



THE



SPIKE

OR

Victoria University College Review

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THE SPIKE

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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REVIEW.

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Victoria University College, Wellington.

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Editorial.

The present time it may seem to many to be inopportune to discuss any questions not directly affecting the war. Nevertheless, in the short time that has elapsed since the dawn of Armageddon, two facts have been thrown into such full relief through the outbreak of hostilities, that, though they have no material bearing on the progress of the war, we cannot resist the temptation to discuss them. Let us refer to them briefly as "the political lessons of the war."

Our attention has been called to the subject through the publication, by the energetic agency of "The Round Table" in New Zealand, of a booklet entitled "Empire Problems." This consists of a number of reprints from "The Round Table," and its object is to draw attention to, and to arouse popular interest in the question of the future government of the Empire. Given a triumph for the Entente Powers (and, for us, failure is unthinkable) is it expedient to perpetuate the system of Empire governance by the dominant political party of Great Britain,

or is the time ripe for the substitution of a system, which shall be based upon the principle that every section of the Empire must be represented upon the Executive body controlling the Empire's destinies?

In discussing the political lessons of the war, we do not suggest that we are supplying an answer to this question, but we do suggest that the flood of light that has been thrown by the war upon the fundamental weakness of our political system has revealed the need for a great and definite reform, and that that reform is indicative of the lines of progress along which the Empire may develop.

The political lessons of the war are chiefly two:—

(1) The impossibility that the Empire should ever again submit the unfettered control of its fate to the dominant political party in Great Britain.

(2) The inherent weakness, the ill products and the thoroughly evil nature of the Party System of Government render constitutional reform imperative.

Let us consider these in turn. Doubtless we shall be accused of gross political bias in suggesting that English Liberalism has proved itself incapable of governing the Empire. Yes, with a full knowledge of all it conveys, we make that charge. The most casual student of English politics must be struck with the change in the foreign policy of England in the last ten years. In 1905 the Liberal Party assumed office. One year earlier the Conservative Ministry had concluded the famous "Entente Cordiale" with France. The Entente was the perfectly natural outcome of a natural movement in European politics. The series of brilliant and victorious wars waged by Germany from 1866 onwards made her the dominant power in Europe. These victories combined with her open and widely proclaimed declaration that she must have her "place in the sun" made it manifest to all European nations that a rearrangement of the Balance of Power was necessary in order to secure that there should be thrown into the scale a weight to counterbalance the weight of Germany. Hence arose the curiously vague, but very real agreement between France and Great Britain known as the "Entente." Later Russia, threatened on

her Western Front by Germany, and her equally ambitious ally—Austria—still weak from her conflict with Japan, became a third party to the Entente. England's position must be made perfectly clear. She did not become a partner in the Entente from a disinterested philanthropic desire to strengthen France against her powerful neighbour. She had in mind no purely moral considerations, such as the preservation of small states. She entered upon the agreement with France because the very existence of the British Empire was threatened. The conquest of France was but a stepping stone, and never anything but a stepping stone, in the German scheme of conquest. What Germany aimed at was world power. Long ago she realised that her last and greatest task was the destruction of the British Empire. This feeling made itself felt at least seventeen years ago in the writings of von Treitschke. German ambition made itself so manifest that England was obliged in self-defence to abandon her position of "splendid isolation," and to ally herself for defensive purposes with that nation, with which she had the common interest of self-preservation—France. France then, since she advent upon the scene of Germany and the Germanic scheme for world conquest, has been the buffer between England and Germany. First France, then England; these were the first two mile posts in the German plan of progress. This fact was realised by two of England's greatest diplomatists—King Edward VII. and Lord Landowne—and it was this fact that was the inspiration of the Entente. It were well that this should be realised by those nincompoops, who prate openly to-day of how nobly England has stood by her agreement with France. England has not stood nobly by her agreement with France. In the final week of July, 1914, when a firm attitude was needed the Liberal Ministry, with the exception of its Foreign Secretary, was despicably weak; when the German plan was approaching fruition, when an open and bold announcement by England, that she would not look on while France was attacked, might have prevented the war, the Liberal Ministry (again, with the exception of Sir Edward Grey) basely and ignominiously shelved the Entente and based its attitude

in the crisis upon the question of the neutrality of Belgium.

However, let us hark back to our argument from which we have made a necessary divergence in order to explain the nature of the common interest allying France and England.

A year after the completion of the Entente, as we have said, the Liberal Party assumed office, and it remained in office until the formation of the Coalition Cabinet in 1915. We base our charge against the Liberal Party in England upon the following grounds. In the first place the whole tendency of the Liberal Ministry since 1905 has been to weaken the Entente. The movement culminated in, as we have said, the shelving of the Entente in July, 1914. That England owed a definite duty to France was clearly recognised by Sir Edward Grey in a despatch of the 28th July, 1914. That the Liberal Party would not have obeyed its duty, had it not been for the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, we know from the open and shameless statement by Mr. Lloyd George in the March number of Pearson's Magazine. Here then is the first matter in which the Liberal Ministry has proved itself blameworthy. The Entente, which was far and away the strongest diplomatic move made by England for many years was first neglected and finally entirely disregarded by the Asquith Ministry.

In the second place, led by a number of men of German sympathies, of whom Lord Haldane is a typical example, the late Liberal Ministry, with a suicidal disregard for the facts, cultivated, at the expense of her friendship with France, a friendship with the very nation, which was daily increasing its preparations to fly at the throat of England. Not only this, but the Liberal Ministry for many years used to invite suggestions from Germany as to the English Army and Navy, with the result that the Estimates for the Army and Navy were lowered every year, while the members of the General Staff in Berlin grinned up their sleeves at the success of their scheme, and at the gullibility of Lord Haldane and of the other members of, what has been not inappropriately termed, the English "Potsdam Party."

In the third place, the Liberal Ministry proved from the beginning of its career, that it was fanatically pacific. The little Englander Liberals had sneered at the South African War. Pacificism was the creed of the bulk of the Liberal Party. This produced its inevitable effect. No sooner had the Party assumed office than the reduction in armaments began. In 1908 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reduced the naval programme, with the immediate result that Germany redoubled her construction of battleships. But the Ministry was not warned even by this. Disarmament became the order of the day. A short time ago the partner in a great munitions factory narrated how he went to the Liberal Ministry and informed it that his company must dismantle its huge and irreplaceable plant unless it received some encouragement from the Government. It received none. The plant was dismantled, and thousands of British lives are being sacrificed to-day through that lack of provision and foresight upon the part of the Liberal Ministry, of which this is a typical example. The truth is the Liberal Ministry was in the position of a trustee, under a moral obligation to show due care in the affairs of his *cestuis que trustent*. But so far from carrying out this obligation to show every care in safeguarding the interests of the Empire, the Liberal Ministry has been distinguished by nothing so much as an entire and reckless disregard of its responsibilities. The final blow has been dealt by that amazing man, Mr. Lloyd George, who has openly gloried in the fact that England was utterly unprepared for war.

The moral, of course, is that in the case of a vast and far-reaching organisation such as the British Empire, which has under its control huge tracts of unpopulated land, which administers justice and offers the boons of civilisation to great numbers of uncivilized peoples, pacificism is not practicable. To place a small directorate of some fifteen men, the bulk of whom are determinedly pacific, at the head of such an organisation is suicidal. It is quite possible that the dominant party in England might at any time in the future be again imbued with pacificism. Therefore such a contingency must be guarded against. It is most improbable that a director-

ate drawn from every portion of the Empire should be largely pacific. Circumstances seem to point to the fact that in the future the outlying portions of the Empire must be given some form of representation upon the body that is to govern the Empire. English Liberalism has proved the first fact that we set out to establish, viz., that the Empire must never again submit the unfettered control of its fate to the dominant political party in Great Britain. Probably this is the greatest service ever rendered to the Empire by the Liberal Party in England. But there is another service which it has rendered—it has made manifest to all but the most bigoted the thoroughly evil nature of the Party System of Government.

And that brings us to the second fact upon which the process of the war has thrown light—the evils and weaknesses of Party Government, and the need for constitutional reform. We do not propose to embark upon a lengthy discussion of the origin, nature, and history of Party Government. Its evils have been so widely recognised already in New Zealand that different schemes have been brought forward to supply a remedy. None of these has been received favourably, because of the popular, conservative distrust of reforms; but, so far as the politicians have been concerned, the opposition has mainly arisen out of the chief weakness of Party Government itself. It is a commonplace that Party Government offers the maximum of delay, inconvenience, and difficulty to any legislative measures, but for any reformative measures, as to which there is determined opposition, success is practically impossible under the Party system. Friction—the playing off of one party against another—is the “very breath and finer spirit” of Party Government. It is clear that under such a system of government by contest only a minimum of progress can be made. That such a system should continue while the Empire was engaged in a life and death struggle, when every day disclosed the need for the reform of some existing grievance, or the hasty passage of necessary legislation, soon became clearly impossible. Nominally, only two portions of the Empire have abandoned the Party system in favour of national government; but in reality every self governing

British State has done so. On 25th May the foundation of a National Cabinet in Great Britain was announced. The immediate cause has been usually attributed to the unfortunate controversy in the Admiralty, which led to the resignation of Sir John Fisher. As a matter of fact, however, it had become more and more apparent as the months rolled by that it was impossible for one party, unaided to carry on the government of the country and the direction of the war. The admission of the Unionist Party to a share in the government must have come sooner or later. Probably, if the Asquith Ministry had been strong and able, and not supine and incompetent, the coalition would have been delayed for some little time, but that it would have come in the end there does not now seem to be any reasonable ground for doubt.

Much is being written to-day of the effect of the war upon the Empire, upon the position of women, upon British customs and institutions, upon the problem of Home Rule, but surely all these considerations sink into insignificance beside the consideration of the effect that the war has had upon that peculiarly British institution by which we are governed, or to put it more truthfully—by which we are abjectly misgoverned. Future generations will have cause gratefully to remember the present world-wide conflict, if it has, as we trust, dealt a quietus to the Party system in all its evil, in all its viciousness, in all its corruption.

