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BRISBANE

# GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE.


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—
1900.

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Brisbane Grammar School

# MAGAZINE,

*Published Three Times a Year.*

*Vol. II.* JULY, 1900. *No. 6.*

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The Editor will welcome contributions or correspondence from present or past members of the School.

Subscribers are requested to inform the Business Manager of any change of Address.

## *Editorial.*

THIS number of the "Brisbane Grammar School Magazine" is enlarged, and we trust will be found to contain contributions at least as varied and interesting as usual. Those of our readers who are desirous of helping on the sale of their "Magazine" can do so effectually by ordering one or more additional copies and placing them in the hands of friends, who may be induced thereby to join our roll of subscribers. We wish Mr. Roe a very happy holiday and a safe return. To those of our readers who have relatives serving in Rhodesia, the extracts from Captain Ham's letters (which we have kindly been permitted to use) will be of especial interest. Captain Ham commands one of the Victorian contingents, despatched by S.S. Euryalus some months ago. Our swimming and cricketing notes will be found of general interest, the former being published by kind permission of Messrs. Arthur Pearsons Limited, and the latter being contributed by Mr. S. P. Jones. Mr. "Sammie" Jones is known the world over for his prowess as a cricketer. Our readers will see that Mr. Brunton Stephens has promised to contribute to the Celebrity Column in our next "Magazine," and his letter will be eagerly looked forward to. The "In Memoriam" references to our late departed old boys, Drs. Dennis and O'Doherty, shed an air of sadness over the remainder of our pages. We trust that in our third volume the necessity for such notices will not arise.

## DEPARTURE OF HEAD MASTER.

MR. ROE left for England in June, to take a well-earned holiday, and at the same time to introduce Claude to University life. Before leaving school, the "present" boys gave Mr. Roe a handsome travelling-bag and dressing-case combined. S. Lightoller voiced the sentiments of the school in wishing him a pleasant voyage, a good holiday, and a safe return. The hearty cheers, etc., that followed spoke even more eloquently as to the esteem in which Mr. Roe is held by his present boys. The old boys gave Mr. Roe a farewell picnic on the Lucinda, and on the occasion of the picnic presented a gold watch and chain and a purse of 150 sovereigns. In thanking them, Mr. Roe spoke feelingly of his school life in Queensland. During Mr. Roe's absence, Mr. Bousfield will be head master, and we may assure him that he will have the sincere respect and esteem of every boy under him.

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# *In Memoriam.*

### DR. DENNIS.

ON Saturday, 3rd March, Dr. Dennis, resident medical officer at the Warwick Hospital, passed away, at the early age of 28 years. The cause of death was phthisis. Dr. Dennis, in his twelve months' service at the Warwick Hospital, was extremely popular with the nurses, and worshipped by the patients. His quiet, earnest sympathetic manner made him very highly esteemed by all those who came in contact with him. In addition to this popularity, he received the commendation of the committee for his faithful discharge of duty. Dr. Dennis was a Brisbane boy. He began his career at the Petrie-terrace School, going thence, after winning a scholarship, to the Grammar School. Here he distinguished himself by winning the Exhibition University Prize and the John West Medal. His next move was to Ormond College, Melbourne, where, after five years' study, at the age of 23, he became a fully qualified surgeon and doctor. Prior to his Warwick appointment the deceased was for eighteen months on the medical staff of the Brisbane General Hospital. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his relatives, and hope that we may all live as well and die as bravely as Dr. Dennis.

### DR. E. O'DOHERTY.

JUST before going to press we have received the sad news of Dr. O'Doherty's death, on the evening of the 5th July. While entering a cab on Wednesday night he missed his footing and fell, sustaining some slight injuries. These appear

to have precipitated a brain affection from which he was known to suffer, and after a short illness he died at half-past 9 on Friday. Dr. O'Doherty resided in Brisbane for the greater part of his life. From the Brisbane Grammar School he went to Dublin University, where he obtained his qualification as M.R.C.S. and L.K.Q.C.P. The deceased doctor was for seven years on the staff of the Brisbane Hospital, and, to quote one of his friends, "there was not a better loved man in the whole of the profession." The late Dr. O'Doherty leaves a widow and one child, having married the daughter of Major-General French. Both his parents survive him, and the deepest sympathy will be felt for his family in their painful bereavement.

## CADETS.

THE martial spirit everywhere prevalent has resulted in a large increase in the number of recruits. The Cadets now number about 150; this is a record muster, being considerably over half of the school. Early in the year a large number of non-coms. were appointed from the ranks of the older Cadets. A bugle band has been formed. A large number of boys volunteered for camp, but the constant rain soon damped their enthusiasm, and they only took part in a march past before Colonel Finn. Detachments from the school took part in the Mafeking celebrations. In Major Roe's absence, Captain Gross will take command of the corps.

## OUR STATISTICAL BUREAU.

(In deference to a recently expressed wish, we give a few school statistics, for the benefit of outsiders):—

| | |
|---|---|
| Circulation of "Magazine" | 200 |
| Number of Boys at boarding house | 28 |
| „ „ Day Boys and Boarders | 239 |
| „ „ Day Boys | 211 |
| „ „ Cadets (officers, etc.) | 145 |
| „ „ Masters | 10 |
| „ „ Books in Library (approximately) | 600 |
| „ „ Books issued in three months | 400 |

## THE HOT LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

By. M. Edwards.

IT was my good fortune in 1895 to take a trip of 171 miles from Auckland, and to find myself amidst a collection of geysers, hot springs, and boiling mud. Rotorua stands on the shores of the lake of the same name, in the middle of which is the

island of Mohoia, to which, according to the Maori legends, the beautiful maiden Hinemoa swam to meet her lover. The Government have erected a sanatorium at Rotorua, where everyone may indulge in baths to his heart's content. Invilds take theRachel Priest, or oil baths, which are renowned for their cures of gout, rheumatism, and skin diseases. A walk through a Maori village is most interesting, and in nearly every pool you will come across boys and girls bathing in a nude state. Here much amusement may be obtained by throwing coppers into the water and watching the Maoris dive after them. In this district fires are never lit, and the vegetables, in flax bags, are thrown into boiling pools, while bread is baked in the hot ashes. Having heard a lot about the Maori being intellectual and in every way fine fellows, I was anxious to meet these superior types of humanity. But alas! those we saw were spoilt by contact with the whites. The Maoris have a weird dance called the Haka, and we often saw half a dozen boys and girls going through it with rolling eyes and horrible cries, etc. At Whakarerawara is to be found the famous guide Sophia, who distinguished herself at the Tarawera eruption in 1886, by saving six lives. But it would be an injustice to put all the Maoris on the same level as our aboriginals. Some of them, in education and manners, would compare favourably with the average Australian. They are dying out, but let us hope that the day is far distant in which the last of the people who once hunted the Moa will disappear from beautiful New Zealand.

# Cricket.

(The following has been kindly sent in to us by the Cricket Captain, S. Lightoller.)

## IPSWICH v. B.G.S.

THE first of the two cricket matches between the B.G.S. and I.G.S. was played this year, on 31st March, on the B.G.S. wicket. The weather was fine in the morning, dull after lunch, and raining at 3.30 p.m. Messrs. Jones and Wearne officiated as umpires. We won the toss, and decided to bat. No brilliancy was shown by the Brisbane eleven, but all made small scores, and no "ducks" disfigured the page. The fielding and batting of the Ipswich team was fair, and we were all out by lunch time. The Ipswich Grammars then occupied the crease, but their batting, taken on the whole, was poor. Mention, however, must be made of Bardon, who wielded a bat three-quarters his size with great dexterity. Joice and Irving had our opponents out by 3.15. Rain soon after stopped the match. Brisbane won by 62 runs on the first innings,

not through the efficiency of one or two individual members, but through its efficiency as a team. The details are as follows:—Brisbane 95 (1st innings), Dennis 13, Sapsford 19, and Lightoller 13, being the best scorers; Ipswich 33 (1st innings), Bardon 9, Nott 6, batting best; 2nd innings, 36 for 1 wicket; Bell 18 (not out), Bardon 9 (not out), and Meyer 9. For the winners, Drave and Irving; and for the losers, Darvall and Atherton, bowled with the most success.

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## B.G.S. v. CLERGY.

This match was played on May 1st, 1900, on the School Grounds, and the players were favoured with beautifully fine weather. This year Mr. Roe and the Bishop of Brisbane were both playing. The Clergy won the toss, and made 56 (Revs. Hay 15, Jones 9, Hutchinson 8 not out, and Cockell 7). Joice and Roche each took 4 wickets for 15 runs. After lunch, the School put up a total of 105, and won the game. The chief scores were E. Irving 46 not out, Joice 20, and Sapsford 16. For the losers the Rev. H. Jones took 4 wickets for 36 runs, and Canon Eva 4 for 21

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## CRICKET AVERAGES.

### BATTING.

| Order. | Batsman. | Total. | Number of Completed Innings. | Number of Times Not Out. | Highest Score. | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Irving .. .. .. | 220 | 9 | 3 | 46* | 24·4 |
| 2 | Lightoller, S. .. .. | 145 | 9 | 1 | 67* | 16·1 |
| 3 | Parker .. .. .. | 127 | 10 | 0 | 31 | 12·7 |
| 4 | Joice .. .. .. .. | 104 | 9 | 0 | 25 | 11·5 |
| 5 | Sapsford .. .. .. | 88 | 11 | 0 | 19 | 8 |
| 6 | Drane .. .. .. | 43 | 7 | 4 | 11 | 6·14 |
| 7 | Campbell, J A. .. .. | 59 | 11 | 0 | 17 | 5·36 |
| 8 | Dennis .. .. .. | 34 | 8 | 0 | 13 | 4·25 |
| 9 | Oxley, O. G. .. .. | 27 | 7 | 0 | 6 | 3·85 |
| 10 | Frew, H. .. .. .. | 19 | 7 | 0 | 7 | 2·71 |

### SIX INNINGS AND UNDER.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Graham .. .. .. | 127 | 5 | 1 | 59 | 25·4 |
| 2 | McCormick .. .. .. | 23 | 6 | 0 | 11 | 3·9 |
| 3 | Campbell, E. .. .. | 10 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| 4 | Davidson .. .. .. | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 |

* Signifies Not Out.

