight,
With his head new crowned in the sunrise sky,
And his tattered robe whipped by the wind passing by?

—J.T.
Mother Labiuntur’s Celebrated “Reform” Zedlitz Powders.

UNEQUALLED AS A STIMULANT—TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

HEAR WHAT A WELLINGTON RESIDENT SAYS.

“I have for several years past been a sufferer from sleeping sickness,” writes Sir R. Slimm, “and none of the innumerable remedies I tried gave me any relief. The doctors could do nothing for me, and at last I had to give up politics and retire to rest upon the Supreme Court Bench. A friend advised me to try a course of sermons at the Unitarian Church, but although I underwent the treatment of one of the greatest Professors in the Dominion for several weeks my case went rapidly from bad to worse. Presiding at Capping Ceremonies afforded only temporary relief, and even a campaign with the Suffragettes failed to bring about a permanent recovery.

“It was in May, 1910, that I first discovered the many remarkable qualities of your specific, and now I feel that I cannot say too much about it. It has made a new man of me; in fact, I have gained over four thousand pounds in the last twelve months; all my pristine vigor has returned, while the masterly logic and pitiless satire of my letters are now as good as ever they were. A copy of your handy little booklet, ‘Health Hints from Home Examiners,’ I have always by me, and I can confidently recommend it to the Hon. Dr. Findlay for use in H.M.’s prisons and reformatories. I am convinced that if only a few extracts had been read to him daily for several weeks, J. J. Powelka would never have escaped from gaol.”
Froggy Comes to Town.

Ma foi! M'sieu—I have seen zis town you call "Wellington." It is truly—une belle ville! There are some things, though, M'sieu, which have puzzle me not a little. When first I arrive here from la belle France I walk through ze streets, I admire ze largeness of ze buildings point out to me—truly magnifique for so young a country! I admire also zez complexions of ze young ladies—quelle belle couleur! In France, my friend, such things are manage very differently malaeceusement! Also the largeness of les gendarmes—the poleeemeen!—amaze me—it fill me with terror to be pursued by so large a man. I will take great care, M'sieu, not to come within reach of so long an arm of the law. But I must hurry to tell you one thing of most importance. By and by my eye—he is attracted by beautiful sight—on ze footpath in ze street. Ha!—at last I have him—without a doubt it ees ze Art Gallery. Yes, M'sieu! I am amazed at so grand a sight placed where all, rich and poor alike, may see. Truly this New Zealand is wonderful country; it lead the world I think you say. Ma foi! M'sieu. I think you right this time. But let me tell you first of all what do I behold—figure of English Admiral holding glass of wine—no! pardon!—ze whisky of M'sieu Dawson. What a grand sight. I take off my hat in my so great excitement, shout "'Vive l'Angleterre!" "'Vive la France!" "'Vive l'entente cordiale!" Three ringing cheer. "'ip, 'ip, 'u-ray!" But I must not stop. There is much to be seen so I go on and behold next—Egypt and ze Pyramide. Ah! what a splendid sight. But what is zis? Transformation horribie to behold! In place of "'le Sphinx" I see head of monstrous boule dogue. Ha! I understand, it is England again—ze ale of M'sieu Bass! Ze ale and ze ros' bif—'is it not so M'sieu, that make England so great: Quelle belle lecon for ze young New Zealand! Then I see horrible struggle between snake and native of India. It is terrible! But there is worse! It is a man who cling for help to ze friendly lamp post, while before him is ze dreaded Cobra of South America! Great Snakes! I should tink so. I shout to him to shin up ze post queek! and
wait for le gendarme, but he do not hear me, so great is his terror! But I will continue, kind sir, unless you are already ennu of me? You say No! You are very good then! Next I fix my eye on splendid pink lady who hold box of pills! Quelle couleur de rose! I take off my hat and bow profoundly to so beautiful a sight. Truly it is grand zis Art Gallery in ze street! I should tink it encourage ze young New Zealander to be gr-r-eat artist! You say No! Ma foi! M'sieu, I tell you it delight ME at least. I will return to view it again later when I have ze leisure—aftaire dinner! In returning to my hotel, however, I am stopped by one who ask me, "'ave I ze match?" I say, "Oui, M'sieu, certainly I have ze match." Well, then, he say, this man to me, "Lend me one, please!" But I say "No, I do not know you, I cannot lend to stranger." Then he get angry, use bad word to me, what you call bad French, eh! Ah! ze poor French, blame for everything bad—not praised at all for ze good, as when our M. Soyer make ze paper bags—zat is all forgotten in ze terrible moment of anger! But what is this, you say he expect me to gif him ze match. Eh! bien! why he not say so, then. It seems to me a very strange custom, zis lending and not paying back. I must introduce him in la belle France as good old New Zealand custom. Ha! ha! it is tres bon! Allow me, then, to thank you, M'sieu, for your so attentive hearing to my so tedious remarks. I assure you zat I shall never forget ze Art Gallery of Wellington, place in so conspicuous a position, and also mon cher ami, I tell everyone about those complexious so wonderful which grow only in this Wellington, for truly M'sieu, I have travelled, but never before have I seen such splendid sight. C'est magnifique! Vraiment!

—P.M.F.
Science Notes.

... These faint smokes curling whitely,
    As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's smitby.

Who is there can say that the study of pure science
unfits woman for a domestic life? No one, indeed, who
attended the ladies' oratorical contest, where four out of
the eight candidates were science students, and of these
one was placed second, one third.

Until a few weeks ago peaceful calm hung over the
Science Building, only interrupted by an occasional threat
to "screw his neck," and, every now and then, a disagree-
ment between Bruce and Strawbridge for "just a little
alcohol for the prof." To-day all our happiness is
shattered, the University Reform Pamphlet has been pub-
lished, and read, and every student is keen to do research,
and publish original papers. In some cases the desire
to publish is keener than the desire to research. One
eager youth set himself to discovering a formula which
would enable any given chemistry book, X, to be readily
located in the Library Y. He had already shown that X
varied as the cube root of the author less mod Y, when
his health broke down under the strain. Meanwhile,
another student has been applying a Monte Carlo system
he learnt from Von, and finds that it works rather well.
He is going to patent it, and the Council, as a set-off,
have decided to patent the Librarian himself.

The over-brilliant, but self-effacing Kaigou has already
completed an investigation on "Diheal Angles, or the
Limitations of Plane Faces." This will appear in book
form. The same versatile worker reports that he has at
last succeeded in rediscoveting oxygen. This constitutes
a record, not having been done since 1774. Purdie and
Edwards, in collaboration, claim to have discovered a
new element in unknown 3C. Their methods, however,
are not above suspicion, and they are repeating their
experiments. Rountree and Evans have been engaged in
confirming Joule's experiments on the mechanical equiv-
alent of Heat. They think it probable that Joule was
ignorant of the factor introduced by the energy of the
Government Stroke, and that he could not have allowed
for Experimental Error.
The new spirit of Research has spread even to the Senior Zoology students. These have given up their time-honoured occupation of dropping bits of dogfish and water on the heads of human and canine trespassers, and are giving themselves to the study of phloem, and xylem, and Pteris Aquilina variety Esculenta. Their efforts at section cutting have turned the benches into miniature wood heaps, but such keenness in a tribe so hardened is quite remarkable.

Among Cotton's stonecutters the Renaissance was short-lived. It died a sudden death when one of the junior students, who was excavating a fossil Dinotherium in Mount Street, was run over by Oram's motor-car.

No energy is ever wasted in the Science Building, and I must now enter the writing of these notes in the prof.'s attendance book, as half an hour's lab. work, so, Dear Spike, I must remain, as ever.

APUS.

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Science Conversazione.

Dear Bill.—We science chaps had a fine time at our conversazione; it really is a good institution; it interests and educates the public, and amuses the students. Although the Governor did not, as on a previous occasion, open the proceedings by wireless, and although only one of the minor profs. attended, yet somehow things went well. About 800 people put in an appearance and departed looking more or less worried. Lecture-ttes by Profs. Laby, Kirk and Easterfield drew crowds. The audience at Mr. Cotton's was select. In the labs, we were working like niggers and talking like Hall-Jones. These talks were essentially ''popular,'' and while the imagination in some few cases, of course, was drawn upon when questions became awkward, it was always possible to change the subject by letting a gas escape or smashing a cover-slip. One chap, performing experiments with sulphur, periodically made his escape from a circle of well-meaning questioners by informing them that
"sulphur fumes are exceedingly noxious, rapidly attacking the eyes and throat." In the chemical lab, the sublime effects of naphthalene, the refined experiments with Taranaki petroleum, and the intensely "popular" demonstration of glowing nitrogen, which incidentally was to solve the gas bill, produce fertilisers and abolish strikes, all provided due instruction. In the lower regions we had, as was proper (and convenient) most dire darkness. Demons laboured with their furnaces refining the quintessence of this world; it seemed all Wright, but it wasn't—he had an assistant. In the Physics lab, gentlemen visitors were not shocked when offered the hand of the lady operating the high frequency discharge. General entertainment was provided by a gramophone, and the electro-magnet proved a strong source of attraction. Soaring upwards, one experienced a total change of environment. No darkness here, but a galaxy of light, and a fluttering of white dresses. Some twenty lady botanists demonstrated to the admiring gaze of the public the wonders that lurk in the structure of the common cabbage. For those of stern heart, a decomposing crayfish, an emaciated leech, and a bilious mussel provided ample fare.

To leave here for the apartments presided over by the stone god, was to come to earth, may we say to granite, with suddenness. Not that it wasn't interesting. The lecturette was good, while the sewing machine and knife grinder combined, and fossils, ancient and modern, made a good impression.

