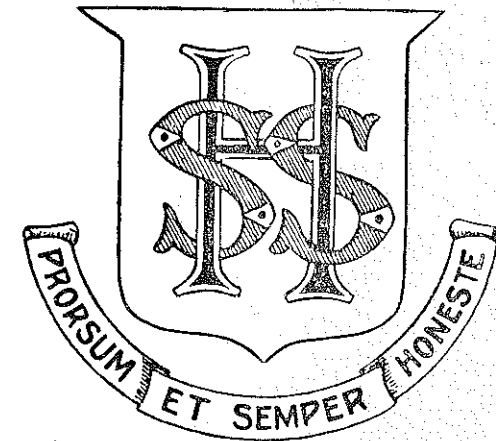


The Northern Echo



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EDITORIAL FOREWORD.

At the present time, when the noise of battle rolls across the blue ocean that separates us from the European nations, it were well for us to continue the subject of Education as it affects the Empire. An empire to be great needs great citizens. Every great citizen was at one time a pupil in a school. A school then can be looked upon as a manufacturing institution in so far as it turns out as its finished product men and women.

Education has thus been defined as the process of developing the young into complete and useful beings.

Now, in all enterprises the quality of the manufactured article counts for much. This quality depends in about equal measure on the quality of the teachers and the quality of the students. The equipment of the school is important, but much less so than either teachers or pupils. With skilled teachers and enthusiastic students who possess a real desire for knowledge and growth, a school will achieve its purpose without elaborate equipment. President Garfield once stated that, if he could only have his teacher, Mark Hopkins, on one end of a log and himself on the other, he would desire no other school. Garfield, however, was a person who wanted to know things, and as a young man was determined to become a complete and useful being. A school may have the most elaborate of equipment, and the most skilled and enthusiastic teachers, but the pupil has to do his part or the whole thing is a failure. We are too young to have our pupils going out to fight the empire's battles, but as pupils we can assist the empire by fitting ourselves for future conflicts.

Let us not come to school merely for sport, or to wear the school colours, or to spend a year or so of time. Merely to keep from failing—to achieve a bare pass is a low aim. These were not the ideals that inspired the bravest and best of our empire builders. Let us get out of the school all the blessings she can confer on us. Co-operation with the school will help us to keep the position of our empire fixed in so far as this co-operation will improve the pupils. Improved pupils mean men, strong, brave, and honourable; women, tender, and self-sacrificing. Just in so far as we leave school with those attributes are we going to maintain the prestige of our Empire.

A WORD TO SCHOLARS.

A LIFE-WORK.

By "Onoma."

"War Special!" "War Special!" We hear the cry twice daily of late. It even breaks into our slumbers if we are in the habit of retiring before 11 p.m. In the streets we are met with cries of war; in the papers whole pages of war news greet our eyes; and even at the dinner table there seldom passes a day when a considerable portion of the general conversation fails to centre around this all-absorbing topic of war.

When we remember that there was not the slightest thought of war in our minds when we last went to press, when we consider that even this week's letters from England have only the faintest mention of overseas opinions with regard to the quarrel between Austria and Serbia, we are fain to confess that nothing can occupy a people's thoughts to the exclusion of almost everything else with such rapidity and thoroughness as can war.

Take even our own little island. No cannons are booming in our ears. We are far removed both from the centre of war and the "seething whirl" of the great world in general. Nevertheless we have not been idle during the last month. Far from it! Soldiers have been drilling in our midst. Censorship over our business connection with the outside world has been organised. Patriotic Funds have sprung into being with rapid succession to one another. Working-bees are even now extremely busy. Everything possible is being done to equip the soldiers properly whom we are sending to the front, and to protect those whom they leave behind them. And all this in main is provision for our small quota of fifteen hundred men—sent to take their place on a battle-field into which one nation alone is pouring half as many millions. Truly, when we strive to comprehend the gigantic scale on which operations are being conducted in Europe, our imagination fails us!

Do not the finer feelings within you revolt when you realise what it all means? Does it not make you shudder when you think that millions of men will shortly pit their strength against other millions—each pledged to kill the other whenever possible? Life once moved Shelley to such ecstasy that he penned the line—

Oh happy earth—reality of heaven!"

What would he say of it were he alive at the present moment?

Out here we have mainly witnessed the sensational side of warfare as yet. Excitement, wonder, mystery have been rife amongst us, and we have rather enjoyed their advent. We cannot say that we are altogether averse to seeing flags flying all around us, to seeing khaki-clad soldiers moving amongst us, to hearing martial strains, to singing patriotic airs, to marching to music occasionally. All these things bring very pleasing sensations in their train. Nevertheless the glory has turned to grey for some of us already. Those of us who have had to say good-bye to fathers or brothers, relations or friends, had a stern glimpse of the sadder side of warfare when the time for parting came. It was not easy to say "Good-bye." It is harder still to wait and wonder whether those who have gone will ever return. We would gladly sacrifice all sensation and excitement to have them back with us again. It is hardly likely that all of them will ever return. Now, indeed, we are face to face with the hard, heart-breaking side of warfare!

The farther we pursue our way from this standpoint the more hard, the more cruel, the more unjust, the more appalling war seems. Even when fought out on the most approved lines, it can be called nothing short of a hideous outrage upon civilisation; and when we read accounts of the way in which it lays hold of the vilest passions in human nature, and changes men from civilised beings to the most bloodthirsty of beasts—a hundred tongues, or a hundred pens, could not fittingly express the revulsion we experience.

