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The Novocastrian

“REMIS VELISQUE”

The Organ of the
Newcastle High School

DECEMBER, 1924.

Vol. 14. No. 4.



McLuckie & Morriss, Printers, Newcastle

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CONTENTS

Editorial.	Dave's Elegy.
School News.	In the Caves.
Our Departing Head.	The Execution.
Annual Sports Meeting.	Before the Battle.
Dawn Winds.	Willie and His Pants.
Farewells and Good Wishes.	The Broken Bat.
Various Accounts.	In the Best Circles.
Wireless Club.	The Call of Nature.
Library.	The Snowdrop.
The Battle of the Ballroom.	Sailing.
Hypodermic Culture.	Discovery of Gold.
When Spring Passed By.	A Bush Scene.
Death of Burke and Wills.	Dream Hours.
The Kaiser's Harvest.	A Night at a Picture Show.
Rachel Skinflint's Day Out.	Noises.
Sunrise.	School Days.
Up in the Mountains.	Sporting Weather.
The Architecture of Birds.	The Waves.
Snooker.	Character.
The Old House.	The Storm.
The Breath of Spring.	The Base Hospital.
The Lost Prince.	Sporting.

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Patron Mr. G. C. SAXBY (Headmaster)
 Editor Mr. A. J. COOMBES.
 Editorial Committee: MARJORIE WOODS, MARJORIE
 SMITH, WILLIAM BELL, JOHN SPARK.
 Advertising Managers ... Mr. A. L. NAIRN, A. CLACK

EDITORIAL.

THE VALUE OF POETRY.

Like walking in a pale, white mist, like groping in the semi-darkness of dusk—this talk of poetry. Let us remember always that in life there are some things that can never be explained away. We can never ask, "What are they for?" Their very existence defies all doubt, and silences the petulant questions of man.

Poetry is like that. The highest expression of the beautiful, the means by which a poet may convey the loveliness of his thought to the mind of the reader, the value of poetry is indescribably great.

If by its beauty some puzzled soul is shown the way from the lowest depths to the loftiest heights, if one refined and delicate thought drives away the coarser elements in our nature, if hearts have been stirred to feeling that once were cold and hard—if this be the achievement of poetry, then it has not been in vain, and poets are not merely idle dreamers, stopping on the road of life to tend a blossoming flower, but indeed are holding up the mirror of life to the seekers of truth.

Then, we who love poetry, know well its great power to carry us far away from the dull routine of our everyday existence, to a world of fancies and of dreams, away from ourselves. Under its magic spell we are the creatures of a new world, living in the sunshine of the truly beautiful, and breathing an atmosphere that is clearer and sweeter and more exhilarating. When again we return to earth, are we not full of unreasoning gladness and faith in all things, willing once more to take up the eternal battle with renewed vigour?

Poetry not only stimulates our faltering spirits into a new eagerness and hope; it also quickens the imagination. Perhaps the mighty gateways of the world are shut to many whose hearts yearn for new scenes and new lives, to whom the jungles of Africa or the snows of Canada remain as closed books. Poetry is the key to the door that unlocks the seven wonders of the world; and the innumerable wonders of Heaven as well. A breath of wind that whispers in our ears tales whose charm will never be forgotten, tales that bring the salt sea spray dashing to our fevered cheeks, or the strangeness of great, open spaces to our tired eyes.

There is another, and a nobler, value that poetry possesses, and that is the amazing power to stir within us ideals that brighten and strengthen and glorify our lives. By expressing the strangest and the highest emotions that men have felt, poetry induces us to seek only the best, leading us on in an endless search for an intangible something that we think is going to make us worthy and noble.

"What practical value do you expect to get from it?" In answering, I want to say, I don't really expect to "get" anything at all from poetry! Let me love it for its own sake, let something of its sweetness and freshness and charm enter my soul, and I shall be content. If, in the realms of poetry, where

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,"

I learn the language of beauty and the splendour of nature, then I shall know that a time will come when these lessons in high thinking will protect me from a bitter hour and a hatred that perhaps might have swept me from the light of truth into the darkness of despair.

Because of poetry, I am touched by the stillness of the evening shadows. Because of poetry, the sea brings to me a song from some far-off land. Because of poetry, the scarlet sunset is the smile of the Infinite. Because of poetry, the distant hills are the tireless sentinels of the world. Thus, for me, as for others, poetry is a living, vigorous thing, a personality without which much of life's beauty would be lost in the toil for lesser things.

—MARGARET DICKINSON.

SCHOOL NEWS.

Last term a dramatic performance was given, in the Parish Hall, by the members of 4B, in aid of the Wireless Club. The scenes were selected from "Abraham Lincoln" and "Julius Caesar," while musical selections were rendered by Miss Doreen Baile. On the whole, it was a very creditable performance, which resulted in an addition of £6 4s to the funds of the Club.

An additional sum of £5 3s 9d, raised by Market Days, held by 4B, and the combined 4th Year classes, was placed at the disposal of the wireless devotees.

We also wish to express our gratitude to Mrs. Clack for her kind donation of £1 towards the funds of the above Club, also to Tuttle's Ice-cream Factory for a donation of 5s.

