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A CRYING SHAME

CANT WE HAVE THE MUSIC SET AND PICTURES?

The completion of the whole Union building is elegance and polish. And our minds naturally toy with the possibilities offered by the Carnegie sets (colored and sceptre sets). These were given for the use and appreciation of students. But how many students can patronize the bowed set of the Elder Conservatorium or to the heights of the Smith, where the splendid set of colored prints rest fortuitously against the walls, wearing an unfortunate and always foreign look. This is in painful contrast to the act of the few students who have already set the Carnegie sets in Union. In Sydney the great Refectory is alive with prints and with original Art Nouveau designs. The last Reckitt's blue of a host of Stretches in the Refectory is a doleful picture. Recently, the Rev. A. S. Ewing gave the Melbourne Union fifty lovely Australian works with which to supplement the Carnegie set. We would make the following practical suggestions.

The music set was not given for the use of Conservatorium staff or students, but for all students. Furthermore, is it not intended to give the masses of students, "all Faculties" and "all classes," the opportunity to realize and a chance to play at will, the sets of records which make up the music collection. We, with that end in view a student committee was formed to give regular concerts and to extend the selection. To all students went the way from the Refectory to the Elder to hear. Again from the source of pleasant vagaries, and from a student committee, in fact, we suggest that the students have a committee, the atmosphere will do wonders for "control" and "regulation." Now why not have the set closed. After all we cannot be locked and the key kept in the secretary's office—to be yielded on occasion to the "controls," the "governments," and the "regulations." Such a location of the gramaphone would facilitate attendance at concerts and we might even rival in attendance at these the numbers which listen to the Carnegie set in Melbourne. "Farrago" passion.

PAST CABINET SuCCeses

Together with exam. results and the end of the year, Cabinet time approaches once again. Whither we sent this custom of an Annual Cabinet? The idea of holding a grand open air dance on the premises was suggested in 1924 when the dance committee club, led by the enthusiastic presidents, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Manners, arranged a Cabinet dance as the final night of a successful season of the dance club.

Everybody enjoyed the dance so much that it was decided to make the following year to organize another Cabinet. The committee planned to transfer the idea to the premises and, as a part of the decorative scheme, they hired a trolley from an unused place and arranged the place for the occasion. When the carriage returned the "novelty" they had hired a trolley piled high sky-high with pine logs and other debris from the decorations. Everybody decided that this was the cheapest 10/- the had ever earned, and was so pleased that they decided to take away enough forexwork to solve the domestic fuel problem for the next few years. The dance, perched on top of the lead he drove the people to the "novelty" convivially convinced Young Students and were among the best.

The next Cabinet, in 1933 set a box-office record. All Whitley wrote a week beforehand! Probably it was this enthusiasm that encouraged the committee to announce that at great expense, they had engaged the famous "Lido" from Sydney! We arranged Mr. X. Dore and Mr. Don Jones, supported by the Scandina-Brothers and the Scandinavians Wunju DGR and Cab. DANCE.

Again in 1934 tickets were in demand. Only $1 and $2 being sold. The program was a Venetian setting (doubtless inspired by the popular "Giudecca and the Venetian year") was arranged. The orchestra, dressed in short pants, bright shirts and feathery hats, played "Dancing Vianna" almost incessantly. The supper was provided by a large committee of ladies, and the student waiters and waitresses, like the orchestra, tried to appear as though they were working in a war-time Austrian bier-garten.

In the following year it was decided that it was asking too much for a woman's committee to feed such a vast throng and arrangements were made with caterers to supply the food. The meals passed. The food was so good that the machine to feed the people was purchased for the club. The decoration in 1935 were most elaborate. An Egyptian scene was planned and the lawes converted into a veritable temple with swaying palms. Weir's photographs covered the cloister pillars and a frieze of Egyptian scenery adorned the green canvas screen enclosing the lawn. A large attractive mosaic table was reduced and living lima tea was served in cups from the mouth of a white jade vase.

The 1937 Cabinet will live up to the traditions of the last six years and all the Union buildings are so ideal for arranging an open-air dance it is to be hoped that the Annual Cabinet will continue each year that it is an after-examination celebration and will ultimately become an essential feature of Student life at this University.