We do not know whether reform should lie in the direction suggested by the late Sir William Steward, namely, by the adoption of the Swiss system—the Elective Executive. We are inclined to think that the most suitable and convenient method would be to adopt a modification of the present makeshift system. We should like to see every Party represented on the Executive in proportion to its numbers. But whatever remedy is found, we can heartily express one hope—that we have witnessed the final departure from the Empire of the Party System.

So far, then, we suggest that the war has revealed the need for two great reforms—the Empire must not run the risk of being governed again by a pacific Ministry, and there must be reform of our Party system. Now we be-

gan by suggesting that the reform rendered necessary by the war would indicate the lines of progress along which the Empire might successfully develop; and, indeed, it seems to us that the abolition of the Party system would be the first step towards the solution of the problem of Empire government. What that solution may prove to be, we do not presume to suggest. The finest intellects within the Empire have paused aghast at the number and complexity of the questions involved. Nevertheless the wisdom of admitting the self-governing colonies to a share in the government of the Empire would seem to be manifest. So also, it seems to us, the abolition of Party Government would prove to be a measure fruitful of good results for the solution of the problem—what is the best method of governing the Empire?

FROM TRENTHAM.

Lydia, die per omnes.—Hor. Od. I., 8.

Dora, by all that's kind,
 Why ruin Archie with your love? The scamp,
 Who once thought nothing of the hardest grind,
 Now keeps away from camp.

Why does he no more care
 To take with us the matutinal dip,
 And charm the public with his martial air
 And finished horsemanship?

Why is it now a bore
 To bruise his shoulder at the butts, when he
 Won the Gold medal with the biggest score
 E'er made with a .303?

Say! does he hide his light,
 As did Achilles ere Troy's day was come,
 Lest, donning khaki, he be sent to fight
 The hordes of Junkerdom?

—H.L.F.

Roll of Honour.

The following is a list of students who have been killed or wounded at the Dardanelles. The list is by no means complete, and we should be grateful for information concerning those who have answered the call of duty :—

KILLED.

DUNDON, William Thomas.—Attended lectures during the years 1910, 1911, and was for several seasons a member of the Cricket Club. Dundon enlisted as a private in the Main Body.

GOULDING, John Hannington.—Attended lectures 1901 to 1907. Graduated B.A. 1906, M. A. 1907. He enlisted shortly after the Main Body left, and was appointed a Captain in the 3rd Reinforcements. Shortly after landing he was engaged in some severe trench fighting, and was killed by a bomb.

MILLS, John Edmund (Lance-Corporal).—Attended lectures 1909-1913. Mills graduated B.A. in 1913, and subsequently moved to Levin, whence he joined the Main Body of the N.Z. Expeditionary Force. Mills was killed during a fierce assault with the bayonet on a Turkish trench.

JACKSON, George Covell.—Attended lectures 1909 to 1913. He graduated B.A. in 1912, and subsequently entered the legal profession at Hamilton. On the outbreak of war, Jackson joined the Auckland Mounted Rifles, and took part in the fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula, where he received the wounds which caused his death. G. C. Jackson was one of the best students at Victoria College—a man who took part in every side of University life, and who did not hesitate to sacrifice himself to further the interests of his Alma Mater. Those of us who knew him well appreciated to the full his sterling character, and feel a deep personal loss at his death.

PHILLIPS, Charles Ernest.—Attended lectures during the years 1909, 1910. Phillips was a prominent member of the 'Varsity Football Club. He enlisted as a private in the Main Body, and was killed early in the fighting at the Dardanelles

RANDRUP, Helger Bro.—Attended lectures 1906, 1907. Played for the 'Varsity Cricket Club. Randrup was also a private in the Main Body of the Expeditionary Force.

RULE, William Bramwell.—Attended lectures during the years 1909 and 1910. Kept 2nd year's terms in 1910. Subsequently he transferred to Canterbury College.

STOCKER, Ingelow Penrose Dunbar.—Attended lectures during the year 1911. Was a sergeant in the N.Z. Expeditionary Force. Stocker was mentioned in dispatches for bravery at Gallipoli, where later he was mortally wounded.

TATTLE, Philip Gardiner.—Attended lectures 1906, 1907. In the latter part he kept terms in his subjects. He enlisted in the Main Body as a private, and subsequently was promoted to lance-corporal. Tattle was killed in action at the Dardanelles.

WINDER, Holloway Elliot.—Matriculated in 1908, and for several years attended law lectures. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war, and was appointed a lieutenant in the 3rd Reinforcements. Winder was killed in action shortly after landing in Turkey.

WOUNDED.

ATKINSON, Gerald Innes.—Attended lectures during year 1913.

DELAMORE, Adrian Wilmot.—Attended law lectures for several years. Graduated LL.B. 1913, LL.M. 1914. Delamore was a sergeant in the Headquarters Staff of the Auckland Infantry Battalion, Main Body.

- EAST, Alfred F. D.**—Attended lectures 1906-1908 and from 1910 up till time of his enlistment in N.Z. M.C., Main Body. East was a member of the Football Club for a number of years. From accounts received, it appears that up to the time of being wounded, East has done good work as a stretcher bearer on the Peninsula of Gallipoli.
- ELLIS, Sidney Robert.**—Attended lectures 1912, 1913, 1914.
- FAWCETT, Thomas.**
- HALL-JONES, Frederick G.**—Attended lectures 1909-1913. Graduated B.A. 1912, LL.B. 1914. Hall-Jones was an indefatigable worker in all branches of University life; a real hustler for the College. He enlisted in the Main Body; was made a corporal; and has taken part in a good deal of the fighting at the Dardanelles. He was wounded while taking a Turkish trench at the point of the bayonet. The trench was taken, and for this feat Hall-Jones was promoted to sergeant-major.
- HILL, Reginald Bernard.**—Attended lectures 1906, 1909. Graduated LL.B. 1914. Enlisted as a private in the 3rd Reinforcements. Member of the V.C. Football Club
- HOGBEN, George M.**—Attended lectures 1903, 1904. Is a sergeant in the Main Body, N.Z.E.F. Hogben has been twice wounded.
- INDER, Eric Wyles.**—Trooper in the Mounted Rifles, Main Body. Inder attended law lectures 1908, 1909, 1910.
- McCRAW, William T.**—Attended lectures 1911, 1912, 1913. Went to Samoa, and on his return immediately re-enlisted in the 4th Reinforcements. McCraw was severely wounded, a bullet breaking the bone of the upper arm
- McKENZIE, Frank E.**—Attended lectures 1909-1912. Won a Senior Scholarship in History, and graduated B.A. 1912. The same year he was V.U.C. candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship. He subsequently

gained the LL.B. degree. McKenzie enlisted as a private in the Auckland Battalion, Main Body, and was afterwards promoted to corporal. He was in the same platoon as F. Hall-Jones, and was one of the party which captured the trench mentioned previously, being wounded in the leg. For his coolness on this occasion McKenzie was made platoon sergeant.

SEDDON, Samuel Thomas.—Attended science lectures 1913. Was a private in the Main Body.

SEDDON, George Hume.—Attended law lectures 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914. Seddon was a private in the 4th Reinforcements.

SHORTT, John Lawrence.—Attended lectures 1906-1910. Gained degree of LL.B. 1909. Was a member of Football Club, and one-time President of Students' Association. Enlisted at the outbreak of war, and was appointed captain in the Auckland Mounted Rifles. Shortt has been three times wounded.

SKINNER, Henry Devenish.—Attended lectures 1905, 1906, 1907. Was first librarian at Victoria College. Enlisted as a private.

Of those mentioned in our last issue, Clachan and Bertrand have again been wounded. Clachan was severely wounded by a bomb while fighting in Flanders.

Poetry and Patriotism.

“Britain’s myriad voices call,
Sons, be wedded, one and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul—
One life, one fleet, one flag, one throne!
Britons, hold your own!”

He who attempts to define poetry is undertaking a task which it is almost impossible to perform. It is true that there are many definitions of poetry, but it is difficult to find one which will include all that is denoted by the word. One cannot help being attracted by that given by Edgar A. Poe—“poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty.” But this definition, tending as it does to reduce poetry merely to the expression of emotion, is only a half-truth. It is, of course, a truism that emotion is the creative force and directing power of all poetical expression. But there seems to be something lacking in the definition. Emotion must be chastened and purified; it must be transformed by the imagination. Even the definition of Mr. Watts-Dunton, that “poetry is the concrete expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language,” though it seems to include all the essential elements of poetic composition, does not show their interdependence. There is something in the subject that defies analysis, and definition of necessity implies analysis. One feels, one knows, that certain verses are poetry, but often, if one is asked to explain why, one feels at a loss, and is unable to give an adequate reason. For my own part, in order to escape from attempting to achieve the unachievable, I am more than content to echo the words of Professor Dixon.—“We may freely premise that a definition of poetry is impossible.”

But there is one fact that can be established, and that is that poetry, in its best aspect, is an interpretation of life. It is “not a chronicle of things,” but “a chronicle of thought about things,” and in our humble attempts to form some kind of philosophy of life, we are

most truly guided by the poets. Here let me repeat that emotion is the creative force and directing power of poetry. And let us remember that emotion may rise not merely from the facts of External Existence, but from those of our intimate personal life—the life not only within the brain, but in the depths of one's soul.