When the last visitor had been speeded off the premises the "workers" gathered in Mrs. Brook's tea room, at supper, very kindly provided by the Science profs. (three cheers for them!), and dry throats found pleasing relief. After supper—but 'twere better not to tell, so, good luck!

—JOE.
Little Journeys with the Doctor.

I.

"If you give that handle a sharp turn to the left, she'll start," said the Doctor.

"That's all very well," I replied, "but for the last ten minutes I've been giving it turns to the left sharp enough to shave with."

I'm awfully sorry. I see I've forgotten to turn on the magneto. It's silly of you to expect her to go without the magneto. Try again now."

We started then, and had not been going long when a rooster crossed our bows some fifty yards ahead.

"If you run over that rooster," I said, in one of those unguarded moments that come to me on a fine day when I'm trying to forget all about Garrow, "you will be guilty of a tort, and his next of kin will sue you for damages."

"What is a tort?" asked the Doctor, and the tragedy was afoot.

"Surely you know what a tort is. If you don't, I shan't tell you, because it's already had far too much attention paid to it in a book by a man called Salmond, and I don't intend to make it more conceived than it is."

The Doctor laughed. It was a nasty laugh and I could tell from the key in which it was pitched that it was not at any joke of mine.

"I suppose you think that, because I got only 15 per cent. in Garrow's last exam. I don't know what a tort is. You mustn't put too much faith in those marks, because it's only Johnny Morrison who corrects the papers, and he knows less about the law than most people. I'll show you: "A tort is"—and I gave him 'the full definition, just leaving out a few lines and some of the more important words for the sake of brevity."

"I see," he said. So if I catch a man in my house at the dead of night letting my pet stethoscope off the chain or some of my favourite pastilles out of their tin for a run, I catch him at a tort."

"You catch him at a very inopportune time. Perhaps my definition forgot to tell you that a tort is a civil
wrong, and no civil wrong would disturb you at that time
of the night. Your true tort, whatever else he may be,
is always punctiliously polite."

"I see. Well, suppose I have a patient—"

"Hold on," I interrupted, "can't you find enough
examples among the probabilities?"

"Suppose I have a patient," he continued, with a fine
assumption of contempt, "who comes to me for ex-
amination. When I ask him for my fee he executes a
simple parry and asks me for the loan of a bob. Do I
see him for a tort."

"No, you kick him for a retort. Stupid, if my
definition did not mention that a tort is not a breach of
contract, it was only because that is an open secret.
known to all the best families."

"A very open definition, too; in fact, the quintessence
of philanthropy. Don't you think, though, it overdoes it
just a little on the generous side? But I see now.
Suppose I leave—"

"Suppose you leave off. I'll buy you Salmond's
pretty book for your next birthday. You'll find it most
exciting and I don't want to spoil your pleasure by
telling you the whole plot of the story now."

The Doctor laughed. It was a nasty laugh and I
could tell from the key in which it was pitched that it
was not at any joke of mine.

II.

"If you turn that handle sharply to the left, she'll
start," said the Doctor.

"And if you turn that magneto switch sharply to the
right, she'll start even better," said I.

It was a perfect afternoon, and we went spinning
along one of the roads that had the good sense to lead
out of Rome. What all the roads do when they get to
Rome, except become very dirty, has always puzzled me.

The Doctor had quitted the crooked ways of the tort,
and was now prancing like an unbroken colt in the misty
and guttural realms of the German language.

"I know not what is the meaning
Of all my sorrow and tears."

he recited in German; at least I presumed that the
language in which he recited had once been distinctly
connected by marriage with German. Whenever the
Doctor tells me he is going to recite something in German. I know in advance that he is going to ponder on the meaning of his sorrow and tears. His repertoire is as yet confined to them.

"I'll tell you, if you ask me nicely." I said on this occasion. They mean that your egg was cold this morning, and you can't think of the past tense of those strong and active German verbs."

"Do you call those verbs active," he replied. "Why, they do nothing but loaf about and wait for the end of the sentence to come their way. Then they hook on casually and you stumble across them when you're dead tired. Those lively little English devils would knock spots out of them any day."

"Perhaps so, but wait till you meet their irregulars. The Pluperfect Conditional Subjunctive is a rare old fighter."

That quietened him down considerably, and all went right till a tyre went wrong. The Doctor called it a "blow-out."

"So that," I said, selecting the newest Railway Timetable from a pocket of the car. "is a blow-out. I hope to buy a car myself one of these days, and I shall certainly order two or three spare blow-outs."

"Lend a hand there" came from somewhere in the rear of the car.

"Never," I said. "Both my feet, my epiglottis and my vermiform appendix are yours to do with as you please: but my hand never. It is already given to another. And I think these seats of yours need re-upholstering, and the cigarettes you keep in here are rotten."

A great clanking as of chains came from underneath the car.

"A tort is a civil wrong" I whispered softly to myself. And then I laughed. It was a nasty laugh, and from the key in which it was pitched the Doctor could tell that it was not at any joke of his.
Garroviana, Etc.

(Not to be Shown, Lent, or Copied.)

A husband may commit theft when about to desert his wife.—Page 41 Criminal Law Notes. (Jas. M. E. Garrow—Copyright).

A shocking and demoralising permission which we cannot countenance.

Light.—Abolished in N.Z. except by agreement of parties. See Property Law Act 1908, Sec. 113. Property I. Notes. (James M. E. Garrow—Copyright).

We tried it, but it was too dark.

The Plaintiff, a boy aged five, and his grandmother were knocked down in crossing the line. The former was much injured and the latter killed. He could not recover.—Page 106 Torts Notes. (Jas. M. E. Garrow—Copyright.)

Are we to understand that the old lady could?

* * *

Interest in yesterday’s game excited interest, over one thousand spectators assembling at the park.—The “Dominion.”

Compound interest, eh?

* * *

The following will represent Melrose Seniors in the seven-a-side tournament to-morrow:—Armstrong, Greeks, Gilchrist, O’Brien, Marshall (2), Patterson, Scott.—The “Dominion.”

We are still wondering if the other teams noticed anything.

* * *

As we look back over the past and think of the history and progress of the congregation, and the few remaining of the handful of people who composed the original members, you will all say with me, “We have much to thank God for,” said Mr. Thomson.—Report of annual meeting of St. David’s Church, Petone.

This is hardly good taste on the part of Mr. Thomson—De mortuis nil nisi bonum.
FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

You'll be sorry when you have drank the last drop in your glass of Gold Top Ale.—Advt. in the "Evening Post."

We dare say we should, but we are not going to risk it.

The Sheffield Choir has sailed for England in the "Marathon." . . . The Archbishop of Cape Town conducted an open-air thanksgiving service.—Cable from Cape Town.

Is such brutal frankness truly Christian?

* * *

VIVA LA JUSTICE!

In August last Mrs. Bacon, sister of Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist and M.P., was robbed, at St. Moritz, Switzerland, of £9000 worth of jewels. For the crime Cesare Cattaneo, a waiter, and his wife (who was Mrs. Bacon's maid) were arrested. They have just been tried and found guilty. Bacon was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and banishment for life, and his wife to eighteen months' imprisonment and banishment for ten years.—"Evening Post."

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Close upon the heels of the announcement that Burgess has succeeded in swimming the Channel comes a rumour that certain Wellington investigators have fathomed the mind of Professor von Zedlitz. The report is not confirmed.
The Age of Chivalry.

It was in a Saturday afternoon tramcar, wending its way to the Athletic Park and football, that they came into contact with each other. Fate, the clever stage manager of the theatre of the world, had arranged that they should be strap-hanging side by side; and when the motorman suddenly applied the brake to avoid mangling a motor-car or destroying a dog, the jerk that followed drew these two together in a rather uncomfortable and uncivilized way. Immediately anathemas against obstructions and emergency brakes, combined with mutual apologies, raised the curtain of conversation.

"Wonder what kind of a match we'll get at the Park to-day," said the man of commerce. "It's not often Victoria College play on No. 1 Ground, but if they beat Athletic, Oriental will win the championship."

The Learned One smiled. "There are more unlikely things than College winning to-day," he said.

"No chance," quoth the man of commerce. "Victoria College are not class enough for senior championship; should be playing junior football."

"You are much mistaken in that idea," ventured the other. "Do you know that in Wellington there is no team that plays cleaner football? The College team always sets out to play a fast, open game, and they lose only because their training fails them. You see, they have more serious things in view, and can't spend too much time over football training, and they don't make a business of the sport, as others do; they play for the love of the game."

"Dare say that's all true enough," replied the man of commerce. "Haven't studied the subject much, but I should say—"

"Of course it's true enough." The Learned One was warming to his favourite topic. "Indiscriminate kicking in scrums, and the rough play that goes on right and left, is ruining Rugby, and disgusting every clean player. Any footballer who willfully strikes another should be ordered off for all time. Yet you consider the College team, which strikes for clean football, is superfluous in senior Rugby."
"You bet I do," replied the Man of Commerce. "What do you know of football, anyhow?"

"A good deal. I'm one of the College forwards, and see what the man in the Grandstand misses," was the rejoinder. "It comes back to the old argument that a University training improves a man in every way, even in football."

"Of course you're in favour of that argument, I guess," said the Man of Commerce, "but it's only a theory, and I won't believe it till it's proved."

"Certainly I believe it," was the reply. "Take the serious side of life in business and the commercial world for example. A fellow who has had a Varsity training has an excellent ground work to start with. Stands to reason that his brain gets better developed and more fit for the work. And as for proof, you've only got to remember how, in America, a business man prefers University men for his office every time. Surely that's proof enough."