ALL-AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE

Only people who go to conferences know what fun conferences are. But there is at present only one conference held in Australia open to ALL STUDENTS. That is the Annual Conference of the Australian Student Christian Movement to be held in Adelaide this year. Attendance at this conference is completely independent of past or present participation in S.C.M. activities. The entire and only purpose of this and all other Student Christian activities is to make friends, to widen sympathies and to find out about one another. Namely, those that believe in and worship God so do at the conference, which is, indeed, approached with Christian enthusiasm because the heart of the matter is whether it is real or so. As it is, few of us are really real. What we learned (or didn't learn) at Sunday School is of very little help to us as University, that is, almost by definition, sceptical students.

Continued on Page 2.

REFECTORY CLOSED

As from Monday the Refectory Cafeteria will be closed for alterations. Mrs. Goodall will serve lunchs in the Lady Symon. Please give the staff every consideration under these difficulties.

COMMEN. IS DEC. 15

Who are these a-clocking, with a slow and measured tread.

Most impressive figures, dressed in all red and white.

They couldn't move, were frozen as their boots were made of lead,

As they came marching on.

Tactful in the process of learning, if you please.

They're on their best behaviour, for they're going on red degrees.

They're very proud and buoyant, and we hope they've paid their fees;

We're all through with them, and we're glad.

Next come our professors, whose teaching we're mislead;

Who lecture from the dawning till the twilight of the day;

We're listened to their lectures till Christianity RECEIVES

Lestly come the Senate, a respectable crew;

Who pass a resolution when they've nothing else to do;

Who make the regulations that are cunning and you

And it's time we moved on.

"PELICAN."

All students are welcome and those who sign up will obtain tickets at the front office. Don't lose or you might not be able to get in.
ON DIT, TUESDAY, 23rd NOVEMBER, 1937

"On Dit"

Editors: HELEN WIGHTON, FINLEY CRISP.
Editorial Staff: Merv IRWIN, WARD, and RICHARDSON; D. C. MENZIES.
Business Manager: E. F. JOHNSON.

Tuesday, 23rd November, 1937

APOLLO

Please excuse us for appearing once more, but we wanted you to know all about the Cabaret and we wanted those of you who are capable of it to have something to read in those moments of great emotional stress which will sweep over you this week.

At the same time we would like to take the opportunity of assisting at our own funerals and at the appearance of the new Editors for 1938—Miss Alison Anderson and Mr. Elliot Johnston. May they not grow prematurely old nor lose the youthful beauty which is theirs in writing for a regular column of "On Dit" box. Miss Alison Anderson has been through the mill in the Arts Faculty and has been a contributor to our paper this year. Mr. Johnston we all know for his triumphs at debating, his dramatic successes in tattered trousers.

"On Dit" knows how to spend the kind of £50 of advertisements this year and so provided the life-blood of all our numbers. Our blessings go with them—may they raise the paper to new heights and lead "Varsity Guedy".

If, dear reader, you are tired of your bath, or joyously blessing your examiner for letting you through, or merely existing in a very bored state of mind, during the next few months—then, if the Muse happens to move you, just flip back to "On Dit", first issue of next year and pick up your pen and write au revoir and a good Christmas!

• Congratulations to those who passed.

• Commiseration with those who failed.

Celebration at the CABARET on DEC. 3rd.

All Australian Conference.

Continued from Page 1.

The subject of the January Conference was "Is there a Christian way of living?" Is there a Christian way of living? Is there a Christian way of living?

And what relation has it to contemporary problems of property, citizenship, sex, marriage, war and what is the Christian's technique for attaining a personal Christian way of living?

Roughly the plan of campaign at conference is as follows:—In the mornings each of the committees will be responsible for the afternoon sports and excursions, in the evenings addresses. Of these I can mention, addresses, especially Bishop Burgmann, the N.S.W. Radicals, who is to speak twice (on sex and my Christian way of living, with a ticket to Mr. J. H. Hume, to Adelaide, who is writing the study book.

Anyone wanting to find out more about this conference will be interested. The committee will be made up of 200 men and women, contact from the other States). Should I speak of one of our delegates. They are—Jean Ward, A. Anderson, C. Anderson, M. Sullivans and John Stobies, L. Parkin, D. C. Stones, C. Aitken, L. F. Johnston, J. Yeatman, M. Finnis.

100 PER CENT. PURE (Chocolate)

Old-fashioned 100% Milk Chocolate

"EXTRA CREAM" Milk Chocolate

We can't close without telling you of the famous weather. The city has been in the weather of the Refectory for a few days now. Hand-washing is the least thing he has to do. And the weather means that the people off the grass at the swimming dance was just magnificently courageous.