BOWLING.

| Order. | Bowler. | Balls. | Wickets. | Runs. | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Roche .. .. .. .. | 144 | 9 | 41 | 4·5 |
| 2 | Irving .. .. .. .. | 920 | 49 | 346 | 7·05 |
| 3 | Fay .. .. .. .. | 106 | 10 | 103 | 10·3 |
| 4 | Drane, W. G. .. .. .. | 654 | 26 | 302 | 11·6 |
| 5 | Joice .. .. .. .. | 474 | 14 | 164 | 11·7 |
| 6 | Graham .. .. .. .. | 53 | 2 | 24 | 12 |
| 7 | Parker .. .. .. .. | 126 | 2 | 45 | 22·5 |

# A CHAT AND A FEW HINTS ON CRICKET.

By S. P. Jones.

CRICKET is a noble game that brings to the surface both the good and the bad qualities of those who follow it up; and at which in so many cases they become keen. This "keenness" is a great factor in the game. It means enthusiasm and spurs us on to efforts unknown in everyday life. It is only through love of the game that a cricketer can possibly possess this keenness. On no account allow this feeling of enthusiasm to rob you of your generous impulses and principles. Dismiss a batsman fairly, through your own skill and judgment, but never by means of a trick, which name in itself is suggestive of meanness. Should a batsman receive an unlucky blow with the ball, which frequently happens, and fall out of his crease, it were quite within the rules for the wicket-keeper to knock off the bails, and the umpire could not answer the appeal otherwise than "Out." But what a cowardly action! No player with an atom of generosity in his nature could do it. In 1878, when D. W. Gregory's memorable 19 runs match, Spofforth knocked Hornby down with one of his fastest. He fell on the ground, and Gregory stopped the game and allowed Hornby to retire, and if he felt able, to resume his innings later. And this could not have been done to a better sportsman and finer gentleman than A. N. Hornby. Actions such as Gregory's tend to still more ennoble this noble game. Selfishness exists in every other game where unity is necessary for the ultimate result. When the captain is elected, every player is in honour bound to obey him, not in a half-hearted manner, but with alacrity. Each should say, "We (not I) will not leave a single stone unturned to win the game." And the only way in which games are won is by implicit prompt obedience to your captain, and by exerting every nerve, not for your own glorification only, but for your side's success. "Barracking or "chaffing" one another, even in an undertone, during the progress of a match, because of mistakes, is most injudicious. On some natures this has little or no effect; but on others, more finely organized, such effect is hurtful in the extreme,

causing nervousness and worse blunders to follow. When a decision is given against you, school yourself to such self-control that you emit no sound. Let your devoted captain do the "growling," and keep silent, as you are only subordinates; only speaking in the interests of your side, such as an appeal to the umpire, etc.

## BATTING.

I can, in fancy, see the broadest of smiles on the faces of those to whom I have said and still say, "Keep your left shoulder forward," not only your left shoulder, but the top of the handle. Upon a right-hand batsman I would impress the necessity of securing an immovable grip with the left hand, a shade below the top of the handle, and when that is securel, with the left elbow and left shoulder forward, viz.—pointing to the bowler. We come to the right hand, the wrong grip of which is the cause of all the cross play. To avoid holding the handle improperly with the right hand, I will draw your attention to a bone on the opposite side of the ball of the thumb, which we used to call the heel of the hand. Let this bone rest on the handle, gripping with the fingers at the same time. Still holding the bat, look between the little finger and the "heel," and you will observe an opening between the hand and the closed up palm. In order that the bat may come straight up to the point of the bails and descend truly and straight toward the ball, that space must never be filled. In other words, the little finger and third must not go right round the handle. If they do the bat must go across, for through the contraction of the forearm muscles the bat will not ascend right and will have a tendency to work to the "on" side when the stroke is made. The action of the left hand is the next thing. As before mentioned a very firm grip, in fact, an immovable one, with this hand is necessary for the successful execution of every stroke in the batting. When asking for block, take it on the crease, so that when driven back you will be less likely to knock down your wicket. After getting your block (middle and leg, I would suggest), ask the umpire if your legs are clear. This being so make a bridge just inside the popping crease, for your right foot, to prevent your foot dragging, in case the bowler beats you in the flight and you play forward. Should your foot drag on to the popping crease, and the wicket-keeper knock off the bails, you are out: the bridge or little indentation will arrest the foot in the act of dragging. Keep the right foot, except when jumping to drive a ball, not only inside the popping crease, but *on* the ground. Recollect that you can be stumped with your right foot in the air. It is necessary now that you have your block, and have in your mind's eye the positions of the fieldsmen, to take as easy a stand at the wickets as possible, with the exception of the right leg, which must be firmly planted and *straight*, not bent, as if you had weak knees, and the left hand, arm, and shoulder rigid, so that the bat can be brought to the top of the bails. Having got your position, which you keep, either when at practice or in a match, the next thing is to fix your eyes on the

bowler's hand, so that you will never be at fault as to what ball he intends, and, as his arm is elevated to deliver the ball, bring your bat to the top of the bails in preparation for any ball that is sent down. Should it be a ball to drive, keep the right foot planted inside the popping crease, and bring the left foot, left shoulder, point of elbow, and top of handle forward, at the same time taking care that the grasp of the right does not impede the bat's movement —and the drive is made. In the case of a ball outside a batsman's legs, about as far up as the ball to drive would be, bring the left leg forward as in the drive, and hit square, that is to say, hit so that the ball will go a trifle in front of the umpire at your end. The more strain there is on the left hand, the cleaner the stroke and the less likelihood of its travelling off the ground. If the light is good there should be no occasion for forward play. Make it instead a half stroke, which is made by watching the ball off the pitch—you are in a position to play the ball no matter how it comes. By playing forward you are really at the mercy of the wicket. On a perfect wicket forward play is possible to almost any ball, but this is not batting. To win credit for yourself and for your side, it is necessary to cultivate strokes. The *cut* is perhaps the prettiest of strokes, and more dangerous, I venture, than the pull. A player who never takes a risk will be a long period at the creases ere his half-century is recorded. As in all other strokes keep yourself as erect as possible in making the cut. The back cut is made by bringing the right foot across in the direction towards which you intend sending the ball: the bat coming up to the right shoulder, through the action of the left wrist mainly. At the same time, and as the ball would lodge in the wicket-keeper's hands, divert its course by bringing the bat "obtuse-angled-wise" on to it, and if properly timed the ball will travel either to right or left third man, according to whether you hit soon or late. To make a square cut, the right foot does not go so much towards the third man, but more on the popping crease, and that being the case you would hit the ball as it is in a line with it, and send the ball in front of point—meaning out of reach of his right hand or behind—out of the reach of his left hand. I would advise every young player to practise jumping out of his crease to meet the ball, that is to a picked one, and not indiscriminately—and when met, hit it hard; don't tap it. Some jump to a ball, and then quietly play it to mid-wicket and back to the bowler. Far better stay in your ground and trust to your other strokes. Pull a ball if it is not too far up, but pull it along the ground. *Glancing* is merely altering the course of the ball by letting it glide off the face of the bat turned three-quarter-ways. Make certain that you see the ball glide off. Should a ball bump very much *on the wicket*, rise on the ball of the right foot with it. If off the wicket, let it go. Always bear in mind that no man can be first-class who plays across his wicket. To avoid this, force the top of the handle to the bowler in making a defensive stroke or off drive. There is another very important item in connection with a batsman's lesson-book, and that is *running*

*between the wickets.* Should you be striking and play the ball anywhere behind the wickets, allow the batsman at the bowler's end to call. If you intend going, go at once. If not, hold your right hand up, if a right-hander, and your left, if a left-hander, crying "No," so that the man at the other end may not be in doubt. As soon as the ball leaves the bowler's hand, back up for the run. Run as eagerly for another man's run as for your own. In a day's batting, the number of runs lost through improper attention being given to this very important branch of the game, has often meant the loss of the game.

## BOWLING.

The young player should determine at the outset what style he intends to adopt and adhere strictly to it. If adapted for fast bowling, he should in the first place measure the distance from the bowling crease, and take that run in *practice*, so that when called on to bowl in a match he will be accustomed to it. Always bowl carefully, watching where you intend to pitch the ball; which with the fast class of bowler, ought to be placed a little outside the off stump, having the fieldsmen placed accordingly. A very fast bowler has three slips, a third man, and sometimes a man on the boundary to save the four. A slow off break-bowler requires only one slip and a third man, with sometimes four men in the outfield. Accuracy of pitch is necessary to correctly bowl for one's field. Recollect that it is your head against the batsman's. You can bowl to hit the wicket, and at the same time bowl for your outfield. If the wicket is too true to take the break, keep your length on the middle and off stumps, always watching the spot on which you intend the ball to pitch. A medium-paced bowler, who depends on pitch more than break, is the best class of every-day bowler. He would require outfields, long off, and straight hit; should he bowl the off theory, mid-off, forward cover, square cover, point, short slips, extra slip, and third man. The positions of the field would have to be determined by the methods, aggressive or otherwise, of the player. The leg break bowler is one who finds it most difficult to keep his length. Long leg, short leg, deep square leg, extra leg on, leg on, straight hit, leg off, one man wide slips (a little behind point, doing away with the latter), wicket-keeper, mid-on, mid-off, and cover. The leg-off and long leg could be dispensed with according to the form in which the bowler is in. Keep the hand as high up as possible, and straight over the head. Ask the practice captain to call your attentiion to any lowering of the arm. Endeavour to avoid getting in the light of the umpire's vision. Many decisions against the bowler are given through the bowler walking in front of the umpire.

## FIELDING.

This is a most important branch of the game. Watch the ball leaving the bowler's hand. As soon as it leaves be on the alert, and if possible, anticipate the batsman's stroke. Don't wait for the ball

to come to you, but come to the ball with all speed. Save as many runs as you can by this means. When you have secured the ball, return as promptly and as hard as you can, endeavouring to hit the wicket-keeper or other fieldsman in the chest. Whoever is nearest the wicket to which the ball is thrown should, as soon as it leaves the fieldsman's hand, run behind the wicket so as to back up. Never take the ball on the hop, even if it seems hardly possible for you to reach it. Strain every nerve up to the last stride in the hope, even if it appear a forlorn one, of gathering it in. Many wonderful catches are brought off in this fashion.

[The above has been written in order that the students of the School may derive some little benefit thereby. Should that be so, I will be amply repaid for writing that which I would far sooner have left to abler hands.]