The many evil effects of war are too numerous to even mention here. Suffice it to say that a sufficient argument—the supreme argument—for the abolition of warfare is that nothing can justify the loss of life which it entails. Unless civilised nations can speedily realise the truth of this statement their civilisation is of little avail. In the barbaric ages, when men were ignorant, war was excusable. In civilised times war is inexcusable. The whole system which allows it is woefully at fault.

Girls and Boys, space is all too inadequate to treat this subject as it should be treated. Yet the subject was broached for a specific purpose.

Master minds for many ages past have conceived of a time when "Peace will reign o'er all the earth," when warfare will be abolished by the common consent of all nations, when national quarrels will be settled without the loss of blood. Why not help to make their dream come true? If you are looking for a life-work you could not find a nobler one than this. Few, if any of you, can devote your lives entirely to it. Nevertheless, keep it ever before you, and ways and means will open up where you least expect them. The goal may not be reached in your lifetime. What of that? The greatest men this world has known have never lived to accomplish half their desires. At best they have only shown us what to do. Whatever the result of your labours may be you may rest assured that, if you make it your life-work on earth to further the cause of International peace, you will not have lived in vain.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

In response to the Director's appeal we at once initiated a Patriotic Fund. Considering the size of our School, and the fact that the whole Fund was commenced and closed within a fortnight, we consider that the amount collected reflects no small amount of credit upon us. The scholars' contributions amounted in all to £10 17s. The sources of contributions were as follow:—

Class.	Contributors.	Amount.
		£ s. d.
C1	34 ..	5 7 6
B1	26 ..	3 1 6
B2	18 ..	1 12 6
C2	28 ..	1 6 0
C3	17 ..	0 19 0
A	8 ..	0 10 6
C1	35 ..	3 7 6
Total for Six Classes ..	— ..	£10 17 0

OLD SCHOLARS.

Just before we went to Hobart to play our return match Alan Heasman wrote wishing us success.

We congratulate Ralph Anderson, who is serving on H.M.A.S. Tingirirra on securing the coveted position of first out of 250 lads.

We were all sorry to lose Claribel Hodges, of B2. Her idea is always to be a friend of the School.

Alex. Marshall has applied for a position in the Commercial Bank of Tasmania.

Lindsay Scott came into the dressing-room in Hobart and gave us a few words of encouragement.

Wilfred Rockliffe left in June to gather in the ripening crops at Sassafras, and incidentally to learn to drive the car.

No one ever seems to see Becky Good. But then she always was shy and retiring.

Elsie Mitchell's departure was a distinct loss to B2.

Hugh Higgs in sending his magazine subscription adds a little extra as a donation to the Sports' Fund. That is the kind of Old Boy we appreciate.

Florrie Lees sends along some interesting news of Queenstown, as well as a promise to send some mineral specimens.

Any Old Scholars desiring a Photo. of last year's pupils can get them from the School. Price, 1s.

Many ex-pupils are not yet subscribers to the Magazine. Roll up, you laggards!

Eric McIvor is working in Launceston.

Extract from an ex-pupil's letter:—"I do miss my schooldays, and

— I know the truth of the song, "The best school of all, now."

Percy Fordham, who is working in Launceston, has paid his sub. up to December, 1915. He also added a donation to the Sports' Fund.

Cyril Davis, owing to the war, had to return to Tunbridge.

Wilf. Geard, our B2. Prefect, is down at Hobart protecting the water-works.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Marjorie (Rocky Cape).—Many thanks. A first attempt like the one which you sent us shows great promise. Our space, however, is too limited for publishing a contribution as long as yours. Nevertheless we are publishing fragments of it, and would be more than pleased to receive shorter contributions from time to time.

Flimmy.—Don't be so keen on sitting on the box if there is no sloyd.

Thelma.—Yes, but they are called keys. Notes refer to musical instruments.

A.K.—Yes, it is done; but we confess we don't like to see boys playing football in collars and coats.

Treth.—No; you have grown a lot, but you are still too small for long trousers.

Dorothy B.—We are waiting for the photos. of the Westbury trip.

Percy F.—Many thanks for your donation to the Sports Fund.

"Enquirer."—Yes; velvet bands are considered an adornment to the hair if you are in B. class.

(?).—Sorry that we've forgotten your name. So has our Musical Editor. He says, however, that you have a good voice, with but one fault—viz., it has a rough passage out.

"G." asks:—Why do we consider B1 to be like a valuable ring? Answer:—Because it contains a Pearl.

Alison.—Yes; we quite understand why Jacob made such a valiant attempt to do his duty when you were Rachel.

Dandy J.—Yes, it is fashionable to have your hair curled and oiled.

Max.—Yes, if you wish to be known as "a budding poet," it is a good idea to substitute "A tear on her lip and a smile in her eye" for the original. Nevertheless we advise you to sleep with your door locked, as the Ghost of Sir Walter Scott may not have a smile in his eye when he hears what you have done.

Re the query raised in a Chemistry Class as to the effects of acids when introduced into the system, we advise those interested to commit to memory the following beautiful example of English poesy:—

O! Weary Willie's gone to rest,
His face we see no more:
For what he drank for H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

"Brusher."—Yes; we were more than pleased to find that you were not too heavy for the train during the Hobart trip. Why did that axle catch fire, though?

"Ila."—Is it true that we have to congratulate you on being engaged?

CLASS NOTES.

CLASS A. Supervising Teacher—Mr. Coombes.

"Here we are again!" as the aeroplane said when he tumbled through the skylight, even though since last issue one or two of our numbers have "left the warm precincts of this cheerful day." This Third Term has seen us working pretty solidly. The Heads of the Education Department paid us a visit earlier in the Term, and submitted us to a searching examination, and now, as we write, the shadows of the regular "quarterly" are thick upon us.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Edgar Briggs, of this class, upon having won the distinction of first place in the recent Public Service Exam. As a solid and steady toiler he deserves success, and we are all pleased that it has come so pleasantly his way.