"Not it," said the Man of Commerce. "That is only America's little way. She's got a reputation for being the exception that proves the rule, and she thinks she's got to live up to that reputation always."

The Learned One laughed. "That's a good point," he said, "but I can't say I agree with you. My opinion is that if you put a man with a University education alongside any other man its the College chap that will come out on top in the end in nearly every case."

Now this was a point upon which the Man of Commerce felt very hotly. He considered himself an excellent business man, and the idea that this young know-all should venture such opinions made him feel like a man in a Turkish bath. "You will excuse my saying so," he remarked politely, "but you haven't any idea what you are talking about. Ask any fellow down town for an opinion. An ordinary business man knows more than twenty of your College noodles put together, and, what's more, he knows how to apply his knowledge. Take a University man and send him round the country with a pack of samples. He would probably make up some charming rhymes about them and explain their scientific merits so thoroughly that people wouldn't understand a word of what he was saying, but how many would he sell?"
"'Probably the lot,'" was the reply. "'The rhymes and the scientific merits would come in handy by way of advertisement. It's just the same in every other walk of life—domestic and social.'"

"'How do you make that out?" requested the Man of Commerce, beginning to look cynical.

"'Well,'" said the other, "'don't you agree with me that the more knowledge one gains the more one learns to understand and sympathise, while it's the business of a man of commerce to be hard and unsympathetic more or less. I don't say that this is so in every case. There are numbers of exception on both sides, but I do say that a University man is generally more sympathetic in his bearing towards a woman than a commercial man is. Business men have come practically to look upon women as their equals—beings to be treated just as one treats fellow men.'"

"'Don't agree with you,'" said the Man of Commerce. "'Seems to me that the fellows I've met in business are as chivalrous as the tin-plated ancients, while the University chap is often a snob.'"

It happened at that moment that an elderly lady, heavily laden with a large brown paper parcel, stumbled just as she was passing our friends.

The unexpected jerk burst the paper wrapping of her burden, and its contents were at once scattered broadcast in the car. "'Diable,'" murmured the Man of Letters, as a white stream of flour made its way down the front of his suit, while the Man of Commerce made some other similar remark, as a heavy tin of jam fell gently on his toe.

But, after all, it was the tram conductor who gathered up the scattered groceries and returned them to their owner.

—R.M.T.
An Aspect of University Reform.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—There is one aspect of University Reform which has as yet been very little emphasised by the University Reformers. The matter has been brought home to me very forcibly by reason of the fact that I am a sufferer from the existence of the evil.

The trouble, so far as I am concerned, is that there is at present no person or body of persons responsible for seeing that the professors carry out satisfactorily the duties for which they are paid. The Professorial Board has no authority to interfere with an individual professor, and the College Council is a lay body, not having sufficient knowledge of the inner working of the College to enable it to know whether a professor is doing his work.

The result is that when, as sometimes happens, an unsatisfactory professor is engaged there is no means of getting rid of him.

Of course the professors of our Colleges are, as a whole, a fine body of men, at least so we inform them when we propose their healths on Capping Day. When, however, we come to the daily toil of the lecture-room, some of us see reason to make exceptions.

At the present time I attend the lectures of three professors. One of these has a large class, the members of which are, I suppose, of average intelligence. Nevertheless, I am fairly certain that 95 per cent. of the students understand practically nothing of what their professor is talking about. He declines to include in his course of study that which he is engaged to teach, namely, what the syllabus of the New Zealand University Calendar sets out as necessary for the degree. The result is that many of his students who are very ill able to afford it, are obliged to obtain outside coaches in order to pass their examinations. If a student should fail the professor gives him the very satisfying consolation that failing an examination does not ruin a man's character, and that "a man's a man for a' that." The learned gentleman is apparently oblivious of the fact that a student's bread and butter may depend on his having a certain degree.
Another professor whose lectures I attend makes more or less of an effort to teach, but unfortunately he is lacking in ability.

The subject which he teaches is one which in the hands of a capable man, inspires the greatest enthusiasm. Nevertheless, at the present time the class is treated by most students as a joke.

I have given my experience for the purpose of showing the necessity of having some capable person whose duty it should be to exercise some control over the appointment and dismissal of professors. For such a purpose, neither a College Council, nor a Professorial Board is of any value. Possibly a President, as in the United States of America, might be able to perform satisfactorily a very necessary function.—Yours,

PLUCKED.

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The College Library.

The University Reform Association has done good work in calling attention to the lamentable deficiency of the University as regards the libraries of the various Colleges.

Our own College is, apparently, more happily situated in this matter than any of the other University Colleges. Even we, however, have not a library, about which a University could justifiably boast.

In a College which professes to specialise in law, it is surely very damaging to be obliged to admit that there is not a complete set of the New Zealand Law Reports.

In a College which professes to provide the means of studying English Literature it is interesting to find that there is no complete set of the works of Thackeray, of Dickens, of Smollett, or of Richardson.

Incomplete as our library is, however, it contains sufficient matter to make it exceedingly useful to those of our students who desire to use it.

Unfortunately, however, many of those who attend our College never enter the doors of the library. They
have taken to heart the advice of the notorious southern professor who advised his students to read nothing but his notes, since that was quite enough to enable them to pass the degree examination.

Many of the night students state as an excuse for not using the library, the fact that the whole of the evening is taken up in attendance at lectures. It must be remembered, however, that by depositing one guinea any student may borrow books. Any one, therefore, who is unable to actually attend the library is not thereby debarred from using the books.

The truth is that those who don’t use the library are not students in the real sense of the word. They don’t read books simply because the pursuit of knowledge does not interest them. They have come here for purely commercial purposes, or possibly to get engaged—College, it is well known, is a good matrimonial market. The best advice that can be given to such people is that they should get married, or get through their examinations. In any case, let them leave the Institution as soon as possible.

Those, however, who have an earnest desire to study will find that all the time which is spent in the library will be amply repaid.

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The Fatherley’s Misfortune.

(A Clever Play).

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The objects of the Peace Society should be considerably advanced by the recent performance of this clever Wessex play. The plot is particularly ingenious. Mr. and Mrs. Fatherley are a happy couple with a family of seventeen sons and twenty-three daughters. Mr. Fatherley has one fault, ‘he cannot clean his own boots,’” and hence all his misfortunes arise. His twenty-nine daughters are lost one midwinter night’s eve and their father’s boots are so dirty as to be indistinguishable from the road, with the result that the thirty-five charming girls, being unable to find either themselves or their family, are
forced to become Golliwogs on the Yoho Road. Shortly after this distressful event Mrs. Fatherley is driven out of England by the conduct of the Backwoods Peers.

The first scene opens a year and a day (the period after an assault within which a person must die to enable his assailant to be prosecuted for murder) after Mrs. Fanny Fatherley has sailed for Terra del Fuego. The scene is in Mr. Fatherley’s shop, and the play opens with an inspiring song:

“’Our work is done for the day. Hurrah!
We’re going for a drink with our Papa.
No one can tell how happy we’ll be.
Our work is done for the day. Hurrah! Yes, yes, yes.’”

The second act takes place in the fields where Mr. Fatherley’s forty-eight girls are leading the simple life, but are longing for the society of brothers. Hearing that there is to be a Cup Tie Final at the local Athletic Park, they arrange to steal some brothers from the players. This they do, for when the referee blows his whistle for the kick-off, the girls rush into the middle of the ground and take the boys captive. Then the delightful discovery is made that they are all Fatherleys. At this opportune moment Fanny opportunely returns from the under-world, as the charming lyric says:

“Homeward in rolly-polly ship she steamed,
A rolly-polly, wholly coaly steamer steamed,”
and the family are all happily re-united.

This is a brief outline. The play contains a number of other unnecessary characters, who do as little as those referred to above to supply any action; in fact, the whole performance drags merrily along from start to finish. The true lyrical quality of the interspersed songs is shown by the quotations we have made. We cannot wish any one anything more than the Fatherley’s misfortune.

EPISTEMON.

Chemical and Physical Society.

The opening meeting of the Society was held in the Chemical Lecture Room on Monday, May 15th. Professor Laby read a paper on the Determination of the Density of Radium Emanation. The chief interest
centred round his description of a very delicate balance which Steele and Grant have constructed. An ordinary chemical balance will weigh correct to 1/650 of a grain, a degree of accuracy quite sufficient for most purposes, but this new balance, constructed of quartz rods, is more than 1000 times as sensitive, and, by slight modifications, can have its precision even still further increased. The most original feature of the balance is the substitution for ordinary weights of a small quartz bulb filled with air. By diminishing the air pressure inside the balance case, the effective weight of this bulb is increased, and if the change in air pressure is known the increase in weight can be calculated. With such a balance, accurate quantitative determinations have been carried out on quantities of a substance which, with an ordinary balance, would themselves be almost unweighable.

At the June meeting of the Society Professor Easterfield gave an interesting survey of the work which has been done on the Oxydation Products of Charcoal. Many great names are associated with this subject, and it is encouraging for students to find that even these great men have often failed to come to satisfactory conclusions, and have often been baffled by things which to-day we regard as comparatively simple.

At the next meeting of the Society Dr. Horton, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, read a paper on "A Chemically Active Modification of Nitrogen." This substance is prepared by passing pure nitrogen at a low pressure over an electric discharge, and, as far as its chemical properties are concerned, the substance apparently bears the same relation to nitrogen as ozone bears to oxygen. So active is it that, brought into contact with sodium vapour, it combines, and the characteristic spectrum of sodium is emitted at a low temperature. As was pointed out during the discussion, this emission of light without heat may yet be of distinct commercial value. Even an efficient lamp wastes about 90 per cent. of its energy as heat, and if a lamp could be made which would give light without heat and enormous economy in the production of light would be effected. This comparatively simple discovery of active nitrogen is of interest, even if only from the fact that it has been so many years in the finding out.

A hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Horton concluded a very interesting meeting.
Debating Society.

They reasoned and they argued, they talked the whole night long. And each one thought that he was right and all the others wrong.

Before the debate on the 10th June it was announced that Lord Plunket had forwarded several medals to the Society, in addition to his endowment.

The motion for debate was, "That the Immigration of Chinese and Japanese into New Zealand should be prohibited," moved by Messrs. Caddick and O'Shea, and opposed by Mr. Butcher and Miss Nicholls. The speakers had a decided objection to the yellow man, so also did the audience, which rejected the motion by 15 to 4. But racial prejudice will appeal to an audience more than the cold scientific investigation of economic facts. Hence the rejection. The judge, Mr. T. Neave, a former member of the Society, placed the first five speakers in the following order: Messrs. Watson, Hogg, Butcher, Miss Nicholls, Mr. Strack.

On the 24th of June, the motion for debate was, "That it is advisable for New Zealand to remove the tariff on all necessaries of life imported from the British Empire. Messrs. Leary and Mackersey opened a debate on Free-trade. Messrs. Evans and Taylor opposing. New Zealand and the Empire were occasionally brought into the debate. The audience pronounced in favour of the motion by a small majority. Dr. Izard placed the following speakers: Messrs. McEldowney, Fair, Butcher, Leary and Taylor.

On the 8th July the advisability of continuing the duration of one's life was judicially considered in the debate, "Is Life Worth Living." J. McL. Hogben thought it was; Miss Currie thought otherwise. Anyhow, the question was thoroughly threshed out. There is no record how the audience voted, but from the fact that College people live up to their principles and that there have been no suicides at V.C. since the debate there is at least a presumption that the question was decided in the affirmative. Perhaps examination time will tell another tale.

Of the next debate the less said the better. Perhaps a good audience in the holidays is an impossibility; certainly the audience excelled itself in its attempt to keep
away. The Common-room was called into requisition, but speaking from the steps of the Common Room would damp even the perfervid oratory of Professor Mills. Messrs. McEldowney and Stevenson moved that "The Administration of the New Zealand Govt. Departments should be conducted by a Board of Commissioners." Messrs. Hall-Jones and Broad opposed. The debate was a quibble. Mr. von Haast placed the following:—Messrs. Broad, McEldowney, Hall-Jones, Fair and Stevenson.

August 5th was the occasion of Professor Garrow's presidential address. The professor touched on some old questions in a rather novel way, and the audience chuckled hugely at his denunciations of examinations and hard work. At the conclusion, impromptu speeches were delivered, but after the first few speeches they fell as flat as McDowall’s "re-fills."

A huge audience came up to hear the Women's Oratorical Contest, and were well rewarded for their trip. Certainly the enthusiasm of the audience awakened an eloquence in the speakers, and the Plunket Medal Competition will have to look to its laurels. The competitors and their subjects were:—Miss Marshall, Mary of Scotland; Miss North, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Casey, Marie Antoinette; Miss Nicholls, Joan of Arc; Miss Palmer, Charlotte Corday; Miss Dowling, Lady Jane Grey; Miss Currie, Florence Nightingale; Miss Hursthouse, Margaret of Anjou.

The speeches were all of a high order, that of Miss Nicholls being particularly fine. The vote of the audience placed Miss Nicholls first, Miss Palmer second, and Miss Dowling third. An impromptu debate by the men while the votes were being counted lent a humorous touch to the evening.

The debate that the stage exercises a greater influence than the novel was from almost every point of view the best of the year. Some of the older debaters were in top form. Smith and Oram waxed eloquent moving and opposing. Fair, pleading for the stage, acted his part, to the huge delight of the audience, and one of his repartees silenced even Julius himself. The judge, Mr. A. R. Atkinson, placed the following. Messrs. Oram and Hogben not competing:—Messrs. McEldowney, Smith, Butcher, Fair and Hall-Jones.
The Plunket Medal.

The competition for the Plunket Medal was held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on the evening of Saturday, 16th September.

We are indebted to the "Dominion" for the following report of the meeting:

Mr. M. H. Oram, president of the Victoria College Debating Society, was in the chair, and the speeches were judged by a board of five. These were: Messrs. H. D. Bell, K.C., J. P. Firth, A. L. Herdman, M.P., R. McNab, and Dr. A. K. Newman.

Mr. E. M. Mackersy, the first speaker, took up the Duke of Wellington. He sketched the career of the great general, from his dull boyhood, his entry into the Army, as a young man of only mediocre talents, and his rapid rise to positions of command by his persevering thoroughness; his first distinguished service in India, then in the Peninsula War, and the crowning victory at Waterloo, by which the meteoric splendour of Napoleon’s career was ended forever. Mr. Mackersy’s appreciation of the Iron Duke was interesting, if a trifle bookish—suggestive of midnight oil rather than of battlefields, of which it professed to treat.

Mr. W. J. McEldowney had less opportunity for eloquence in giving a character sketch of Richard Cobden, but he had apparently made a very careful study of the story of the great Cobden’s life, and the principles for which he had fought in and out of Parliament. He concluded an interesting recital with an exceptionally fine passage on Imperialism, showing an intelligent man’s conception of it, and of how its ideals could be achieved. Throughout his speech his terms were chosen in excellent taste, and his syntax was a great deal better than one is accustomed to hear in public speeches.

Mr. J. McL. Hogben, the next speaker, was at once confident and at his ease; he had the personality and voice for oratory. He had to tell of Lord Lawrence, soldier and administrator, who did so much to save the wealthy North-West Provinces of India for England. Mr. Hogben had not, however, marshalled his facts strikingly enough, and he did not bring Lawrence’s
biggest achievements into high relief. His speech suffered by comparison in this respect with those of his two predecessors.

Mr. G. G. G. Watson paid an eloquent tribute to Sir Thomas More, churchman and scholar, who suffered death in the time of Henry VIII., when the change nowadays called “The Reformation” was going on. The speaker’s eulogy of More was a very warm one, but in the best of literary taste. He showed some knowledge of rhetorical device in the framing of his speech, but he was nervous, and his voice was, on the whole, too even in tone.

Mr. F. G. Hall-Jones realised that in Napoleon he had chosen the most picturesque figure in all European history, and he made the contrasts in the little Corsican’s life stand out boldly. He did not draw a Frenchman’s Napoleon, the Emperor for whom it was glory to die, but rather he showed him as the adventurer that he appeared in the perspective that was only possible after he was safely out of the way at St. Helena. Then he appeared, as Mr. Hall-Jones said, “the most tragic figure in the drama of all time.” The sketch was of the impressionist sort, and there was colour and life in it—also some real merit.

Mr. G. C. Jackson spoke of General Gordon. He appreciated, no doubt, how great was Gordon, the man, and how great was his genius in dealing with certain races of men, but he showed all the faults of inexperience in telling the audience about it.

Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell took far too long to tell who his hero, Sir Henry Lawrence, was, and why he was accounted a hero. His speech was over-wrought—rich in dictionary words and poor in Anglo-Saxon. In one particular he excelled all other competitors—he pronounced his words well. His manner generally was good.

Mr. G. H. Robertson recited somewhat too dispassionately the doings of another of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, John Nicholson. There was also in his recital too much detail—too much dotting of i’s and crossing of t’s.

THE AWARD.

Mr. H. D. Bell, K.C., president of the Board of Judges, announced the award as follows:—Mr. F. G. Hall-Jones, 1; Mr. W. J. McEldowney, 2; Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell, 3.
Sir Joseph Ward was then invited to present the medal to the winner. He also delivered a short speech, congratulating the competitors on their efforts and giving them a little advice.

The undergraduates of the college packed the gallery of the hall, and in the intervals between the speeches they indulged in the pleasantries which are the special privilege of students in bulk. Sir Joseph Ward was the butt of much of their good-humoured banter, some of it shouted in chorus, and some of it sung in three or four topical songs.

Votes of thanks were accorded to the judges and to Sir Joseph Ward.

**Women's Debating Society.**

There have been only two meetings of the society this term. At the first a reading competition was held, and was very successful, nine competitors taking part. There were nineteen people present at this meeting.

At the second meeting, a debate was held, the subject being, "That the Stage exercises a greater influence than the Novel." Miss Dowling, Miss Tolley, Miss Moore and Miss Hursthouse were the movers and seconders. Miss Currie, Miss North and Miss Thornton also spoke. There were 21 people present at this meeting.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Taylor and Eichelbaum, who have kindly acted as judges.

**A Plea from the V.C.W.D.S.**

"The King and the Ladies were drunk as usual."


We carefully called ourselves "women."
And felt very proud of our name.
But still we're referred to as "ladies."
A title we never did claim:
For we thought of its misapplications—
"Char. ladies," "drunk ladies," and such.
So please will you just call us women?
You see, we'd prefer it so much.

—G.M.I.
Glee Club.

From its birth the Glee Club has been one of the most delicate of our Alma Mater’s offspring, and it found the past winter especially trying. With the advent of spring, however, it has taken a turn for the better, and its voice is now remarkably stronger.

The improved position is referred to in the Secretary’s report, which also reveals how desperate was the state of the Club’s affairs six weeks ago. “At the beginning of this term prospects could hardly be called “rosy,” but with chances of disbandment looming before them the members have once more rallied, and we are happy to relate that practices are again in full swing, with our goal, a successful annual concert, already in sight.