Trite and commonplaces as the remarks may appear, one of the best and noblest emotions is love of country. No matter what the peacock-like cynic, conscious and conceitedly proud of his allegedly clever cynicism, may aver, patriotism has always been one of the strongest passions of man. In all nations, in all ages, love of and belief in one's own land has been part of man's creed. Israel, Greece, Rome—each can tell its tales of devotion, of heroism, of self-sacrifice. But my field is not the broad one. I wish to touch on that English poetry which has for its origin devotion to a cause, to an ideal, which, to use a more genuine term, springs from love of country. The early devotion to the lord, the "ring giver of men," was replaced by the semi-business-like feudal system, which, disappearing in the course of the centuries, was replaced by a more catholic devotion to country—a devotion that had remained with Englishmen through the dark period of medievalism, and that now at last was to receive adequate expression. The national idea has been fixed in the hearts of Britons for centuries. It thrives under oppression, and not all the brutality that is often shown to a subjugated people has sufficient power to put out the divine spark. The Welsh when driven from their original territory, the English under the Norman heel, the Irish during years of misgovernment—all retained with an ardour nothing could diminish, love of their nation, and its traditions. And from this love has sprung much of the best poetry we have.

Which of the three forms of poetry—epic, lyric, or dramatic—is the most suitable medium in this respect is not to be discussed here. The vital question of the relation of form and matter is a task beyond the power of the writer, even were he allowed the space. It is, however, worthy of note that there is no great *national*

epic in English literature. Our earliest epic poem, "Beowulf," is in no sense national. Though the language is English, England is not once mentioned throughout the poem. Shakespeare has given us some superb specimens of dramatic poetry dealing with national events; and dramatic poetry is considered by many to be the supreme test of a nation's poetic greatness, but perhaps the lyric, coming as it does straight from the heart, and expressing primarily human emotions, has furnished us with the best examples of what we may term the poetry of patriotism. "Religion, love, patriotism; these are the chief springs of song. . . . In these relationships, whence spring the intensest and most spontaneous of our joys and sorrows, the roots of lyric poetry are deeply struck."

In our earliest literature we have verse dealing with events of national moment. Such are the poetical accounts of the Battle of Brunanburh and the Battle of Maldon. Others chronicle the fidelity of warriors to their lord, devotion to whom was the keynote of the warrior's life. "Better avenge a friend than idly deplore him," Beowulf says to King Hrothgar. And Wiglaf's biting accusation of his less courageous comrades who deserted Beowulf in his last great fight is a good example of the steadfast devotion of a "companion" to his ring-giver.

The "Brut" of Layamon, a lengthy history of England in verse, is a work that is worth noting, though he who to-day attempts to peruse it is indeed a courageous and patient man.

Robert of Gloucester's "Chronicle" is a striking work, and his description of England, though too long to quote, and perhaps partaking overmuch of the nature of a geographical and botanical catalogue, contains several memorable lines.

For some time French influence was predominant in English literature, but the old English racial pride was too strong to be left under restraint; and a determined attempt was made to oust the French influence. The most aggressive of these attempts was "The Vision of

Piers the Ploughman," a fierce indictment of the leaders of both Church and State. Though there are no passages that may be called patriotic in the modern acceptation of the term, yet the whole poem, with its aggressive return as far as was possible to a vocabulary of purely English origin, is a striking tribute to the dogged tenacity of the English people.

A similar spirit, through lacking the defiant challenge of Langland, may be found in Lawrence Minot, who, however, still acknowledged the French as his masters in the art of versification. The following is a verse from a poem on an English sea-victory:—

"Boy with thi blac berd, I rede thou blin,*
 And sone set the to schrive with sorow of thy sin:
 If thou were on Ingland nought saltout win.
 Come thou more on that coste thi bale sall begin.
 Thare kindels thy care, kene men sall the kepe,
 And do the dye on a day, and domp in the depe."

The above lines, addressed to the Genoese pirate Barbenoire, with the excellent promise contained in the last line, might well be addressed to the arch-pirate and murderer of Germany, von Tirpitz.

The earliest Scottish poet was John Barbour, and the noble lines on freedom, quoted hereunder, are surely worthy of a place in any patriotic anthology.

"A! Fredome is a noble thing!
 Fredome mayse† man to haif liking;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis—
 He livis at ese that frely livis!
 A noble hart may haif nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht‡ that may him please,
 Gif fredome fail'th; for fre liking
 Is yharnit over all other thing."

It is impossible to turn to Elizabethan literature without mentioning one or two names of importance. One poet whose merits have been the subject of much

*blin—cease. †saltou—shalt thou.

‡Mayse—makes, causes.

‡No ellys nocht—nor anything else.

controversy is John Skelton, whose "Boke of Philip Sparrow" is a worthy forerunner of Butler's "Hudibras." He was intensely English, and his "Balade of the Scotysch Kinge," in which he exults over the victory of Flodden, though not in the best of taste if judged by modern standards, is typical of the spirit of the time. Of the poems of the Scot Dunbar, I wish to mention only two, "The Thistle and the Rose," and "The Solden Targe," both of which, though of no especial merit, contain passages "of genuine national feeling."

Omitting the ballads, let us pass to what may be termed post-Renaissance literature. Though of necessity at first a literature of experiment, it became, owing to the influence of the Reformation added to that of the Renaissance, the greatest period of English literature, the period that gave us our Shakespeare. It was in this age, when Englishmen began to make the name of England hated and respected, feared and loved, over all Europe, when the great feats of Elizabethan seamen stirred the hearts of their fellow-countrymen, that English poetry began to take on a distinctive patriotic tone. The achievements of England in the fight for religious freedom, and in the realms of literature, discovery, and war, generated a feeling of national pride that has never departed. And that spirit naturally found its truest expression in the verses of the poets. I am compelled only to mention Spencer's allegorical "Faerie Queene," Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt," and his genuinely patriotic, though at times tedious, "Polyolbion," with its memorable lines invoking the genius of England. Others, too, might be mentioned, but though stars in a brilliant firmament, their light is dimmed by the radiance of one brighter than them all.

With such a wealth of material at one's disposal, one finds it exceedingly difficult to choose a passage for quotation. "King Henry the Fifth," redolent of the Elizabethan spirit with which Shakespeare infused it, is a paean in praise of England's prowess; but, it is marked by a moderation that becomes a conquering nation. Henry's prayer before battle, his appeal, with its keynote of patriotism, to his soldiers at Harfleur, and

his address before Agincourt—any one of these shows with clear-cut precision the new national spirit. Two others cannot be passed over—Gaunt's words in the second act of "Richard the Second," and Cranmer's apostrophe of the infant princess Elizabeth, in "Henry the Eight." But I have selected for quotation not one of those, but the closing lines of King John—lines which at present are pregnant with meaning for us all.

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conquerer,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

• • • • •
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue.
If England to itself do rest but true."

One quotation from Milton will suffice, as illustrating the part that England has so often played of protecting weaker peoples. This grand sonnet might almost be a prayer to God for vengeance on the Germans for their bloody deeds in Belgium.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.
Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: In Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

In the long list of names that now come it is possible to mention only a few of the most prominent. Cowper's poetry, though little read to-day, contains some splendid passages. The lines beginning, "England!

with all thy faults I love thee still," and the lines of liberty, both from "The Task," are selected at random as examples. Thomas Campbell's splendid sea-song, "Ye Mariners of England," needs no introduction, nor does his "Battle of the Baltic," nor his "Men of England." I make no excuse for feeling compelled to quote two verses of the first-mentioned:

The spirits of your fathers
shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow!
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Scott, Wordsworth, Browning (to some extent), Swinburne, Kipling, and hosts of others have given expression in their poetry to the feeling of pride in and love of their country and what it stands for. Two of Wordsworth's sonnets, "Destiny," and "the Motherland" are exquisite of their kind. Here is the latter:

"It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands

Should perish, and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

Tennyson is probably the most widely read of nineteenth century poets, and for that reason it is scarcely necessary to quote from him here, though he has written some of the finest patriotic verse in the language.

Swinburne's "England" deserves a special place. To abridge it were to mar it; rather than do this, I quote the famous lines on England from "The Armada":

"England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle
 enrings thee around,
 Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place of thy
 foeman found?
 Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them stricken,
 acclaims thee crowned.

Times may change, and the skies grow strange with signs of
 treason and fraud and fear:
 Foes in union of strange communion may rise against thee
 from far and near:
 Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers waxing
 from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should league and lie
 and defame and smite,
 We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred burns of the
 sons of night,
 We that love thee, behold above thee the witness written of life
 in light.

Light that shines from thee shows forth signs that none may
 read not but eyeless foes:
 Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful now but as
 madness grows:
 Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy glory, beholds
 and glows.

Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, forsaking the
face of truth :

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again from thy
deathless youth :

Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou the prey
of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to sting thee
at heel in vain :

Craft and fear in mistrust may leer and mourn and murmur and
plead and plain :

Thou art thou : and thy sunbright brow is hers that blasted the
strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in place of thee
England's place :

Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of record, so
clothed with grace :

Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as strong or as
fair of face.

How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear take hold of thy
heart? of thine,

England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life and with
hopes divine?

Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold not light in
her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by grace of thy
glory, free,

Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope to serve as
he worships thee ;

None may sing thee: the sea bird's wing beats down our songs
as it hails the sea."

Of the others I mention in passing Mrs. Hemans's "England's Dead"—in several verses reminiscent of parts of "The Song of the English"—Sir Francis Doyle's "Red Thread of Honour," Newbolt's stirring verse, and much of Henleys poetry. These are not all, but they will suffice.

This brings us to the last phase of the poetry of patriotism—the phase of which Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the apostle. I refer to Imperialism. With the growth of

the British overseas empire, a new spirit has arisen. The ties that bound the Motherland to her colonies were once of the flimsiest texture; and the attitude of many British politicians served rather to weaken than to strengthen the bonds. Even of late years—yes, even in 1914—the little Englander dared to raise his rasping carping voice. But inevitably the idea of Imperialism has gripped the whole nation, and the present struggle for national existence will, it is our fervent wish, complete the union of the Motherland with her children states. Mr. Kipling has given perfect expression to the spirit of Empire, to the spirit of self-sacrifice which moves men to risk everything for their country's cause. Notwithstanding certain critics in the Quaker press, Mr. Kipling is emphatically not a "Jingo." His call rings true and clear, and he who finds no answering echo in his bosom, is a subject rather for pity than for anger. Just two quotations—I implore forgiveness for omitting the "Recessional" and the "Hymn before Action"—the first from the "Flag of England":

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake,
 But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's
 sake—
 Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
 Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is
 stayed."