Our weekly debate is a new departure for this Term. So far there have appeared no Pitts or Reids, though one male member pleaded one morning that his speech had annexed the time lawfully due to French on the preceding evening. However, his evidence was declared prejudiced on account of his marked antipathy to the said French.

In the realm of sport we have had some interesting days. All our male members journeyed to Hobart, and materially helped to bring back victory. Among the ladies, hockey has held the palm, and the trip by drag to Westbury was greatly appreciated.

One of our members points out that "the cynosure of next Term will be the boat race." That's just what we all think, but could never have said it in just that way. Well, if the southern crews come up, we hope to give them the race of their lives.

CLASS B1.

L.C. writes thus:—"I think the last football trip to Hobart was the best holiday I ever had. The worst thing about Hobart is that the ferry

boats do not run very frequently in the dinner hour. From this fact a dreadful catastrophe happened. I went over to Bellerive about 10.30 in the morning, and after remaining on the beach for some time I retraced my steps to the jetty. But, alas! when I got there I found that the boat had stopped running for 40 minutes. By the time I reached Hobart and got my dinner it was 3.30 p.m. Horrible dictu!"

The pessimist philosophises thus:—"The dreaded sea of exams. is not yet crossed, for there is worse to come. We know the extent of our own learning, and tremble when we think what may happen when the examiners know it too." Courage mon brave!

We were glad to have had a visit from our old friend, Mr. Garrard, who looked in on his way to the front. We wish him every good fortune that can cheer a soldier, and look forward with pleasure to his promised letters upon his travels.

Our congratulations are due to the members of the First Team for their second win over the Southern boys. As we are now at the end of the football season, the coming events of next Term are already receiving consideration. The rowing men of the School draw their inspiration from among our members, and already some husky representatives have begun "to cleave the glassy wave with pliant oar." We wish them the best of luck, and may their numbers keep on increasing. There is always room for half a dozen more men on the river.

We have decided to hold our social early next Term, and, as we shall have as allies both the A. class and B2., we are confident of having a successful and enjoyable evening.

CLASS B2. Supervising Teacher—Mr. Listner.

The chief topics of conversation amongst us at present are the war and the examinations. We enjoy the privilege of being the only class in the School which has helped to swell the numbers of the Empire's gallant defenders. Wilfred Geard has been doing duty down in Hobart for the past fortnight.

Even the war cannot account for the disastrous thinning out of our ranks during the year. On the first day of the year we numbered thirty-one. Now our numbers have fallen to twenty-two, so that when we mobilise for our great battle of the year—the Junior Public—we shall hardly be able to muster the number we had hoped. Nevertheless we hope to put a bold front to the foe.

Ever since the war commenced we have kept a War Chart in our room, and have also managed to keep it up to date. We started with clippings and pictures, but found the former too numerous, so that now, with just an occasional exception, we confine our attention to war pictures. We have already acquired an interesting collection of the latter, and they should prove very useful both to those of us who are left here and those who come after us when the war is finished. Our Physiography and Geography Chart is also gaining rapidly in size, a fact largely due to the interest shown by Aub. Wilkinson and Arthur Kilby, though these are far from being the only ones to take a practical interest in the chart.

We hear that, on account of our various charts, various other members of the School have dubbed our room the "News Agency." The tribute paid is one which we rather covet, as many things are to be learnt from a "News Agency."

Those of us who are not members of the "First" football team wish to congratulate the team on their success in Hobart. It is very pleasing to note that the Captain, Vice-Captain, and three other players came from our room.

CLASS C1. Supervising Teacher—Miss Spotswood.

Another quarter has almost gone, and finds us with quaking hearts ready to plunge once again into the broiling surf of the examinations. Last quarter Scott, of the Secondary, did exceedingly well, gaining the high percentage of 83 marks. He was also successful in carrying off a prize for an essay on "Rowing," a competition in which the whole School took part.

Stubs, who has taken rather a fancy to literature of late, tells of a book of Stevenson's entitled "Virginian Pure Whisky," which, he says, is "For Girls and Boys!" We beg to be excused from such literature, though up to the present we were inclined to look upon R.L.S. as a writer of merit.

Our domestic class lost half its number when Fedeora Green left this quarter but we extend a hearty welcome to Hetty Shiner, a new member of the Secondary.

Our room still presents a gay appearance, especially since the spring bulbs have been in bloom. Our teacher, Miss Spotswood, though absent through ill-health, has not forgotten us, and last week supplied our vases with two boxes of beautiful violets. We hope to have her with us in the coming quarter fully restored to health again.

It is said that the war will probably alter the map of Europe. The Black Sea did not wait till the conclusion of the war, but for a time deposited itself on the floor of our room, and much elbow grease was spent in its removal.

CLASS C2. Supervising Teacher—Miss Rockwell.

Our School year seems to be slipping by very rapidly, for we can scarcely realise that our Third Quarter is almost over, and the Magazine, exams., and holidays are very close at hand.

Nothing very important has happened this Term except our annual examination, which is now over.

Our number seems to be growing beautifully less. We have had the misfortune to lose three more of our boys—Harry Ridley, Jack Guy, and Henry Padman. The two last are starting work in the city.

During the quarter some of the C2 boys went South with the first football team, and we felt very proud when we saw our Prefect's name adorning the daily paper.

C2. is well represented in the hockey team also, and, if we have not many victories to our credit, at least we have enjoyed the matches, particularly our final match with the Westbury team. How could we help it when our only "Hope" was there, and on a bicycle, too?

