

**Professor H. Easterfield.**

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**THE SPIKE**  
.. or ..  
**Victoria College Review.**

[Published Twice in the Session.]

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

Subscriptions are now due, and are payable to Mr. D. Matheson, Financial Secretary, Victoria College.

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Vol. 1.

No. 2

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*"Me quoque pectoris tentavit in dulci juvena fervor et in celeres  
iambos misit furentem. Nunc ego mitibus mutare quero tristia*

We offer the second number of "The Spike" to fellow-students and subscribers with every confidence that it will meet with as ready acceptance as the first-born. Our financial condition, unlike that of most young periodicals, is sound; so far we have paid our way; we owe no debts; and so great has been the demand for the first number of our Magazine that it was found necessary to order a second edition. Criticisms we have had, many and of varying degrees of scathingness, some honest and able, and in so far as they were so, valuable and profitable. But to our critics we would reply that of the two tasks of doing work and of picking holes in the work of others, infinitely the easier is the hole-picking, and we would ask them to remember this when they are moved to cast the next stone. If the feelings of any were inadvertently hurt by anything appearing in our first issue, no one has taken it more to heart than have the editors themselves, whom experience, that unerring professor, has yet to teach many lessons, and who, amongst other valuable hints in "journalistic etiquette," have learnt how easy it is to transgress the law of libel in all innocence, and to wound tender skins where no injury was intended.

There is one point in the criticism which seems to us to deserve notice. It was suggested that the "Victoria College Record" was not a record of the whole College work, but of only a part of it. Our critics said with truth that besides the Art Section there is also a Science Section, and that the "Spike"

was silent about it. We think it very necessary that this blemish should be washed away—even if it is at the cost of adding to "spikiness" the unpleasant flavour of *Straw* said to flourish at the Technical School. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the fault. It will disappear when we join hands and hearts under one roof. But in the meantime we invite—nay, even beg—the co-operation of those who, fore-gathering in the land of test tubes and perfumes, can discover humour or wisdom in or about the arid desert of chemical analysis.

The main subject of College interest since our last issue is without doubt the site and building question. We do not apologise for devoting so much space in this number to it, because we feel that this "housing question" can be more easily "underdone" than "overdone." Much of the future of our *alma mater* depends upon it. We learn with pain that the Government proposes to devote only £15,000 to the building. We have every confidence that the authorities will spend the money wisely, and will not attempt to cover many acres on the Drilled principle. At the same time, we hope soon to see an effort made by public subscription to show the Government that there are some citizens in Wellington and some students at our college who will do what they can to keep the torch of knowledge trimmed and burning.

During the present session we have lost two students who have been associated with the College since its inception and who have throughout taken a prominent part in its social life. We are over-young for "regrets," that saddening and chastening influence so powerfully felt by "ten-year men," and we love the brighter if thornier vein. But we sincerely regret to see thinned the ranks of those who, now nearly four years ago, began their University career with the opening of Victoria College. We wish our departing friends every success, and trust that their energy and good-fellowship will be handed down to enrich the lives of those who are following in their footsteps.

We regret that, owing to the lack of general support from exempted students, we have been unable to carry out our original intention of devoting some pages of this number to examination hints for the benefit of those who are unable to attend the year's course of lectures at Wellington. To do anything like justice to the idea at least half the Magazine would have to be given up to it, and considering that we have only the names of some fifteen or twenty exempted students on our subscribers' list, whereas at the College itself we have some two hundred, we think that we are justified in our decision to abandon this scheme for the present.

For a two-fold reason this number will not be quite as long as our last. The first reason is one of economy, which prudently urges us not to give the reins to our too exuberant fancy, lest our credit balance at the end of the session be itself weighed in the balance and found non-existent. The second and more weighty reason is the lateness of the hour. November examinations are hanging over us like a threatening ununder-cloud. Cold fear with clammy hands is clutching at the editorial throat. Every moment is precious—“*Dum loquimur fugerit invidia aetas.*” We therefore briefly offer to you, our fellow-students, this our attempt to fix in black and white the events of some few months that years hence will be looked back on as the best and brightest in our lives, and, wishing to all of you a happy issue out of all your afflictions, meaning thereby every success at the coming examinations, we ask you to accept with charity (that quality so rare) this our second number of “The Spike.”



## GRADUATION DAY.

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How old customs linger! Whether the noise and horse-play that are now often the concomitants of granting degrees in our university colleges are a survival of the ancient university disputations, or of the students' liberty of criticism that was necessary when there was no newspaper, is of little moment. The time has surely come when this ancient practice may well be abandoned.

The students do much better in the universities of the United States of America. I have before me accounts of how Graduation Day is kept in various American universities. In them they are able to separate serious business from jollity and frivolity. In the Leland Stanford Junior University there are two great days, one following the other, "Alumni Day" and "Commencement Day." The first is the Graduates and Undergraduate's Day. In 1897 the programme was as follows:—In the forenoon there was a farce written and performed by the seniors. The Alumni Association met at 3.30, elected officers for the ensuing twelve months, and heard two papers read by graduates. These were published by the university. After this meeting was over there was what we would call "a banquet." The Americans called it "a luncheon." At this luncheon there were toasts and short speeches, and one of the lady graduates read a witty poem of her own composition. I give a short extract:—

"Given a gelatine, germ-filled mind,  
Develop the crinkles by gradual grind.  
Select all the frolicsome foibles away,  
And only the fittest of crochets will stay  
Until it increase to the standard enlargement.  
When lo! the proprietor waves us a parchment  
Thus a college career overlooking its sequels,  
A logical process Darwinian equals."

The addresses delivered by the graduates are often able. In 1895 there were three, all worth reading:—"The Educated Man in the Coming Era," "What's the use of Education?" "The Everlasting Beauty of Character." In 1897 the two were "The Industrial Problem" and "Behold the Tabernacle of God with Men."

On Commencement Day the degrees are granted, and one of the professors delivers a carefully prepared address on some educational topic, and the president generally reviews the past work and sketches future prospects. I have several of these addresses; one delivered in 1893, I would like to see circulated throughout our colony. It is entitled, "The American University and the American Man."

Other universities have similar arrangements, some compressing, however, in one day the students' programme and the university programme.

No one objects to the students having their amusements; the question is when should they be held. If we cannot have two days, as in the Leland Stanford Junior University, might we not have one day, arranged somewhat as follows:—

1. The degrees should be granted at 11 a.m. The chancellor, or whoever presides, should first deliver a short speech dealing with the progress for the year of the university, and specially of the college where the degrees are granted, and, lastly, someone should deliver an address on the relation of the university to our education system and to our civic life.

2. A luncheon should be held.

3. After that the University Association should meet and elect its officers, and have one or more short papers on questions of interest to the students read.

4. In the evening there should be a students' entertainment—songs, farces, dances, etc.

I believe some arrangement of this kind would in the end be more agreeable to the students and more helpful to the university. The present mode of degree granting is, I am sure, neither one nor the other. We require to popularise our university work. It is necessary that the public should be on the side of universities. That is not the case now. The Victoria University College might well set the example to the older colleges by starting a new method of managing the important function of granting degrees. At present what happens makes the judicious grieve and only the unthinking laugh.

ROBERT STOUT.

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### LOST.

Somewhere in Girls' High School Ransom's "Outlines of English History." The present "owner" may "borrow" other works of reference on application to Editors.

## THE BATTLE OF THE SITES.

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The battle has been fought—and lost. That is to say, the Victoria College Council, after a struggle of more than three years, has been compelled to relinquish the idea of obtaining what it maintained was the best site for the College, and has begun the work of preparing for the building in another place. It is not proposed in this article to fight again the much-contested ground. If Mount Cook has been lost, Salamanca has been won, and we may even rejoice that, for present purposes, our Home on Salamanca road is quite as convenient as it would have been on Mount Cook. Having done all in its power for posterity, the College Council may well make the best use of the fine site it has acquired. Our present object is to sketch the history of the negotiations which led to the acquisition of the site. It is hoped that this will serve to arouse some interest in the building preparations which are now in progress, and will stand in some sort as a record of events likely soon to be forgotten, but nevertheless of great interest and very lasting importance to all present and future students of Victoria College.