The second is part of England's answer to her colonies, from "The Song of the English":

"Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
 And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your
 lands.
 This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattlebloom,
 This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom.
 The Law that ye make shall be law, and I do not press my
 will,
 Because ye are the Sons of the Blood and call me Mother still.
 Now must ye speak to your kinsmen, and they must speak to
 you,
 After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
 Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
 Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
 Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of
 men!"

And now let me make my apology. This article has been hurriedly written. The quotations have been selected, not necessarily because the writer thinks them the best, but because he happens personally to prefer some of them, and because they were the most easily accessible. But perhaps they may serve to show that what Mr. W. E. Henley has called "the sacred quality of patriotism" has inspired the greatest of the English poets. That it will continue to be a cherished passion with all Britons is surely axiomatic. No matter what we may lightly say to hide our real feelings, we feel in our hearts that we shall always be, "one with Britain, heart and soul."—C.

KULTUR.

A PARODY (see Emerson's "Culture.").

(To the Kaiser).

Your rules and tutors educate
 The superman whom you await.
 He will be militant,
 Relentless and adamant,
 Alive to influence of law,
 In Nature's tooth and claw;
 Not sensitive to spirit touch
 Of man or maid, as such;
 So, to his native centre fast,
 Would unto Future fuse his Past,
 And the World's fates to his own Hunnish mould recast.

The Dead Shrine.

Peace over the roar. Even the sea,
Keeping a dread roll like wingless fate,
Seemeth to hush when the last star
Closes its weary eye.

Long, long have I watched, marking how near
Unto the wide sea the night shades are,
Jealous to see even the white sheen
Cast by the shrouded moon.

Far over the hills my eyes were strained
After the pale glow that warmed my shrine,
Fanned by a wind lost in the dim night,
Here by the mocking tide.

No light from the fires now they have sunk ;
Only the dull surge along the shore
Beats on my heart, where once the bright shrine
Wafted its tender flame.

What if my shrine be not re-lit
After the live dawn with tapering light
Flameth to day, why should my numb soul
Sigh for a borrowed fire?

Why should the seas cruelly mock
As they of late mocked my shrivelled thoughts,
Seeming like fate driven with slow wheels
Over my darkened brain?

Surely the waves take a new gleam
When first the great sun his forehead shows,
And this my hope—my soul itself may
Burn with the sun's own heat.

Then shall this tide fall on the shore
Jewelled with warm love, showering spray
Over the sand, whiter than shed pearls,
Softer than tears for me.

—M.E.H.

Preliminary Notes for a Dissertation upon the Professor.

The output of literary works in New Zealand is daily increasing. Works upon the fauna and the flora of the country may everywhere be had; works upon the coal reefs, works upon the physiography of the country, works upon the Maori, works upon paper-bag cooking, theses upon volcanoes and atmospheric disturbances everywhere abound; a New Zealand literature, we are told, is actually springing up. Yet in all the authorities we have consulted, we have been unable to find one word concerning one of New Zealand's most interesting and original little animals. We refer, of course, to "the professor." We feel certain that this omission is due to carelessness upon the part of our writers and thinkers, and we append these hurried notes simply with a view to arousing a general interest in the subject. We hope that some abler pen than ours will take the matter up, and give to the waiting world a full thesis.

We do not propose to treat at length of the origin and early history of the professor. Suffice it to mention, in passing, that though not native to the Dominion, its migration hither was noticeable at an early date, and, indeed, new species of the genus yearly arrive, some for a permanent, others for only a temporary sojourn. Nor do we propose to discuss at greater length the characteristics of the more strongly differentiated types. Some two years ago watchful observers noted with interest the activity of a previously unknown species—the "Agitator," or "Millsicius." However, the soil of the country proved unfavourable, and after some months of eager life, this little stranger spread its wings, and betook itself to its native land. No more has been heard of it since.

But it is of the "professor academicus" that we wish to treat, and we may say that we have found the study of this fascinating little fellow to be most interesting. In the first place, attention must be drawn to its extraordinary, propagandist nature. It would seem that the professor is temperamentally unable to resist forcing its views

upon anyone it may meet. No sooner does an idea occur to the professor, than straightway he must make it known to all with whom he comes in contact.

In fact, competent observers record the extraordinary fact that the professor even goes to the length of formulating its views upon any given subject, and committing these views to paper. To these views, when so formulated, the professor gives the infelicitous name of "lectures." This seems amazing enough, but there is more to record. No sooner have these "prelectiones" or "lectures" been finished, than the professor, with the propagandist instinct strong upon it, sets about to collect as many humans as possible into, what it terms, a "class." This class it proposes to imbue with its views. Not unnaturally the members of the class are often bored, and always sceptical. Nevertheless the professor resents their lack of interest in the most savage manner. It is even said the vindictive animal goes to the length of plucking particularly contumacious members, but, for our part, we can not believe that this horrible practice can really exist.

It is also regrettable to record that a very strongly developed gambling instinct is characteristic of the professor. So far, in fact, has it become the slave of this passion, that, in conjunction with all its kind, the professor arranges a kind of annual orgy of gambling—a form of lottery, to which it gives the specious name of "the pass examination." This in itself is bad enough, but there is worse to record. In order to extract the quintessence of enjoyment from its cruel sport, the professor conducts personally an earlier lottery, or preliminary canter, which it describes as "the terms examination." The winners in this preliminary test are then fattened up by the professor for the great day in the gala month of November. The idea, of course, is that poor performers in the preliminary canter will thus be weeded out. We hear, however, on good authority that the professor's expectations of a successful meeting not infrequently have been upset. Indeed, fortunate winners in the preliminary canters are often found to have come the most horrible "muckers" when the numbers have gone up for the final tests.



THE EXECUTIVE, 1915.

The professor is by nature a timid animal, and seldom acts without the normal support of others of his kind. For instance, it is a common thing to hear of the regulations, rules or "regulæ" promulgated by a professorial board (the name applied to a heart-to-heart talk between two or more professors), but one very seldom hears of a professor's issuing rules upon its own initiative.

A pleasant trait in the professor is its great industry. He is a very faithful animal, and has been known to answer to pet names—such, for instance, as "Tommy" or "Mack."

Song—"We Remember."

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

Dedicated to the Glee Club.

He.

I remember, I remember,
 The jam-pots on the shelf;
 I used to sip them valiantly
 When I was by myself.
 It was a boyish innocence,
 But now, 'tis little joy
 To know I'm not so near to heaven
 As when I was a boy.

She

I remember, I remember,
 —It was a frightful shame—
 I sneaked the cream, and jellies too,
 And gave the cat the blame.
 It was a girlish innocence;
 And now I'm all a-swirl
 To think I'm not so near to heaven
 As when I was a girl.

They.

We remember, we remember,
The jam-pots and the jam,
The currants, and the raisins too,
And sandwiches of ham.
They tasted so deliciously
To us, when we were young,
That even now we often think
We've got them on our tongue.

He.

I remember, I remember,
When I was at the Coll.,
I used to think that I might drink
And talk with pretty Poll ;
It was confounded ignorance,
And proved no source of joy
To find that she could drink but tea,
And was so blooming coy !

She.

I remember, I remember,
When I was at the Coll.,
I used to think that I could **wink**,
Or take a spoony stroll.
It was my awful innocence,
But 'tis no little joy
To think that even then I got
My eye upon a boy.

All.

And now we would express the hope
That, in the coming days,
We may have health and strength to work,
And so improve our ways ;
That it may ever be, to all,
As plain as plain can be,
That we deserve to go to heaven
And its felicity.

—H.K.

A Review and a Suggestion.

We have been handed for review a pamphlet entitled, "Rules for the Work of the English Classes in the University of Otago." We have found the perusal of this work very interesting indeed. We make from it, the following extracts :—

" Write your answers in black ink, and one side of the paper only.

" Do not write in the margin.

" Number your answers. It is safer also to number your pages ; but, if you arrange them in consecutive order, that will be sufficient.

" When you pass from one aspect of a subject to another, indicate that you do so by leaving a space of about half a line.

" Questions will not be answered after the first ten minutes of the examination, as such a practice is very distracting to candidates.

" In order that students may see that their work is done in proper order, they may bring this Book of Rules to the examination room for consultation."

From the chapter headed "Hints in regard to Examinations," we gather the impression that the author is a shrewd gentleman, well acquainted with the doings of candidates. His advice is—"Never insert irrelevant matter in an Examination Paper. Some examiners deduct marks for irrelevant matter . . . in addition, such a practice makes an examiner suspicious." True, very true !

Three very neat definitions are given. They are—

" *Accuracy*—No blunders."

" *Fulness*—Nothing essential omitted."

" *Relevance*—Nothing put in unless it is asked for."

There is an interesting passage on "annotating," in which we are told that "annotating and paraphrasing are altogether different exercises." Nor has the careful author omitted to include a model for the outside page of

essays. There are two highly instructive passages dealing with "Absence from Classes" and "Class Rules." But, in our opinion, the gem of this valuable work is to be found in the all too brief chapter headed "Penalties." From this we learn that the hapless student is liable to incur the following penalties :—

- " For writing on both sides—5 marks."
- " Sheet or answer out of order—5 marks"
- " Wrong bench—2 marks."
- " Unattached page—2 marks."
- " No name given—2 marks."
- Etc., Etc.