Highbrow III

There are many people living on the bottom rung who are living in their hard work. Their pleasure is often to pick the winner of the next race or course. But the weather is not much pleasure, in their dirty work, especially if it is loading coal. Their time may be better off to pick a winner. If we do not give them some outlet from their work, we will not have enough of them. Politicians of this kind.

Highbrow IV

This splendid novel, winner of the S. H. Prize Memorial Prize, 1900, covers a century of Australian life, beginning with its roots in the old country ending at the present time with its wings in the world sky. The story grows from the core outwards and upwards from one who feels the magic of Australia. The characters are majestically managed in the forest, as the early pioneers actually were. ("All that Swagger.""

ARS CRUCIFIXIVOS

"The seat of Adelaide has been crucified by treachery."—Mr. Barold, A.L.P.

Time was when to be indiscreet Meant to hang by the hands and the feet, But not even Pothos, Or little unconscious, Ever crushed anyone's seat!"

"Varsity Guedy"

Stand-up Strike.

The other morning one of our eminent law students went into the cafeteria for his morning tea. An uncanny silence fell, and we heard a voice say, "Service," he cried, thumping the counter, "by Jove!" But still the staff just stood and looked at him. "What's this? A strike?" he asked. Silence, and then a shout from him that the time was II o'clock and the date, November 11th.

Lights on the Law School.

There is a Yark lecturer Knie—In the rain, behind the badge L.L.B. He rang my death knell With his paper—just hell!—We all of us voted for it.

A Locum has lectured in Wongs during Prof. Campbell's absence this year. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; Blessed be the name of the Lord," he said. (Teak).

RING TIME

When Billies Come to the Bolt

The following engagements are announced:

- Billy Hersh to Peggy Leanne. Billy Salter to Gladys Higrope.

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

I've been courting Peggy Leanne, and it's become engaged we've become engaged, and it's become engaged. And it's become engaged, and it's become engaged.

And calls me "Bashful Billy Boy."

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?

My Billy Boy, I've been down the star For my new and beautiful Salter, And I'm mad to marry my Glad And be her lusty Billy Boy.

End of Year

This has been notable for two things: engagements and professional parties. First the Darling Building led off with Miss Betty Clevland's engagement that Mr. Moxon Simpson would be de- striving the "Varsity" of her services. It must have been a common experience in hokey. Then Mr. Hersh further thrashed the "Varsity" of himself by taking Miss Peggy Leanne from us. One up for the Main Block. And one up for the Main Block.

My Billy Boy, I've been down the star For my new and beautiful Salter, And I'm mad to marry my Glad And be her lusty Billy Boy.

Highbrow I

Mrs. Blank gave an informal after-matinee party. The rooms were gay with exquisite spring flowers, all from the city, and the room was a delightful circumstance. They do say that one of the first Medias.

Highbrow II

"Music is a rein, it is a jugulator, it had the cleansing and tonic properties of a warm bath. It calmed while it invigorated, it quickened and clarified the stream of thought, and opened the breathing pores of the soul to a larger life. (Speech at a Women's Branch of the Agricultural Bureau Congress)."

TATTLE

Instead of a grumpy sod, I'll have a sprinkler mark "A finished and finite clot" Untroubled by a spark.

[Image]
CHINESE STUDENTS

It doesn’t require “On Dit” to tell people that the Civil War in China has been suffering very terribly during the past weeks. That is obvious. But what everyone wants to know how to help them.

A relief fund has been started and students throughout the world are contributing to it, so we in Adelaide can do our bit. You can send contributions to the Chinese Student Relief Fund, located at the East Terrace College (Refectory), or with Jean Ward, Department of Psychology, Alice Blanchflower, John Yeatsman or John Stokes.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM NOW

"NEW DAY" MARCHES ON

A suggested agenda for the U.S.A. U.S. Conference in Sydney is the future of the student relief. Money is already in hand. There will be, of course, the Security Act, the report’s impact and some sort of reports on how each "Variety has implemented the resolutions and what it can do for the student’s legitimate desires. After all or two days or so it will occur. You have the resolutions of the student administrative matters (and how the student bureaucracy loves it). This time women’s affairs get a mention in the agenda—something these were overlooked last February.