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# *Letters from Celebrities.*

## II.

IN our last number we published letters from three of Australia's most eminent men—looked at either from the standpoint of law or politics—bearing on the subject of school-boy happiness. In this issue will be seen our second series of letters. The subject upon which information was asked was literature, and the demand, a two-sided one, viz.:—"To give a little advice to would-be writers"; and, secondly, "To relate some of your own early literary experiences." All the great Australian writers were asked to contribute, and replies have been received from Miss Ethel Turner, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. W. H. Fitchett, and Mr. J. Brunton Stephens. We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to them for the kindly way in which they have replied, and hope their advice will be widely followed. Their courtesy will appear all the greater when our readers remember that their books are to be found in almost every household in Australia, and that constant demands on their time are being made. Mr. Fitchett, as editor of the Australian "Review of Reviews," has every moment of his time occupied. Miss Ethel Turner and Mrs. Praed are our first lady contributors, and, as such, are specially deserving of thanks. We congratulate the latter on her recovery from a severe illness.

Mr. Brunton Stephens pleads for a little more time, as he is working day and night over important business, and owing to the Premier's absence, acting in a dual capacity. He sends, however, a "promissory note" for the next Magazine. Mr. Stephens is rather taken aback by the idea of acting as a "celebrity" in addition to his other duties.

From Miss Ethel Turner (Mrs. Curlewis, author of "Seven Little Australians," etc., etc.):—

"The Neuk," Mosman's Bay,
Sydney, April 7th, 1900.

My Dear Young Editor,—You pay me so many compliments that I can do nothing but blush and answer your somewhat large demands forthwith. You tell me there are a great many boys in the Grammar Schools of Queensland who intend taking up literature as their life's work, and that the question, "How can I make myself a name in the world of letters?" is a constant source of anxiety to them. And you ask me, since by some mysterious means my books sell well, to tell you "How, when, and where," at once, so that you may go and do likewise. (Of course you put it much more gracefully than this; but my native modesty compels me to leave out the high praises.) Let me comply at once. The thought of schoolboys worrying over anything (except what pudding will be for dinner, what home lessons can most safely be "scamped," and what holidays can be squeezed out of the quarter's tedium) is absolutely painful to me. I edited a School Magazine as you are doing, and it was not an honour that had been thrust upon me, as most probably your editorship has been. The editor of the school paper proper, evidently considered the aspiring contributions I used to drop into her box as beneath contempt, so in a wrathful moment I rallied my particular friends around me and started a rival paper that ran an exciting course until I left. Then what a blank in my life! No more "editorials" to write, no more chances of print for my starry-eyed heroines and proud, cynical heroes, for my highly moral essays on "Friendship" and "Ambition," for my beautiful verses, "To a moss rose," and "Sea Whispers," and "Songs of Spring." There was nothing left to do but attack an editor of a *real paper*. I sat me down and, just out of school and with my hair still in a plait, I wrote an article that would have occupied four pages of a daily paper *if* it had been printed. At this distance of time, I do not remember the subject, but it was probably on "The Hidden Meaning of Pagan Myths," or "The Great Ideals of Modern Thought." And it was doubtless written as Mr. Potts wrote his article on "Chinese Metaphysics"; you remember he looked up the word "China" under the letter "C," and "Metaphysics" under the letter "M," and combined his information. It was a bitter blow when no notice whatever was taken of the effusion by the big paper to which it had been posted; and the MS. did not even come back "Declined with thanks." We repeated the school experiences, my sister and I. Since no "real paper" would print us, we resolved to print ourselves, and started a monthly magazine, which, our classics fresh in our mind, we called by the high-sounding title of "The Parthenon," and found one had to explain, even to our well-read friends, that it meant "Of the Virgins." We kept this up for three years; it cost £25 a month to print, and the months the canvasser did not get enough advertisements and subscribers to

cover this frightful sum, our hair used to almost turn grey. Then good months would come along, the advertisement sheets would be filled, and as much as £10 be left over for the hard-working editors to divide between themselves. For we were hard-working; there was no money to pay contributors, and the result was we had occasionally to fill the magazine from cover to cover ourselves—poems, stories, editorials, erudite articles, popular articles, cookery, and answers to correspondents, signing each with a different nom-de-plume, to show the size of our staff. But it came to an end; Sydney had been very kind to it, wonderfully kind; at this distance of time I feel quite touched to think of the 1,500 people (2,000 was our monthly edition, but then there were free copies, returns, and so on), who had paid their sixpences a copy, their six shillings a year, for the poor little sheet; touched to think of the insurance offices, the banks, the big firms that advertised cheerfully month after month, and received—how much increase of business? But an end came; the work and responsibility were too much, and there came a month when the always unpunctual paper failed to come out at all; the heroine who was drawing her noble figure up to its full height, is probably doing so still. After this, I tried the "real paper" again, and having worked off a surprising amount of youthful nonsense in that paper, where there was no one to "decline with thanks," this time several things were accepted. Which sent me headlong, of course, to try a book. I took a big work in hand—I think it was a Spanish tragedy or some such thing. But at the same time, for relaxation, I had a little work too. The latter work was a children's story (being the younger of the two editors of the dead paper, I had always been apportioned the "Children's page," among other matters, and the stuff came easily after such practice). The big work came back: no one would touch it with a pitch-fork. The little work—I had called it "Seven Little Australians"—was accepted. My pleasure in the latter fact was not quite without alloy. If it had been the *Big Work*, now! The "Spanish Tragedy" is still unaccepted.

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(Mrs. Campbell Praed's letter.)

Hotel Mont Fleuri,

Cannes, April 27th.

Dear Sir,—Your letter has just been forwarded to me here, and I write at once to say that it will give me great pleasure to do what you wish, and if you think a little paper about my own literary efforts would be any help to others of my own people—I always wish for an Australian literature—I am glad to write it, and will post it in a few days so that you may get it before going to press. And you must forgive me if it is not as well written as it might be if I was quite well, for I am now getting better of a long illness.—Yours very truly,

R. M. PRAED.

From Dr. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Author of "Deeds that won the Empire."):—

Methodist Ladies' College,

Hawthorn, April, 16th 1900.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I know of only one "secret of success" in literature, as in any other vocation; and that is hard, tireless, methodical work. To create a resolute habit of application is a tonic to the intellect as well as to the moral character; without it boy or man is but a poor, fibreless creature, sure to be beaten in every race. For literary success, what may be called a sense of style—of balance and music in language is neecssary, and I think it may be cultivated. The best method I know is to saturate the memory and the imagination in the best literature. Read good writers, and hate and shun bad ones. De Quincy, Ruskin, and Stevenson are models of style, the two first more even than the last. The chief virtue of a literary style is clearness—not musical cadences, not fine words, not pretty metaphors, but simple, straightforward clearness. Short sentences and short words help to make the meaning plain. Clear thinking is, of course, the first requisite to clear writing, and even a graceful style will not make amends for rambling logic and inexact knowledge. Wishing you and the Maganize all success,—Yours very truly, W. H. FITCHETT.

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## FROM MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED.

### My Literary Beginnings.

It isn't much of a story—that of my literary beginnings; and yet to tell it, I must go back a long way. There's always a starting point to everything, and my starting point was a certain fallen gum-tree which lay on the ridge at Maroon—a grey corpse, blackened by bush fires in places, its hollow interior green with tiny ferns. Long since has it rotted or burnt away. I searched for it when I went back to my old home a few years ago, but there was no trace of it left. The log was a convenient resting place during our walks for a tired mother: how well I remember the pale sweet face, the bright eyes, the fragile form, in which spirit strove sometimes vainly to overbear weakness of flesh. There we used to sit and talk—mother and the children; there we would talk of many matters—mainly aspirations after higher things. Life is monotonous in the bush, and the young creatures had restless, craving, souls: we saw visions of the unattainable great world; we longed to escape from what my old friend the poet, Brunton Stephens, has aptly termed "eucalyptic cloisterdom." Some of us dreamed dreams—dreams of making a name as an author, actress, musician, what not—all by our own heaven-sent inspiration, with no faintest idea of the disciplined servitude Art exacts from her votaries. And, in truth, even had we realised the necessity, there was no means of getting it. Our mother was a wise woman and most tenderly sympathetic: she knew it was best

to give the foolish aspirations rein. So it was, while we sat and talked on that grey log, that the "Maroon Magazine" was first planned into shape.

I have some numbers of that famous periodical modelled, of course, on the Bronte family's magazine—had we not all read Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte—now put away in a tin box in my lumber room with other childish manuscripts, which, somehow, I have never had the heart to burn. We each wrote our contributions on glazed paper, of the kind, I believe, called mercantile, which was in vogue in the bush. They were then sown together every month; I find the cover of each number emblazoned in water-colours, and there are even occasionally attempts at illustrations. As for the contents, all that can be said is that they are various. My mother conscientiously laboured on the governing cardinals of France; I as conscientiously at the Italian poets; someone else on famous women of letters, and so on. Our materials were culled from one source, a certain dictionary of Biography in many volumes; but it never occurred to us that the educational object might have been perhaps better gained, had we read aloud the original articles. The serious papers were our lessons, but the magazine had its play side as well, and therein lay our joy. Some of our neighbours sent us rhymes on local subjects; the girl poetess among us produced tragic lays; there was a page of station news of a facetious kind; while upon me devolved the honour of supplying the serial fiction. My first novel was begun in the Maroon Magazine; it was never finished; things happened—a political event, a new Ministry, involving for us a change of home, an illness, the dreary wanderings of the consumptive, and death at the end—and there was no more of the Maroon Magazine, for its initiator had gone and the mainspring was broken. About my novel; how did I even at the age of fifteen come to write such drivel? Honestly it hasn't one redeeming quality, or spark of promise. There was the fairhaired heiress of the older school of cheap fiction, most cruelly ill-treated by her rival, the dark Italian villainess, who rejoiced in the magnificent name of Beatrice di Montarini. This Beatrice, by foul arts, enticed away the heiress' lover and did her to death. I think, but on this point I am not perfectly clear, that she first hypnotised, and then murdered her with the traditional dagger of mediaeval pattern. Enough of my novels; but while on the subject of first attempts, let me say that I have searched the bundle of manuscripts in that tin box, and can find in none a gleam of originality, a single description or idea showing possibility for the future. They are all about countries I had never seen, about emotions of which I had absolutely no experience. The language would suggest that I had hunted the dictionary for the longest words I could find, and had used them irrespective of meaning. This was within a year or two of the publication of my first story, which did not happen till I was nearly thirty; and all the time had I only been simple and natural, had I only tried to describe what I knew, there was a rich virgin field waiting to be filled under my very feet.