We have been so impressed by this pamphlet that we are moved to suggest the addition of the following rules, which we feel sure the author will welcome :—

- (1) There will be merry Hades to pay if candidates are copped (or should it be 'copt') talking in the examination room.
- (2) Avoid the unnecessarily ornate. You gain nothing by referring to a man as a "galoot" or a "mugwump," when the simple expression "a balmy bloke" would do.
- (3) On no account leave blots on your paper. Such a practice makes the examiner think you have spilt ink.
- (4) Avoid Americanisms. In particular, never refer to a young lady as "some kid."
- (5) Metaphors judiciously used are very effective, but care should be exercised in their use. Thus one should not speak of "wrapping" oneself around a sandwich," nor should one invite another to "mop up" a long shandy.
- (6) "Damn" and "dam" are altogether different words. Their use is illustrated thus : "Well, I'm *damned*," you may rightly say when you enter the examination room. On the other hand, the expression, "Well I'm *dammed*" can only properly be used at 10 o'clock in the evening.
- (7) If you write answers on luncheon paper—God help you!

- (8) The expression "What ho! she bumps!" is not now accounted good English, and its use is deprecated.
- (9) In writing essays on Shakesperean subjects, students should exercise due care in the choice of expletives. Thus, "Zounds," "By me Halidome," "Odd's fish," and "God Wot," are permissible. On the other hand, "'Struth!" and "'strousers" have not yet received the hall-mark of academic approval.
- (10) In the event of a shortage of pens, students should not use a blunt skewer, but recourse may be had to the use of a dead fly at the end of a knitting needle. N.B.—Care should be taken in such a case to see that the fly is dead.

A Fantasy.

Votary whose shrine is the dim twilight,
 Mother of evening, taking in your lap
 The infant stars so feebly yet enkind'ed,
 Nursing their fire to concentrated flame,
 My sacred priestess, can I help remember
 The way you led me one divinest eve,
 When all the herald freshness of the dew,
 Distilled on faded rows of tattered pinks
 In city yards, did pilot through the airs
 That brushed our face, and your voice circled me.
 And as we walked the meadow grass, behold
 The thistle's pallid down begemmed our feet,
 And every drop that leapt the shredded waterfall
 Resounded in its sphere with phantom bells
 A-swinging in a gallery of dreams.
 We loitered on the stern cliff's ragged edge ;

I have a vision now of the wide sea
That turned her ripples to the laughing moon.
It was the landscape of another world,—
Wave after wave like grass before the wind
Rolled on to break in flowering beds of foam,
White lily stoles and bleaching daisy stars,
And snowdrops that resolved themselves to pearls,
All sweetly blooming in a bed of tears.

A fairer garden earth has never seen,
And yet how soon to fade! How soon to die!
How soon to melt upon the languorous air
And vanish from the changeful eye of night,
As if it were a dream too spiritual,
Too sensitive and fragile not to shrivel
At a touch from that dark ruthless hand
Whose clutches would extinguish moon and stars.

For now the wild beat chiller, and a boding sound
Rose from the hollow caves that once did greet
The waves with a reverberating welcome
From their echoing roofs. "Ah, evening's mother,
Leave me not, fold round my trembling form
Your pitying arms," I cried, "and me revive."
The shrill winds cooed and laughed in mocking answer,
The face of Night robbed of her kindly eyes
Seemed dark and pitiless. I stumbled on
Among the hills whose sides were rougher now.
And stretched wild hands into the foggy dark,
If by some chance they might find rest in yours,
But they would only strike the cutting gorse
Or beat upon the drear manuka bush.
And so night blackened on till morning came,
And with the morning rose a whisper song,
Elusive, evanescent, touched with hope
As by the dim foretelling of a Son of Man.

Hark to the brush of sea-birds' fleet wings
Among the rocks where the wild sea flings
Eerie arms to the distant sky
For those who must drown and die.

And the soft lisp of morning's young leaves,
Inspired by a wind which half believes
Them her children, and croons a song
That cannot be sad for long.

There is a whisper softer than these.
It comes and goes with the fitful breeze,
Like the pulse of a subtle thought
That wakes in a mind untaught.

Fair evening, tender evening, come again!
What polished moons have hung a cold half-circle,
What moons have mellowed to a disc of fire,
What stars have nightly strung a beaded pathway
Across the dazzling bosom of the sky
Since last I sang to hear that chastened whisper!
Evening's mother, was it my own sorrow
Did cast a silent curtain on my soul
That could eclipse the music of your voice,
And were the visions there if eyes could see them,
And your sweet symphonies for hearkening ears?

So deep a silence we wrap round our spirits,
Love's voice can wake in us no sweet response;
So dark the mind can shutter its own windows,
The forms of Heaven pass by invisible.

—M.E.H.



CAPPING DAY

This year the capping ceremony was held on the 25th June, in the Town Hall. The customary Carnival, the procession, the dance, and the Graduates' and Undergraduates' dinners were abandoned. The ceremony followed the lines of the 1914 ceremony. It took the form of a presentation of the graduates of the year to a distinguished public man—in this instance the Hon. Sir Francis Bell, K.C. Proceedings commenced at 8 o'clock with the singing of two time-honoured songs—"The Song of Victoria College" and "Gaudeamus." Mr. F. R. Robertson conducted. He paid very close attention to the score, and caused some discussion in the audience through the peculiar, perpendicular action of his right arm, as to whether he was practising jiu jitsu. Following these two items, came the Glee Club with "Moonlight." Some unkind person was heard to say that it was all moonshine. Then the Club fiercely attacked Edward German's "Love is meant to make us glad." In this case it did not succeed. The only cheering episode was a courageous solo by Mr. Evans, who sang with great conviction, "Oh, 'tis folly." This was a wicked piece of criticism on the part of Mr. Evans, but it was immensely appreciated by the audience.

The Chairman of the College Council, Mr. C. Watson, then addressed the gathering. Mr. Watson dwelt at length upon the causes of the war, and his reading of the list of those past and present students of the College who were engaged on active service evoked warm applause. The Hon. Sir John Findlay, K.C., spoke very eloquently upon the part played by University men in the war. He considered that the suggestion, that higher education had unfitted men for war, was for ever disproved. It is regrettable to record that a section of the students seized the opportunity afforded by Sir John's speech to indulge in

some unpardonable horseplay. No reasonable person would object to timely and witty interjections ; but every reasonable person feels disgusted when a public man of Sir John Findlay's standing is subjected to an unending stream of pointless and asinine comment from a number of University students. Such treatment of a public man is not only a deplorable breach of good taste, but it places the College Council in a most invidious position. The Council cannot possibly continue to invite eminent gentlemen to address these gatherings if its guests are to be treated in this way. Lord Islington, when Governor of New Zealand, was once heard to say that it was a waste of time to prepare a speech to be delivered before Victoria College students, and after listening to the last Capping Ceremony, we are bound to say we agree with him.

After Sir John Findlay's address the students sang two choruses. The Graduates of the year were then presented to the Hon. Sir Francis Bell : a full list of the Graduates has already appeared in the first number of the *Spike*. After the presentation, Sir Francis Bell briefly addressed the meeting, two choruses followed, and the singing of "God Save the King" brought to an end a ceremony remarkable at least in this, that it was the first (unhappily it does not seem that will have been the last) to be held under the conditions rendered inevitable by the war.

Correspondence.

EUGENICS AND THE GLAD EYE.

(To the Editor.)

Dear "Spike,"—As the intelligent observer regards the trend of thought in the present day, he is tempted to prophesy that the science which is to add glory to the twentieth century, as biology gave laurels to the nineteenth, is the science of sociology. To the study of the chief off-shoot of this science, namely Eugenics, or social heredity, I have had the honour of devoting the greater portion of my life. It is therefore with especial anxiety and forebodings of spirit that I have discovered in this city of Wellington a grave and imminent menace to the progress of the science of Eugenics.

It first came to my notice in the following way: Last Saturday night, between 8 and 8.30 p.m., I happened to be walking down Manners Street, where I passed a number of young ladies. I was considerably surprised, and not a little embarrassed, to notice that two out of every three of these females winked at me as I went by. I was with a friend at the time, and when we arrived at the club I asked him the meaning of this singular behaviour. He informed me that I had received what he called the "Glad Eye." I asked for particulars. I could not fully understand his explanation, but, from what I could gather, it appears that when anyone is "given the Glad Eye" he is expected to "hook on." This expression means—to accost the girl, complete stranger though she may be, and, after a little circumlocution, to ask her to come to the pictures, as a reward for which service one is allowed the inestimable privilege of paying her tram fare home.

You will gather from the above description that the practice of the "Glad Eye" is a form of lunacy. Since it is followed up by all the younger portion of the community, we are driven to the conclusion that the youth of the nation are afflicted with insanity.

Now, one of the chief conclusions of the science of Eugenics is that lunatics may not intermarry, but if our younger citizens do not do so, the race must soon die out for want of parents. It follows, then, that either the human race, or the science of Eugenics, or the Glad Eye, must be abolished. I am too great

a lover of mankind to desire its extinction, and the abolition of Eugenics is out of the question. It is therefore the Glad Eye that must go, and the attention of all thinking men should immediately be brought to bear on the matter.

In the meantime, were it to happen that this poor epistle of mine should contribute anything to the eradication of this evil, and thus in the progress of Eugenics, I shall not consider that I have lived in vain.—I am, etc.,

AVE ATQUE VALE.

Patriotic Entertainment.

On Friday evening, August 27th, an entertainment was held in V.C. Gymnasium, in aid of the Patriotic Funds.