Wellington does not abound in sites suitable for University Buildings. The best possible sites had serious disadvantages, and most of those suggested seem to come under the class called by the "Times" "attenuated possibilities." During the struggle seven sites were seriously suggested—Mount Cook, the Museum, the Ministerial residence in Tinakori road, the Girls' High School, the Wellington College Reserve, Kelburne Park and the chosen Salamanca Hill. In addition, Mr J. Graham, M.H.R., proposed to locate Victoria College in Nelson, which evoked a counterblast from Palmerston North. An anonymous newspaper correspondent proposed to evict Lord Ranfurly and seize upon Government House, a proposal which was stoutly resisted by the Hockey Club on behalf of its Patron.

The first public announcement of action on the part of the College Council seems to have been made at a meeting held on 17th August, 1898, when, in reply to a question by Mr Hogg, the chairman (Mr Blair) said that he had seen the Minister of Education, and had made a suggestion by which, for a yearly sum of, say, £900, the present Girls' High School



could be obtained for the College, and the school placed on another site. "But," he added, "I have heard nothing further about it." On the 21st of the next month the chairman reported that the Council had visited various sites with the Premier, but had as yet received no letter from him on the subject. It appeared that Mount Cook was certainly the best site, and he would move "That the Council is of opinion that the best site in Wellington for the Victoria University College is Mount Cook, and that the Government be respectfully urged to take the necessary steps to vest the Mount Cook Reserve, comprising thirteen acres, three roods, thirty-two perches, in the Council of the College as a site for the College buildings and grounds, such portion of the reserve as is not required for the College to be maintained as a public park, accessible to the public of Wellington, under regulations." At the same meeting Mr Graham said that he had seen the Premier, and had received a reply to the effect that the Government would consider the granting of a site. He believed Mr Seddon proposed giving a part of Mount Cook.

During the next few days a deputation waited on the Minister of Education, and on the 19th October the Council received a reply through Mr J. Hutcheson, M.H.R., who had introduced the deputation, saying that it had been decided to ask the approval of the Legislature to a proposal of a site for the purpose. It continued: "The use of the Ministerial residence in Tinakori road will be given to the College for such period as may be necessary to enable the College to provide buildings upon a new site." The Council seems to have concluded that it would be easier to get into Tinakori road than to get out of it again, and it was decided "not to press for a definite reply."

Between October, 1898, and April, 1899, no steps were taken beyond agitation, but on 11th April, on the motion of Sir Robert Stout, seconded by Mr J. Graham, M.H.R., the following resolution was carried:—(1) That in the opinion of this Council it is absolutely necessary for the success of the College that permanent buildings be at once provided. (2) That such buildings should, if possible, be centrally situated in the city of Wellington. (3) That the chairman be requested to communicate with the Government regarding buildings, and the propriety of at once vesting the Mount Cook prison site in the College.

In accordance with this resolution, the chairman waited on the Premier, who replied that "he would take an opportunity shortly of announcing his intentions." The chairman was

accordingly authorised to organise a representative deputation to the Minister, "with the object of securing a suitable site and buildings."

By July, 1899, the Council, evidently tired of asking for a "suitable" site, decided to petition Parliament and interview the Premier with a view to obtaining a particular site, and by the 16th August the petition had been presented and the Premier interviewed. The result was, at any rate, definite. The Premier refused to submit the matter to Parliament, and refused Mount Cook.

For nearly a year a guerilla warfare was maintained, and no decisive engagement took place. In July, 1900, the Council had a conference with members of Parliament representing the middle district with a view to enlisting their sympathy and support towards obtaining Mount Cook, "or in default of that some other suitable site for a University College." On the 15th August a letter was received from the Premier practically admitting that he had the question "steadily in view." A few days afterwards in Parliament the Premier made an attack upon the College Council, accusing it "of gross neglect of duty," and having "done absolutely nothing except to bring the professors here under false pretences." He concluded by again refusing Mount Cook to the College, and announcing that "if the Council would not accept what was offered he would have to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire whether Palmerston North, Nelson or Blenheim, or some other place could be utilised for the purpose."

In March, 1901, the question of the site assumed another phase. During the first years of the agitation, as will be seen, the efforts of the Council were concentrated on Mount Cook. It was now certain that under the present administration Mount Cook was impossible. In some quarters it was maintained that the first few years of the life of the College were of continually diminishing importance, and that it would pay the Council to wait. Apparently, however, the uncertainty of that position weighing with the other considerations, determined the Council to look for present opportunities, and from this point attention appears to have been directed towards Kelburne Park. About this time the title of the Wellington College governors to the reserve which had been suggested as a site for Victoria College was confirmed by the Court of Appeal in the case Jackson v. Wellington College governors, and the attitude of the Governors naturally rendered this site as impossible at Mount Cook. Thus there seemed only one present solution, and public attention was drawn to it by Mr C. Pharazyn, who offered £1000 to the College if it chose a site

in the vicinity of Kelburne Park. Now, Wellington is not over-stocked with public reserves, and the City Council could not see its way to part with Kelburne Park itself. On the 26th of June, 1901, however, at a meeting of the Council, the chairman, Mr Blair, in reply to a question, said that a suitable site contiguous to Kelburne Park could probably be obtained for the College. He believed that the ground was under the control of the City Council, and the College could offer an absolute equivalent, so that the citizens would be in no way prejudiced. A committee was set up to report, and the first step taken towards obtaining what is destined to be our home. On the 17th July the committee brought down its report recommending the Salamanca road site as the best available, and after discussion, the Council adopted the report. The committee was authorised to take steps towards giving effect to its recommendations.

The first immediate result was a memorial from the Professorial Board urging the City Council and the College Council to unite with the object of giving the College Kelburne Park. The memorial tried to show that the objections to Kelburne held equally well against Salamanca road, that there was no insuperable legal or moral difficulty in the granting of Kelburne, which was a far better site for University purposes.

On 16th October the Site Committee reported that it had obtained from the City Council the offer of two alternative sites. The first offer was that of a piece of land on Salamanca road containing five acres, three roods, 17 perches on the following conditions: (1) That land of equal value within the city be vested in the Corporation as a public reserve; (2) that the exchange be carried into legal effect and the College buildings commenced within five years. The other offer had been obtained in deference to the wishes of the Professorial Board as expressed in their memorial. It consisted of two and a half acres at the northern end of Kelburne Park, with the condition that the Council of Victoria College reclaim and form additional land, so that the total level land available for public recreation purposes be not less than six acres. The committee thought that arrangements could be made with the Wellington College governors for the transfer of part of their reserve to the City Council in exchange for the Salamanca road site, and that a small piece of land adjoining the site belonging to the Hospital Trustees might also be acquired. The committee recommended the acceptance of the first offer, and a motion to that effect was carried. Early in November "The Victoria College Site and Wellington College and Girls' High School and Hospital Trust Empowering Act" was passed, giving

power for an exchange of land between the Corporation and the trustees of Wellington College. Negotiations between the institutions concerned were protracted until February, 1902, and when a deadlock seemed to be imminent a solution was found in the transfer to the City Council of a strip of the Wellington College endowment in Willis street in exchange for the Salamanca road, which then passed into the hands of Victoria College.

Thus, after a struggle of three and a half years, Victoria College found an abiding place. There can be no reasonable doubt that the College Council has throughout been actuated by a high sense of the importance of the work entrusted to it, and has kept steadily before it the best interests of the College. Their work has been aided by the professors and by many friends of the institution, whilst the students in their own modest way did what they could.

All, however, is not done. The building is yet to make. It is yet to be decided whether Victoria College shall have a home worthy the great institution it is to be, worthy the Empire City in which it is, worthy of a Government which professes to love the cause of education, and worthy of that great cause itself. Until this is decided, students, professors and citizens will stand shoulder to shoulder in the name of that cause which is of as vital importance to the meanest member of the community as to the wealthiest ruler of the State.

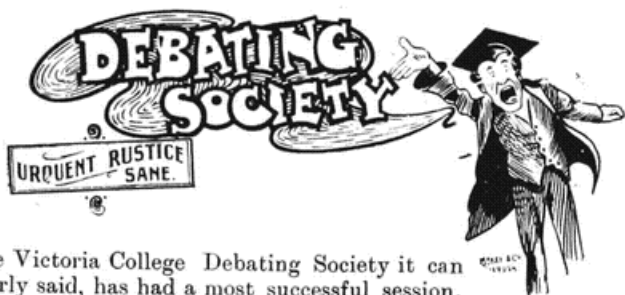
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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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We publish in this number a capital portrait of Professor Easterfield, who occupies the Science Chair, and who is too well known as one of Wellington's leading public men to need any introduction from us. Also a very interesting group of the whole staff of Victoria College, Professors and Lecturers, and three small pictures to give some idea of the new site. Although these in the process of reduction have necessarily lost much of their clearness, we consider them of sufficient interest to be inserted. One gives a view of the work of levelling in full progress, the second gives a general view of the ground, while the third gives some idea of the truly magnificent view to be obtained from Salamanca heights.