I had the Australian bush with its glamour, its tragedy, its pathos, and its humour; I had the romance of the pioneer upheavings, and the social makings of a new born colony—had I but known it, the whole stock-in-trade of the novelist. Here and there in my thought stands out the author who has been inspired by the peculiar melancholy, the grim mystery, and the loneliness, etc., of the Australian bush. Foremost the author of "Dinkinbar." And I seem to smell the gum leaves in "Robbery under Arms"—what a delight to me was that book. And my heart thrills to the Australian harmonies and discords, tenderness and comicalities, all that makes up the dear familiar life of old, in "When the Billy Boils." Yes! it would be much pleasanter to talk about my country's writers, than about myself—only that wasn't what I was asked to do— alas! when I think that in those early days of mine, it never struck me that my worthiest ambition might be to become a genuine Australian story-writer! Then it was rather the fashion to despise native surroundings, and the romance of the bush. We all wanted to be English: to seek art beyond the sea, so some of us left the treasure behind and sailed after the shadow. I am glad that we have learned better, and that there promises to be a literature as distinctly Australian in its keynote, as the American literature is definitely American. The promise is there, scarcely yet the great fulfilment; there are still to arise our Australian Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Walt. Whitman. They will arrive when yong Australian writers make it their aim to steep themselves in native inspiration, to be faithful to the spirit of their own woods, and to the genius of the gum trees born within them. I have wandered from the story of my beginnings, for this is a matter upon which I feel strongly, and herein, as regards my own small literary doings, lies my chief regret. Seeing how poor the stuff was, I can't now understand how I found any joy in writing stories, yet still I always went on writing. I wrote all through my girlhood, and when I married and went to live on an island, I wrote still in the intervals of household drudgery, and sent a story or two, I remember, to the editor of some Sydney paper, by whom it was promptly returned. It was my fate indeed to be always rejected. Until, and in truth often after, the publication of my first two or three novels, I never had a short story accepted. There was a family joke in our cottage in Northamptonshire, the scene of my first experiences in print, about the weightiness of our morning post bag by reason of returned manuscript. I am not sure what the impetus was which, when I came to England, revived my earliest ambitions. England in the literary sense was a disappointment. I had pictured myself in the very centre of all that was cultured and artistic, bearing about the new books instead of reading reviews of them, mingling with their writers, and being, generally speaking, in the movement. Instead of this I found myself in a quiet country house in Suffolk, where there were few new books, no new magazines, and where authors were looked upon as a curious breed, not altogether wholesome, and hardly persons to be sought after. It hap-

pened, however, that a member of the family nearer London, knew a publisher. The acquaintance was merely social, not literary, and the publisher was that genial, goodhearted gentleman, endeared to me by the recollection of much kindness, the late Mr. Chapman. It was whispered to Mr. Chapman that I wanted to write, that I was trying to write; and he goodnaturedly said that if I would send him a story, he would ask his reader to pronounce on it. That gentleman was a man, who stands at the head of living novelists; to him went my crude little attempt—it was a study in embryo of "An Australian novel of Policy and Passion." I visited Mr. Chapman in his publishing house in Piccadilly. This was my first visit to a publisher's office, my first to the historic house, sanctified as it was by memories and original editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle. Mr. Chapman had a pleasing way, when one paid him a business call, of speaking through the tube to the "shop" below, and presently a clerk would appear with, perhaps, the latest of Chapman's, which he would offer as a parting gift.

Mr. Chapman was, when I was announced, talking to a thin, alert, bright-eyed gentleman. He introduced this gentleman to me as "the reader," and left me alone to receive my sentence. The great man held my manuscript in his hand; he read bits of it aloud in order that he might better point his criticisms, and as he read I grew redder and hotter with confusion. Presently he summed it up, and as he did so, all my hopes of a literary career seemed dashed to pieces; that especial story was hopeless. But, and here came the balm and saving grace, there was a suggestion of promise. The reader bade me go home—read, think, study, plan, then he told me if anything came to me, to write. He promised that he would read what, under those conditions, I should write, and help me if he could. He bade me wait, and plan, and study for six months. I did *not* wait. Fired with new enthusiasm, I began a novel. The first volume I sent to the reader he gave kindly criticism and corrections which emboldened me further; I wrote with greater haste and less care, and to his own regret and my deep mortification, the second volume was described as, "a flaccid drooping of all the chapters ending in nothing." So much for that attempt. I was ashamed and grieved, yet above all, grateful. I knew that the reader's standard was a high one. The highest—I knew that he had wished to help me. Before destroying the manuscript, however, I determined to send it to Messrs. Bentley, and again after some delay, I was summoned to an interview with a publisher. Mr. Bentley read me his reader's report, which was also condemnatory, but it too had a saving clause. The publisher was recommended not to lose sight of me. Mr. Bentley gave his advice in these words, "Go home, write the book all over again, bearing the reader's criticism in mind, and when you have finished, send it back to us."

Memory brings back the picture of my kind friend of following years as I saw him then. The keen grey face, the cultured accents, the extreme courtliness of manner. In after time Mr. Bentley and

I had much correspondence; I would not willingly destroy the big bundle of letters, preserved, too, in that tin box of memories. They are the letters of the old school publisher, the publisher who loved to discover a new writer, and who took an affectionate interest in authors of his own making. I took Mr. Bentley's advice, and rewrote the book. This was the third time of writing, and I cannot help feeling a little proud of my perseverance in the face of failures. But it happened that of my book, when re-written, Mr. Chapman and not Mr. Bentley became the publisher. Mr. Chapman, assuring us of the hypercritical attitude of his great reader, suggested that this book should be sent to another reader, and by him it was accepted. From the publication of "The Australian Heroine" began my literary life in London, which has been full of interest, mainly on account of the society into which it brought me. It was on the eve of my story's publication, that, at a dinner party at Mr. Chapman's house, I was first introduced to my close friend, Mrs. Lynn Linton. Never shall I forget her tender, half compassionate welcome of me into the fraternity. She gave me some wise counsel, bade me keep true to whatever literary faith I had in me, and not mind the reviewers. She had great, dark, flashing eyes, and the sweetest voice of any woman I have ever met. I was a little frightened of her, for I had read the "Girl of the Period," and Mr. Chapman had told me that she wrote the severest notices in the "Saturday Review." But Mrs. Lynn Linton whom the public knew was a very different person from the woman who loved her friends—she hated an enemy with a deadly hatred—and whom her friends loved. Again I wander. I have little title to reminiscence, and yet I could, so I think, write not altogether unpleasantly on the subject of "writers I have known."

The story of my beginnings almost ends here. "Policy and Passion" was next written, and was, as Mr. Bentley said, "a literary success." As every author knows, that is a different thing from a publisher's success. One winter when I was in Cannes, Mr. Sartoris wrote to me, promising me on my return a story from real life, which he had just heard, full of dramatic and human interest. The story haunted me; a queer fancy about the heroine possessed me. I have never known such a woman, and I cannot say how it was that the fancy of Nadine seized me. I wrote the first two chapters straight off. The first part pleased Mr. Bentley, but the whole of the manuscript did not please him on moral grounds, and he hurt me dreadfully by telling me so in his own fatherly way.

It made me very unhappy that Mr. Bentley could take this view, and I remember I cried bitterly going home on the tram, as I hugged my brown paper parcel, so neatly done up, it seemed to me, in bitter irony, by Mr. Bentley's clerk. A few days later, I took the parcel to Mr. Chapman. He sent it to the printers at once, and in its time, which is long ago, the story was fairly popular. After the publication of "Nadine," I seemed to all intents launched on the sea of fiction, and I have no particular discouragements to relate in the way of rejected manuscripts. Discouragements there were, of

course, and failures, but everything I wrote was published, and on the whole, the seas have been tolerably smooth. And now I ask myself whether any of my young fellow countrymen, the boys of the Brisbane Grammar School, for whom I have been asked to write, will find a word that is helpful to themselves in this talk about my own ways and literary doings. It might seem that things come easily to me, and that there has not been much drudgery or a great lack of opportunity; yet I have worked pretty hard, have, as far as my ability went, been painstaking over my work, have studied models, and have endeavoured according to my lights to be faithful to what I knew. In the first few writing years everything I wrote was reconstructed and copied again and again, and note books multiplied with sketches and impressions drawn from life. I don't know whether my ways would suit all literary temperaments; I think I have learned some lessons, and have established for myself some rules which have been useful, at least to myself. I remember in the beginning, when I made a practice of reading everything I could about style and composition, and all that goes to make literary success, being very much struck by some remarks of George Eliot's in Theophrastus about the difficulty of describing accurately and vividly a perfectly commonplace scene, so that it might present itself to the reader's imagination with all the truthfulness of an interior by Ostade or Teniers, while stress was laid upon the tendency of young writers towards the obviously magnificent, with the result of a nebulous panorama, a heaping up of black adjectives and cloudy effects conveying no definite picture.

After this, I recollect trying for myself how hard indeed it was, sitting in one's garden—I hadn't a cabbage bed, but I had an orchard—to describe what one saw, to find the right words, as a painter might search for the right colour, and without being too tedious and too minute in detail, to convey the feeling, scent and appearance of an orchard in spring and autumn. Harder still to get just the appropriate phrase for a frostbitten hedgerow, or a bit of upland land flecked with snow. An artist must not only see but feel a landscape or a character before he attempts to picture either. In this connection some words of Flaubert's occur to me, and I can't do better than transcribe them.

"Whoever possesses originality, must begin by extracting it. Whoever does not possess, must acquire it. Talent is a long patience. Look at any one thing you intend to depict long enough and attentively enough to discover some aspect which has been seen and expressed by no one else. In everything there lurks an unexplored corner, for we have contracted the habit of using our eyes with the remembrance of what others have thought about what we see. The merest trifle contains the unknown. If you wish to describe a fire burning, or a tree, or a plain, stand in front of that fire or that tree. It is thus that you will become original."