The European war is a never-failing topic of interest in Room 4, and we have to thank one of our members for a very fine map, by the aid of which we are able to study the movements of the different armies.

We are holding our class social on Wednesday evening, and are looking forward to a good time, after which we must settle down to our quarterly examination.

CLASS C3. Industrial.

Another Term has gone, and again we are writing our Class Notes. We are sorry to say that during the quarter we have lost several of our number, who have gone to business. We send them our best wishes, and hope they will make a success of the work they have undertaken. One of our number was absent for some weeks through illness. We heartily welcome him once more to our midst. Now we number but seventeen—fine boys all of us—a credit to our School. After all it is quality not quantity that counts.

All the Term we have been working conscientiously, and are now waiting in fear and trembling (some of us) for the results of the quarterly examination. Last quarter Skemp shone as top of the class. We offer him our heartiest congratulations on obtaining the coveted position.

The Director and Mr. Johnston have just left us. We all gave a sigh of relief when the trying ordeal of the annual inspection was at an end. We worked hard during their visit, and hope that their report reflects credit on our industry.

In sport we shone, three of our small number being in the "firsts." During their stay there they were entertained by the pupils of the Hobart High School, and had a really good time. One from our class, not content with the short stay, prolonged his visit for a week.

All we think and talk of lately is the war. It is bringing to light all our hidden talent. We have found in our midst a budding poet, perhaps "some mute inglorious Milton." War sketches are greatly in vogue. To supply the popular demand our "artists" are kept busily employed. The sketches are truly remarkable. In connection with the war, we hear that all the Germans have to drink from their saucers, as the Kaiser has sent all his mugs to the war. Most of our boys have contributed to the Patriotic Fund for the relief of those to whom the war means want.

The social with C2, to which we looked forward with so much pleasure, more than fulfilled our expectations. For one night we forgot our studies, and got the very best we could from the evening. We close with eager anticipations for another such gathering in the coming quarter.

TIT-BITS.

(By "The Tattler.")

Smith asked his teacher if the coming Chemistry Exam. will be hard, and received the obvious reply that "hardness" is only relative to the knowledge of the individual. "Kruger" therefore concluded that it depended upon "relative density."

Teacher: Give me an example of a cognate object. Snowy: "I thought a think."

We are trying to find the author of this essay on the Life of Henry VIII.:—"Henry VIII. was King of England, and was the greatest widower that never was. He had six husbands. The first was killed, and then executed; the second was retired, and the third died. Then he married Anne Bulletin. He was succeeded to by Mary Queen of Scots—sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He was buried in the West Minstrel Abbey by the Archduke of Canterbury."

Teacher (to Physiology Class—not in this School): "Class, look at me. It is impossible for you to form any idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Cr's. Conundrum: Why should Cr know a lot about Polar Exploration? Answer: Because there are two Scotts in the Class.

Teacher to Traill: "When a lighted taper is placed in CO₂, what time elapses before it is extinguished?" Traill: "Please, sir, it burns till—till—it goes out, sir."

Professor Aulus et Balbus forwards the following:—1. "R. L. Stevenson died after one of his famous trips of pneumonia." 2. What did he mean? Minister (making a fervent appeal): "You old men with your hoary beard and you young men with your blooming cheek—"

Teacher (to Cr.): The cuttlefish and octopus are two fishes somewhat similar. Scott (very indignantly): Please, Miss, the cuttlefish and octopus belong to two distinct orders—(titters from class)—the "syphnida" (roars!) and the "octopoda" (explosions, loud and prolonged!)

Recent geographical discovery in Room 4 has elicited the fact that Adelaide is the capital of New South Wales, and that the overland telegraph follows the route of the overland telegraph.

Cr. again lives up to its reputation for brains! Murfet is the hero this time. He recently informed his teacher that "Theorem 3 er 4 er 5 er 6 er 7" was the theorem after Theorem 4 relating to congruent triangles.

Recently, too, Traill contributed to the general amusement of his Chemistry Class in a dialogue such as follows:—Teacher—You should be attending, Traill. What are you writing? Traill: My Chemistry home work. Teacher: What is it? I was not aware that it was set yet. Traill (waking up): I don't know, sir.

3.—Sound travels at rate of 400 yards per second. Exceptions. Scandal, 1,000 yards; Flattery, 500 yards; Truth, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards; Alarm Clock, over back yards (and disturbs all your neighbours and their pet cats).

WAR SPECIAL.

Why is the letter "y" like this war?—Because it is the end of Germany.

Why was a German band arrested in Melbourne?—For blowing up Flinders-street.

Why do all the German people have to drink out of saucers?—Because the Kaiser has sent all his mugs to the war.

Why are all the Germans doing away with their horses?—Because they carry tales (tails).

What would you do if you were fishing on the banks of the Tamar and a German warship came along?—Pull up my line and sinker.

Teacher: "Why are you so dull to-day, Tommy?" Tommy: "Dunno, Miss." Teacher: "What have you had for meals lately?" Tommy: "Nothing but war news, Miss."

Why are the grain-fields of Tasmania like the fields on which the New South Wales regiments will soon be fighting in the European war?—Because the corn-stalks are shooting all over them.

POET'S CORNER

Marjorie (of Rocky Cape) sends us a long and carefully thought-out piece of blank verse, in which she has endeavoured, with no small merit, to point out the folly of choosing out the path of wrong in preference to the path of right. Unfortunately it is too long to print in totem; but here are the opening lines:—

THE TWO PATHS.

A light within a window burned
To guide two weary wanderers
Who Climbed the Hill of Life.
And as they onward, upward toiled,
A shadow from the side was cast
And fell between the light and them.