The Victoria College Debating Society it can be fairly said, has had a most successful session. The great feature of this year, and that which may be considered of the greatest importance in so young a body, is the number of new speakers who have ventured to rise and address the chair. All encouragement has been given to develop this "latent talent," and the result has been the most successful session since the inception of the Society. While welcoming these new orators, we must regret that many of the older and more experienced in the forensic art have for the most part withdrawn the sunshine of their presence. We hope their absence is but temporary.

Our President, Professor McLaurin, to whom the thanks of the Society are due for many kindnesses, too numerous to mention, delivered his lecture on "Debating Societies" the first night of this term. His lecture was greatly appreciated by those fortunate enough to be present, though the weather seemed to have granted a "dormiat" to many who should have braved the elements. Judging from the amount of thanks and criticism that the lecture brought forth, it was in no way lost on the small but select audience. At the conclusion Mr. Richmond took the opportunity of referring to the departure from Wellington of Mr. D. K. Logan, who, as Secretary of the Society, has done so much to make this year's meetings successful. All recognized the great loss the Society and the College generally were sustaining.

The Literary Prize Competition and Parliamentary Night brought together one of the largest audiences of the year. The subject chosen for the Competition was, "A description of Scenery in New Zealand," and the Rev. Mr. Sprott, who very kindly acted as Judge of the Essays, awarded the prize to Mr. G. F. Dixon for a very interesting account of Rotorua, "A Region of Strange Contrasts." In accordance with the rules of the Society this was read by the winner, and, though long, was listened to throughout with great interest.

Mr. H. P. Richmond was then unanimously elected Speaker, a position he filled with great ability and dignity, and

Parliament was opened with the due formalities. The Hon. (for the time being) H. H. Ostler as Premier, supported by a Ministry consisting of the Hons. F. A. de la Mare and T. Seddon moved the reading of the Estimates. All of these, including a vote for establishing a respectable boarding-house in Murphy Street, and a grant for lighting the Reclaimed Land (the Premier's constituency) were passed without comment, except the estimated grant of £1000 for the rendering more efficient of HANSARD *alias* THE SPIKE. This called forth strong criticism. But the Opposition, following recent precedents, seemed to be leaderless as lost sheep upon the mountains, and, viewed from the Government benches, furnished a sorry spectacle. This was by no means so from their own point of view. Mr. A. G. Quartley, the real leader of the Opposition, though his modesty would not allow him to accept that honour, then moved to reduce the grant by £999 19s. 11½d. Animated discussion followed, in which both Government and Opposition proved themselves masters of the noble art of mud throwing. Proceedings were somewhat interrupted by the Sergeant-at-Arms persisting in keeping his feet on the mace (the College broom), and his perseverance at last led the House to take the extreme step of ejecting him. The speeches became more stormy, but the necessity of tying the Speaker to the Chair while the motion was discussed was happily avoided. The Ministry, not deigning to answer the charges and recriminations heaped on them so prolifically, caused the question to be put and won the day, thus retaining the confidence of the House, though only by the narrowest of majorities.

The debate on the Antagonism of Commerce to Art was without doubt the most successful of the Session, and we must congratulate the speakers who took part in the discussion on the general excellence and high level of their speeches. Miss F. Smith, who contended successfully that modern development of commerce had helped art, in the opinion of all who heard her, made the speech of the year. Mr. Henderson, the mover, and Rev. Mr. Scotter also made telling speeches on the other side.

The last two debates have been very well fought out, but the audience has been decidedly less than usual. Mr. Buddle moved "That the present system of Trial by Jury should be superseded by a Tribunal of Judges." Mr. Toogood opposed—the debate was lost by 9 to 7. The last debate up to the date of publishing: "That the Trust development in the United States is the precursor to a new and brilliant progressive movement in the organization of Society," led by Miss Taylor in the absence of Mr. Fitzherbert, whom we regret to hear has left Wellington, and opposed by Mr. H. H. Ostler, was one of decided interest. But the attendance still showed a large falling off in numbers

and we would impress on students that they should endeavour, as much as lies in their power, to foster the club by their attendance. It is decidedly disheartening for speakers to deliver carefully prepared speeches to empty benches. There are still two debates to come off this term. Would students please remember them, and invite their friends.

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### CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ II.\*

## I.

If the words are easily spoken, and students tender and green,  
Does the bashful young man hang back for the deep-seated wisdom of age?

If the girls look on admiring, their sweetest smiles to be seen,  
He suits his sense to their brains, the young and resourceful sage.

## II.

Who rule the ballot, my friend—to them shall we bow the knee,  
Make you peace with the women—they boss the poll at V.C.

## III.

To win then be furnished and groomed with a collar that's likely to throttle,  
Comb your hair, curl your "mou." 'tis best, for authority, see Aristotle.

## IV.

In casting your jokes, remember before they are finally rigged,  
No trouble's so wasteful as that which is spent on a joke that cannot be "twigged."

## V.

But when humour unseen is attempted, 'tis always best in the main,  
If you value the joke you have "swatted," to stop and explain.

## VI.

'Tis said that the brave gain the fair, that discretion becometh the brave;  
And 'tis true that a good speech will lack neither judgment nor "spunk,"

Wherefore consider your subject once—sober—discretion to save,  
Then, that boldness your councils may enter, consider a second time—drunk.

## VII.

To make of yourself a fool, oft wants both courage and brain,  
Be a nuisance to kind-hearted friends, and to enemies be as a pain.

## VIII.

'Tis good to be good, they say, and we know that you would if you could,  
But be good within limits, young man, and be not, I implore you, Toogood.

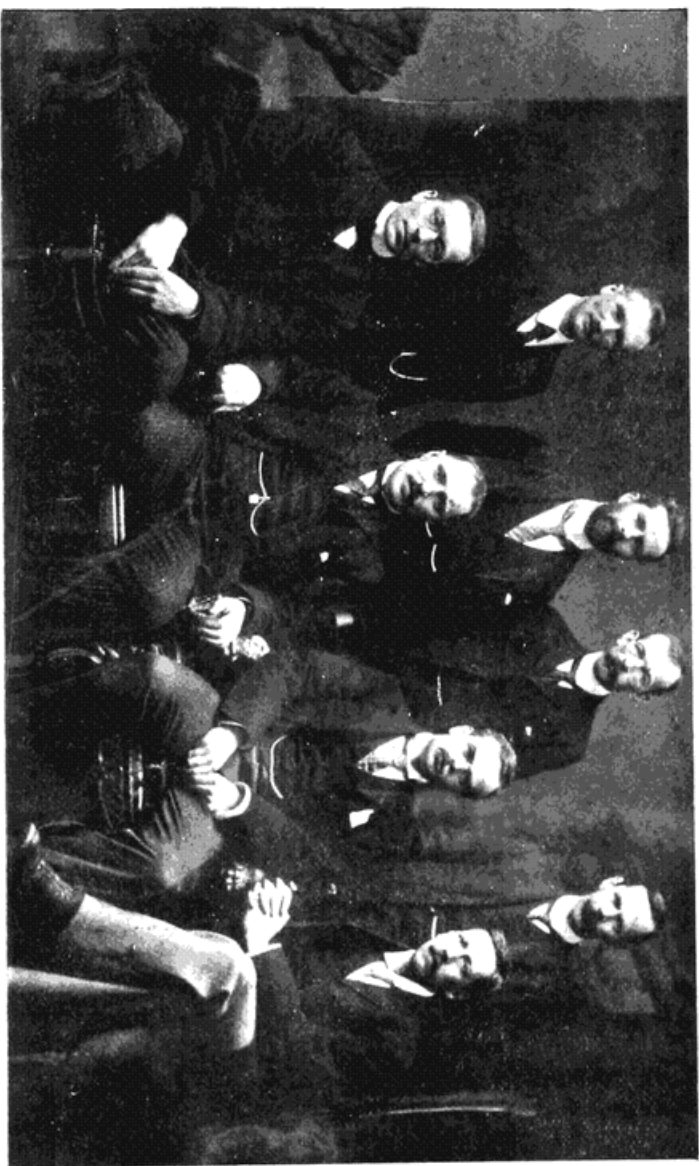
## IX.