I know famous authors, who have told me that they have never studied Nature or dictionaries in this laborious way, have never taken

a note, but rely upon mei and instinct. This may be well for genius, but, for myself, these have not been sufficient. More and more during my writing life has the value of notes been impressed upon me. In descriptions of scenery especially I have found memory of little avail. For many years it has been my habit to jot down when travelling such impressions as at the moment occurred to me. I commend the practice to anyone beginning to write. At least it encourages habits of observation and truthfulness to life. As to the method of work, I think I am rather of the opinion of Anthony Trollope, that though inspiration is very good, there is no use waiting for it, and, for the ordinary literary worker, a piece of beeswax gluing one to the typist's chair is more immediately productive. It seems to me that inspiration comes while one is sitting at work, and many times I have begun a story with only the very vaguest idea as to what I intended to say—often with no idea whatever. Often as I have typed, ideas have come, and characters have talked, and incidents have suggested themselves. The great thing is to let oneself go. I have found, too, that one may subject oneself to a certain process of self-hypnotisation. I don't know how to explain it; it is nothing occult; neither disk nor passes are required, it means trouble at the start in the way of concentration, a sort of getting outside oneself, or perhaps into the very inside of oneself, and, naturally, complete isolation, and then it is wonderful how ideas come and words flow. There have been times when I was pressed over a book, and when I found that the only chance of work was by this method. I would shut myself up for three or four days at a time—one couldn't stand the strain for longer—in the country preferably, close out the world and simply create one's own world, and write, or in my case type. The last volume of "Witan and Lawmaker" was thus written in two "spells" of four days each, and the whole of "Christina Chard" composed in the same fashion in a space of time that would seem almost incredible. On the other hand, "The Scourge Stick" was in hand for ten years, and every sentence in it was thought over and re-written many times. I should perhaps add that financially speaking its success is not to be measured with that of "*Christina Chard*," which brought me in much more money. I make no apology for this egotistic talk, since it is what I have been asked for, and the talk to Australians who are young, as I was once young, and who have been born perhaps like myself in the bush, and like myself in those far-off days are filled with the desire to write books, to make money, to make a name. Well, I feel that I should have written better, and should probably have made more money—though this I know not, and it is a matter of less importance—if I had remembered always that I am Australian, and if in my youth I had studied more closely the types and the scenes around me, if I had worked then on Flaubert's principle, had observed my own native trees and streams and mountains,

drinking in the inspirations of the land in which I was born, and which has begun in her very youth among nations, to send forth writers and soldier heroes upon the face of the earth.

R. M. PRAED.

75 Elm Park Gardens, London.

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# Football.

(The following notes have been selected from the Football book.) OUR first match this season was played against the River Rangers. The following was the team:—

*Full-Back:*
Forrest, P.

*Three-Quarters:*
Appleton, Roe, W., Dennis (Captain), Campbell, E.

*Five-eights:*
McSwaine.

*Half-Back:*
Butler.

*Forwards:*
Lightoller, S., Lightoller, C., Amos, Williams, Young, Davies, McDonald, G. F., Weedon, and Crookston.

A series of scrums took place and a free was awarded to the Grammars, who piloted the ball over the bar, but the kick was not to the satisfaction of the umpire. Play resumed and McSwaine passed to Dennis, who scored. No goal resulted. Then Ogg secured the ball and scored for River Rangers. After half-time the Grammars "walked over" their opponents in fine style, and won the game by 19 points to 5. For the Grammars, McSwaine played a grand game. W. Roe and Dennis were in great form, and Lightoller S. and C. Weedon, and Davies worked hard for victory. The combination of the team was splendid.

## ROCKLEA v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This match ended in a draw. W. Roe made a grand run down the field and scored, and E. Campbell followed suit. The "barracking" element was very strong, and altogether the Grammars had a very lively game.

## MARYBOROUGH MATCH.

We travelled to Maryborough this year, and were very pleased to have our Sports Secretary, Mr. Jones, as guardian. On the 20th of June we left Brisbane, and were met at 4 o'clock by the Maryborough chaps. As soon as we arrived at the school we found we

had made a good start by forgetting the ball. We had scrum practice and passing before tea, and after that function joined in a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Our boys seemed rather backward, but came in all right at the finish when supper was announced. Next day broke dark and cloudy, and, rather miserable, we tumbled out of our warm beds. We were then driven to Walker's foundry and shown over it. The moulding department and the shipping yard afforded special interest. In the afternoon the game took place, and resulted in a win for Maryborough by 9 points to 3. Bar scored for the winners, and W. Roe for Brisbane. I may safely say that the Maryborough forwards won the game for them. The ground was very damp and slippery, and the ball even more so. In consequence we were pushed in the scrums. Hart captained the local team. We left the same night filled with sorrow at our defeat.

## CAPTAIN'S CRITICISMS.

PHIL FORREST.—Takes the ball well, and good kick; can stop a rush neatly. I should like to see him tackle better.

ROE, W.—Very good three-quarter; very fast and dodgy runner; splendid at stopping a rush; can kick and tackle well.

DENNIS.—Representing Queensland as full-back against N.S.W. (Ed.)

APPLETON.—Tackles and runs well; splendid kick.

WHITMAN.—Has improved in tackling, as seen at Maryborough. He still kicks, however, instead of running up to the last.

CAMPBELL.—Soon gets up his speed; hard to stop. Kicks well; should like to see him more certain at tackling on wing.

BUTLER.—Best tackler in team; very smart. Would shine if the forwards would help him in the scrums.

M'SWAINE.—Very cool; takes the ball and passes well. Thoroughly deserves his place.

M'DONALD.—Not very fast, but always on the ball, and good front rank man.

WEEDON.—Follows up well, good dribbler; should tackle lower. Would often score if he had a little more "pace."

DAVIES.—Very fast wing forward; follows his men up well; but should see where his men are when he throws in from the line out.

LIGHTOLLER, S.—Splendid forward, works very hard; should be backed up more by other forwards. Works scrum very well.

LIGHTOLLER, C.—Just like his brother, tackles well and a fair kick.

CROOKSTON.—Good forward; played splendidly at Maryborough; always near ball, and bustles opponents. Should learn to kick.

YOUNG.—Good tackler, and very good on line out. Should learn to kick better.

AMOS.—New man, coming on fast; should make haste to learn the game thoroughly. First season at Football.

WILLIAMS.—(emerg). Tackles well; should "buck up more."

LEA.—(emerg.) Tackles well; always on the ball; a great sticker.

On the whole, the backs are good, but the forwards are not up to previous years. They make a mistake in not kicking enough, both in dribbling, punting high, and kicking out of bounds. They imagine that the backs have to do all the kicking. Again, they should back each other up more. When a man is collared, they should all get round him and push him along in their bunch. In short they are very slow in what we call BUSTLING.

The 3rd Grammar Football Team has played two matches, and won both. The first against the Wynnum Football Club, which we won by 9 points to 8. Irving, Carvosso, and Hindmarsh scored. Irving makes a very good full back.

The second match was against the 4th Grammar Football Club; won by 15 points to 3. Parkinson (1), Price (1), O'Sullivan (1), Hindmarsh (2), scored.

The Grammar School have entered two teams in the School competition.

## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

Mr. Roe and Claude left for England on the 7th of June. They intend travelling by the "Oroya," and will land at Plymouth, in England.

The handsome shield won by the Past Grammar School Football Club last year has been hung up in the school hall, to the left of the case of medals, and overlooking the platform.

The great wrestling match between the Fifth Form and the Modern School took place in May, and resulted in a win for the Moderns. Mr. Cribb kindly acted as Umpire.

"Micky" Callan, "Arch" Dennis, and "Bob" Lethbridge played with the Pasts in some of the cup matches.

Mr. Sheppard exhibited some trophies of the Boer war, during the Junior, in the masters' room. Cronje's laager was again resurrected, and guns, revolvers, etc. strewed the table, and disturbed the peaceful air that usually hangs around that abode.

At the Hospital Sports on Saturday, June 16th, the following Grammar School boys distinguished themselves:—W. H. Coe (1st in Boys' 1 mile Bicycle Championship, 2nd in 1 mile Bicycle Handicap, Q.C.U.); C. Davies (2nd in 1st heat of Boys' 100 yards' Championship); J. Pennefather (3rd in same heat); M. Parker (2nd in 2nd heat, and 3rd in final 100 yds., and 1st in Boys' 880 yards' Championship); C. N. M'Kenny (3rd in Boys' 440 yards Championship, under 15); A. Dennis (3rd in Boys' running high jump—5 feet); W. Mactaggart (2nd in 3rd heat of Boys' 120 yards Championship); E. Campbell (1st in 3rd heat of Boys' 120 yards hurdle race); W. Roe (3rd in Boys' 880 yards Championship).

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Any subscribers whose names are omitted please notify the manager.

## EXCHANGES.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—Wesley College Chronicle, The Cooerwell Magazine (2), The Sydneian, The Rockhampton Grammar School Chronicle, The Armidalian, Aurora Australis, The King's School Magazine.

# *Swimming Sports.*

These sports took place in the Booroodabin Baths on Friday, March 2nd. The number of entries was much larger than usual, and this, coupled with the large attendance of parents and friends, showed that the interest taken in swimming is on the increase. The programme was carried out without a hitch, and the only race that the competitors could complain of was the Hurdle Race. The hurdles this year were made of very thin rope, and, hanging low in the water, were almost invisible to the swimmers. It was very comical to watch the "hurdlers" settle into a long, swinging stroke, and then almost turn a somersault over some hidden rope. A thicker and more taut rope is needed. C. W. Roe carried off the lion's share of the races. The hearty applause of the onlookers showed that his wins were in every sense popular ones. The officials were:—Referee, Mr. Roe; time-keeper, Mr. A. J. Mason; starter,

Mr. T. E. Jones; judges, Messrs. F. S. N. Bousfield, G. Gross, B. Porter, and E. Colclough. The first event started at 3-45 p.m., and as usual, was the Maiden Race.

MAIDEN RACE (2 lengths).—Whitman won after a very hard struggle with Bale, who secured second place. Time, 44 sec. Eight starters.

CHAMPIONSHIP (2 lengths).—C. W. Roe, 43 seconds. Whitman and Roe kept well together for the first length, and then Whitman and the other competitors retired, and Roe gained an easy victory.

LONG DIVE.—S. Kingsbury, 102 ft. (1); Dennis, 99 ft. (2); N. McKenny (3); seven starters. Three reached the end first time, but in the second attempt the starting place was shifted slightly to the left, and the same results were not attained.