Items were kindly contributed by Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Wilson, Misses Doris Dall, Simpson, Kennedy, L. Anderson and Miss Helen Anderson and Mr. F. V. Waters, the encores being loud and genuine. Then followed two comedies. In "The Conversion of Nat Sturge" the leading parts were taken by Mr. A. E. Caddick (Nat Sturge, Burglar) and Mr. Phil. Broad (Bishop of Minterweir), and the minor parts by Miss Edith Davies (Bishop's Daughter) and Mr. L. A. Rogers (Burglar's Assistant). All the best burglars know that the Bishop keeps his gold in his study, and the Bishop is a tantalisingly "soft thing"; but Nat's pals have curiously failed, and Nat can elicit naught from them except that they have one and all experienced a dreadful thing in the Bishop's house, involving conversion from their evil lives, and the taking of a "horrible oath." The scene is the Bishop's study at night. Enter Nat; sends mate for glim, finds safe, enter Bishop, the study is a trap, doors, windows lock automatically, no exit without ringing bell, burglary 7 years, murder hanging; Bishop has a daughter, Nat must marry her or go to prison; enter daughter,

inately virtuous, superbly ugly; Nat braces himself, nerve fails, chooses prison; Bishop merciful, Nats gets off on condition of reforming. Takes aforesaid "horrible oath" (truly dreadful one) and flees into the night pursued by the memory of the incomparable Julia. Much applause, Mr. Broad having delighted the audience immensely in his interpretation of the Bishop.

Then came "Gentle Gertrude" or "Drugged and Drowned in Digbeth"—infinitely the better play of the two. It is humorous from start to finish, not a line is padding, and the humour is of a broad type. This comedy is peculiarly suited to performance by amateurs, as it is largely in the nature of a skit on acting and actors generally. Also there are no minor parts, and none of the characters is overworked. The scene is a tavern, and the period the good old days. There is an Innkeeper, Giles Gowkrodger (Mr. A. E. Caddick); His Wife (Miss Phyllis Nicholls); The Traveller, Sir Guy de Montfort (Mr. Phil. Broad), and last, but not least, Gentle Gertrude (Miss Edith Davies) daughter of the house, and incidentally decoy, super-humbug, and arch-villainess. In appearance she is beautiful, in character, reminiscent of Alice Brown (also "Gentle") of the Babballads, who confesses :

"I've helped Papa to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear Mama in cutting up a little lad;
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little
cheque,

And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck."

Only, Alice Brown would have bored Gentle Gertrude stiff.

Now it appears that Gyles has a grievous burden of sorrow. The inn has fallen upon evil days. Travellers are few and far between, and when slain, their wallets are often of hardly sufficient negotiable value to cover the adequate disposal of their bodies. Yet the cloud has a silver lining. Only that day a young Nobleman is expected at the Inn. He arrives, he hands his wallet to Gyles, who would steal it there and then but for the romantic notions of his wife, who will have no paltry pil-

fering by daylight, but only direst deeds perpetrated at dead of night. My Lord is decoyed and drugged by Gentle Gertrude, and duly slain (at midnight) by the trusty blade (obviously cardboard) of Gyles, who restores the wavering credulity of the audience with the assurance: This **is** a dagger which I see before me." In the end all perish in the approved "Hamlet" fashion, except, of course, the Gentle One, who, having already accumulated untold wealth from the wallets of travellers (at the expense of her parents), now assumes sole custody and control of the notorious tavern.

"Gentle Gertrude" is interspersed with half a dozen songs, which add vastly to its merits. Gyle's opening song (Mr. A. E. Caddick):

"When first I met thee, dearest Wife,
The bull-rush was in bloom,"

was much appreciated, but the whole play (and in the present case, the acting too) was so even that it is difficult to single out any portion or any of the performers for special commendation. Miss Davies was entirely successful as Gentle Gertrude.

A few years back "Gentle Gertrude" was performed in the Sydney Street Schoolroom by four very able amateurs, Mr. Alec Newton, Miss Jessie Newton, Mr. M. Fox, and Mrs. Walter Fell. The fortunate audience still regard that entertainment as one of the treats of their lives. On that occasion, the whole thing was carried out more ambitiously. There was more of the humorous-melodramatic element, and none who witnessed the performance will ever forget the dying paroxysms of Sir Guy de Montfort (Mr. Newton). In the present instance Mr. Broad neither wriggled nor gurgled half so thoroughly as the occasion demanded. Also Miss Nicholls (as Gyles' Wife) was neither old nor ugly. She ought to have been very both. Individually our actors cannot compare with the "Newton" quartette in acting or in the execution of the songs, but the tout ensemble was extraordinarily amusing, and, in the writer's opinion, the most pleasing thing of its kind ever attempted by any Victoria College amateurs.

"EPISTEMON."



In spite of a natural lack of interest in the work of the Society by a large number of students, the Debating Society has managed to carry out, with slight amendment, its original programme for the year.

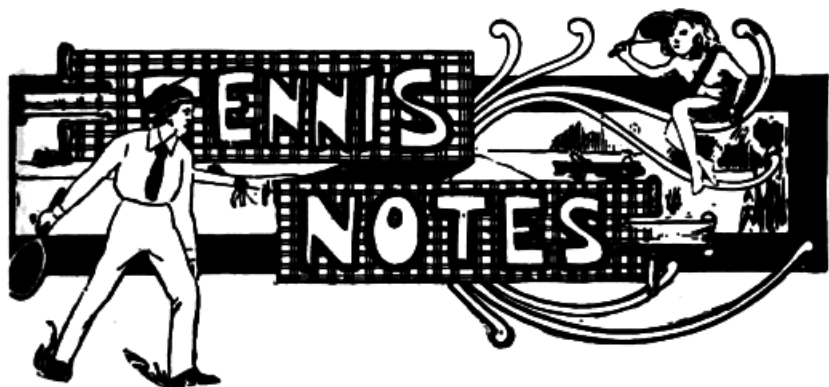
The third debate of the year was held on 12th June, when Mr. P. B. Broad, seconded by Mr. A. E. Caddick, moved: "That the attitude of the Asquith Ministry in the international negotiations preceding the Great War was such as to merit the condemnation of the English electorate." The motion was opposed by Mr. N. A. Foden and Mr. A. J. George. In spite of the unusual subject matter, the debate was an interesting one. The movers took full advantage of the fact that the initiative was theirs, and their argument at least left no doubt in the mind of the audience of the movers' thorough dislike of the pacific policy of the late Liberal Ministry. The opposers had not taken full advantage of the information supplied by the mass of literature upon the war, that is now available, and their case was not materially assisted by Mr. George's ingenious confession that he had had time only to skim through the English Blue Book. A large number of speakers took part in the debate. The motion, on being put, was declared lost by seven to six. The judge (Mr. P. Levi) placed the following speakers:— (1) Mr. Broad, (2) Mr. Caddick, (3) Mr. Byrne, (4) Mr. Foden, and (5) Mr. Auton.

On 31st July Mr. W. F. Matthews, seconded by Mr. P. B. Broad, moved: "That war is incompatible with

Christianity." Mr. H. F. Cotter, seconded by Mr. J. P. Byrne, opposed. This again was an interesting debate. The movers suffered from a lack of combination, their respective arguments in some respects overlapping. The argument of the opposers was directed rather to showing that war was necessary, than that it was Christian. As was, perhaps, unavoidable, a good deal of irrelevant matter crept into the discussion. The motion was finally carried by nine votes to two. The judge (Mr. J. A. Hanan, M.P.) placed the following :—(1) Mr. Broad, (2) Miss Park, (3) Mr. Byrne, (4) Mr. Matthews, (5) Mr. Cotter.

On 14th August Professor Marsden delivered his Presidential address, his subject being "Notes on Aircraft and Wireless." As was to be expected, the address was a most interesting and instructive one, in spite of the Chairman's attempt to convert it into an address on "Wirecraft and Airless." The Society's best thanks are due to Professor Marsden for the trouble he took, and it would be ungenerous not to mention the assistance rendered by Mr. R. M. Bruce with the lantern. Those students who were fortunate enough to hear the address must have been in a position to appreciate the feelings of Keats on first looking into Chapman's Homer—a new planet had swum into their ken. Some of the lantern effects obtained by Mr. Bruce were very original and interesting, if a trifle unexpected.

On 11th September Mr. Schmidt, seconded by Mr. N. L. Wright, moved: "That in the present situation in Europe conscription should be adopted in England." Mr. Atmore, seconded by Mr. A. J. George, opposed. The debate was very poorly attended, but of an interesting character. The motion, on being put, was carried by four votes to three. The judge (Mr. E. P. Lee, M.P.) placed the following :—(1) Mr. George, (2) Mr. Atmore, (3) Mr. Schmidt, (4) Mr. Byrne, (5) Mr. Wright.



In chronicling the doings of the Tennis Club since the last publication of the "Spike," we must give due prominence to war matters as reflected in club activities.

We regret very much to learn of the death of G. C. Jackson, V. Hall, and I. P. D. Stocker, former members of the Tennis Club, who were killed in the initial stages of the landing operations at Gallipoli; and we desire to express our deepest sympathy with their relatives for so great and irreparable a loss. We regret also to hear of the temporary incapacitation, through wounds, of F. L. G. West, G. Seddon, and F. Hall-Jones.

Three more of our players have enlisted since our last record, their names being N. L. Wright, N. A. Foden, and H. Williams.

In spite of the appreciable falling off in membership caused by the war, and the resulting decrease in income, the Club is in a strong financial position. The credit balance shown at the last Annual General Meeting, held on the 24th September last, amounted to £37 2s. 6d. Instead of making a donation to some patriotic fund, as was at first proposed, the meeting decided to take up £30 worth of debentures in the New Zealand war loan. We consider this to be the most satisfactory way of giving our active support to financial matters connected with the war. The General Meeting also decided to throw open the courts for the use of all students of other Universities during their stay in camp.

As regards the standard of play reached by members of the Club, Fathers, Henderson, and Atmore are just about the same. Henderson is slightly better in doubles than in singles; while with Atmore the reverse is the case.

H. Williams is a very reliable singles player. Although not an exponent of high-grade tennis, his grit and determination cover "a multitude of sins." When his ground-strokes improve he will be a difficult man to beat.

K. C. Clayton is developing into a good player; some of his strokes being really good. Our advice to him is to give more attention to head work, which is often easily worth the sacrifice of a pretty drive.