But of all the good maxims, I say, of debaters—I've said it before—  
This one is the pick,  
Get to know what the audience wants you to say before you get on to floor,  
And pile it on thick.

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NOTE.—The Editors wish it to be distinctly understood that they are not responsible for the moral tone of Hafiz.

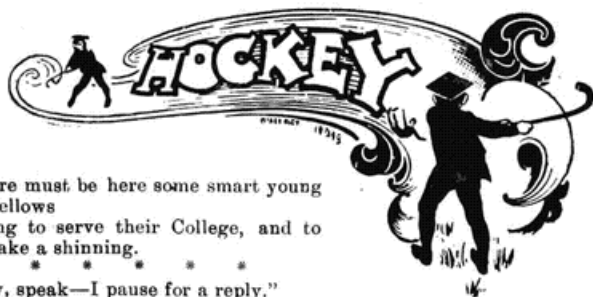
\* A guardian, governor, preserver, or professor.



**Professors and Lecturers of Victoria College.**

Back Row—Mr. M. W. RICHMOND, B.Sc., Mr. C. E. ADAMS, B.Sc., Mr. D. RITCHIE, B.A., B.L., PROFESSOR MACLACHLIN.  
Front Row—PROFESSOR VON ZIEGLITZ, PROFESSOR MACKENZIE, PROFESSOR BROWN, PROFESSOR EASTFIELD.





"There must be here some smart young fellows  
Willing to serve their College, and to  
take a shinning.

If any, speak—I pause for a reply."

*Cur apricum*

*Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?—HORACE.*

The Hockey Club was worried several times during the season by men who were picked to play and who backed out at the last moment without excuse. One man in the junior team did this twice, and on a third occasion missed the train. The consequence was that the team on each occasion played short-handed. The selection committees should see that such a thing does not happen twice, and select men who have some slight sense of the responsibility imposed by an engagement, some little consideration for the rest of the team—men who, to some small extent, can be depended on.

An accident threw rather a glaring case under the editorial eye. Riding home from Miramar through a back street, the aforesaid eye was arrested by a gun. Behind the gun was a sweater and behind the sweater was a youth, and, moreover, a defaulter. "Why weren't you playing to-day?" was the question asked. "I rang up to say I couldn't come," he said. The answer to Horace's question was plainly in this case—*cuniculi!*

Hockey is now over, and the results of the season before us The decision to enter for the Senior Championship has been more than justified. Throughout the season the first team was able to give each team it played a good game, and in the second round, during which the eleven continuously improved, it made even its best opponents look to their laurels. Under the circumstances, therefore, the series of losses sustained is by no means discreditable. As was expected, the junior team did not meet with much success. It suffered on more than one occasion at the hands of members who stayed away without excuse, though the bulk of the team turned out regularly and cheerfully to the sacrifice.

The following is a synopsis of Championship results :—

SENIOR TEAM.—Matches played, 8 : won 2, lost 5, drawn 1. Goals for, 15 ; against, 26.

JUNIOR TEAM.—Matches played, 10 : won 1, lost 8, drawn 1. Goals for, 12 ; against, 58.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following are the detailed results of the matches continued from last number :—

#### SENIOR TEAM.

##### CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.—SECOND ROUND.

V. C. V. KARORI.—Lost 5-1. G. Bogle scored the goal for College.

V. C. V. VIVIAN.—Won 6-0. Beere scored four times and A. Bogle twice.

V. C. V. UNITED.—Lost 3-0. College showed greatly improved combination.

V. C. V. WELLINGTON.—Lost 4-3. The fastest game of the season, even throughout. Stewart shot two goals and G. Bogle one.

##### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.—SECOND ROUND.

V. C. V. WELLINGTON.—Lost 8-1. Stewart scored the College goal. Played on a wet day with only 8 men.

V. C. V. UNITED.—Lost 10-0.

V. C. V. KARORI.—Won 3-2. Perry, Scholefield and de la Mare scored.

V. C. V. VIVIAN.—Lost 3-1. Batham scored. College played two men short.

V. C. V. WAIWETU.—Lost 6-0. Best team won. College altogether lacked combination.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Championship matches were finished, two practice games were played by the senior team against Wellington Club. In the first Wellington won by four to two, and in the second College won by six to three. In the former Beere and G. Bogle and in the latter A. Bogle (four), Beere and G. Bogle scored for College.

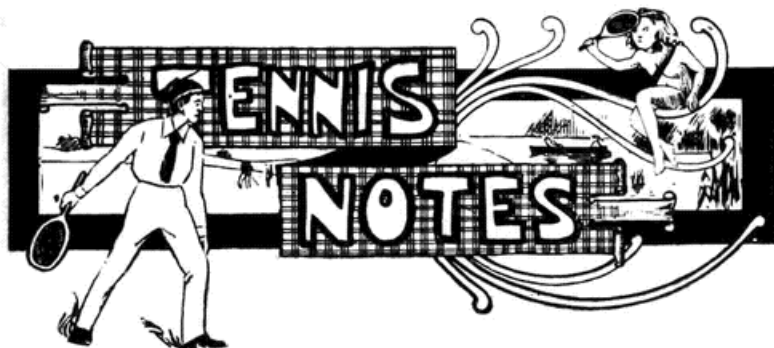
The following members of the College teams were picked for practice for the Representative teams :

SENIOR.—R. St. J. Beere, A. H. Bogle, H. H. Ostler and D. Matheson.

JUNIOR.—I. M. Batham, J. Bee, and B. Smith.

Of these Messrs. Matheson, Batham and Smith secured the representative cap.





As the hockey season is over and summer approaching, it is expected that the Tennis Club will renew its youth. Three years ago, even on wet Saturdays, a band of enthusiasts would gather on the courts, and the players existed through the week that they might live on Saturday. This is to be the characteristic of the coming season. The committee will be glad to hear of new members. The protracted Sealed Handicap Tournament will be finished, and a "Challenge Ladder" posted. The great event of the tennis year will be the Easter Tournament, and it is hoped that Victoria College will be able to send a stronger team to Auckland next year than it did to Christchurch this year. As this can only be done by assiduous practice, it is hoped that every effort will be made by each member to raise the standard of play.

Students are reminded that balls can now be obtained at 2s 6d per pair from T. J. Thompson, ironmonger, 60 Cuba street, on an order from the secretary.

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It is with regret that we record the departure from Wellington of Mr D. K. Logan, who from the very first session of our College has done as much as any student amongst us to make our social institutions and university life the success and the pleasure that they undoubtedly are. Throughout his career loss has been, and will be, most deeply felt by all who have at Victoria College, whatever function or public office he underworked with him and profited by his co-operation. We wish ally, in his new surroundings, and we comfort ourselves with took he performed the duties appertaining to it ably, and his him, however, every success, socially, professionally and athletic—the thought that our loss is surely Masterton's gain.



*Nec dulces amores,  
Sperne puer neque tu choreas.*

#### THE PROFESSORS' DANCE.

All who were there will long remember the dance so kindly given by the Professors on the evening of Capping Day. After the excitement of the afternoon everyone was in the mood for further enjoyment, and the dance formed a suitable ending to the day's pleasure. The Central Hall, which was given up to the dancers, looked quite gay, while the platform had been cosily furnished. For those who did not care to dance ping-pong tables had been provided in the Latin room above, and one could hardly recognise in the ardent players the tired overworked students who regularly meet under circumstances so different in the self-same room. Music, supper, in fact everything, showed that our Professors had spared nothing in providing for our enjoyment, and it was very reluctantly indeed that at last we separated; but all agreeing that it was the most enjoyable dance ever held in connection with the College.

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#### THE HOCKEY AND TENNIS CLUBS' DANCE.

The second annual dance of the Hockey and Tennis Clubs held in the Sydney Street Schoolroom on 21st July, the last day of the short vacation, proved a most enjoyable opening to the trials and worries of the second term. An energetic ladies' committee had worked hard in the preparation and arrangement of the supper, and the admiration expressed by all at the result, showed our appreciation of their efforts. The hall itself had

been tastefully decorated with gay coloured flags, and the stage daintily fitted up. The anterooms were cool and inviting, and afforded a pleasant retreat between the dances, while good music and a perfect floor added to the evening's pleasure. In connection with this enjoyable dance great credit is due to the energetic secretary, Mr. G. F. Dixon, for his untiring efforts in contributing to the success of the dance and the enjoyment of all present.