In view of the indifference of the average College student to anything apart from sordid “swot,” it is cheering, and distinctly refreshing, to note the indomitable purpose that animates the members of the Glee Club. Opportunity has not yet been afforded us to pay our annual visit to the Missions to Seamen, or to any charitable institutions in the city, but we are in no way less determined to carry out our intentions in this respect.

As usual, the Club assisted at the Capping Carnival, and its contributions of glees and quartettes were creditably rendered, and met with due appreciation from the audience.

A word of praise is due to the pianiste, Mrs. Reid, and the conductor, Mr. G. W. Reid, without whose efforts and enthusiasm the Club would probably ere this have ceased to exist. It is to be hoped that members will show their appreciation by giving the Club that support in the future which it has too often lacked in the past.

Christian Union.

The work of the Union has been continued this term on the usual lines, though few general meetings have so far been held, partly because visits were paid last term from the secretaries of the movement.
On the first Saturday of the term, Professor Picken gave an address on "Some considerations relative to the choice of a career." He reviewed the functions of money and labour, in the economic sphere, and then proceeded to discuss the true significance of money, the dignity of labour. Emphasis was laid on the fact that Christianity is a gospel of mutual service, and that only through this interdependence can a nation attain its highest development. He concluded with a review of the Christian outlook on life as affording the possibility of fulfilling God's will throughout the world, the establishment of the ideal state, based on Christ's doctrine of service.

The annual social, held on August 12th, was one of the most successful yet given by the Union. Progressive games were followed by songs, recitations and various competitions, among which were "Silhouettes"—some of them said to be most life-like.

The next general meeting was addressed by the Rev. Gibson-Smith, who chose as his subject "The magnetism of the cross." He spoke of the universal appeal made by the cross, an appeal which leads men to a sense of individual sin and of individual forgiveness.

No meeting was held on September 9th, as the Debating Society had made arrangements for a lecture on "Socialism" by Professor Mills.

The two concluding meetings of this term will be addressed by the Rev. W. Evans, who intends speaking on various social problems of the present day.

It is hoped that a Graduates' Union will be formed before the end of the term; the main objects of such a Union will be social study and social work.

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Bishop Haldfield Hostel.

We are pleased to be able to report that those of our number who were laid low last term by various accidents and illnesses, have all long since recovered, and resumed their ordinary occupations.

But though our sick men returned, the number of residents keeps fluctuating slightly, even during term
time. We've had the misfortune to lose Inder; he, being one of those successful people who have kept all terms necessary for LL.B., decided, on his resignation from the Court awhile back, to put in the next two or three months studying at home. For almost two years he has capably filled the position of senior student, and his loss, coupled with that of Leary, is felt considerably, as both were men well fitted for management and leadership. Then one of our theological students has gone off to take up clerical work in Marlborough. We much regret that a man of so kindly, cheerful and inspiring a nature as Curle should have been with us only for so short a time; but all we can do is pretend we are a fine, unselfish company, willing to sacrifice ourselves in the interests of the district to which he has gone.

The vacant places have been filled again already. If it were not for the possibility of laying ourselves open to the accusation of having, like many another educational institution, an inherent tendency to "talk big," we might here observe that facts speak for themselves.

Our activities as a body have not recently been numerous. Within our walls, of course, there has been the usual round of mysterious machinations of a harmless order, and the buzz of life that must result from the assemblage of some sixteen students. And even without, we have been in evidence at least once or twice since the last publication of the SPIKE. The first occasion was when he joined forces with the men of Ward's, to see if we could humble the Training College at football. We didn't do it. Honestly, our reason for not publishing the score is that we've forgotten it. Then a number of us appeared in the capping procession as "local loafers"—whether aptly or not we scarcely know. As we had other things on hand the item was worked up somewhat hastily, but might perhaps have been less effective than it was. At all events, we can safely assert that those Hostelites who joined the troops of Maoris and the like made the very most of their opportunities.

It remains only to mention the names of two or three individual members who have been aspiring to fame. It was Dobbie, who, with able assistance, scored for Victoria against Canterbury College in the match played in Christchurch early this term. Macksercy was a speaker in the Plunket Medal oratorical contest; and considering his comparative inexperience, and the short-
ness of the time available for preparation, deserves con-
siderable credit for his treatment of the Duke of
Wellington. But it is for Leary that we must un-
questionably reserve first honours in the matter of indi-
gual outside effort; for it is perhaps not too much to
say that his untiring energy and valuable assistance in
the departments of management, authorship, and stage
production, were largely responsible for the success of
the capping carnival extravaganza. While speaking of
honours sought, and in some cases won, we might add
that in our opinion there is good reason to regret that
Leary was unable to appear recently in competition for
the Plunket Medal.

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**Easter, 1912.**

"'Victoria College expects every man to do his duty.'"

After a few more months have been crammed full of
University life, not forgetting the overwhelming exams.,
the University Tournament will be upon us. No student
who has attended any previous tournament will neglect
an opportunity of journeying with the "jolly under-
grads," to Dunedin in April next. There will be a
meeting of the elans (including the "Gay Gordons"),
and no one will doubt, if the previous occasions are to
be regarded as any criterion, that the festivities will be
delightfully varied. When the Victorians meet to sport
with the men of the New Zealand University, is it too
much to expect that the lady friends of all undergrads,
will grace and beautify the playing fields of 'Edin.

As at previous tourneys, competitions and social
gatherings will be the order of the day—and night. The
flower of oratory of the two islands will be heard echoing
through the vaulted halls of Otago University. The
Wildings and Dentons will adorn the courts and exhibit
their prowess in serving, and killing strokes; and some
of the glories of the rackets undoubtedly will fall to the
Victorians.

But this is not the only aim of Victoria Collegians.
Four years ago Victoria College won the Athletic Shield
—at Dunedin. Is the year 1908 to be longer pointed to
as the only bright star, so to speak, in the Victoria College firmament? If the tourney of 1912 is to be emblazoned in our annals, those imbued with athletic fervour and College spirit must do their utmost to win back this much-coveted trophy. It is true that at the tournament in Auckland we missed the shield by two points, but there is no reason why we should not be on the right side by a dozen points next Easter. Now, what has enabled our representatives in the past to attain those positions in athletics of which we collegians generally are all truly proud? Was it by setting still and watching the other man do the hard graft? Was it by merely hoping to win and making no effort: No; there is only one answer. It is the same in the whole realm of human endeavour. What is worth having is worth working for. Surely not one of the 200 Victoria College men students can afford to neglect his duty to the institution which is fitting him for the eventualities of his lifetime.

"Ye Olde Clay Patch on Salamanca" is situated centrally. Beyond its massive portals stretches the verdant sward of Kelburne Park, which is placed at the disposal of those in pursuit of health, strength and trophies. Students have no excuse. Constant training will enable them to obtain all. More than this: if we are to do justice to the opportunities afforded, if we are to become "complete" students, if we are to rise above the ordinary ruck, then we must have our heart and soul in the work before us. No one can become insignificant easier than by living a life of ease and luxury. Therefore let us squarely face this question of gaining athletic trophies for our College and be determined to put forth the best efforts in us and win the coveted shield. There is no other way to succeed, but if we should fail—spare the word—having all trained, then ours should be an honourable defeat.

Engagement.

Miss K. Houghton to Mr. G. Nicholls.
**Excelsior.**

Move on! Move on! Move on! The strife of life
Admits of none who loiter or who stay
To pleasant dalliance in thy corridors.
The great world calls, the hand of time
Moves fast, insistent and imperative.
O'er all there calls with clarion demand
The voice of Law throughout the land,
The voice of Brook if you should stand
A girl or two on either hand.
Move on! Move on! Move on!

—R.

**Correspondence.**

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—I have a proposal to make which I fear is in danger of being treated with undeserved levity, but which, I must assert thus early in my letter to you (which, by the way, I am sure you will treat as confidential), is made in all seriousness.

In your last few numbers you have paid some attention, not altogether unmerited, to those fortunate (?) couples who have screwed up enough courage to announce their engagements. This, I presume, is on an analogy with all other sporting journals with whom it is the practice to inform the public of the result of various events in the world of sport.

And now for my proposal? Why not carry the analogy a little further, and in each case do the correct thing and publish the "also starteds" in each race. It would make interesting reading, and. I have no doubt. would be of some considerable advantage to intending starters in future events.—Yours, etc..

"JILTED."

If "Jilted" will forward a short statement of the facts of the case, we shall have the matter investigated. We are always delighted to receive communications on matters of such great public interest.—Ed. SPIKE.
Football Club.

Once again the College seniors are the holders of the "wooden spoon"—a fact, no doubt, which scarcely needed mention. But a fact that is worth mentioning is this: two championship matches have been won. Think of it—two wins and a draw, and several close fights with some of the leading teams. That deserves a little credit—it's a record that will more than bear comparison with that of any other year. At all events what disgrace attaches to the last place on a football ladder, when the team that ends up there has contrived, through thick and thin, at times with the pick of its men absent, on tour or out of action, always to face its opponents and put up a clean and willing fight.

Though it is to be regretted that at no time were there more than three teams in the field, and at the end of the season only two, yet, in spite of that, we might almost say the Club has had a successful season. In the first place, coupled with the improved showing in the senior matches, is the pleasant fact that in addition to the Canterbury match, an inter-college match was played this year with Auckland. There is reason to feel pleased with the victory which resulted, though it must be admitted that the team which so nearly headed the list in the Auckland Championship competitions was weakened when playing in Wellington, by the inclusion of some four or five junior players. The same, of course, was true of the team representing Victoria College in Christchurch—must be true of any University College team on tour. But yet another very pleasing feature of the year has been the fostering of the spirit, not only of inter-College, but further of inter-University competition, by the sending of a New Zealand University representative team to play a return match in Sydney against the men of the Sydney University. It will be remembered that the latter were very successful in their tour of New Zealand in 1909—at least in their match with Victoria College; but on the occasion of their Australian visit the New Zealanders succeeded in turning the tables on them, beating them in both matches, losing, however, to Metropolitan. Victoria College were represented by six men, some of whom were among the most conspicuous figures of the team.
The inclusion of Ryan in the team selected to represent Wellington against Auckland was a well-merited honour which may, perhaps, be made to reflect some glory on the Club.