More interesting things are immediately计划ed, the launch of the topics of food and services similar to those promoted by the British and South African National students. The U.S. SAA has been in a hurry in this because it has had a ready initiated inquiries into the possibility of whole bodies being found in England to save money. The British offer the American price plus 50 per cent and they pay as they go. What is there? There are proposals for a system of National Students’ Union, which is to begin soon with the National Insurance Scheme.

Conscience Money? WAS IT?

Mystery Contribution

Some person or persons unknown have doled £2 18s 6d to the furnishing fund.

WHAT IS BEHIND THIS?

Those Lectures Again

The last and, it is hoped, the last time we face to face with our old friends the Lecture System and the New Day! The Advertiser has promised to be the last. Indeed, our President will be able, so now that the university is almost complete success in his efforts to get the students extended lunch hours a week for Adel- deide. The Student Union’s Scholarship Selection List again this year—apparently some of the other Varsity are not satisfied yet. Adel- deid will be represented by the Presi- dents of the Union and the Women’s Union and the Editor of "On Dit."

CHAPTER I

The sun is still on me and miles of sandbanks. The sky is still as dry as the after-rain which makes a beautiful book. It was rather wet.

Majoor de Beulejolle mopped his flat and took the regiment back after a fierce battle against the forces of Arabs. A mere fifty of them, they had superior numbers and wanted to cut their morning salam. It was no use salam for the Arabs, however, for the Frenchmen opened fire at the bow of a dune, the six thousand war- ships sailed slowly in symmetrical heaves. The Frenchman is always me- thodical.

A steady stream slipped to the beach through the heat.

"Major," he said, "Major," he said, "Carthage. They have got it.

He pointed back. Six legionaries ran up the sand, dance joyous round and singing joyously: "La nous a rendu de la ha te la maginelle!"

The Major scowled: "Shame."

A shot. The six dunes fell dead, crying: "Vive la France." The troops moved on. Thus is it in the Legion.

Eventually, perhaps sooner, the Ma- jor would have met the attack of a small hill. Suddenly he noted: "Nous d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non d’un non?"

"Look!"

The regiment looked. There was nothing to be seen.

"What is it, monsieur?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing."

"Imbecile, pig, fool, dog."

The regiment said, "Why?"

"But, seriously, Sergeant."

"The fort!"

"Beaujolle!"

Beaujolle? It is there? At the top of a dune, there is the flagpole, there is the pool, but the fort?—

The regiment gazed in horror at the awful import of his words dawning on him. A few hours later, he had left Fort Beaulieu, the French long outpost, to assail a tribe of indigent youths. At the base of a hill, there was not even a place, all was uncharted, with one ex- ception.

Fort Beaulieu had completely van- ished.

CHAPTER TWO.

Several hours before

Hugh Peep, known in the Legion as "Reese Peep" on account of the shape of his legs, was gazing gloomily at the regimental flag, disappearing into a mirage of the "Queney" and ignoring it. He had joined the regiment the day before (and the day before that), he had forgotten what he was doing, that is to say, he was just going. This called him, this got in his head. What was the use of joining the Legion to forget, if he could remember to forget so that you could remember to forget? He started marching, he started lolling in the fort, leaned on his rifle and sighed.

De Beulejolle had taken his troop, Beaujolle, the only Englishman, had left him to guard the frigate, his brother, "Wee Peep!

"Hugh," said "Wee."

"A moment later, Beau admitted to the fact, his uncle, his grand uncle, his four brothers and his grandparents: "Wee have you come so far," cried Hugh, saying the stubble on his cheeks.

"Within you were here," quizzed his grandparents. "The vicar has taken his last step, but con- trolled as he did have to leave the Poor Box himself last year."

Then I am a free man, said Beau.

"And you have bravest desert to tell me."

"It was nothing," insisted his aunt.

"We had to you from a fate worse than death."

But even "Beau" could reply, his uncle (paternal) fell on the ground with an Arab bullet in his ac- cident. "Beau" sprang to the wall. Thou- sands of Arabs surged around outside.

"We are surrounded."

"Man the walls."

CHAPTER THREE.

Two hours later.

Beau jumped from his horse, the sweat from his brow, the sand outside was washed by the hot atmosphere of the Peep. "Beau! Alone survived." By God, he said, "they will not be here to be eaten by carnage. They shall have an English burial."

Hugh rode across the wall and in a short space of time he had re- covered a sand-time right in the path of the terribly zilhomb which blew every evening from 7 to 8.30. Scarcely beyond the tempest be- gan. Through the gallant he found it was carry sweeping tons of sand, and in a moment the entire fort was covered feet deep in the particles.