It may have been the wintry branch
Of some old oak,
Or gnarled bough of larch tree grey
Moved by the chill night breeze.
But in that darkened moment,
When all was black and gloom,
One traveller stood firm upon the track
And neither moved nor murmured
Till brightly shone the light again.
But the other, impatient to be gone,
And over confident within,
A few steps to the left did take,
And there he found another path.

He saw bright lights,
And heard soft music—
The lights and music of the evil dwarfs—
Luring him from the path of right.
In vain his brother begged him
To turn and onward go together.
But just then the lights seemed brighter,
And the music sweeter,
So, turning, went his wilful way.

SUNSET.

The clouds are temples, and each spire
Is ringed with a living wall of fire,
Whose darting flames leap higher and higher;
And as the gold sun behind them dips
He gives a caress with his scorching lips,
And flings into space one last bright ray
Ere he knells the close of parting day.

The sun is set; yet in the sky
The western clouds still ruddy lie
Like crimson gods enthroned on high.
In the dark vault like lamps divine
A myriad stars so twinkling shine.
The day is done; all Nature knows;
And, full of peace, she seeks repose.

—“Echinos.”

SOCIAL NOTES.

CI. SOCIAL.

Ever since CI. held their social last Term we have been wanting one for our class, and, when our teacher told us we might get one up, we were all eager to help to make it a success.

A committee was formed straightaway, and began to look around for suitable items, as we had little more than a week in which to get everything ready.

The large room of the King's Hall was engaged, and on Wednesday afternoon the committee, assisted by the teachers, went down to prepare everything for the evening.

The doors were opened at 7.30, and by 8 p.m. everyone was taking part in the first competition—that of guessing proverbs—which was won by Doris Stevens, the prize being one of Louis Stevenson's interesting books, “*Catriona*.”

The music of the evening was kindly supplied by Miss Mold, who also contributed a song. Other performers were Zillah Smith, Doris Stevens, and Master Rupert Barnard. Some of the games indulged in were the “Jolly Miller” and “Jacob and Rachel,” the latter causing much fun and laughter, especially when “Jacob” tried to rush through the closed door.

Another interesting item was the flower competition, three persons getting the same number right. They had to draw lots for the prize, which was eventually won by Ella Floyd. After this came the most important part of the programme, in the shape of a sumptuous supper, which we are sure was enjoyed by everybody. We then joined hands and sang “For Auld Lang Syne” and the “National Anthem,” and returned home about 10.30 after a most enjoyable evening.

“A.” CLASS DEBATES.

The common pleb. need not be amused, or even interested, when he reads this, for—(1) this is not a “Hansard”; (2) there is no visitors' gallery; (3) the members are not allowed to speak in the presence of a stranger.

The initial debate was on “Women's Suffrage,” but either through extraordinary non-argumentative temperament, or through lack of arguments, the debate died a lingering death—in fact, as could be expected, it started with every illness known. The whistle prevented a division, perhaps luckily, since the question might have arisen—could the ladies vote?

Re “Compulsory Training,” more life was shown. (We distinctly heard two people speak, though one did ask if he could shut the window?)

Somehow the debate livened as it proceeded, the speeches becoming longer and more logical. The division found in favour of training by four votes to two.

This debate saw the death of the “It is—it isn't” argument, replaced at rare intervals by the “Direct Negative.”

“The Use and Abuse of Free Libraries” was languishing in its prime when by a lady member it was rejuvenated. She with scorn, derision, and everything else she could think of, or find, dispelled the now feeble arguments against “Libraries,” and by her eloquence and sheer weight of arguments won a victory for the “Ayes.”

“Professionalism in Sport” marked the real maiden speeches of two male members. A lady member, however, opened and showed to her own satisfaction that—(1) “pros.” were the best sports; (2) her arguments were the best arguments.

The males in return were wading through their speeches (written on their nails), when, by the traitorism of a Spanish member, the election was precipitated. The “pros.” won. It may be mentioned here, for the benefit of future debating classes, that we use the Block system of voting, not the “Hare-Clark.”

Town and Country Life had finished with its bottle, and was advancing triumphantly towards “knickerbockers” and its “vote,” when a negativer in a burst of confidence candidly admitted he preferred country life. Matters were evened by a similar admission by an “ayer,” and the debate proceeded.

But when the count was taken, owing to there being an even number of voters, and owing to the speaker having no vote, a deadlock occurred. The voting was three—three, which shows that there is need of another member or of a Referenda in “A.” Class Debating Society.

—“English.”

ON TOUR.

THE TRIP SOUTHWARDS.

(By One of the Football Champions.)

“If you're waking call me early,
Call me early, mother dear.”

We apologise for the quotation. It was the only one we could think of, and Vesfield says, “Always begin with a quotation; it increases the interest.”

The team left on August 14 from Launceston (41deg. 16min. 1sec. S. longitude, 147deg. 7min. 49sec. E. latitude, or 9hr. 48min. 31.3sec. east of Greenwich—this for Scottie), heading south per railway train.

There were, of course, the usual fellows who, in the usual way, sang the usual songs as the usual train proceeded on its ordinary way.

Cleveland hove in sight after “30” odd minutes, as Tally finished standing on the corner of the public thoroughfare.

At Conara or Campbell Town, we forget which, a local, no doubt impressed by our appearance, inquired whose Sunday school picnic it was.

Stonor saw one member expectorating as to the colour of the railway sleepers. We were sorry.

We reached Hobart about 6 p.m., safe and sound.

Of the social the less said the better. Barling missed two marks in the first quarter, and that the ball was too fast for "the man, too fast for the ball." Nevertheless we won. On Saturday several visited the Ocean Pier, one Yollarian comparing it favourably with those at Yolla.