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## CHRISTIAN UNION.

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Since the last issue of our Magazine, we have experienced a sharp shock of earthquake in Unionland, caused by no other circumstance than the visit of our travelling secretary, Mr Withycombe! An earthquake is not usually a pleasing excitement, but when it has the effect of waking folks out of a comfortable snooze, there are possibilities of most beneficial results. For this reason quiet slumber is not conducive to work, and the world we live in is, fortunately for our characters, a work-a-day world. An awakening, too, often brings thoughts—thoughts of responsibility, of reverence, of new resolves and new hopes and prayers. We have work to do for others as well as for ourselves, whatever the world may say, and by neglecting this work, we are selling our birthright and throwing away untold blessing.

Mr Withycombe arrived in Wellington on the evening of July 26, and was, during his stay in Wellington, the guest of Mrs Denton, in Woolcombe street, for whose kindness we are all very grateful. On Tuesday evening, July 29th, he paid us a visit at the College, and was entertained by the combined unions of the Girls' High School and of Victoria College. In an address Mr Withycombe traced for us the history of the World's Student Christian Union, of which we form a small part, and emphasised the practical good he had seen worked in colleges and schools through the efforts of the union alone.

Professor McKenzie occupied the chair, and welcomed the guest of the evening on behalf of the College staff. Short addresses were also given by Miss McLean, of the Girls' High School Christian Union, the Revs. Mr Glasson and Mr Scotter, the representative of our Union.

On Saturday evening Mr Withycombe addressed a meeting of the V.C.C.U., reading from the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel the parable of the ten talents, and using it to show

how self-sacrifice must be our portion in this life and our joy in the next. The most practical sacrifice we are able to give as students is time. Time, to poor, hard worked individuals such as ourselves, with examinations creeping upon us with the steady slowness of a glacier, is our most precious possession, and therefore it is what God requires of us, "our firstling of the flock without spot or blemish."

Mr Withycombe met the executive of the Union several times, with the result that working committees have been formed and a better understanding of Christian Union affairs obtained. The conveners of committees appointed are as follows:—Bible study, Mr Thompson; religious meetings, Miss Smyth; missionary, Mr Blair; membership, Mr Waugh; inter-collegiate relations, Miss Griffiths.

General meetings were arranged for alternate Saturday evenings at 7.30, and meetings for Bible study on Thursday evenings, from eight till nine o'clock.

Now, a Christian Union cannot do much in our College without the sympathy of you and me—the students of the College. One hour every week is not very much, and it will amply repay us. No other book and no other subject will so abundantly repay close and deep study. We must remember that the Bible contains gold, and almost anyone is willing to dig for gold—to dig gladly—even at the expense of time, energy, thought and steady perseverance in the midst of a busy life.

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The Editors desire to thank all those students who, by loyal co-operation and assistance, have helped to make their work lighter in bringing out the second number of "The Spike." We thank all contributors, and regret that through lack of space we have again been forced to omit several promising contributions; and we are especially grateful to those gentlemen who, to procure for us suitable illustrations of the College site, cheerfully gave up an afternoon's holiday.

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We also record with regret the resignation of Miss Ross from the position of secretary to the Students' Society, an office which she has filled ably for many sessions, and though we know that the office will be well filled by Miss Roberts, who has taken her place, yet we cannot but miss the services and the assistance of one who has been a leading spirit amongst us for so long.

## STUDENTS WE HAVE MET.

"Why would Homer never starve in the desert?" As Scylla's original conundrums are rarely anything but odious, I contented myself with shoving the blotting-paper missive into the inkpot, and reserving my reproof till the hour of nine. "It pains me, Scylla, to see a girl of your ability persist in regarding Homer with such unbecoming levity. That mixture of self-denial and quiet severity with which he confers the honour of sitting out a lecture, that gentle tone, so far removed from egotism, with which he suggests emendations, that true courtesy with which he attempts to prevent professors from feeling *de trop*, are qualities which unreservedly stamp Homer as the flower of the flock. Snubs are futile, and though administered fairly frequently, have, as you see, failed to penetrate the Homeric hide, or yet impress its owner with the smallest amount of respect for the barbed wire fence of 'exclusiveness' which hedges in 'professahs of high degree.'"

The vocal modulations, too, of which he is capable are various, Scylla, not to say curious. I have frequently paused at the foot of the stairs to listen to Homer expatiating above on the merits of the "Bow-wow theory" in loud and hearty tones, but at the debates he speaks gently, with that modesty which suggests he knows how good he really is. Indeed, it is difficult to realise as one listens to him softly disarming a dangerous opponent with delicate Homeric flattery that this gentle, velvety-pawed creature has at football a reputation which is simply profound—that he is warranted able to tackle a man in a manner that would under any other circumstances get him fourteen days' hard labour without option. His presence of mind is unique. I have seen him calmly analysing the ingredients of trifle whilst irate "correspondents" stood near passing remarks which brought to my ear the blush of shame.

Once, and once only, have I seen Homer nonplussed. It was at a debate. He looked troubled. It had just dawned on him, he said, that, as he was neither a foreigner, dead, nor over sixty, there was the chance of serving his country, not on the noble plains of Miramar, as he fondly hoped, but—on a jury. He had a presentiment, he continued with a miserable gulp, that the next week of his life would be spent somehow or another within a Court. Only last night he dreamt he had miserably made away with two professors, a lecturer and the care-

taker. This looked serious, but I rose to the occasion. "Why, I have frequently, in my dreams," said I, "murdered whole classes of inoffensive students and thought no more of it than I would of shooting the window-fiend of the Latin class. I know a student," I continued, "who is the soul of honour, the shining light of our Mutual Improvement Society, and he told me that though he had not yet brought himself to purchase a 'Spike' (such a good young man), he dreamt he had borrowed one from a lady student, kept it a month and returned it—a wiser and a better man! I know a young lady, the very incarnation of conscientiousness, who dreamt that she had stolen some proof-sheets of the said 'Spike' and sold them to the 'Christian Weekly' for an enormous sum."

All of which, I am happy to say, had the effect of so far restoring Homer Olympi to his wonted composure that I had the satisfaction of seeing him depart—almost cheerfully—for his "diggings" in company with that friend of the afflicted—Decius d.l. Marius.

Chivalrous Decius! Ever polite—punctiliously polite! Scylla says he has been known to apologise to a complete stranger for not knowing him, but though I have only Scylla's word for that I must confess I have never noticed in him any of those reckless and dare-devil qualities so common in editors. It is true that his normal appearance is somewhat calculated to inspire the unwary with feelings akin to fear, as, in addition to his elephantine dimensions, his unfathomable capacity for patriotism frequently leads him to indulge in peace celebrations to the extent of an injured orb or two. But all such trifling blemishes are forgotten in his smile. It is superb. Even when children and dogs take unwarrantable liberties with him he still smiles serenely—in fact, he is one vast, substantial smile. In some unaccountable way he has smiled himself into the good graces of Scylla. Says Scylla, "For genuine wit, quaint humour and incomparable vivacity commend me to Decius Marius." I looked at Scylla. These effusive outbursts are unusual with her. "I mean it," she exclaimed. "I prophesy that one day he will rival the great H.P.R. himself, though I must confess he has not yet acquired that peculiar dignity of air, that majesty of eye, the incomparable touch-me-notishness of walk which enables the great H. to impart such a 'tone' to the most ordinary common or garden debate."

Fiecreat Decius! This is praise indeed!

But who is this smart, "spoffish" 'student of the law' who simply overwhelms us with his grandiloquent rhetoric? Aulus Quartus, no less—one of our choicest spirits, and possessing no



small reliance on his own merits. He is not hampered with any of your unbecoming modesty in public, though whether in private he loves to blush unseen it is impossible to say, owing to an absence of eye-witnesses. In addition to contributing to the C.U. a most ingenious paper on "Absent-minded Beggars," he has from time to time been the author of propositions of such startling magnitude and interest that Scylla confidently asserts that when the College Council see the wisdom of endowing V.C. with a chair of "Umbugology," A. Quartus, Esq., will fill it nobly.

"Meanwhile," says Scylla, "a youth of his ability could easily make his living in a more honest manner."