"Best done come the decent thing," he croaked, and staggered in the direction of the blazing sun, his voice low, but his spirit, like that of all true Englishmen, unbroken.

CHAPTER ONE.

A map drawn on miles and miles of sandbanks, etc. (Simple, isn’t it?)

The End.

"CRACUM."

The Canberra Publishing Company Limited offers a liberal commission basis to students who are willing to canvass subscriptions to "On Dit."

The Australian National Review during the coming long vacation. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar’s Office.

Registrar

ST. MARK’S COLLEGE NOTES

The average level of College intelligence has really only since the Master personally admitted our latest member. He was so, in my time that I have a little doubt that his (the new member’s) present condition is an all too obvious reminder of the chronic absence of so from some of the College fresher. We missed him on Final Dinner night.

And talking of the Final Dinner reminds us to the Master and Miss Bland, who exchanged pleasantries, including a free distribution of their Feet Nantes to "On Dit," in the course of the evening. Eight of the members of the College (who could) made the annual pilgrimage to Mt. Lefty to make a trial of strength against the Council’s team. The Col- lege won—which hardly does credit to the dinner of the previous evening. The inhabitant of the College, in fact, is no sooner in Mr. Espe’s presence from the team this year—Sir Henry played the better for it. But the more trying event to which the College submitted the Collingwood and the cricket match. Our star bowlers overs and a time limit was imposed on our batsmen. This doesn’t matter, but we enjoyed seeing (a) The Master springing on the boun- daries, (b) Looking well, (c) Prof. Portus’s cap, (d) The un- inspiriting form of both goalkeepers and goalies when their examiners were batting, (e) Mr. Espe stopping everything (in- cluding a catch) with a muscular three of miles an hour or less, (f) Mr. Espe’s opinions about Mr. Espe’s score.

HANGOVER

Ode on intimations from recollections

We are not alone.

We who plot this other day

For whom, alas, the pulsing world

Has missed a beat,

The fog of night

But with the morning feel

Each slightest noise through achy

To whom a meal

As exquisitely as

And the telephone

Of torture, we who

At hearty voices, smiles,

Of things that once were.

We who for a night were kings

During the end of the night.

But who dream now of a hell

In liquid dreams of

That mix not well.

Woes for long just a plot of earth.

We are not alone.

"CANTA."

CATHEDRAL SCENE

(To George)

The stage is best for the recital.

Huge columns and rich arches

Half lost in the gloom.

The inside is beyond beauty.

The glass is golden clear.

And above the crimson white

Of the pulpit

A single ray

Shone on the fine head

Of the Bishop's

Of the Bishop.

"CANTA."

The Bishop...
A Professor Is Not Without Honor

SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

"Then answered Eliphaz the Temanite, and said,
"Should a wise man make answer with vain knowledge, and a man be with him that is blind with the east wind?
"Should he be inquired after, and be awake with him that is blind? He that is blind shall have many preachers; and he that is unwise shall have instruction.

But better in Australia to fill the treasury with hay, and the granary with sheaves, than in the north with wind, which is not available. Hay makes a rather good portfolio and the fact is—that the proud men whom our Australian public have 'drifted in' so long will not take any more notice of the country. The old methods, all the old minds, are being discharged. They have had their chance and now they are being replaced by the new. The new minds and the new methods are the future. The future lies in the West, not in the East."

The Min-Pricer re-report, the Grinfield Price report, the Australian man's report as to it is of course interested parties? And who bit when Prof. Portus gave three lectures on March 12, before the London University? Everyone from the Minor to the Minor and the Minor, writer of the "News," the burden of whose song was echoed in the mortal words of the Foot Necessities. "Our Varsity humbly beseeches, The puntid who history teaches, To kindly refrain From referring again To London's birth stain in his speeches.

Yes, the Scribes and Pluribus seizes, and we are in the first instance. Who is this who speaks abstruse phrases? But students of social science must fear popular approval; and it is not so well known of the universities. They are bound, if they would be in the world in general, and their own country in particular, to go better than has been done in the past. They have not had the freedom to develop their capabilities, and they have limited, and however, and errors.

In that spirit, the professor gave them the bad with the good—on the former read him on our broadcasting system, for' there has been no illusion that this is unmentioned—South Australia is only the State that has not yet passed the stage. My present companions, the good Adelaide, still find the contemplation of their stainless origin a source of good."