Sunday night a report was circulated that "Baa-lamb," etc., were stranded on the mud, but later he was found (8.30) in a cafe with the Co. Questioned as to his doings, he said they were having their tea. English wanted to see the tea, but he had "Buckley's" chance; "Dad" and "Tal" are old birds. Monday morning about half-a-dozen visited Lindisfarne. "Tally," when "Dad" was not watching, started "jerking missiles"—verbal and concrete—at a "yokel." Venturing too near, he was pursued, and escaped by a feather's breadth. B. S—e, of Invermay, was a noted absentee on Monday night. The scenery of Sandy Bay appealed too strongly to his artistic mind for him to depart so soon.

The trip up was not all their fancy painted it, "Joe" bewailing approaching French. "Nigger" made the night hideous with his famous description of a phonograph, while "Fat" delayed the train for a quarter of an hour at the Tunnel purposely. The bird of bright plumage also dropping to sleep, dreamt he was at Francais, and had to be quelled, which was done so satisfactorily that he emitted only a groan when Launceston came on Tuesday morning.

HOCKEY TRIP TO WESTBURY.

(By "A Tripper.")

The morning of August 22 dawned fine and clear, and the members of the Girls' Hockey Eleven eagerly looked forward to half-past 12, at which time they were to leave in a drag for Westbury. A few girls came late, but the delay was not serious, and the drag took away a crowd of happy, laughing girls and teachers. The day was excellent, neither too hot, too cold, nor too windy, and we gained great enjoyment from the drive, which was helped on by a musical selection. We arrived at our destination at 3 p.m., and received a hearty welcome from the Westbury team.

We had a very good game, each side being very evenly matched. The scores at the end of the time were one goal all. We were then cordially invited to afternoon tea.

After partaking of the refreshments a rush ensued for the drag, and after comfortably seating ourselves we started, amid cheers from the Westbury girls and answering cheers from ourselves.

We arrived in Launceston at 8.30 p.m., after a very enjoyable excursion. We owe thanks to Dorothy Bennetts for kindly taking the photo. of the team.

A WONDERFUL SPINNER.

By KRINOS.

The spider's web! How it glistens in the morning sunshine, its delicate strands studded with thousands of minute transparent globules—veritable pearls! So beautiful! So perfect! It is one of the most common examples of the countless wonders of Nature.

The word "spider" brings a most unpleasant image to the average mind. This should not be, because this marvellous little architect is one of the most curious and interesting of all Nature's children. She is also very useful for her labours in destroying flies. Many people would define a spider as "a creepy-crawly insect," but this confounding of insects and spiders should be carefully avoided. A spider is not an insect for various reasons—firstly and chiefly, because it consists of two, and not three, segments; secondly, it has eight legs instead of six; thirdly, it breathes by lungs and not by a series of breathing tubes ("tracheæ"); and lastly, its eyes consists of one lens only, while each eye of the dragon fly, among insects, consists of as many as 18,000 separate lenses.

A spider, as we have already stated, consists of two segments, the "Cephalo-thorax" (corresponding to the head and its adjacent portion the thorax, among the insecta), and the abdomen. The anterior portion includes the eyes, legs, jaws, and mouth, and two small organs termed "palpi," apparently something similar to the "feelers" of beetles and butterflies. In the posterior segment or abdomen are situated the heart, lungs, and the spinning glands or "spinnerets."

Beginning with the jaws or "falces," we find that they consist of two unequal masses of hard, shining, black or brownish substance called "chitine." The tip of the jaw is perforated for the emission of the poison, which is secreted in a small bag situated near its base. This poison, except in very few cases, such as the true "tarantula," of Italy (not the so-called "tarantula," of Tasmania), and the "kakapo," of New Zealand, is quite harmless to human beings. The legs consist, as a rule, of five joints, but in the "Harvestman" this number is increased at least ten-fold. At the extremity of the leg is a remarkable three-fold comb for cleaning the body and guiding the silk in web-spinning. The eyes, placed on the top of the head, are generally six or eight in number, and arranged in very dissimilar relative positions in the different species. The heart is a more or less cylindrical mass attached to the dorsal part of the abdomen. The lungs number two or four, and consist of a great many "leaves," by means of which oxygen is conducted to the blood. The spinnerets are the most characteristic organs of the spider family. They spin the different kinds of silk used in the construction of the web and egg-sac. They consist of numerous small tubes, the silk from 4,000 of which are needed to make a single complete strand.

The size of the spider varies greatly in the different sexes, and the unfortunate male is often eaten by his lady-love, sometimes 1,300 times as big as himself.

Remember! Do not call a "spider" an "insect"!

GREY AND GOLD.

Some dead tree trunks, a marshy pool, and a few straggling shrubs—such was the picture presented by the camera. But an artist passed that way, and he saw the pool bathed in the amber light of sunset, and the shadows dancing across the hillside, and, without varying a line, or hiding a single defect, with the magic of his brush he transferred the whole to canvas, and it became a beautiful picture.

To the youthful enthusiast at the commencement of his career life is a veritable king's highway strewn with roses and bathed in a golden blaze of glory. Difficulties? Of course, but no sooner encountered than overcome. He says with Stevenson, "There is nothing so monstrous but I can believe it of myself!" But ere long a day of disillusionment comes, and he discovers that thorns are more numerous than roses, and the highway has become a rugged mountain path. He had made a painting of life, but now has been brought face to face with the photograph, and, for the first time, sees life as it really is. Will his hopes and ambitions survive?