During the term the school has been successful in raising the sum of £24 6s, in aid of Hospital Day, by means of a number of Market Days, held by the different classes. The proceeds were divided between Newcastle Hospital, Wallsend Hospital, and Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney.

The various clubs throughout the school have lately been displaying great assiduity, and we anticipate that the school concert and play-day performances, in the near future, will furnish proof that our efforts have not been in vain.

An assembly of the 4th and 5th Years was held this term, when the candidates received the best wishes of the school for success in the Leaving Certificate Examination. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Saxby and members of 4th and 5th Year.

It was intended that the farewell to the examination candidates should take the form of a beach tea, but owing to the weather conditions this was impossible. However, a social was held in St. Andrew's Hall on the 6th November. Parlour games were indulged in, and in spite of the depressing state of the weather a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The school captains and senior prefects have been chosen, and at a recent assembly the badges were presented. The senior prefects are as follows:—Girls: M. Hindmarsh (captain), M. Woods, N. Truscott, E. Heery, A. Gray. Boys: E. Clack (captain), P. Oakley, E. Mitchell, G. Donaldson, J. Spark, I. Punton.

Last August Miss Michel, our former physical culture instructor, left Australia, to take up a course of training at the Dalcrose School of Eurythmics, London. We greatly appreciated her services, although she remained with us only a short time, and, needless to say, we were very sorry to bid her farewell. However, we were glad to welcome Miss Bird as successor to Miss Michel, and under her able tuition we may safely hope for further success in all branches of physical training.

On the 29th of October the combined Newcastle girls' sports were held at National Park Sports Ground. The school competed in various club events, being successful in the following:—75 yards fiat race: E. Turnbull 1, E. Tonkin 2. Egg and spoon race: E. Turnbull 1. Club relay, 12 runners: Newcastle High School 1. This made a total of 18 points, thus securing for the school the Amos trophy. The Wilberbeer Cup was to be competed for by business houses and clubs. The Newcastle High School, gaining the highest aggregate points, also won this cup. At the conclusion of the day's events, the cups were presented to the school by the Mayoress, Mrs. Kilgour.

A large number of new books have been added to the library during the past few months. We desire to thank Tom Clack and others for their donations of books for the library.

Several weeks ago the boys of Fourth Year gave a demonstration of ju-jitsu. They were efficiently trained, under the direction of Mr. Ireland, and the performance was interesting and instructive. The proceeds of the entertainment, amounting to £4 14s, were in aid of the Wireless Club's funds.

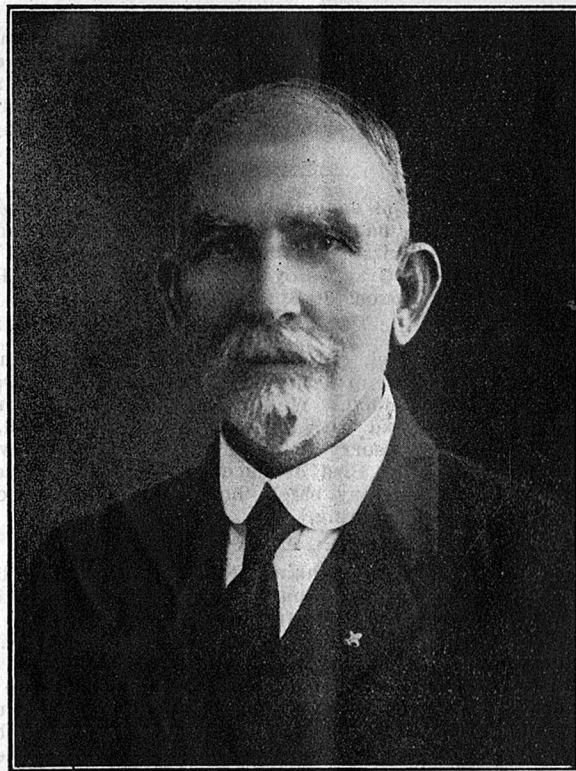
We take this opportunity of wishing success to all our Leaving and Intermediate candidates who sat for the recent examinations, and to all old scholars at the University and Training College. To past and present scholars, teachers, and advertisers, we wish a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

—MARJORIE SMITH.

OUR DEPARTING HEAD MASTER.

Mr. Saxby goes to Sydney Boys' High School.