And now there's the same old thing to be said in conclusion. This time let it be in the words of an English hero as he is represented by Tennyson: "And he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'"

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The Tour of the N.Z. University Team.

During the year a team was sent from the University of New Zealand to Sydney, there to play the Sydney University. This team included six Victoria College players, namely, Messrs. Curtayne, Brosnan, Faire, Quilliam, Ryan and Robertson. A considerable amount of anxiety was felt at the time of its departure as to whether the team was strong enough to make the tour—anxiety which in the members of the team was increased by the reference that more than one Australian speaker made to the high standard of Rugby Football attained to in New Zealand. So that it is with little satisfaction that we look back on the result of the tour—2 wins and 1 loss—for whatever kind of football we may have played, we had at least accomplished the task we had been given to do. But the anxiety which we felt to do well was not without its beneficial effect, for each member of the team was eager to do his best, and consequently the team which took the field for the first match was well trained, eager and determined, though somewhat doubtful of success, a combination of mental and bodily fitness which will make any team dangerous. The result was that we won by 15 points to 10 after a game the result of which was in doubt to the call of time. That we won was largely due to the dash of our forwards, whose speed in breaking away from the scrum and fast following up quite disconcerted the opposing backs. The day was beautifully warm and sunny, and the play fast, open and exciting.

The second game we also won by 9 points to 3. The backs played up much better in this game and had the forwards played with the dash that they showed in the
first match the score would have been larger. The game was played in the rain and afforded a rather uninteresting display of football.

In the final match against the Metropolitan team, which was practically a New South Wales representative team), we lost by 22 points to 6. The Metropolitan team was undoubtedly the superior, but I think the score should have been a little more even. Our men were probably tired by too much gaiety, and the forwards especially did not seem to get going until late in both spells.

No description of the tour will be complete without a reference to the social side of the tour. For it is perhaps only on the social side that the team can be justified. And in this respect it was interesting to hear speakers refer to the future benefit which might accrue to their respective countries from this mingling together of the young men of the two colonies: "Young men," they said, "who perhaps some day would be the leading statesmen and merchants of their respective colonies."

Amongst those social functions which will perhaps live longest in the memories of the team is the reception held at the University itself and the inspection of the Colleges and College grounds which followed. How small and insignificant did our own University then appear. But perhaps the greatest contrast was between the social life as it exists at a University such as Sydney University, where there are residential colleges, and at a University such as our own, where the students see each other only at lectures or perhaps for five minutes before the lecture begins. More than one member of the team had to sigh with regret as he was conducted through St. Paul's Residential College, with regret that our own University had no such residential College, with regret that no such opportunity for knowing the students amongst whom he worked was open to him. There are three Residential Colleges attached to the Sydney University, each containing a large number of students.

This preliminary inspection of the Residential College prepared one in some manner for the display of student life which took place in the afternoon, when the students assembled at the sports ground for an afternoon's sport. The free careless way they took their
pleasure, their utter disregard for everything save the enjoyment of the hour, were to a New Zealand University student as something undreamt of, but good to behold. To see a long line of students in the dirty, greasy overalls, swing down in one long line, their arms interlocked, their voices mingling in some College chant, to which they kept time as they marched, was a sight to make one wish to be among that jolly, happy-go-lucky lot. What a crowd for a capping carnival they would make; but, then, perhaps, they have no Sir Robert in Sydney.

In conclusion, we must say that it was with the greatest regret that we left Sydney, with regret that those friendships which had been born on the field and christened at Lindeman’s, had now to be broken. But let us hope that next year will bring a few of our friends amongst us again, when we can wish them no better thing than that they may enjoy themselves as well as we did in Sydney.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY MATCH.

This year we met Auckland University on the football field for the first time. The match was played at Athletic Park, on Monday 5th June. The Northerners were unable to get their proper team away, but their back division was complete. Our backs were considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Walshe. The game was fast and open. From the start V.C. made the pace hot, especially among the forwards. Auckland soon took a hand, and from a mark taken in a good position, Mackay kicked a goal. V.C. backs now livened up, and a passing rush, in which all took part, resulted in Faire scoring a good try. A moment later a forward rush, led by Wells, enabled Daniell to cross the line. A.U.C. now forced the pace, and Mackay, receiving the ball from a good passing bout, dashed down the field and scored a brilliant try. He converted it himself. Then, from a penalty, Ryan obtained a goal. The first spell ended with the score, Victoria College 9, Auckland 8. In the second half V.C. held the advantage. After some fairly good play Walshe, receiving a pass from Ryan, dribbled up, and beating Schofield, scored under the posts. Ryan kicked a good goal. Towards the close of the game, from a melee in the Auckland twenty-five, Faire obtained possession, and just got over at the corner. The game then ended: V.C. 17, A.U.C. 8.
CANTERBURY COLLEGE MATCH.

The annual match against Canterbury College was played at Lancaster Park, Christchurch, shortly after the beginning of the second term, and resulted in a win for Canterbury.

The game throughout was extremely fast and open, the Canterbury men playing with great dash. Their forward division was superior to ours, but in the backs we had the advantage.

Canterbury started with an attack, Ryan clearing with a tremendous kick. Our opponents’ back division kept things merry, and from a good passing rush Coltart scored at the corner. V.C. backs then took a hand and forced the home team. This did not last long, and Smith, with a clever run, dashed for the line. O’Shea saved well, and was assisted by Ryan and Poananga, who were putting in some good work. Coltart, from some loose play on the half-way line, got the ball, and, with a great run, beat his opponent and scored a brilliant try. Our backs now showed some good combination and looked dangerous. A kick across the field enabled O’Shea to get a clear run, but he was overtaken near the line by one of the Canterbury backs.

On resuming after half-time Canterbury attacked, and an indiscreet kick giving Mansell a chance, he ran round behind the posts. He converted the try himself. The V.C. backs worked hard for the rest of the game. From a passing rush between Poananga, Stainton, Ryan and Dobbie, the last-mentioned player was enabled to score a good try at the corner. V.C. still kept pressing. Quilliam and Curtayne putting in some good work, but were unable to increase the score, the game ending Canterbury 11, V.C. 3.

c. Petone, at Petone. Lost by 30 to 6. The first spell was closely contested, but in the second the good form of the Petone players proved too much for our untrained team. Faire scored a try for College, and Curtayne kicked a goal from a mark.

c. St. James, at Karori. Lost by 17 to nil. In this game College did better than had been expected of them, and put up a very good fight. As usual, ill-luck was our fate, and St. James scored nine points in the first ten minutes. After this College became more aggressive, and kept hurling attack after attack at the red lines, but were unable to score. Our opponents, by securing two further tries and converting one of them, increased their score by 8 points.
v. Poneke, at Karori. Lost by 20 to 6. This game was more closely contested than the score would indicate, and for a considerable part of it College pressed hard on Poneke’s line. However, the College backs blundered badly, and allowed our opponents to score two or three easy tries. For College, Ryan kicked a nice goal from a mark, and Curtayne scored a try from a clever centre by Faire.

v. St. James, at Karori. Lost by 28 to 6. With six of our senior players in Sydney, and the vacation on, College were forced to put in the field a team composed chiefly of junior and third-class players. They must, however, be congratulated on the good fight they put up, particularly in the first spell, when they kept St. James busy. Poananga was the shining star for College, playing his best game to date. He kicked a splendid goal from a mark. Anton scored a good try as the result of a passing rush.

v. Southern, at Athletic Park. Lost 31 to 3. College again had a very weak team and were easily defeated. The first spell was evenly contested; in fact, College made the pace merrily for the opposing team. Some clever play by Poananga enabled Salmon to cross the line. Duncan, who was making his first appearance of the season, had to leave the field early in the game with an injured collar bone.

v. Old Boys, at Karori. Lost by 13 to 3. College were unfortunately unable to put their proper team in the field against Old Boys. On the play our opponents deserved their win, although College pressed hard for a considerable part of the game. Stainton, who had captained the team for the three preceding Saturdays did yeoman service. Our only score was a penalty goal, kicked by Stainton.

v. Oriental, at Karori. Lost by 25 to nil. With our players back from Sydney we expected to make a better game for our opponents, but that was not to be. College played a miserable game, and were fortunate the score was not more. Stainton, at half, put in some good solid work.

v. Athletic, at Karori. Lost by 19 to 3. This game was fairly fast and open, the backs throwing the ball about in good style. The Athletic score was chiefly the result of good individual play. The only score for College notched near the close of the game, was a surprise to the Athletic men. It was the result of a good passing rush. O’Shea, scenting a score, dashed down the line, transferred to Ryan who passed to Curtayne at the critical moment, and thus enabled him to score a brilliant try.

v. Melrose, Won by 3 to nil. If College had played throughout the season as they did against Melrose, some of the teams who stand high on the championship list might have been occupying different places. This was the first victory for College this year. The game was pretty fast, and our backs frequently indulged in good passing bouts. The Melrosians were a little superior in the forward division. The opening stages of the game were wholly in our favour. A good passing rush initiated by Ryan, and carried on by Poananga, enabled Faire to score a good try at the corner. Two or three times after this Faire made great efforts to increase the score, but each time he had hard luck. In the early part of the second spell Melrose assumed the offensive, but
our defence was too sound to be easily broken down. During the latter part of the game College attacked strongly, but missed two or three certain tries through small mistakes.

v. Poneke, at Karori. Lost by 12 to 8. College, encouraged by their victory of the previous Saturday, had more confidence, and played a very good game. The team played a fine, vigorous game; in fact, no one would have been surprised to see them leave the field victorious. In the first spell play was of an even up and down character. The reds placed a penalty goal, and secured a try. The second spell was opened by College with a strong attack. The upshot was that Daniell had an opportunity to score from a loose rush, and took it with alacrity, Ryan converting. A few minutes later Faire scored the second try. The game became more willing, and strenuous efforts were made to score. Poneke were awarded a free kick, and by placing a goal succeeded in establishing a lead. Soon afterwards they crossed the line again.

v. Wellington, at Athletic Park. Won by 11 to 6. College deserved their victory over Wellington, as they did show some combination. However, the game as a whole was not up to standard—there was no dash about it. Early in the game Ryan kicked a penalty goal. In the second spell College indulged in one or two passing rushes. From one of these Quilliam secured a good try at the corner. Passing between the backs enabled Ryan to cross the line, Curtayne converting.