We meet them every day, the people who gave promise of brilliant futures—a promise that has never been fulfilled, because they lacked the courage to advance when their ideal was shattered. It is the difference between the real and the ideal, and he who would succeed must bridge the gulf between the two. But how?

An American writer has said, "We are all of us spinners—spinners either in the sun or in the shade." If you would succeed, become a spinner in the sun, and when the day of awakening comes, as come it will, cling to the illusion and weave the fabric of your life with your ideal ever before you, thread by thread you must weave the joys and the sorrows, the successes and the failures, into the pattern, and though it may not become the cloth of gold you dreamed of, yet by keeping the dream in your heart, golden threads will mingle with the grey. Sometimes there will be dark places, where you will be compelled to weave blindly a design you cannot see, and often the threads will become tangled, but do not lose heart. Strive always to make the most of what you have, and do not waste time in useless repinings over what you cannot achieve.

So at the last, when the fabric falls from the loom, and you look back on the pattern you have woven, though it may not be what you wished, you will have the glad consciousness that your work has not been in vain, because, if you have clung to your dream all through, you will find the fabric had indeed become a cloth of gold.

—Dreamer.

"ALIQUID NOVUM."

(By I.D.)

"Ex Africa semper aliquid novum." Yes, always something new from Africa, one of the oldest known continents. It is truly a land of wonders, of mysteries, of infinite treasures of untouched knowledge, of undiscovered secrets. From Cape to Cairo it presents scenes and races of ever-changing variety and number; the stately majesty of its snow-crowned

mountains, the silent gloom of its equatorial forests, and the almost limitless expanses of its glorious "veld," throw a mystic charm on all who behold it. Some people, who consider the land they live in the hub of the Universe, think of Africa as a place noted for heat, niggers, and Boers. Well, they are wrong; but for all that, our theme is going to be something pertaining to niggers, as to a good many less is known of them than of anything else. Let us imagine that we are witnessing the revival of a Kaffir war dance, unshorn of all its ceremonies.

In the kraal all is bustle and haste; the women and girls are attendant on their menfolk, and many of them look sad, for to-night some rich man, with plenty of oxen, will buy a wife or two, and it is nothing to look forward to.

Our eyes are riveted to the great parade ground, where suddenly we hear a stamp on the ground, a hoarse, guttural shout, and, with a rush like a breaker rolling on to the unresisting beach, a hundred plumed warriors advance into the arena. These are the veterans, and their scarred faces show, through the ochre, the signs of a score of battles. Look at their splendid physique, and their size—not one below six feet in height. They advance, they wheel, and, with a stamp of their feet that shakes the very ground, charge, with upraised spear and assegai, with shield extended, and head held on high. Woe betide their opponents!

But while we have been watching these more and more warriors have arrived, till the drill ground is black with the shining bodies of thousands upon thousands of fierce, yet disciplined soldiers, and as they advance and retreat, charge and wheel, our minds are brought back to the disastrous Zulu war of '79, and the Christmas of '50.

What a sight these men present, dressed in their picturesque garbs of feathers and leopard skins! What an awe-inspiring sight to see these thousands ready to go to war without hesitation at the instigation of the witch-doctor, who amongst the natives is omnipotent. It was owing to the fanaticism of one of these witch-doctors that, on February 27, 1857, the power of the Kaffirs was for ever broken. They had been deluded into destroying all the crops and herds, on the pretext that a day of resurrection would come, and on that day the British would be swept into the sea. On that day thirty thousands Kaffirs died through starvation!

However, to return to the dance: Tired with their march and drilling, and as the grey shades of dawn begin to make their way into the sky, and the bonfires burn low, the warriors return to their huts, or to those of their friends. Then follows beer drinking, and wife-beating. It seems marvellous to the civilised person to think of the "fair" sex being treated with such disrespect, and sold and made to work like so many cattle. But Kaffirs are Kaffirs, and, whatever the missionaries may say to the contrary, they always will be Kaffirs. A native is not a white man, nor can he be made to understand the white man's ways. The missionary teaches him the fundamental axiom that all men are equal in the eyes of God, but not what affects them more vitally, that they are unequal in the eyes of men. Nothing will bring more trouble to a country with a predominating native population than the sudden raising of the black man to the status of the white, or the lowering of the white man to the status of the black. We have been given our own positions in the world, and it is not for us to attempt to change them in a day.

SPORTS COLUMNS.

FOOTBALL.

As we pen these lines we begin to realise with regret that the favourite winter pastime is going out of season. With the lengthening of the days comes the sunshine, and a good twenty-five minutes' quarter of swift passing now makes us both hot and tired. However, we have had a good season, and though we lay aside our frayed jerseys with regret, some of us perhaps, for ever, we hope we speak truly when we state that we have played the game fairly and squarely. We have taken our defeats like men and our victories with modesty.

Firsts.

As mentioned last Term, our chief difficulty has been the want of teams to play. Scotch College and Grammar 2nds are too weak for us, but they both have obliged us with games when wanted.

MATCHES.

S.H.S. v. GRAMMAR FIRST.

This match was the outcome of our beating the Grammar Seconds so decisively. We knew that in challenging the premier school team of the island we were taking on a difficult proposition. However, though beaten, we were by no means disgraced, and our opponents complimented us on our fine display in holding them for three quarters. In the end we were beaten by five goals. Barling, Sellers, Hope, Collins, and Briggs did the bulk of our work.

S.H.S. v. HOBART HIGH SCHOOL.

This is the "piece de resistance" of our football programme. The match was a strenuous tussle from start to finish, and we desire to compliment our opponents on their improved display.