UNDER SIXTEEN (2 lengths).—Appleton (1); Hannington (2); S. Roe (3); time, 41 4-5ths seconds. The six starters swam well, and put up a very fast time for the distance.

SWIMMING ON BACK (1 length).—Six starters, time, 23½ seconds. S. Kingsbury (1); Williams (2); Whitman (3).

SWIMMING FEET FOREMOST. (across baths).—Fifteen seconds. C. W. Roe (1); S. Kingsbury (2); H. Kingsbury (3).

HIGH DIVE.—C. W. Roe (1); W. V. Dixon (2); Butler (3). Roe's diving was neat and graceful, and gained him loud applause. The rest of the competitors all dived well.

HURDLE RACE (1 length).—Dennis (2 secs. behind) 1; C. W. Roe (6 secs. behind) 2; Bale (3 secs. behind) 3. Six starters; time 25 secs. Dennis finished with something in hand.

UNDER SIXTEEN (4 lengths).—Hannington (8 secs. behind) 1; Whitman (20 secs. behind) 2; S. Roe (15 secs. behind) 3. Time, 1 min. 58 secs.; six starters. Whitman went through the water at a great rate, but failed to catch Hannington.

OLD BOYS' RACE (4 lengths).—First Heat:—R. Hassell (6 secs. behind) 1; E. R. Beardmore (10 secs. behind) 2; J. Cannan (4 secs. behind) 3; time, 1 min. 43 4/5 secs. Second Heat:—A. B. Stanley (14 secs. behind) 1; E. McConnel (5 secs. behind) 2; R. Gailey (14 secs. behind) 3; the best race of day. Stanley and Gailey made the pace together, and M'Connell just slipped into second place at the last.

SIXTH AND FIFTH FORM (2 lengths).—Bale (1); Cowlishaw (2); 45 secs. Very close finish.

FOURTH FORM AND UPPER MODERN (2 lengths).—S. Roe (1); L. Williams (2); 48 secs. Won easily.

LOWER SCHOOL AND UNDER 14 (1 length).—Nine starters. The swimmers landed in a confused heap at the other end, and the space between first and second man was very close. Noel (1), McKenny (2); time, 22 1/5 secs.

FINAL OLD BOYS'.—R. Hassell (1), E. R. Beardmore (2), E. McConnell (3); 1min. 44 secs. Stanley and Gailey threw up the sponge at the end of the first length, and Cannan followed suit at the second. Hassell's win was a very popular one.

# *Life Saving.*

(The extracts given below are from the July number of Pearson's, 1899, and special permission to reprint them has been granted us by "The Editor" of that paper.)

WHEN THE DROWNING PERSON IS NOT STRUGGLING:

Take the drowning person by the arms and turn him upon his back. Then place your hands on either side of his face, the palms over the ears. Turn on your back and swim with the back stroke.

WHEN THE DROWNING PERSON STRUGGLES:

As before, turn drowning person upon his back. Then take a firm hold of his arms just above the elbows, and draw them upwards at right angles to his body. He will then be absolutely at your control, and can neither turn, clutch, nor struggle to any effect. Then, by employing the back stroke, you may easily bring him to land.

WHEN YOU CANNOT GRASP THE PERSON'S ARMS:

Should the struggling be so violent as to prevent you grasping the drowning person's arms, or having a firm hold on them when grasped, slip your hands under his arm-pits and place them upon his chest; then raise the arms at right angles to the body, turn on your back, and swim with the back stroke.

WHEN THE DROWNING ONE IS PASSIVE:

The person assisted must place his hands on the rescuer's shoulders close to the neck with his arms at full stretch. He must then turn on his back, and be perfectly still, with his head well thrown back. The rescuer is uppermost, and has legs and arms free, and, by using the breast stroke, can swim almost as long a distance as if unimpeded.

HOW TO RELEASE YOURSELF FROM A DROWNING MAN'S CLUTCH:

(A.) WHEN HELD BY THE WRISTS.—Turn both arms simultaneously towards the line of least resistance, that is to say against the drowning person's thumbs, at the same time bringing your arms outwards at right angles to your body. Your release will be effected immediately, for if the drowning man did not loosen his hold, his thumbs would be dislocated. Many a life has been lost from ignorance of this simple method, in the attempt to save the life of another.

(B.) WHEN HELD BY THE NECK.—When clutched round the neck by a drowning person, the would-be rescuer's position is perilous in the extreme. Prompt action is necessary, which should take this form. Draw a deep breath, and lean well over the drowning person. Place your left hand in the small part of his back; raise your right

arm, pass it over his arm, and seizing his nostrils with your fingers, place the palm of your hand on his chin, and press away from you with all possible force. The drowning man must of necessity open his mouth in order to breathe; choking will ensue, and the rescuer will then gain complete control.

(c.) When Clutched by the Body and Arms.—An even more stringent method of releasing yourself will be necessary in this case. Begin as before; take a deep breath, lean well over the drowning person, and seize his nostrils with your right hand. Place your left hand on his shoulder, and at the same time bring your right knee against the lower part of his chest; then, with a strong, sudden push, press the arms and legs straight out, and throw the whole weight of the body backwards. Instantly you will be released, and free to carry the drowning man to safety.

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# War Correspondence.

From Capt. D. J. Ham, second in command of the Victorian Bushmen's Contingent:—

CAPE TOWN.

We are now lying in Cape Town Harbour with over a hundred transport vessels around us, and their variegated lights are dotted all over the bay; it is a still night, and there is a running fire of wit passing between the 5,000 men scattered around. The cheers and the cries of the N. S. Wales men are deafening, and it is "Good old Victoria," "Good old N. S. Wales," "We'll meet you at the front," etc. The military arrangements, excellent though they are, fall considerably short of what was expected; for instance, we were told to-day that they could not even supply us with rifles, and that the colonies should have equipped us in a proper manner. I went on shore by the launch to-day, and went round the capital. I never saw such a sight before. I have been in a few dirty towns, but Cape Town is the worst of the lot. Narrow, dirty streets, and the sanitary condition is unspeakable; every second person you meet is a big, thick-lipped nigger, half-caste, or Dutchman. Everything is sold at exorbitant prices. We had a ride in the train, and here, Kaffir, coolie, and half-caste, etc. were indiscriminately mixed, and the odorous stench arising from a full-blooded African black on a hot day, is simply delightful. The streets were crowded with soldiers from every country. We met Queenslanders, New South Welshmen, Canadians, and Englishmen. The Queenslanders, N. S. Welshmen, and Canadians could be picked out above the lot. I saw Schreiner mobbed the other night when he was addressing a public meeting, but he took it very coolly. Yesterday I saw, for the first time, 30 Boer prisoners. Some of them were big, strapping fellows; none of

them in uniform, all kinds and conditions of clothing, and the dirtiest looking mob of men I have ever seen, for all the world like the typical "sundowner," coming to a station for his pannikin of flour. They either carried their swags on their backs or in their hands, and when I compared such a rabble with a body of the Queen's soldiers, I am more astonished than ever that they have kept us back so long. One has only to glance at their shifty, black eyes, and cunning is there seen to be predominant. Well, the bushmen of Australia are the most cunning chaps I know, and we'll meet them at their own game; and if our men are not subjected to a too rigid discipline, but allowed to act partially on Boer lines, Oom Paul will find himself greatly harassed by his implacable Australian enemy. The Australians from the front have big, clumsy helmets, with the word "Australia" across them.

## HOW EDDY DIED.

I met two of the privates who were in the Rensburg affair when Lieut. Roberts and Major Eddy were killed, and they gave me a full account of the affair. It seems that Major Eddy and 90 men were ordered to a certain position to cover the retreat of a company of Imperial men. It was a sacrifice in the first place, and when Major Eddy heard that the "Wilts" were having a bad time, he sang out to his men "Come on boys, we'll give them a hand although it is the last bit of work we will do!" They rapidly advanced, only to find that they were facing too great odds, and Major Eddy turned his head and gave the order to retire, when there were only about 60 of them alive. Just as the Major turned his head again, he was shot straight in the forehead, and rolled over dead. It was a great sacrifice, but the object of drawing the enemy's fire was carried out, and 35 deaths, without the wounded, was the record.

## OFF TO BEIRA.

We started off in good fettle, and up to present have hardly had a ripple. We are to form part of Carrington's Bushmen's Contingent. Beira, we hear, is a Portuguese town north of Delagoa Bay. It is not a very big town, and the harbour is not a good one for landing troops, so that it will take some time to place those who have gone before ourselves on terra firma. We go by train to Mt. Salisbury in Rhodesia, 400 miles from Beira, then we travel on horseback to Buluwayo (289 miles). We will have plenty of rivers to cross, and I hear the country is swarming with rhinocerus, hippopotami, alligators, lions, etc. All the troops will be envious of our good fortune. We are to be the pioneers, and the authorities think that the Colonial Bushmen are just the men for the job—280 miles through jungle and South African forest. . . .We have reached Durban; it is a fairly large place, but I like the look of East London better. We passed through 19 troop ships in the bay. I have the reputation of having a stomach like an ostrich, my supper yesterday consisting of a raw onion with salt, eaten on a slice of cake, with a glass of

beer and a cup of cocoa. No maps of the country were procurable at Cape Town—the very lowest price for little, incomplete maps being from 7/6 to 25/-, and nearly all in Dutch. . . . . .

## BEIRA REACHED.

. . We anchored alongside the "Maplemore" and "Atlantian." It will be several days before our turn comes, as there is no jetty to run alongside, and our horses have to be slung overboard into lighters. There being 1,500 horses and only 3 lighters, it takes some considerable time to disembark. We (Euryalus, Maplemore, contingents, etc.) are the first British troops to land here, and, of course, things were not working as smoothly as they will later on. Being the first troops to be sent to Beira, the feeling of the Portuguese people can be imagined, as only the officials knew we were coming, and to those who have never seen vessels in the harbour, the sight must be very strange. But here we are, 5 big steamers with troops, and the little Portuguese gunboat that flits about the shipping is but a mosquito compared to even our boats.