The match against Petone was abandoned by mutual consent.

Matches played, 17; won, 2; lost, 15; drawn, 1; points for, 61; against, 303.

JUNIOR TEAM.

v. Oriental. Lost by 20 to 5. Oriental surpassed us in all parts of the field.

v. Melrose. Won by 8 to nil. College played a good game, especially in the back division.

v. Southern. Lost by 8 to 3. This game proved quite interesting. Both back divisions handled the ball well, and the combination was also good. Mackay kicked a penalty goal.

v. Selwyn. Lost by 30 to 3. College had a very weak team and were easily beaten.

v. Melrose. Won by default.

v. Poneke. College forfeited.

Games played, 9; won, 2; lost, 7; points for, 42; against, 98.

THIRD CLASS.

v. Oriental. Lost by 3 to nil. Although defeated, V.C. played a very good game.


v. Upper Hutt. College were unable to put a team in the field, and forfeited.

v. Southern. Lost by 29 to nil. College played a wretched game.

Matches played, 7; won, 3; lost, 4; points for, 43; against, 61.
Boeing Club.

Instead of the Club Tournament so successfully held last year, a contest was arranged this year with the Star Boating Club, and on Thursday, 17th August, the representatives of both clubs tried conclusions in the Gymnasium. There was a large attendance of College and Rowing Club supporters, and a feature of the evening was the friendliest rivalry of the bouts. Mr. Beauchamp-Platts gave every satisfaction as referee.

Welter—C. E. Bridge (Star), v. W. T. Dudson (V.C.). Bridge had the advantage in height and reach, and amassed points in the first round. Then Dudson's better condition began to tell and towards the end he inflicted some severe punishment. Bridge's hands were injured, and his seconds threw in the towel.

Feather—F. Allen (Star), v. J. Stevenson (V.C.). Stevenson relied on a straight left, but did not use it as often as he might. Allen relied on a right swing, mostly ineffectual. The Star man did all the leading, but found Stevenson's left an unsurmountable obstacle. The decision went to Victoria College.

Middle—T. Hutton (Star) v. B. H. Morison (V.C.). The College man left all the leading to his opponent, and gave a fine exhibition of scientific defence. Hutton tired himself in a futile attempt to break through, and Morison inflicted severe punishment on the head and face, winning the bout.

Light—L. Bridge (Star) v. E. Stewart (V.C.). The first two rounds were even. Stewart, free in the use of his hands, and nimble on his feet, gradually asserted his superiority.

Heavy—G. Alexander (Star) v. J. D. Brosnan (V.C.). This was the only bout which went to the Star Club, but Brosnan made a game fight, in spite of a strained ankle. There was very little to choose between the two men.

At the conclusion, exhibition bouts were given by Clifford and Hume, Kutner and Rogers, Tracy and Ellis. Mr. J. Doyle gave an interesting and amusing speech on the multifarious benefits accruing from the gentle art.

Despite the victory of V.C. by four bouts to one, the contest was in every way a complete success.

Ladies' Hockey Club.

The Ladies' Hockey Club has not proved so successful, in numbers at least, as it has in the past. Owing to the scarcity of players, it was found necessary to withdraw the B team.
The A team has been fairly successful so far, but owing to byes being granted during vacation, there are still two more matches to be played—and won if the Championship is to be ours.

We have to congratulate Miss U. Dement and Miss M. Harris on being chosen to take an active part in the Ladies’ Hockey Tournament as members of the Wellington team.

LIST OF MATCHES PLAYED.

June 3rd.—A friendly game was played with a team from the Campbell Street Old Girls’ Club, of Palmerston, resulting in a win for the visiting team by 3 goals to 1. Miss Wilson scored for College.

June 10th.—v. Hinemoa. Won by 4 to nil. Goals were scored by Misses Shepherd (2), Williams and Wilson.

June 17.—v. Ramblers. Lost by 4 to 3. Miss Williams scored College’s three goals.

June 24.—v. Petone. Drew 1 to 1. This game might more truly have been called a mud scramble than a hockey match. Miss Wilson scored.

July 22.—v. Ramblers. Won by 4 to nil. Goals were scored by Misses McIntosh (3) and Bisset.

July 29.—v. College Old Girls. Lost by 3 to 2. Both College goals were scored by Miss McIntosh.

Men’s Hockey Club.

Although this season we cannot claim to be the premier team of the city, yet we can claim to hold a position never before held by a College senior team, that is, runners up. After a series of well-contested games we were beaten by Karori for the Senior Cup—Congratulations, Karori. The standard of College hockey has been well up to previous years. This is shown by the fact that five of our players gained representative honours—G. Strack, C. Strack, A. Salek, P. Burbidge, and F. Kibblewhite, and Wellington must in part thank us for their continued hold of the Challenge Shield.

A match was arranged with the Auckland University, but unfortunately had to be abandoned, owing to several players being unable to get away.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Mr. J. H. Griffiths, who for years manfully upheld the reputation of College, both on and off the hockey field.
The junior teams possess some promising players, some embryo reps. D. Bowler and R. Reed, were picked for the junior representatives. The Junior A's prospects of winning the Junior Cup at one stage looked very rosy, but the vacation and other extraneous influences interfered, and College ended third.

Though no cups adorn our walls as the spoils of the 1911 season, we have had a pleasant season, and still enjoy the reputation of playing a solid, clean game. We have made many friends, and we hope no enemies.

Two teams have been entered for the seven-a-side competition, and are both in leading positions.

The following is an account of the various matches played since the last publication of the SPIKE.


v. United. Won by 2 to nil. Took life easy. An enjoyable game. United had a chance of beating us but didn't.

v. Wellington. Won by 4 to nil. Slowest game so far. Should have won by 10 to nil, but took things easy. Fitt did some good work in the circle. G. Strack, C. Strack, Riggs and Fitt scored.

v. Wesley. Won by 3 to 2. Just did it. Played in the vacation. Team included four emergencies and several "has beens." Taylor, despite long trousers, did well. Reed's good shooting brought in two goals. G. Strack shot the other.

v. Karori. Lost 1 to nil. Great game. Karori backs played brilliantly. Reed was very solid at full back. Game lost by bad shooting. Good-bye, Cup!

v. Y.M.C.A. Won by 4 to 2. Uninteresting except for Salek's persistent but vain attempts to score. Having exceeded King Bruce's number he, too, gave in. Fitt (2). C. F'track and G. Strack scored.

Games played, 10; won, 7; drawn, 2; lost, 1; goals for, 25; goals against, 9.

College hold the record for fewest goals scored against them.

JUNIOR A.

v. K.Y.M.I. Won by 9 to nil. Best game to date; forwards in good form, especially Rutherford who scored three goals. Reed (2), Griffiths (2). Francis and Inder also contributed.

v. Govt. Life. Lost by 3 to 2. Opened badly, and opponents notched three goals. Towards the end our forwards excelled themselves, but all in vain. Reed and Francis scored.

v. Metropolitan. Won by 5 to 2. Well contested game. Rutherford, Inder, Francis, Griffiths and Reed in turn beat the goal-keeper.

v. Y.M.C.A. Won by 2 to 1. Played in the vacation. Every
one had the tired feeling. Eager and McDowall were responsible for the score.

v. Wellington. Lost 1 to nil. A very hard fought game. Wellington forwards proved too tough a proposition.

v. United. Draw, 2 to 2. Best game of the season. All played well.

v. Wesley. Won by 9 to nil. Football score. Reed (2), Cleggorn (3), Griffiths (4), scored in arithmetical progression.

JUNIOR B.

v. Greggs. Draw, 4 to 4. Fast, and at times furious. Morice in goal, and Rigg were conspicuous by good play, while Delamore (2), Cleggorn and Dudson scored.

v. Hutt. Lost 4 to 3. Very poor hockey, not even a referee. Good work and two goals by Cleggorn. Delamore bagged the other.

v. St. Marks. Lost 9 to 1. Manuscript rather indistinct, except to say that Chapman scored and two players were non est.

v. Metropolitan. Lost 10 to 3. Played in mud, otherwise ‘bogged.’ Bell (2) and Rigg cast in their ‘mites.’

v. K.Y.M.I. Lost by default. Apparently the second B do not believe in the saying, ‘“Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all.’

v. Y.M.C.A. Won by 3 to 2. The tide has turned. Burgess full was brilliant. Bell, Chapman and Tinney, in the absence of a referee, scored.