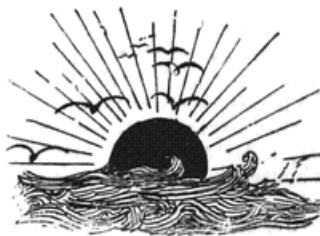
But with all his rare abilities Aulus pales into insignificance before Augustus Hymytius,—*ille* Augustus Magnus, who glides into the debate with that compound air of conscious superiority and general blood-thirstiness which excites at once the admiration and terror of the juvenile and lady members. Shall I ever forget that sublime discourse on Art, that magnificent oratory, that oracular electricity, which, generated in the dynamo of "wounded dignity," led to such a never-to-be-forgotten battery? I always thought I was pretty tough, but I rose sadly—I won't deny suddenly—after ten minutes of Augustian art, and sped homewards, realising, alas! that the athletics which harden a hero's muscles assuredly petrify his heart. I met Scylla a few days afterwards. She said it was extremely foolish of me to have gone without hearing Apollo Scathius deliver his fiat on Fine Art. I looked at her with an intensity of gaze that would have jarred a mesmerist. I said, "Scylla, we are life-long friends; let us not now get estranged. I heard one discourse on 'Fine Art,' and I pride myself on being no glutton to long for another. Moreover, having in a moment of idleness been induced to peruse the result of Scathius' investigations concerning the present state of infant education and Xmas cards, presented by that worthy to the society of which I am an honourable member, I flatter myself, Scylla, that in escaping his discourse I distinctly had the pull over you."

Scylla played the Joker. She said, "You also missed Bonior," Alas! cruel Fates, and did I miss that oratory so lustrous with epigram, so instinct with the glow of intellectual power, that unrivalled speaker whose richness (not to say fidelity) of description precludes any attempt on the part of mere man to perpetrate a panegyric, though I shall never, no never, my noble Bonior, forget that—

" When Augustus from his pedestal of art  
Strove to annihilate the photographic fiend,  
Then Bonior saw and smiled,  
And an interminable satire glowed  
Throughout his lucid frame.  
There rose within his soul  
A wild unspeakable intelligence,  
A fierce and dangerous light,  
Which, through his eyes, in countless flashes shone  
Intolerably bright.  
Like to an infinite multitude of stars  
Gemming the Arch of Heaven,  
Or rather like the shining balls that come  
Out of a Roman Candle."

Still, there are jealous students who say that Bonior is possessed of such a tropical imagination that it is necessary to put the truth back into a refrigerator after he has done with it; who sneer at Bonior's profound respect for the law when he demands that everything should be done in the most constitutional manner possible; there are actually students who fail to appreciate the inestimable value of Bonior's researches on the chemical constituents and molecular atomic weights of H<sub>2</sub>O. But "virtue ever hath its own reward." "Floreast Bonior" rest assured that on you we depend for the metaphor that meteorises, the simile that startles, and the voice that cheers but not inebriates.

J.



## HAMLET.

The brief notes on the play of "Romeo and Juliet" were received with so much enthusiasm, and proved so beneficial to the English students that the authors in response to many pressing appeals have now much pleasure in submitting to the gracious perusal, of the academic gods, notes on similar lines on the soul-stirring tragical history of "Hamlet."

In diverting somewhat from the beaten tracts, great philological research and much patient labour has been necessary, but we trust that information calculated to extend the personal knowledge of this, perhaps the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, will not be altogether valueless matter for fireside reading at this present season of exams. And if these notes on characters worth studying, and subject matter well requiring the mind's attention shall appear to meet the spirit and to consult the inclinations of the students, our labour will not have been in vain. We would, however, impress upon you, gentle readers, the serious nature of the subject under consideration. We were grieved beyond measure to hear one student complain that our former effort was not *sufficiently* humorous. We wish to disclaim the slightest pretensions to humour. The matter is not one for idle joking, and we, like Dr. Johnson, have no desire to follow Hamlet's example and "put an antic disposition on." We merely desire to pose as benefactors to our species—*pro bono publico*, so to speak.

The story of Hamlet is told by Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the Great Stone Age, and many critics have unjustly accused Shakespeare of "boning" from this author. Clear evidence is shown by certain authenticated documents in our possession (too lengthy to quote here), that Shakespeare had never read a line of Grammaticus, although he knew little Latin and less Greek. What those critics would call rank plagiarism, we strongly uphold as another instance of the electric communion of unuttered intellect, the surprising sympathetic coalition of unrelated talent.

The question of Hamlet's madness has ever been, and ever will be a happy hunting-ground for critics and examiners; we will dispose of it in four words—*Hamlet was not mad*. Hamlet was as cunning as a Fox and as deep as a Pitt, and so, finding there was something rotten in the State of Denmark (what he does not disclose), decides to "put an antic disposition on," *i.e.*, act the giddy garden goat. When the Ghost tells his hair-lifting "blood-and-thunder" to the harrowed Hamlet, the latter merely says, "Oh my prophetic soul! My uncle!" Takes out his pocket diary and pencil and makes a memo of it, so that it will be —

"Photographically lined  
On the tablets of his mind,  
When a yesterday has faded from its page."

The question of Hamlet's age has given rise to much discussion. In the first quarto he is quite young—probably nineteen, but the gravedigger in his speech makes him thirty. The greatest critics have hitherto hesitated to give an emphatic decision on the question. Now, the only logical and mathematical solution to our minds, appears to lie in the arithmetic mean of these two numbers, so Hamlet's age would be exactly 19 *plus* 30 *divided* by 2, or 24 years and 6 months, an age which accords well with every phase of his character.

Ophelia is a silly sentimental milk-and-water creature who has not even the taste to choose an elegant method of achieving a *felo-de-se*. The description of her death, whether intentionally or not, is decidedly humorous. A picture illustrating it might easily be called a "funny-cut." The gravediggers find in it an occasion for a display of logic which is rather interesting and "dead" funny. It should be carefully studied in Act V., Scene 1. Logic is the method of proving clearly and conclusively that things which are *exactly* opposite to each other are exactly the same, *e.g.*,

A substantive is something.

But nothing is a substantive.

Therefore, nothing is something, a result which would be somewhat difficult to prove without the aid of logic.

In conclusion we would bring before your attention a few rocks likely to strand the unwary student.

"*Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at gravedigging?*"

No! That the gravedigger regards death as a jest, no one who carefully studies this passage can possibly doubt, and the expressions "to hop the twig," "to kick the bucket," "to turn up one's toes," "to go off the hooks," and so on, vernacularly used as synonymous with "expire," sufficiently show the jocular light in which the last act of the farce of life is viewed in His Majesty's colonies to-day.

*Mercury*.—His specific gravity is 13.596.

"*What's Hecuba to me, or me to Hecuba.*"—This insouciance is all very well when exams. are not on the tapis. For the benefit of intending candidates we will supply the information that Hecuba was a blue-stocking lady who so cut up a celebrated critic of the name of Johnson, that she did not leave him a leg to stand upon.

*Hamlet's Soliloquy*.—Varied and ingenious have been the conjectures as to the source whence Shakespeare derived this weird passage. The mystery is a mystery no longer! With the help of our friend Tischschwitz, we have discovered a parallel passage in the diary of Chrononhonthologos the Great, with notes in the margin in the striking claw of the bard of Avon. We quote it verbatim:—

"To sit or not to sit, that is the question,  
 Whether 'tis better at exam. to suffer  
 Whole strings of questions that we cannot answer,  
 Or to absent ourselves upon the great occasion,  
 And so escape the ordeal. To sit, to pass  
 No more. And by a pass to say we end  
 The lectures and the thousand cram-books set,  
 For the degree student. 'Tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To sit, to fail,  
 To fail, that is, be plucked. Ay, there's the rub,  
 For in that telegram what news may come:  
 When we have waited all those weary months  
 To hear we've failed. There's the regret  
 For guineas paid and midnight candles burnt,  
 For who at College would thus nightly hear  
 The Professors' lore, and then in patience bear  
 The pangs of labour lost, the long delay,  
 For the results which tell him of the spurns  
 His work has met with in the home exam.,  
 When he might easily escape it all  
 By never sitting."

*Hercules*.—An ardent disciple of Sandow, famous for his pugilistic encounter with Brian Boru, whom he knocked out in one round. He began life humbly, as a stable boy in fact, for we read of his being employed in the stables of Augeas, King of Crete. He also did a bit of bullock-punching for the Geryones.

*Tush-tush*.—An exclamation of impatient incredulity—an interjection i.e., a short word denoting passion or emotion, as "Oh, Sophonisba, Sophonisba oh," Pooh! Bah! Eughph! Lor! Launk!