## DESCRIPTION OF BEIRA.

Beira lies on the banks of the Pungwe River in East Africa, and runs along the shores facing the Mozambique Channel. It has one long, winding street of sand to a limitless depth; no macadamized roads here, simply delightful roads knee deep. Some of the houses are splendidly constructed on this basis of sand, quite dispelling the idea that a house built on sand cannot stand. We expected to meet only a few Englishmen, but were agreeably surprised to find at least 300 or 400. Only four years ago a party of more than six Englishmen could not meet without police sanction; now they have their sports club, yacht club, etc.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

I had an introduction to the Governor, and was agreeably surprised to find that he and all at Government House spoke English fluently. I was somewhat taken aback, and the Governor smiled and said "You Australian soldiers no doubt read that our town was built of corrugated iron, and you naturally thought that the Governor would be somewhat corrugated too, but I have been in London and India." The Governor's daughters offered me a gold bangle as a safeguard against the Boer bullets, only stipulating that it should be returned after the war. In lieu of this they wrote "I wish you every success" in my pocket book, and signed it. The Governor gave us a grand time, and when I tried to thank him he said, "The boot is on the other foot, my friend; it is I and the Beira people should thank you. Little Beira was unknown before; now it will be known everywhere in the world, and we are pleased you have come."

## LAST DAYS IN BEIRA.

We found that General Carrington has not yet left Cape Town, and that we are to be brigaded under Col. Airey of N.S. Wales,

who is the senior here, and formed into a cavalry regiment. We are told that Cecil Rhodes and his Co. managed with Portugal for the sending of troops through Beira, and Rhodes and his Co. pay all expenses, and desire the Australians to be sent. They have to pay £100 here for the license of an hotel, and £50 for every barmaid. One hotel costs £450 for license fees alone. The railway is just like one of the small tram-ways that are made to pull sand up from the Yarra. I saw the N. S. Wales men and Tasmanians off. They are put in open trucks, covered with a few boards, and I expect they will have a bad time in the sun.

## OFF TO THE FRONT.

We arrived at Bamboo Creek last night, and had our first camp on active service. The camp is 60 miles from Beira, and the narrow gauge railway from Beira to Salisbury, ends here. The transport is slow, and the troops and baggage are congested here, and our stuff piled up in heaps all over the place. They do things in a delightful way here. All we have to eat is a bit of bully beef, and they sent a number of men and horses to Umtali, and they had to fast for 48 hours. We have only run off the rails twice, but we were delayed 3 hours, owing to one of the black gangers taking up two lengths of the rails and leaving them. Consequently, off went the down train. The carriages are open and you can get out when you like. They stop at the various woodheaps, get enough wood, and go on. After we left the 46 mile stage we found one train going back again. After making enquiry, we found that one of the men had left a watch behind and had ordered the train to return—not bad, was it? The country we passed through was lovely. Only a small track through jungle higher than the train, and in many places the train pushed aside the high cane grass as it passed through, and in cases where the dates and bananas were close at hand the men pulled them off. We see several jackals, and the hyena howls, and the lions prowl round our camp. About 30 miles from Beira we came across several zebras, and at one of the stopping places saw hippopotami skins, etc. The town (Bamboo Creek) consists of a few corrugated places and store, hotel, etc., are all in one. It is steaming hot, and we require very little on. . . . Well, here we are still in Bamboo Creek camp, surrounded by African jungle and wild beasts. We have a large barb-wire fence to keep the lions away, but it is not effective, as we have already lost two horses owing to lions. The camp is situated in the tsetse fly and horse-sickness district, and both are prevalent. Our clothes in the morning are wringing wet, and the steam is quite visible. General Carrington and the Canadians passed through yesterday and stopped the night as our guests. In the day thousands of assogels or vultures feed on the putrid flesh of the dead horses, and at night the lions and hyenas roar, so you can bet we're having a merry time of it. There are a lot of Chinese here, and the boss speaks splendid English. He gets £30 a month, and the men 15/- a day. If this country was healthy it would be a

splendid country to make money in. This district is famed for its big game, and one man's trophies are worth £600. He is a pump inspector, and gets £90 a month. When writing, address "Marandellas, Rhodesia, South Africa." Some of the fellows who came out with the first contingent have not got a letter yet. Our boys are working well, and I have no trouble at all with them. This railway was laid down by Cecil Rhodes at great cost, and they say that a life has been paid for every sleeper. Now and again as the train steams along it we run into herds of buffaloes and antelopes. Then the driver shuts off steam and indulges in a little sport, and apart from this rather exciting experience, it is not an unusual thing for a train to turn a complete somersault now and then.

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We have been permitted to make the following extract from a letter of Mr. Jack Higginson, who went away with the Second Contingent:—I will not bore you with a second hash of the battle. They were dreary long affairs, in which one lay on the bed of glory with one's nose in the sand for hours at a time with earwigs and beetles climbing and exploring, while one listened to the distant boom and thump of the guns and shells, or the more immediate wop of the "questing bullet," finding a billet in the ground aforesaid; then we would get up (very hard to rise) and scamper a hundred yards, and then down again, sand examining and wishing that the anthills were bigger and stouter built. Then a graceful retirement at a walk, with now and then a surprised questioning sort of whistle, as a Mauser bullet went by as though it said "Wheeee-ee! how the doose did I miss that fellow?" It is very pretty to stand away off and watch the artillery shelling them out of the kopjes. The shrapnel with its pretty white puff away up in the air, and the storm of bullets kicking up the dust in front of it, and the big lyddite shells that raise clouds of dust where they strike. You hear the 15-pounder field gun go "bang!" then the shrapnel "crock!" then the Howitzer "boom," and then when the lyddite bursts there is what I heard an old Irishman once call "a deuce av' a tump." We have here on the veldts in the way of game the bliss bok, a pretty little solitary deer, roebuck, in big mobs, and the common "jumbuck," is also found in flocks. Big bustards, very like our chaps, "pawar," they call them partridges, a big sort of blockcock, and quite a lot of good game, in short. The country is like the Downs, with shorter, scantier grass; no trees at all, and everywhere the kopjes. Timber for fires is very hard to get, and the fences suffer. They are made with one wooden post to about a dozen "stone ones"; queer looking things these, and would make a Queensland fencer stare. We get our rations served out and cook them ourselves. We get plenty of tucker now, though on the trip to Bloemfontein we only had army biscuits and tinned beef. The army biscuit is a fearsome fowl. We have been billed by one Mrs. Bochenhagen (may the flames be her bed), a she farmer; with £175 item—one bullock £40 item, vegetables £32, and other

damages, including fence posts at 1/4 each. Roberts has cut it down to £75, and swears we must pay it, and as the gentleman holds the "stiff" it is a very sure thing we shall have to. The secretary-bird and the vulture are both common here, both trying their best to live up to their pictures in the encyclopedias; the vultures are jolly and fat, and have no reason to complain of any falling off in business. The secretary-bird is a stately-looking breast with a hawk's head, unexpectedly occurring on a stately, crane-like body. There is a comical old woman—English—keeping an hotel here. The V.S.'s took away her license and collared her stock. She gave a lively description of her troubles, and ended by saying, "They've commandeered everything! Everything! We've had no God for six months; Oom Paul commandeered *Him* too!" However, she's very cockawhoop now, and supplies very good cheap lunches to the Tommies in town. They are playing cricket in there, and have some good grounds, and go in for football as well, but we are camped too far out for these vanities.

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We have been privileged to make some extracts from certain letters of Mr. Edward Bray ("Billy Bray"), an old Grammar School boy. "Billy" Bray, writing from Salisbury, in Rhodesia, last February, speaks of the difficulty of hearing news. All reports of the progress of the war in Natal were months late. Information that did come to hand was not reliable. While away elephant shooting, between Lake Bangweolo and Lake Moero, he had a very nasty time. He had intended to travel North to Cairo, but deflected from his course on arriving at the Huapnea, where game was plentiful. Here Bray came across an American trader, from whom he first learnt of the Boer war, and immediately he made up his mind to be in the fighting, as he had an old score to pay off against certain Johannesburg folk with whom he had come in contact during a lengthy sojourn some years ago in Johannesburg. "I will never travel North," said he, "while they are shooting Boers down South!" Accordingly he called for "boys" (niggers), and by night 500 were camped around him. The trader marvelled to see such a quick response to Bray's call; for, as he said, he had found great difficulty in getting boys. Their failure to appear was due to his weak shooting powers. Bray started with thirty boys in a south-easterly direction, and was followed by over 100 niggers, who desired to share in the buckmeat his rifle supplied. His fame as a rifle shot had gone forth among the blacks; and less civilised beings than his old schoolfellows have learnt what "Billy" Bray could do with powder and shot. The rainy season, which falls in Africa about Christmastime, had swollen all the creeks, and the party had to travel miles through swamps, and make wide detours to avoid impassable country. An iron constitution and much quinine pulled Bray through the dangers of a journey in which he passed his days wet to the skin, and rarely found hard ground to sleep on at night. He had walked 750 miles, and paddled in a canoe some 50 miles down the Hoangwa. Arrived at Salisbury,

his first intention was to make his way to Durban by way of Delagoa Bay, and join the forces of General French, with whom he was personally acquainted. But finding an officer calling for 150 volunteers, he put his name down, and the man who had gone through such a journey as Bray's, and who had beaten every man north of the Zambesi both with rifle and revolver, was not rejected. The force which he had joined was supposed to be going to the relief of Mafeking, and they were promised hard fighting. Bray declares that he didn't care where they were going as long as he could get a shot at the Boers. He had walked 800 miles for it, and was prepared to walk for another two years if necessary. Evidently his recollections of Johannesburg and its Dutch inhabitants were none too happy. Two zarps (Dutch policemen) in particular he longed to meet in fair and open warfare. The force which he had joined was destined to march to Buluwayo, where they would obtain horses. The pay was 5s. a day and tucker. "For the honour of old Australia," writes Bray, "I hope to do some good fighting. You can be quite sure that if the chance comes I'll make the most of it, and our native land far away beneath the Southern Cross will not be ashamed of No. 45 of the Rhodesian Horse."—"This morning rifles were served out to us; I tried five shots at 200 yards, and made a centre and four bulls. The stores are out of town, and we drove out there in mule waggons, roaring (not singing) 'The Soldiers of the Queen.' At present I am burning with the one desire, and that is to get a sight of a Boer. The sooner we pull off from Salisbury and stride the track to Buluwayo, the better I shall be pleased. If a Boer bullet shall fall foul of me, it will be the fortune of war!"

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# *The Library.*

THE library has been enriched by a fresh donation of books. These are well bound, and comprise nearly all the best boys' authors. Below is a short criticism of four or five of the most popular books now in the library.