III. A—THIRD CLASS.

v. St. Marks. Won by 6 to 3. Hard game. Forwards played a good game, also Gordon in the backs. Eagar (2), Kelly (3), Collins (1) were the busiest in St. Mark’s circle.

v. Wellington. Won by 8 to 3. Glorious victory. Ground slippery. Grant rendered valuable services, likewise Mackerson, Hawkins and Burr, by contributing 5, 2, and 1 goals respectively.

v. Greggs. Won by 3 to 1. Took advantage of the want of a referee. Fine game by Tinney. Kelly, Mackerson and Eager were our scorers.

v. St. Marks. Lost by 2 to 0. Forwards played well while out of the circle. Backs didn’t relish the slippery ground.

v. Greggs. Greggs evened up with us and we lost by 3 to 1. Bell was our sole scorer.


v. Wesley. Won by 13 to 1. Wesley had but eight men. Eagar (4), Kelly (3), Castle (3), Hawkins, Collins, Mackerson were the worst offenders.


v. Govt. Life. Lost by 10 to nil. We had hopes, but eight men. One absentee deserted for football. Nobody scored.
Cricket Club.

In the writing of Club reports it seems to be the custom to sound the note of careless optimism. This is, no doubt, in many ways an admirable thing; but the question naturally presents itself, is it always justified? The history and the condition of many clubs suggest forcibly to the writer the necessity of ceasing this bland optimism, this sleek self-satisfaction, and facing the very real obstacle that is arising to bar the forward march of all athletic clubs.

On 24th December, 1909, "An Act to make better provision for the internal defence of New Zealand" came into force. To this Act, and its amendment in 1910, we in New Zealand are subject; and it is the death-blow, which this Act is even now dealing to sport in the colony, that we must guard ourselves against. It is not the writer's purpose to question the wisdom and intelligence of His Majesty's Government in New Zealand. That, in him, would be gross impertinence. Nor is it his purpose to discuss the question of colonial defence; but it is his aim to place before those interested in cricket the imminent danger which threatens the very existence of the "King of Games."

The position, most simply stated, is this. If the Defence Act and the regulations made thereunder are strictly carried out, then in twenty years cricket, so far as New Zealand is concerned, will be a thing of the past. This may seem an over-statement, but, in fact, it is barely the sad, literal truth. Cricket is a game that calls for the perfection of physical and mental condition, and of mechanical accomplishment. Perfect physical and mental health, without a large degree of mechanical skill, will avail a cricketer nothing. It is true, the cricketer is born, but it is also true that without a long course of training, he will never attain to any degree of perfection in even the mechanical side of the game. Practice keen, assiduous and continuous, will produce the cricketer, but nothing else in this world will. Already in New Zealand, with out short summer, conditions are sufficiently adverse to cricket, but what will be the position under the state of affairs consequent upon the Defence Act? All males between the ages of 14 and 25 are to be trained. The training regulations have been
issued, and it is clear from them that, even if parades were to be held regularly throughout the year, nearly every other Saturday, and certainly every public holiday, would be devoted to drill. But the position is more serious even than this. There can be no reasonable doubt that the bulk of the military training will be done in the summer; and even then, if the drill were confined only to every other Saturday, this would still mean the death of cricket. This, as has been said, is not an over-statement, not a mere hyperbolical expression to heighten effect. Here is an example of the operation of the Defence Act. Some-days ago the writer was informed by a member of a senior district club that no young players could be induced to play now, owing to the fact that consistent practice, let alone regular matches, was quite impossible for them under the Defence Act. And cricketers, the colony over, will, sooner or later, recognise the inevitable truth of this. This being so, here is the position. In twenty years those players who are now past the age for military training, will also be past the age for cricket. No young blood can arise to take their places. The Government has seen to that very effectually. And one is forced to the mournful conclusion that in twenty years we shall see no longer cricket, but the spasmodic struggles of a moribund sport.

The question of military training on one side, the Cricket Club has every reason to look forward to a most successful and interesting season. Numerically the club is stronger than it has ever been. The number and the quality of this season’s new members is more than satisfactory. The enthusiasm shown by all would gladden the heart of a Job.

Financially—after all, every chain must have its weakest link. There is comfort in that. There is a very especial inducement this year for all players to make the first eleven their objective. Apart from the championship games, we fully expect to meet the other three University Colleges. A trip to Auckland at Christmas time has already been decided on, and every effort is being made to extend the trip to a fortnight’s tour, to play, if possible, matches at Palmerston North, Marton, and Rotorua. An attempt was also made in the year to arrange a visit from the Sydney University Club. Negotiations, however, came to nothing. But the Sydney
University Club has stated its willingness, favourably, to consider a tour in January, 1913, and no object can be seen in the way of their visit at that date. Altogether, apart from the military ogre, things promise more than well for us this year. Undergraduates may well sally forth with confidence in their hearts, to court the favour of the gods on the Campus Martius.

P. B. BROAD.
Hon. Sec. V.C.C.C.

A "Professorial" Cricket Team.

When G. W. von Zedlitz signed the cricket notice, it was rumoured that the Professors had decided to enter a team for the Senior Championship, and our junior reporter was commissioned to investigate. He reports that the team is an accomplished fact, and supplies details as follows:—Hunter has been appointed captain, and Hugh vice-captain. The team is reported to be exceptionally strong in fielding, and is, moreover, rich in Scotchmen, all of whom are characteristically inclined to hang on to things. Hunter will field at silly point, where he can hypnotise the opposing batsman. Should that individual resent his ministrations, Laby will be at mid-on, and it is gleefully reckoned that his smile will depress even the most optimistic batsman. Hugh, of course, will wicket-keep, rigged fore and aft in pads and pamphlets and will be ably supported by Brown, who insists on being backstop, so that he need not run about. Kirk has received permission to use a butterfly net to help him with the catches, and will be on the boundary, where he can collect grubs between the overs. Easterfield has been placed at long on, with the intention that his jaunty air when changing over may create the impression that he is a famous bat (incog). The bowling strength of the team lies in Garrow, Adamson, and Von. Von is a demon bowler of a most demoralising type, while Adamson, quite unhampered by his pedigree, specialises in Scotch googlies. Garrow will provide a change with underhand slows. Messrs. Brook and Picken are to open the batting. Mr. Brook relies on his famous leg glide, Picken on his consistency. Picken also having a head for figures, will keep the score book, in case any runs are scored.
Tennis.

There is every reason to believe that the season just opening will be a very successful one. Already Saturday afternoon sees a large number on the courts, and when the examinations are past still greater numbers will probably avail themselves of the opportunity to play. Intending members, however, need not let this deter them from joining, as it is seldom that one has to wait long for a game. For the benefit of those who know little about the game, the committee of the Club has constituted itself a coaching committee, and a request has only to be made to a member of the committee, and his or her services will be available for coaching. Several of last year's Easter representatives have left us, and it is hoped that sufficient new talent will develop this season to represent us worthily at Dunedin next year. The Tennis Club is the only one which sends women representatives to the Tournament, and we hope to see, this year, a large increase in the number of women joining the Club.

The following Club matches have been completed since the last issue of the Spike:—Ladies' Championship, Mrs. A. H. Bogle; Men's Championship, Mr. J. B. Parker; Handicap Combineds, Miss G. Saxon and Mr. E. Wright; Men's Handicap Singles, Mr. E. Loughnan.
Answers to Correspondents

A. D-bb-e.—We accept your explanation of your behaviour at the annual meeting of the Tennis Club. We are sorry that your authority to make the statement which you made was called into question.

H. H. D-n.-ll.—You have our sympathy. In our opinion an Act should be passed prohibiting the striking of matches in dark places without due warning. Petition Sir Joseph Ward, Bart.

Rev. C-mpt-n.—Quite right. Quite right.

A. Fa-r.—‘Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine,’ you say. Your position would not be as secure as you imagine. You would be liable to an action for abduction. If you are really in earnest about the matter, buy a motor-car like—er—like—You are quite sure to win then.

C. A. L. Tre-dw-ll.—I. That ‘‘chosen companion’’ idea of yours interests us exceedingly. We presume that you have been attending the lectures of the Eugenics Society. II. Ask Professor Garrow.

P. B-r-b-dg.—It is absolutely useless your denying the fact. We have proof positive. Don’t be down-hearted, though; all of us have erred and gone astray at some time.

G. M. Cl-gh-tn.—The Elements of Bookkeeping, published in the A.B.C. series, by Stalky & Co., would, we believe, serve your purpose very satisfactorily.
Prof. M-ck-nz-e.—I. The story you tell has a really classical flavour. It reminds us very much of the class of joke of which Sterne was so fond. II. Yes, we agree. Expurgated editions should be consigned to Hades.

Prof-ss-r L-by.—Yes, conversazioni are clever advertising dodges. You can never tell what silly fool may give you £50 if you only tickle him the right way.

S. A. B-rn-tt.—Right for once. "If a man is born after his wife's death, the remainder certainly will not vest." The class laughed, did it? Well, so did we.

S. Ei-ch-l---m.—Every dog has his day. Your case is a kind of arithmetical progression: Senior, 2A, 2B; we have worked it out and find that in the year 1915 you will probably get a game for 3B—during the vacation. Your ode, entitled "Facilis Descensus," is too full of fierce invective, bitter personality, morbid introspection and suicidal gloom.

Death of Mr. Alexander MacDougall.

It is with very keen regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Alexander MacDougall. The deceased gentleman, who was the uncle of Mr. Alan MacDougall, the Rhodes Scholar, was keenly interested in the affairs of the University. The students of Victoria College have lost a friend whose interest they can ill spare.