*St. Patrick*.—We have before us fifty-three descriptions of this time-honoured Saint. We select the earliest as being probably the most authentic—

"Seinte Patricke waes a jintlemon,  
And kome of dayceinte paiple,  
So bylte a churrche in Dublyne toun,  
Ant on yt putte a stayple."

(A. S. Cron., B.C. 55).

"*Sugar o'er the, etc., himself*."—The sugar is considerably more pleasant than the cane.

The gentleman alluded to in the phrase is the "Prince of Darkness" (do not confuse him with the Black Prince), known to the vulgar as "Old Nick," an appellation which is in every sense of the word a *nickname*, while the *aliases* by which, like many of his subjects, he is also called and known, such as "Old Harry," "The Old Gentleman," are, to say the least of them, terms that border on the familiar.

"*Have after*."—Scat, excede, evade, erumpse.

"*Sharked up*."—Greedyly swept up as the shark voraciously swallows his prey. Sharks are of two kinds, sea sharks and land sharks. The latter betray all the idiosyncrasies of the former.

"*He falls to such perusal of my face as he would draw it*."—Hamlet had already received two terms tuition (and paid for them) from Scathius, Professor of High Art at Wittemberg. He evidently felt the truth of Mr. Anon's lines:—

"A Hamlet that draws  
Is sure of applause."

There are not many who can give even an outline of the character.

"*A Tanner will last you nine year*."—Although we are compelled to swallow such whales as "passing rich on £40 a year," "a suite for a silver penny," this will hardly go down. "Tenner" has been proposed as an emendation by Lincoln, but we doubt if even the parsimonious Lincoln could exist for nine years on a ten-pound note.

"*For oh! For oh! The hobby-horse is forgot*."—Could Shakespeare have attempted this tragedy in our day, with equal resources of genius, it is clear he would not have been led to make the above lament. (For further information see our last vol.).

*Alexander*.—The eminent Shakesperian critic, who always wrote his criticisms in *text hand*, as he thought it was most conducive to morality. He has justly obtained classic rank by the publication of his "Non-discovery of Latent Talent," of which Matthew Arnold says: "Such transparent candour and artless naïveté will hardly be found in any future age of the world. He is as supreme in his own sphere as Shakespeare is in his; and another Shakespeare is more likely to appear than another Alexander."

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

*A youth of parts with modesty endowed,  
On whom our fondest expectations hang.*

It is whispered that the brilliant author of "An Essay on Realty" is about to give another proof of his versatility by producing an historical drama, "What Happened to Charles." Sir Frederick Pollock regrets that the young (alas! so young) author professes mathematics in New Zealand instead of law at Cambridge, and we ourselves look forward to the day on which we shall regretfully rejoice that he has forsaken law and ciphers in New Zealand to share the laurels of Shakespeare on the world's stage.

It will no doubt gladden and warm the hearts of those seekers after truth who have rattled so valiantly and so thanklessly against the unreasoning prejudice and dead-weight Conservatism of university thought, who have suffered obloquy, derision, prods and catcalls from the desk behind, chalk-marks on the back, aye (hardest of all to bear), even gibes from the professorial chair, to hear that in the great Shakespeare-Bacon controversy at least one of the Victoria College professors has thrown in his (not inconsiderable) weight unreservedly on the as yet lighter but more logical side. Our hearts leaped and our mouths were filled with laughter to hear the cheering assurance of our professor's new belief. We departed from that lecture feeling very much like those students who, with a three-months-old receipt in their pockets, were lately posted in "The Mercantile and Bankruptcy Gazette" on the College notice-board as being *condicione indebiti*. We "gloated," in the words of Stalky. There was more joy amongst us in the conversion of this one giant to our theory than if the whole of the rest of the University had declared in a body for our side. As the professor who has so boldly declared for Bacon is the very one who, it is announced, is about to don the tragic buskin, the importance of his conversion cannot possibly be over-estimated.

To preclude the possibility of unprofitable and acrimonious controversy in the twenty-fourth century as to whether the philosophical or the mathematical professor of Victoria College was the real author of that masterpiece of the Victorian drama, "What Happened to Charles," we would suggest that conclusive proofs and full keys to the cypher be published in the preface of the first edition.

## POETRY.

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**Showing how two Professors driven forth by too much  
Hospitality sought Relief in Solitude and found  
It not.**

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—PROFESSORS BORUSSIA AND RICARDO.  
*(Professor Ricardo discovered alone on the beach of a desert Island).*

PROF. RIC.

Behold me here thrice three and thirty days,  
Treading alone these unfrequented ways;  
Of abstract questions dealing in my mind  
And mathematics—though of late I find  
The time a trifle slack—Oh heaven! What's that!  
A wild-eyed giant in a soft felt hat—  
Surely that form's my colleague from the town,  
Yet what, I wonder, could have brought him down.

Enter PROF. BOR.

Be careful where you walk for though I'm small,  
I don't like being trodden on at all.

PROF. BOR.

Great Scott, I really thought I heard a noise,  
Why, it's our Dick, the gayest of the boys.

PROF. RIC.

You've taken long enough to find it out  
It's me, but what on earth brings you about?

PROF. BOR.

I'll give my reasons very plump and plain,  
Though in another man they might seem vain.  
You know I thought to find a different race  
More kindly, simple, in this awful place.  
The women sweet and docile, and the men  
Large, pleasant, kindly—and it was for them  
I learnt the slang that they so much deride—  
They do put on a precious lot of side.  
As for the girls, instead of being shy  
They're not respectful; with judicial eye  
They view my merits—that I do not mind,  
Tis angling anxious mothers that I find  
Chase me about with pressing invitations,  
And hawk me to their various habitations.  
I know I'm most distingué and all that,  
A touch of genius never can fall flat,  
So as befits I prove myself exclusive  
And to that end have made myself elusive.  
But wasn't a private quarrel or a feud  
That brought you here that n'er loved solitude?

PROF. RIC. (somewhat astonished).

I too have fled from over kindly friends  
 On this wild waste my intellect unbends.  
 But as for you, young man, I tell you straight  
 To be sought after n'er will be your fate,  
 And I'll inform you though you think it rum,  
 They're kind because they know you're a new chum ;  
 Don't class your popularity with mine,  
 For that has stood the trying test of time.

PROF. BOR.

Good heavens man, your vanity's extreme,  
 Your reign is over now I'm on the scene.  
 A good tall figure and a profile fine  
 Are what take nowadays, that's where I shine.

PROF. RIC.

Why man to most you're just the newest toy,  
 Don't be surprised if you're soon dropped my boy.

PROF. BOR.

Of that I think I well can risk all dangers,  
 I've been invited out by perfect strangers.

PRO. RIC.

Then that explains the reason very clear,  
 A second asking you need never fear.

PROF. BOR.

May I ask, Sir, just when you do propose  
 To quit this Isle, and when the steamer goes ?

PROF. RIC.

I'd like to stay of course, I find it grand,  
 The solitude's delightful in this land,  
 But duty calls most urgently—for that  
 I find I need boots and another hat.  
 I'll leave to-morrow, meantime if I may,  
 Take my good wishes for a pleasant stay.

PROF. BOR.

Well I'm afraid I've business too in town,  
 I really ought to see a man, called Brown,  
 About a dog that I once thought I'd buy,  
 Though leaving here will cost me many a sigh.  
 (Ricardo exeat leaving Bor. alone)  
 He's stacks of hats, and to my certain knowledge  
 Quite enough boots to last five terms at College.  
 It's beastly slow—I'm glad I'm off to-morrow.  
 I'll hie me back and cease dull care to borrow,  
 Borussia nee'r was known to run away,  
 I'll play the coward not another day,  
 But pay the penalty of all the great  
 With gracious condescension—it is fate.



## ON WHICH SIDE WAS HE FIGHTING ?

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The following paragraph appeared in the "New Zealand Times" of the 7th July, 1902:—

"Mr Blair expressed the opinion that an expenditure of £25,000 would provide ample accommodation for four hundred students. In support of this view, he instanced the Bank of New Zealand. This, he said, was erected for £24,000, but at least one-third of that amount was below the street level; so that the part of the building that was seen must have cost only £15,000 or £16,000."

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Then up rose the "Spike" with a gleam in its eye  
And a sharp metallic stare,  
As it tried to answer the question, "Why,  
Oh, why was that gentleman there?"