"(Year's leader writer please note!) Of the hard things which Prof. Portus has to say about the position and prosperity are set in the historical and economic background which constitutes his first lecture. And what is the marvel behind our 'leading educators' whirr, do not hear. In the midst of the American Press vouchsafed us: read the first forty pages of these lectures, which are now available, and you will read a whole collection of articles and lectures on the subject of private education. The whole would be a suitable farewell to the Director of Education to his—of from them to him. Or perhaps pages 42 and 33 might be preserved in the form of an illuminated addendum. Read him, too, upon his successes, his aims, all you wear an Old School Tw.

The 'Varnishes.' On page 42 we read: "I must now turn to the Varnishes which we seek. "We lecture too much. Our students tend to be hearing lecturers. Too often a distinguished student is appointed as lecturer, quite irrespectively whether he is a scholar or not. (There is the suggestion that all students, not just the graduate, in the W.E.A. first: the people who can register 'neglective preferences'—by not true characters, who is it that reads a whole review of current lectures, or (read practice of frequent questioning in lecturers, or—other sign of the pattern waiting for the lecturer to return to his seat. The obvious reason, hasten after this, to say with Chaucer: 'There be these the cokkies wordses, but nay move')..." connection, and discovered to be impossible, from the point of view of the citizens we are supposed to be educating. They become professionalised much rather than educated."

"It is more important for the people that are more men to have some idea of the social process in general, and to have to our minds more sober, and thirsted, than to have them get up the moral vagaries of the Hapsburgs."

"That all-but-forgotten function of a University which Whitehall has long called 'the imaginative consideration of learning.' And so to the third lecture—"A little known fact is very significant: on four of the indirect agencies of education. Best and fullest of these sections is that on the press—we seem to have read some of it before: from a London University pen, too, we think. Prof. Portus is apt to discount the education value of the contemporary newspaper. For ourselves we would not be so certain, though we grant it gives peace. Is there not another way? Let us listen to the words of Kagawa: "Japan has her shortcomings. The present militarism is in that category. The world abhors this and is endeavoring to isolate her. This attempt, however, will simply drive Japan to take advantage of the chance and become more pernicious. Now above all things, the Christian of the West should show in concrete fashion the real inwardness of redemptive love. Oh, how desperately difficult it is to love sinners; to differentiate between sin and the sinner, to hate the sin and love the sinner, the redeeming love of the Cross! The Cross of Christ, however, makes impossible not only reverse but love. Christ opened a way of salvation even for Japan. Yes, through the whole world for others, for Christ, the revealer of eternal love, will never cease to win Japan until He wins."

Surely this is the only permanent way to social peace—on the basis of self-sacrificing love. Hate can never kill hate, nor war ever war; the only way is the way of love. Then shall all shackles fall, the stormy clangeon of war, the war-music over the earth shall cease."

They didn't turn up like this to the Swimming Dance—perhaps the Mexican atmosphere of the Cabaret will bring them out.

LOVE SHALL TREAD OUT THE BALEFUL FIRE OF ANGER AND IN ITS ASHES PLANT THE TREE OF PEACE.

JADE SOUL

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The sterile conversation of my contemporaries, Mr. Editor, it can be said. It is not so. Our famous and old aged about."

Correspondence

Sir,—Can we hope for the success of legislation aimed at preserving the status quo by force? Let us bear in mind the nature of the status quo with its "haves" and "have-nots," its capitalistic structure with its essential basis of a class for itself and the vastly unequal distribution of resources between individuals and between nations. We hear a lot these days of the necessity of punishing the tax payer. It is obvious that a boy cost of Japan will serve the cause of our creations,—Samuel Butler's greatest fear. We can admire the past, we may even imitate it; but we do not rise above and become ourselves. Perhaps it is destined that we, in Australiar, grow into a race of "sunburnt ninwits." We are heading towards Armageddon, but we shall go in all our sunburnt, cloudless prosperity. Forever, even though we leave it a mountain of books to read, will remain our age as frivolous in literature, and as barren as the barrenness of the spiritual sterility that pervades our "O grave, keep shut lest we be shamed."

DON QUIXOTE.

"(We suggest two months complete rest, from all work, old chap.—The Eds.)

Charles Wells & Co.

CHEMISTS
INVITE YOU TO CALL UPON THEM.
As a TOOTHPowder they recommend SODOX
—'it WHITENS the Teeth.