"Wild Life in the Land of the Giants" (Gordon Stables).—This book deals with the adventures, at home and abroad, of two brothers. The second part is far more interesting, but, taken as a whole, the book cannot for a moment be compared with either Henty's or T. B. Reed's books. Its large type and handsome cover are its chief merits.

"Jungle Book" (Kipling).—We can heartily recommend this book to our readers, and only envy them the pleasure of reading it for the first time. Little brown-skinned Mowgli and his forest companions, panther, bear, etc., seem to have an indefinable charm, and only emerge from one adventure to plunge into another. The jungle, with

its mysterious laws and life, serves as a grand background; and interspersed there are separate stories, such as the adventures of Rikki-tikki-tava, the little mongoose, with a penchant for cobra-killing; or the —— But the book must be read to be understood.

"Physical Culture" (Sandow).—The title sufficiently explains the drift of the book, and it may be summed up thus: A very little physical culture and a great deal of Sandow.

"Through the Sikh War" (Henty).—Well bound and full of interesting matter. Henty skilfully combines history and fiction, and in this work leads the reader through the short and bloody struggle of the Sikh War. Here and there is perhaps an overdose of history, but still history told in an interesting way.

"For the Term of His Natural Life" (Clarke).—The early convict days of Australia are here described, and the picture so drawn is a repulsive one. From end to end it is crammed with horrors; and round the everlasting chain and lash is a setting of blood, laid on with no light hand: the brighter aspects of convict life are only introduced to make the darkness, by contrast, worse than before. We advise the readers of "penny dreadfuls" to drop them and read Marcus Clarke instead.

"The Fascination of the King" (Boothby).—This is an historical romance, strongly reminiscent of Anthony Hope's works. The King and his friends go through a great many perils, but eventually come out on top. The interest is well sustained, and the plot good.

Through the courtesy of the librarians we have been allowed access to their private books, and from those have gathered the following facts, which may be of interest as showing the literary taste of schoolboys. In the last three months, the most popular book in the library was "Wild Life," etc. This has been issued 14 times. Next to that comes "Through the Sikh War," and Klondike Nuggets," and "Hunters of Ozark," by Ellis (9). "The Fascination of the King" (8 times) and the "Jungle Book" (8) come next. Other books of Henty and Ellis have been read 7 or 8 times, but these are too numerous for our space. "Fifty-two Stories for Boys" (7) and "For the Term of His Natural Life" (5) and "O'Malley" (5) are next on the list. Turning to the least popular books, we find that Marryat has on an average a circulation of 3 or 4. "Oliver Twist" (1), "Nicholas Nickleby" (2), "Captains Courageous" (1), "Treasure Island" (2), and "Deeds that Won the Empire," coming in the last instalment of books, can hardly be fairly compared with the older books. Summing up, Ellis's books are the most popular, and Henty's a close second. Ellis, by the way, is mostly a writer on Indian life, and in the marvellous quickness with which he writes his books threatens to rival his great competitor Henty. Kipling ("Jungle Book") and Marryat are poor seconds. Dickens, Kingsley, and Scott, on the other hand, have but a limited circulation, and Conan Doyle is very little better.

# Past Grammar's Football Club.

THE ninth annual meeting was held in the Carlton Hotel, Queen Street. Mr. R. H. Roe took the chair. The report showed that the club had had a very successful season last year, having won the Dewar Shield and the premiership, and also the Hospital Cup. The report showed that 8 matches had been played, 7 of which were won, and 1 lost. It was shown that the Past Grammars had, since their inception, played 104 games, 78 of which had been won, and 22 lost; points—for, 1856; against, 588. The committee placed on record their appreciation of the President's generosity in giving the club the Grammar School Ground for practice, and also to Messrs. A. D. Graham, Flynn, P. J. O'Shea, H. V. Hewitt, C. S. Graham, E. Fitzpatrick, and G. Gross, who had donated trophies to the players. These trophies were won by Messrs. P. J. Real, R. M. M'Cowan, A. Boland, A. C. Corfe, E. G. Kent, W. O. Hodgkinson, T. A. Warner, W. P. Woods, and presented during the evening, together with the medals which accompany the Hospital Cup and the cups going with the Dewar Shield. Mr. R. H. Roe was unanimously re-elected president, and the vice-presidents were all re-elected, except in the case of Mr. A. F. Luya, deceased, Mr. W. H. Luya being elected in his place. In this connection the report expressed the deepest regret at the loss sustained by Mr. Luya's death. Mr. M'Cowan was elected captain, Mr. Fitzpatrick hon. secretary, and Mr. Hodgkinson hon. treasurer, *vice* Mr. Corfe, who has gone to play war with the Boers. Messrs. Scarr and Woods were elected to form, with the captain, a Selection Committee. Messrs. E. K. Tully, C. S. Graham, R. M'Nab, and E. Fitzpatrick announced their intention of giving trophies for the following season, and the announcements were received with applause. Toasts were then drunk, including the health of those members of the club who have gone to South Africa on active service. The club made a presentation to Mr. Fitzpatrick of a pair of gold sleeve-links, and to Mr. Roe a photo group of the Past Grammars' team, as a slight acknowledgment of their valuable services. Both gentlemen responded suitably, and the meeting broke up with a vote of thanks to the chairman. New members were then enrolled, and there is every reason to predict a successful season for the club. The handsome shield won by the club has been hung on the school wall, and it is to be hoped that a fresh victory will ensure its lasting possession. A new jersey of red, white, and blue has been adopted by the club. M. Callan, our old leader, is now a member of the team, and his worth is well recognised by the selectors. Arch. Dennis, our present football captain, played several times with the club, and his magnificent kicking, fine running, and safe tackling were universally praised. He refuses, however, to desert the "Present" Fifteen, and "all the more credit to him," say we.

So far the Past Grammars have neither definitely won or lost the premiership. Twice defeated, they have amply avenged themselves, and are going strong for their goal. We hope in our next to give a detailed account of the scoring. Meanwhile, good luck to the old boys.

Since the above was written the Pasts have been defeated by the Citys and have gained a victory over the Merthyrs, both games being fiercely contested.

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# Old Boys' Association.

ON the 10th of February the Old Boys opened their new club rooms. There was a full attendance of the members, including Mr. J. L. Woolcock (President), Mr. R. H. Roe, Mr. Bernays, and most of the present masters of the school. Mr. Woolcock welcomed the members to their new quarters. He spoke for a short time on the advantages of a regular place of resort, and outlined the principal rules for the management of the rooms. After Mr. Woolcock's speech, Messrs. P. O'Shea, H. Rutledge, G. W. Power, J. Oxenham, T. P. Power, M. Campbell, and Quinnell were enlisted for the amusement of their fellow-members. This they did in a most acceptable fashion. At 9 o'clock a light supper was served, and the Old Boys' energy found a new vent. After supper, billiards, cards, etc., were indulged in, and 11 o'clock soon came. The new rooms in the London Chartered Bank Chambers are two in number, with the usual retiring rooms and lavatories. The larger is devoted to recreation purposes, and in pursuance of this object a good billiard table, a piano, and several easy chairs have been placed there. The smaller serves primarily as a reading-room, and it is well supplied with all the latest magazines. The quarterly meeting of the Association took place on the 21st February, in the club rooms. There was a good roll up, and Messrs. Fewings, O'Shea, M'Kie, Weedon, and Jordan were appointed as a house Committee. Mr. G. Gross proposed the formation of a rifle club in connection with the association. Mr. J. L. Woolcock seconded the motion, but impressed on the members the fact that it ought not to be entered on lightly, and if started, the club should be carried on with vigour. The motion was carried, and 20 members enrolled. Messrs Gross, Carson, and Cotling were appointed a sub-commitee to carry out arrangements. Mr. W. Unmack proposed, and Mr. T. E. Jones seconded, that a bicycle club be formed among members of the association. This was carried, and Messrs. Unmack, Forrest, M'Kie, and Weedon appointed to arrange matters. Mention was then made of the fact that Mr. Power had promised some pictures for the club-room walls. A letter from Lieut. Harris, of the 2nd Queensland Contingent, written from the "Maori King," was then read. Music, billiards,

etc., took up the rest of the evening. The annual reunion dance was also held April 27th in the Protestant Hall; the number of dancers was only about 70 or 80; the hall was tastefully decorated. An excellent programme of 15 dances, with extras, was gone through to the music supplied by Vizer's Band, extra numbers being given by the Misses Bernays and Stuart. Messrs. E. G. Oxley and S. Rich, who were responsible for the arrangements, worked energetically to secure the success of the affair. Among those present were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Bousfield, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oxenham, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Costin, Dr. and Messrs. Kerr Scott, Mrs. Gore, and the Misses Edwards, Bernays, Oxley, Lethem, Stuart, Hockings, M'Lay, Whish, Campbell, and Sutton (2), and Messrs. P. J. O'Shea, E. G. Oxley, S. Rich, G. Gross, Pritchard, Drs. Carvosso and Francis, M. Edwards, C. Roe, J. Ure, Forrest, and others.

The annual dinner was held on the evening of May 2nd, when there was but a moderate roll up.

Mr. Roe's social on the evening of March 30th proved eminently enjoyable. The hall was well filled by members and their lady friends. Mr. and Mrs. Roe's kind hospitality is greatly appreciated by the old boys, and their annual social promises to become the brightest of the functions attended by the O.B.A.

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## LATE NEWS.

Overheard in the hall:—

1st Newboy (to 2nd ditto): Do you know what that motto on the wall means?

2nd ditto (proudly): What "Nil Sine Labore"; oh, that's Latin for "No sign of labour!"

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The following is the list of successful "Junior" students for this year:—H. J. Bale, F. W. Butler, P. F. Calow, J. A. Campbell, H. S. Goldsmith, G. E. Graham, E. Higlett, T. Hiscock, J. S. Jackson, A. E. Jones, S. Kingsbury, W. A. M'Nab, E. O. Marks, C. G. Miles, E. J. Moorhouse, P. Newman-Wilson, O. G. Oxley, E. W. Parson, J. F. Smith, A. Tait, H. Crofts. P. F. Calow secured the German medal.

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## MR. FLINT.

The services of an additional master have been secured during Mr. Roe's absence, and Mr. Flint, formerly headmaster of Cooerwell Academy, New South Wales, has now joined the staff. Mr. Flint makes the fourth old boy on the staff.

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