G. M. Cleghorn has emerged again this time out of very deep water. We can have nothing but commendation for his excellent perseverance, resulting in so wild an expenditure of fervid energy upon the long-suffering and uncritical volleying-board. His latest coup-de-main he euphemistically dubs "the Parker drive." We cannot but wonder what has, for the time being, paralysed his sense of humour.

N. L. Wright is a vastly improved player, having a good solid service. But his back-hand strokes are often weak, and require the kindly assistance of the volleying-board. Lack of experience also shows itself; but this, of course, will soon be remedied.

Of the other players, Foden, Melody, Bruce, Dall, Tily and Purdie are all showing considerable improvement in their play. Two new members, Edmundson and Angus, are both enthusiastic and young, and must have a tennis future before them if their practice is not neglected.

No criticism of the lady players has reached us, but no doubt it will be in our hands in good time for next report. In those of this last season's games which we were privileged to witness, Miss D. Atmore and Miss M. Sievwright were the best and most consistent players. Miss Atmore's service is distinctly good, and her back-hand strokes are at times excellent. Miss Sievwright

is not quite so strong a player, but she showed a vast improvement on the previous year's play. Her defeat of Mrs. Goldie was indeed very creditable. Miss Lawry and Miss Mary Wilson also played some good games.

The matter of the arrangements of the sets on Saturday afternoons, and the conservatism of some players, was discussed very critically at the last General Meeting. It appears to us that the war should receive the entire blame for these things. Is it to be wondered at that some players, soldiers as they are, in a forgetful moment should almost naturally form "two-deep" instead of "forming fours"; or again, that others, good soldiers all of them, continually form the same "four"?

Victoria University College Christian Union.

The Christian Union has much reason for congratulation, in that, in spite of the war and the prevailing unrest, it has been able to carry on all its usual activities.

Bible Study Circles have been held weekly in both Men's and Women's branches, the text-book being Fostick's "Manhood of the Master," one of the finest books published by the Student Movement. In connection with this, our thanks are due to the Rev. Johnson and to Miss Gavin for their conducting the Men's and Women's Leaders' Circles respectively.

Mission Study has been held during the second term, it being conducted by the Rev. Hunt and by Miss McKay. The text-book was John R. Mott's "Decisive Four."

Of our fortnightly meetings, the finest, perhaps, was that addressed by Bishop Sprott on "Christian Ethics and War." While holding that the truly Chris-

tian means of opposing evil was based on love, still to the individual and to the nation not truly Christian this means was not open. It was essential that evil should be opposed, and if we as a nation could not use the highest means, because we were not truly Christian, then we must use the next highest—the Mosaic principle of “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.”

Professor Kirk gave an extremely interesting address on “The Basis of Vitalism.” He outlined the various theories of the origin of life, contrasting the chemical theory with the vitalistic theory. In a most convincing manner the Professor criticised the former theory, showing that so far as our knowledge went at present the position was untenable.

The Annual Social, held at the beginning of the second term, was an unqualified success, supplying, to some extent, a badly felt need for more social life in our College.

The Summer Conference this year is to be held at Te Awamutu, and we would certainly urge all who possibly can to be present. The Conferences are one of the finest features of our movement, and should be attended by all students who value social intercourse and university spirit, and, above all, by those who appreciate to any extent the deeper things of life.



The Hockey season is now almost at an end, and the 'Varsity teams have no cause to be disappointed. Considering the number of extraordinary circumstances, the dearth of men, the interruptions caused by military parades, and the general unsettled feeling of the day, our Club has had a successful year.

This can be rightly said, for although the year has been so broken and the ranks of our experienced players depleted, the results of the Inter-Club Championship competitions show that V.U.C. has still a few hockey "spirits" left.

As for the standard of play for this year, it could not be otherwise than lower than last season's play, when we take into consideration the loss of such redoubtable warriors as J. Strack, J. McDowall, K. Strack, E. Rowntree, V. Hostick, S. Castle, and the necessary substitution with players of less experience.

Nevertheless, those who have handled the stick have had some very enjoyable games, and notwithstanding the "happy-go-lucky" feeling amongst the members, the esprit de corps has been very marked.

The atmosphere of uncertainty added to the charm of the games. The Seniors were ever living in the hope of George Strack and brother Karl coming in from Trentham; while for the Juniors the height of their ambition was reached if for two consecutive Saturdays the same men played in the same positions.

At the commencement of the hockey season, the Selection Committee had great difficulty in giving every

member a game, but as the season advanced it was almost impossible to get two full teams to play on Saturday afternoons. On the notice-board we looked well, but on the field we looked—well, at Teddy's sox.

Throughout the Tournament the Seniors have played good games, and they well deserve their position as "runners-up," or "possible champions" in the Senior grade of the competitions. We could safely predict that had they continued with the team with which they started, they would have suffered no defeat.

The Juniors had an unfortunate loss early in the season in being defeated by Wellington B (a very weak team), and in losing Captain Clere. Despite the fact of a short team, the Juniors fought on, and, with the advent of several II. B players, the team has shown its mettle by getting to the semi-finals. Unfortunately, it was found impossible to keep our Second Junior team playing, and after a number of gallants going away, it was decided to continue with two teams only. This II. B team had some promising players, and we regret that the team had to be cancelled.

RESULTS OF GAMES

SENIOR XI. Captain: Con Strack.

Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
14	10	3	1
Goals For.	Goals Against.	Championship Points.	
49	27	21	

Karori's results show that they lead by 1 point.

JUNIOR ELEVEN. Captain: A. Salek.

Games Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
15	11	3	1
Goals For.	Goals Against.	Championship Points.	
59	22	23	

Karori and Hutt lead by a few points each.

V.C. v. Hutt Valley. Lost, 2—4. A "great go." Our new captain, Salek, took charge.

v. Wesley. Won, 2—1. A narrow win.

v. Saint Augustine's. Won, 5—2.

- v. Wellington A. Won, 3—2. Archibald plays a fine game.
 v. Hutt Valley. Lost, 0—3. We hope to meet again.
 v. Wesley. Won, 9—2. Ewart, Le Petit, Hawkins scored.
 v. Karori. Drawn, 1—1.

JUNIOR B.

Most of the players found places in the Junior A, or even Senior, and in both teams proved valuable additions.

Chess and Draughts Club.

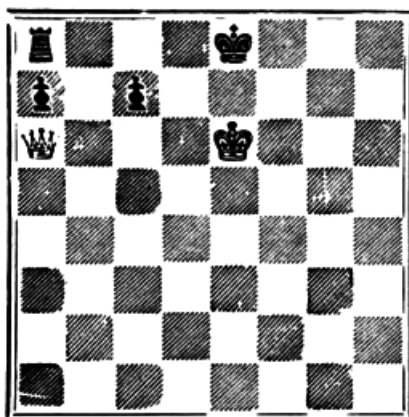
During the winter vacation, the proposals outlined in our last report in the SPIKE were entered upon, and, we are pleased to report, successfully carried out. In the three weeks three meetings were held, with good attendances, and each of them brought to a conclusion with a light supper. On the last evening we were indebted to Mrs. Garrow for providing the supper, and to her we tender our best thanks.

The evening of the 6th July was a particularly interesting one, for on that evening Professor Garrow gave a short and very interesting address on chess traps and stratagems, which was greatly appreciated by all present. He also showed a neat little problem and its solution, which have been considered worthy of recording, and are therefore given below.

During the coming vacation the meetings will be continued, and it is hoped that students who attend will find in them a pleasant means of retaining their interest in the College between the sessions. We would emphasise the fact that the Club is intended for beginners, and for this reason would urge freshmen to join.

The problem shown by Professor Garrow is as follows; it is by Sam Lloyd, and appeared in the "Strand Magazine":—

Black, 4 men.



White, 2 men.

White to move and mate in two. Key move, Q-Rsq.

Position—

White: K at K6

Q at QR6

Black: K at Ksq

R at QRsq

P's at QR2, QB2

Or—

r 3 k 3

p 1 p 5

Q 3 K 3

8

8

8

8

8

The point to be noticed is that Black cannot castle to escape check, because, neither of his pawns having been moved, his last move must have been with the King or Rook, and this therefore prohibits him castling now.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS IN JUNE "SPIKE."

Chess.—We regret that, due to an oversight, a White pawn was omitted from the problem; it should appear as KB2; as the problem stands, Q-Kt2 would be another solution.

Draughts.—The solution is: —

(1)	11-16	20-11
(2)	4-8	11-4
(3)	3-8	4-11
(4)	18-23	11-18
(5)	19-24	28-19
(6)	27-31	etc.

EXCHANGES.

The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:—Otago High School Magazine, Waitakian, Nelsonian, Timaruvian, Canterbury College Review, Scindian, Southlandian, Taranakian, O.G.H.S. Magazine, N.G.C., Canterbury Agricultural College Magazine, Otago University Review, Hermes.



SENIOR FIFTEEN.

Matches Played:

- June 19th: v. Poncke. Lost, 42—9. Comment unnecessary. The Poncke backs got away badly. Tries for us were scored by O'Sullivan, Beard, and Kerr.
- June 26th: v. Selwyn. Won, 8—3. A fast and willing game. Tries were scored by Beard and Churchill, Beard converting one.
- July 3rd: v. Athletic. Lost, 14—3. Played during the vacation. Thanks to the assistance of Messrs Ryan, Faire, and Brosnan, we managed to put up quite a good fight. Lyons was the scorer.
- July 24th: v. Oriental. Lost, 23—6. Oriental proved too strong for us in both back and forward divisions. McKenna and O'Sullivan scored our two tries.
- Aug. 7th: v. Wellington. Won, 16—3. We made the game fast and open from the start, and the issue was never in doubt. Beard in the scrums, and Churchill and Lyons in the loose, were perhaps the most prominent of the forwards. Kerr, among the backs, made some fine dashes. Tries were scored by Kerr, Lyons (2), and Churchill, while Beard converted two.
- Aug. 21st: v. Athletic. Lost, 9—3. A fast and interesting game. By the spoiling tactics of the backs and the willing co-operation of the forwards, we managed to give our opponents all they could do to get over. Beard did a lion's share of the forward work, though all did well.