Of our men, the palm must be given to Collins and Jacques—the wing men—who both, although up against bigger men, completely outclassed their antagonists. Reg. Barling always plays with judgment, and on this occasion was never at fault. Jack Fahey was a power of strength on the back line, and Briggs, Campbell, and Munro bore the brunt of the ruck work with distinction. Sellers did fine work in the centre, and Cunningham, Hope, and Rule were handy at times.

Goal-kickers for us were Rosevears (2), Sellars (1), Cunningham (1), Farmilo (1), Monkhouse (1).

Kirby and Davey did the best work for South, and we would like to compliment Ken on his fine effort in the last quarter. The final scores were:—South, 5 goals 9 behinds; North, 6 goals 8 behinds.

S.H.S. v. SCOTCH COLLEGE.

S.H.S., 10 goals 21 behinds; Scotch, 4 goals 1 behind. Our best were Barling, Sellers, Rowell, Trethewie, and Rosevear.

We have met Grammar Firsts several times this term, and, though beaten, have not been annihilated. We hope to give them a still harder time in the near future.

Seconds.

We have been in regular training this year, and several of us hope to be numbered amongst next year's High School Champions.

Our scores have been mislaid, but our four most important matches were as follow:—

SECONDS v. GRAMMAR THIRDS.

This match was played on the Cricket Ground, and although a strong wind was blowing we managed to score a win. For the losers Fowler and Davis played the best game, while Pullen, Palamountain, and Thorne handled the ball with the best effect for our side.

SECONDS v. COMBINED STATE.

The combined wanted a practice match, so we consented to oblige them. The match was played on the Cornwall Ground, and the Combined ran home winners. Their members from the North-west greatly strengthened the team. Best players for the winners were Richards, Stearnes, Wright, and Dargaville; for us, Cartledge, Scott, and Farmilo did best work.

SECONDS v. SCOTCH COLLEGE.

This match was played on the Cornwall Ground. We had a good team, and it was perhaps the hardest football match we have played this season. Despite our efforts we were defeated by the narrow margin of 8 points. The best play for the winners was shown by Maddox, Balfe, Ingles, and Pitt, and for us by Pullen, Farmilo, Cartledge, Trethewie, and Kilby.

SECONDS v. GRAMMAR THIRDS.

This match was played on the Cricket Ground, and we ended with a big score to the good. Our win was mainly due to the efforts of Kilby, Farmilo, Trethewie, Cartledge, Pullen, and Rowell, while Goetze, Lakin, Hudson, and McKinstry were prominent players for the losers.

Thirds.

The career of the Third team this quarter has been marked by some fairly brilliant matches. The first match was attended by a success for the team against Grammar Thirds. This match was played on a very windy day, and in consequence it was very tiring. The S.H.S. Thirds won by a margin of two points.

Another match was played against Glen Dhu State School on the Recreation Ground. Scores: S.H.S. Thirds, 9 goals odd; Glen Dhu, nil.

Invermay was our next opponent, and proved to be a very tough one. After a very hard-fought battle Invermay came off victors. Scores: S.H.S. Thirds, 4 goals 3 behinds; Invermay, 5 goals 4 behinds.

On Wednesday we decided to try our luck against the S.H.S. Seconds. The Thirds put up a good fight, but, owing to the Seconds' superior weight, we came off second best.

Another victory was added to our list when we again played Grammar Thirds. Scores: S.H.S., 3 goals 5 behinds; Grammar, 3 behinds.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season is almost over, and sticks are being laid aside, while tennis racquets are re-strung and made ready again for use.

This Term the Firsts have played four matches, being beaten by College Seniors and Canberra, gaining an easy victory over the Seconds, and a draw with Westbury.

The girls are to be congratulated on the work they have done, and we wish them luck in coming seasons.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season ends with this quarter, and the girls are eagerly looking forward to the commencement of cricket. The second teams have done very good work during the quarter, several of the girls, especially Iris Pybus, Emily Barlow, Beulah Wilkins, and May Salter making good progress. A few trial matches were played with Charles-street team, and our girls scored very well indeed.

Owing to hockey matches all the first team have had no practice at all during the Term, and it has not been possible to get a full team to play against other schools. One match was played against Combined State Schools, but owing to three of our best players being absent, our team lost by five runs.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Miss Spotswood is away on sick leave, and we all miss her very much. We wish her a speedy return to the ranks of the hale and hearty.

Just recently we had a visitor in the person of our late teacher, Mr. Garrard. At the commencement of the war he volunteered for active service. He was accepted, and promoted to the rank of sergeant while in camp at Brighton, and has now left for the front.

It was very pleasing to receive a contribution to this issue all the way from Rocky Cape. That's right, Marjorie. Try again!

We can certainly say that more matter comes word for word from the pen of scholars in this number than has been the case in either of the previous issues. Nevertheless we are anxious for still more contributions from scholars both from within and without our walls. Try to remember this not later than the middle of November. It will help us.

For the various kinds of contributions which we invite we refer you to our March issue.

The subscription to "The Northern Churinga" will be 9d. per copy, or 1s. 6d. for this and the remaining issue for 1914. We still have a few copies of our March and June numbers—the two first issues of a Magazine which will live for many years to come, and can forward a limited number of copies (price 9d. each) to those who require them.

It has given us great pleasure to enrol the following friends and ex-scholars as subscribers for the year 1914:—Mr. Inspector Heritage, Miss McDonough, Mrs. Justin Browne, Miss Fahey, Miss Richardson, Ma Cooper, Amy Munro, Thelma Rockliff, Becky Good, Marjorie Smith, Florrie Lees, Kathie Barnes, Rev. J. W. Bethune, W. A. Downie, Esq., Carl Morris, Esq., Charlie Cunningham, Willie Mason, Bob Stevens, Alan Heasman, G. Stokes.