\* \* \* \* \*

For why? Mr J. R. Blair is a citizen of repute, a member of the College Council and, moreover, a member of the Building Committee. It seems reasonable to suppose that the College Council did not make a sporting shot at the sum of £30,000, and that it had gone fully into the matter—with Mr Blair's aid—before the occasion in question. And, presumably with a well considered plan, it was now asking as a responsible body, that the Government should make due provision for an institution which Parliament had established. The uninitiated might think that Mr Blair had best have stayed at home on such an occasion—when his colleagues had decided to visit the Government with this set purpose. Certainly, the surest way of spoiling the whole work of the Council and of the committee was to do as Mr Blair did. And so we ask, "Why was Mr Blair there?"

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The sweet reasonableness of the Council's request has been more than once demonstrated—notably by Professor Easterfield—and the fallacy of the comparison with the Bank of New

Zealand seems too palpable for remark—though perhaps not so painfully idiotic as the comparison with the Terrace School. In a letter to the "Post," a gentleman signing himself Richard C. Maclaurin (may his tribe increase!) wrote:—"To expect to educate men to great and noble ideas in mean and ignoble surroundings is to neglect one of the deepest lessons of modern science."

The sequel is interesting. Mr Blair's conscience was so much agitated that he "rushed into print with a letter in which he agrees with "much that Professor Maclaurin has written." After a slight arithmetical calculation, ending with £45,000, Mr Blair asks the question, "Now, is there (num.) any prospect of our obtaining such a sum of money at the present time?" Then he goes on, "I doubt it, and making demands which cannot be granted means delay." Mr Blair does wisely in "doubting." There was about one way of making that doubt a certainty—and Mr Blair took it. Governments don't, as a rule, look upon college grants in the same way as college councils—and a united front is half of the battle. As to the delay he feared, Mr Blair's anxiety was evidently an afterthought, for when he spoke the "demands" had been made. Division does not spell despatch. "Why was Mr Blair here?"

A brilliant idea strikes us. Perhaps Mr Blair's experience leads him to the belief that Governments are too lavish with their "boodle." Perhaps it was the thought of the Wellington Technical School, or the Duke of York's visit, or of the Bank of New Zealand, or something, which inspired him with the belief that the Government wanted a quiet restraining hand. If that was Mr Blair's idea, it seems a pity that he did not break out either sooner or later. "The Spike" is not so sanguine on the subject of official generosity in the cause of higher education.

If Mr Blair was really on the reputation to put the brake on, we come back to our first question, "On which side was he fighting?"

Since the above was written the Government has given £15,000 for the building.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

HORACE REVISED.

"O SPIKE, arisen from great and worthy students  
 O thou who art at once our glory and sweet honour."

For our own part, we unanimously agree with these sentiments, and rejoice that we see ourselves as others see us. The writer has seized the very spirit of the Horatian lyre—a most tuneful and cheerful lyre.

We have ourselves refrained from criticising our critics, but we think our contributor, whose work is too uneven to give as a whole, hits the nail on the head, in commenting on the inflated and explosive verbosity which on a certain occasion took the place of argument.

"Some delight in having collected a cloud of complaints against thee, and, having grazed the turning point of eloquence with fiery words, are, in their own imagination, exalted above the Profs. as orators of the College."

If we thought this translation of Ode I. would be useful as a "crib" for examination purposes we would publish it as a whole. But we don't. We would like indeed to be in the neighbourhood when Professor Brown saw this, for instance, as somebody else's translation of the Venusian bard.

"There is another, who does not despise the Hockey field,  
 And spurns not to steal a slice from the working day,  
 Now bringing his optic in contact with another's head,  
 Now near the gentle keeper of some sacred goal.  
 Many are fond of capping songs and the mingled sound  
 Of tin, iron, electric bell, detested by Council and Professor."

We have no wish that our contributor should disturb the mystic courses of the stellar system, but we hope in next issue to answer the final prayer and view the complete apotheosis.

But if you give me a place amongst the "Spiky" bards  
 I shall strike the stars with my exalted crest."

### SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES.

The latest number of "The Otago University Review" has several items which should appeal to us just now. The exchequer was exhausted. An appeal was made to the Government, and a subsidy of £2 for every £1 raised by public subscription (up to £750) was promised. In ten days £750 was subscribed. Then a larger scheme was proposed for the liquidation of the debt of £16,000, and subscriptions ranging from

£500 have come in so quickly that the authorities are said to be practising a new chorus, entitled, "Now we shan't be Long."

How would this do for a description of our capping efforts:—

"The song practices were scandalously attended last term, with the consequence that good songs were as nearly a failure as they could possibly be. . . . It would certainly be a distinct advantage to have a captain to the crowd—to organise jokes on a large scale—anything rather than let the evening drag—yell the roof off the house or grab hold of one of the audience by the hair and make him yell."

We observe that an athletic club has been formed, and that an "inter-faculty" sports meeting is to be held with a view to readiness for the Easter Tournament. What are we doing?

#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A correspondent from the Science Department has been so overcome with scientific method that an analysis has been made of the "specimens" which haunt the precincts of the Technical School. They are divided into groups, labelled, described and put upon the shelf, just as they ought to be. There are the "old stagers," some of whom, "as a result of a greater or less degree of persuasion help less fortunate members in the production of results," and some who are characterised by "insulated isolation." In Group II. we have the "quiet and unassuming" denizens of "dark corners"—we hope it is love of chemistry which draws them aside. Group III. is to be recognised by its size—by its irregularity—and "by a certain degree of joviality." We hope that regularity and joviality are not mutually exclusive at "the other end." If so, our correspondent assuredly belongs to Group III.

Our correspondent, who is no doubt bent on a '51 Scholarship, indulges in some "researches" which we must leave to the reader, and in the last resort to Professor Easterfield, to fathom. It is suggested that the dictionary definition of chemistry be extended by the addition of the following words: "At the end of first term is apt to be considered a delusion by young lady students who endeavour to find excuses for discontinuing scientific study." Attention is drawn to the fact "that although 'comparable results' may possibly be obtained by 'faking' (a scientific term unknown to the Editors), still, such a system has its disadvantages, which on consideration will doubtless be evident. The last research deals with the absence of the Professorial eye, and a proverb which seems to have something to do with Saturday mornings. It begins—"When the cat's away—."

## FELLOW-FEELING.

Our scientific friend seems to find consolation in the following professorial soliloquy:—

H'm—er—er—Take this as an example of what I have just said. Suppose—er—I am very sorry—but—er—I am afraid I can't read my notes.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. J. O'R.—Our medical adviser upholds your contention that peanuts are most nutritious. He thinks, however, that they should be used either before or after lectures, and says that after the heavy mental strain of a law lecture they often avert brain fever. He maintains, however, that at lecture they are apt to destroy the power of concentration of the class. We also consulted the janitor on the matter, and he thinks that a single (but heavy) tax should be put on peanut shells.

M.W.R.—After careful consideration we are inclined to think your explanation unsatisfactory. We think it best, therefore, for the sake of the College to hush the matter up. We would point out, however, that ignorance of the law cannot be pleaded as an excuse, and "The Police Offences Act," distinctly lays down that a policeman shall not be assaulted whilst in the execution of his duty. We are aware that ordinary rules of precedence would have allowed you to go first, but how is a common policeman to know that? Had you stated the case deliberately and without passion, reason might have prevailed. As it was you held the key of the position first and then the key held you.

G. H. Wo—e—s.—Peanutomania affects children of all ages. In aggravated cases total abstinence is recommended. Homœopathic remedies will give relief, and can do no harm.

REV. A. N. S—tt—er.—(1.) We regret that we cannot agree with you. Even City By-laws are *not* more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and we do not believe that the fault lies in the fact that you were found out. We believe on the contrary that obedience to law is a primary duty, and that moral obliquity gains nothing from being hidden. We regret, therefore, that we cannot open a subscription list to pay your fine. (2.) Under the circumstances your criticism of the moral tone of THE SPIKE rather palls. We hope you will have no reason to so complain of this number. (3.) If your sense of the fitness of things still forbids you buying THE SPIKE, we would remind you that there is still hope. In the words of Alexander the Great, "There are three ways of getting a book—you can buy a book, you can borrow a book, or you can steal a book." We do not presume to advise you, but would say that it is better to return a borrowed book inside a month. We would also point out that by buying a periodical you give credence to the idea that you have read it—a circumstance which would add weight to criticism. (4.) On the whole we are inclined to think it best that you should resign the office you hold in a College Society, and, having made a clean breast of things, again throw yourself on the mercy of the electors.