The greater part of the defence fell on Chrisp and Melody, the latter of whom volunteered to fill a gap in the team, and played a great game at half. Riley was very sure at full-back. Our try came as the result of a forward rush, Smith getting over.

THE TEAM.

- Riley, E. : full-back. Plays a cool, safe game. Handles the ball well, and is a powerful and accurate kick.
- O'Sullivan, D. : wing three-quarter. Has a fine turn of speed, and knows how to use it if he gets half a chance. A dangerous scoring man, but is apt to collar round the neck and indulge in "speculators."
- Little, N. F. : centre three-quarter. No — good.
- Lyes, J. : wing three-quarter. Plays a good safe game, but is somewhat lacking in dash for the position.
- Kerr, H. W. : five-eighths. Speedy, and quick at finding an opening. Collars well, and is a good line-kick.
- Chrisp, H. D. : five-eighths. Small, but nuggety. Always does the lion's share of the defensive work, and does it well. Has a knack of being where he is wanted, and of getting hold of the ball somehow when the opposing side look like getting away.
- Bramwell, O. G. : half-back. Good on the defence, but perhaps does not get the ball away often enough. Goes down to rushes and collars well, but is rather small, and gets handled somewhat severely.
- Stewart, E. : wing forward. Tough, and a hard grafter. Apt to get into the thick of it too much for a wing forward.
- Meldrum, A. F. : front row. Good, particularly in the loose—when he likes.
- Grigg, J. H. : A good worker, keen and always on the ball; but somewhat small.
- Beard, T. : Captain of the team, and the main stay of the forwards. When he decides to push, something in front has to give way; but he requires a breathing space now and again in the territory of the five-eighths. Has a mighty and accurate kick.
- Adams, K. : second row. Always in the thick of it and working hard, but is rather light.
- M'Kenna, F. G. : second row. Quick and dashing in the loose, and follows up well, but is also a light-weight.

Greville, R. H. : back row. Always keen and fit. Grafts hard in the scrums, and is in the forefront of rushes in the loose. A good kick.

Churchill, W. A. : back row. The best try-getter among the forwards. Has the knack of getting hold of the ball, and manages to come out with some brilliant dashes.

Adlam, R. : half-back. Plays a safe and plucky game, but is rather too light for the job.

Lyons, T. : forward. Good in the loose, but is also on the small side for a senior grade forward.

Matches played, 8; Won, 2; Lost, 6; Points for, 72; Points against, 132.

THIRD FIFTEEN.

May 22nd: v. Selwyn. Won by default.

May 29th: v. Upper Hutt. Lost, 31-0. Had to play with several men short.

July 24th: v. Oriental. Won by default.

July 31st: v. St. Johns. Lost 32-3. Wiseman kicked a penalty goal.

August 7th: v. Wellington College. Lost 57-3. The try was scored by Adams, and was the first which College had had registered against them.

The Editors' Uneasy Chair.

Hitherto, the "Spike" has refrained from discussing the case of Professor von Zedlitz. Our reasons were good, and obvious enough: the chief being that, until quite recently, the agitation for the removal of the Professor was the work of a number of gentlemen, who had never been connected with the College, who had not taken the trouble to obtain correct information as to the facts relating to the Professor, who rushed into print with a number of ill-considered charges, the only effect of which was to inflame the minds of that section of the public which was equally misinformed, and who were inspired apparently by nothing so much as the desire for self-advertisement. The first phase of the agitation has, however, now passed; and reasons exist, which imperatively demand that we should make a definite pronouncement. In the first place, the movement for the Professor's removal is no longer confined to the extremists. We have always felt a good deal of respect for the "Evening Post," and for the policy for which it stands. It is essentially the organ of the moderates. It has always represented fairly, courageously, and honestly the views of that very large section of the people, which looks with dislike upon extremes. Everyone will recollect that the "Post" was the one journal in Wellington that published uniformly fair and unbiassed reports during the strike in Wellington two years ago. The memory is fresh with us of the "Post's" courageous stand upon the Bible-in-Schools question. Realising that the "Post" is always actuated conscientiously by the desire to be accurate, fair, and just, we have consequently noted with keen regret that the "Post" apparently is of the opinion that Professor von Zedlitz should not be retained, owing to the fact that the services of other non-naturalised German subjects have been dispensed with—"Our opinion throughout this distressing and deplorable controversy has been that one rule must apply to all. When an exception is made the way is opened for endless disputes and bitterness." And as a number of German civil servants have been dismissed, in fairness Professor von Zedlitz must also be dismissed. This is undoubtedly the view of a very large number of fair-minded people; and the first reason which induces us to discuss this subject is the desire to put forward that aspect of the case which seems to us to meet such a view, and incidentally to justify the position that we take up—that the

services of Professor von Zedlitz should be retained. Another good reason for this discussion is that the Government has introduced a Bill which, if carried, will end the controversy by the dismissal of the Professor; and while the question is still open we wish to place upon permanent record what we believe to be the view of an overwhelmingly large majority of the Graduates and Undergraduates of Victoria College.

In the first place, we wish to draw attention to one fact, which may have been present in the minds of many people, but which we have not yet seen definitely formulated. This fact goes to the root of the matter, and if we are right as to it, we cannot help feeling that a realisation of it would considerably modify the views of many of those who now are opposed to Professor von Zedlitz. The fact is, the agitation for the removal of the Professor does not rest upon a principle, but upon a mere technicality. If Professor von Zedlitz had become naturalised, we should hear no word to-day of his removal. If Professor von Zedlitz were removed from his chair, and a gentleman, German by birth, British by naturalisation, were appointed in his stead, no objection whatever would be raised. Now, we have had just such a gentleman at Victoria College. In fact, we may put it more strongly this gentleman was resident for some years in New Zealand; he obtained his living here; he secured a Senior Scholarship, German being the subject; he has not hesitated to express to us his German preferences; he has stated to us that England is simply in this war for what she can get out of it. England, he says, is very cunning; yet this gentleman, by virtue of his having taken out naturalisation papers, would be perfectly acceptable as a University Professor to those who have caused the present agitation!

Now, the chief argument used by those opposed to Professor von Zedlitz is this—the fact that the Professor has not become naturalised proves his sympathy with Germany, or at least his lack of sympathy with Britain. This is the argument brought forward by the Chairman of the Patriotic Society, and we gladly admit that it is **one** of the constructions that may fairly be placed upon the fact that the Professor has not become naturalised. But there is another construction—one, which those of us who know the Professor, feel to be the true construction. The present war has proved that Germans in every part of the world have not hesitated to avail themselves of the cloak afforded by naturalisation. In fact, the first step to be taken by any German spy in the country in which he proposed to carry on

operations, was naturalisation. Germans throughout the Empire have seized the opportunity, while remaining closely in sympathy with Germany, of becoming naturalised in order to obtain all the advantages accruing from British citizenship. Is it not conceivable then—more than that—is it not certain that an honourable man of alien birth, but British in sympathy, in thought, and in spirit, should decline to avail himself of the only means open to him of becoming British **in fact**, because such a means was daily being abused by unscrupulous aliens, who would gladly see the mighty fabric of the Empire torn asunder by the hordes of Prussia? We know Professor von Zedlitz to be in all essentials, but one, British. That one essential is a pure technicality; but were it removed there would be no objection to Professor von Zedlitz's retention in his chair. That is why we have said, that is why we do repeat, that the agitation for the removal of the Professor is not based upon principle, but upon a mere technicality.

We should like to discuss at length the other aspects of the case that present themselves—is the Professor a German citizen, the significance of his having offered to become naturalised, the rights of the College Council, the duty of a professor to inculcate patriotism, but space prevents this. We can only echo once again the hope that the Government will think better of its decision to remove non-naturalised teachers—a step that would be deeply deplored by all those most intimately concerned—the College Council, the Board, the Graduates, and the Undergraduates.

On the day we go to press Mr. A. E. Caddick, who has edited the "Spike" for the last two years, enters the training camp at Palmerston North, preparatory to leaving for the front. With characteristic self-sacrifice he sat up until 1 o'clock on the evening before departing to finish an article, which appears in this number. We wish him the best of luck in his venture, and trust that he won't forget that this magazine depends to a great extent for its success upon old students.



Miss A. W. C - - t h - e.—No, we can't imagine why the alcohol bottle should so frequently disappear from the Science Laboratory. Possibly the presence of that wicked young fellow

R.M.B. may account for the absence of the bottle.

Professor M - - s d - n.—We have been asked by many students for a suggestion as to what you had exactly in your mind when you described it as the hottest temperature **on this earth.**

A. G. McC - y m - - t.—No, you don't! Once bitten twice shy.

E. Ev - ns.—We have your pome. We print one verse—
 "I'm Titheradge Evans, and as slick and as sleek,
 As young Johnny Fuller on ten quid a week;
 I'm a broth of a bhoy, and a dooce of a knut,
 A blood, macaroni, rip-pipper—but
 You don't catch me bending!"

Perhaps not; but you don't catch us napping. Try it on the "Free Lance."

G. B. D - ll.—Your parody not quite up to the mark; but we appreciate the line—

"Uneasy lies the kid who collects the half-crowns."

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Several inquiries have been received from past subscribers, who are endeavouring to compile a complete edition of the SPIKE, as to whether we can give them any assistance in procuring numbers "2" and "9." Will anyone who has either of the above numbers, and does not particularly desire to keep them, please communicate with "The Financial Secretary, SPIKE, Victoria College."

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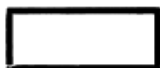
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