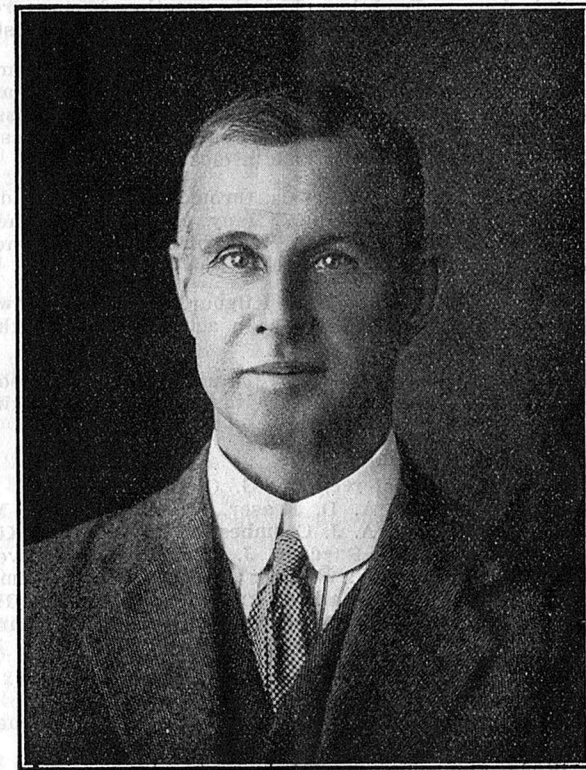
It was with mingled feelings that the news of Mr. Saxby's appointment to the Head Mastership of the Boys' High School, Sydney,



Mr. G. C. SAXBY, B.A., departing Headmaster

was received. There was a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction in that this appointment marked the Department's appreciation of the work Mr. Saxby had performed in the interests of the High Schools with which he had been associated as Head Master, viz., Orange, East Maitland, and Newcastle.

During his six years at Newcastle he has proved himself an able leader, a conscientious chief, and an understanding friend to every member of the staff and to every pupil. One who had not worked with him could hardly realise the time and the thought that Mr. Saxby devotes to the consideration of the needs and of the opportunities of each pupil. Mr. Saxby has that breadth of outlook which is the characteristic of great schoolmasters. He has the scholar's appreciation of the mental development and academic success of his pupils, as well as the athlete's keen interest in their sport and physical culture. Moreover, the moral side of education is not neglected, for by his actions one realises that he considers the moulding of character to be the responsibility as well as the privilege of the schoolmaster.



Mr. F. McMULLEN, M.A., our new Headmaster

Such work and interest, supplemented by a desire to place his pupils in life, have brought the school under the notice of the commercial world in Newcastle, and there is now a demand for pupils who have received a High School education, and who are recommended by him.

The appointment of Mr. Saxby to the Head Mastership of the school which he entered as one of the first pupils in 1882, and to which he returned as a master in 1893, is a fitting climax to his career.

One and all, whilst regretting his departure, wish him happiness and success in his new sphere.

—A. E. TURNER.

ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING.

On 3rd September the High School boys held their annual athletic meeting at National Park Sports Ground. The whole school attended the sports, and there was a fair sprinkling of parents among the onlookers. Doubtless, had the weather been more suitable, we should have seen many more adults on the grandstand.

The athletic programme was interesting and varied. Some fine exhibitions of running and jumping brought forth the applause of the onlookers, and great interest was taken in the inter-class competition. This resulted in Fifth Year emerging as possessors of the coveted position, with Fourth Year a close second.

The rain, which fell at intervals throughout the day, did not damp the spirits of the gathering. Many class picnics had been planned, and although these had to take place in the grandstand, there were few who did not thoroughly enjoy themselves.

The visitors included Alderman Kilgour, Mayor of Newcastle, and Mr. D. Watkins, M.H.R., who took an active interest in the proceedings.

The thanks of all who were there are due to Mr. Gibson, the organiser, and his officials, who were instrumental in making the day such an unprecedented success.

Details are as follows:—

The officials were:—Referee, Mr. G. C. Saxby; starter, Mr. J. Ireland; marshals, Messrs. A. D. Fraser, J. Arthur, S. M'Kay; judges, Messrs. A. L. Nairn, A. J. Coombes, W. F. Piper, B. King, H. J. Brayden, H. P. Breden, W. Sneddon, J. E. Stewart, S. Neaves, and E. Bell; recorders, Messrs. W. Pillans and R. Grierson; timekeepers, Messrs. C. R. Wiley, C. Walker; ground marshals, W. Hetherington, J. Short; megaphone steward, M. Callaghan; secretary, Mr. J. Gibson; assistant hon. secretary, E. Mitchell; treasurer, Mr. C. E. Brown.

Following are the results:—

75 Yards Handicap, under 14: E. M'Leod, scr, 1; L. Donaldson, 8yds, 2; D. Logan, 2yds, 3.

Junior Broad Jump Championship: H. Clayton 1 (17ft 9½in), H. Pratt 2, E. Mitchell 3. Handicap: H. Pratt 1, E. Mitchell 2, H. Clayton 3.

Senior Broad Jump Championship: I. Punton 1 (19ft 4in), C. Kilner 2, E. Duncanson 3. Handicap: C. Kilner 1, I. Punton 2, E. Gilbert 3.

Broad Jump, under 14.—Championship: E. Wilkinson 1 (14ft 8in), D. Logan 2, C. Buttsworth 3. Handicap: E. Wilkinson 1, J. Rowe and A. Royall dead heat, 2.

Senior Hop, Step and Jump: I. Punton 1 (38ft 10in), C. Kilner 2, H. Thomas 3. Handicap: E. Duncanson 1, C. Kilner 2, H. Thomas 3.

Junior Hop, Step and Jump.—Championship: E. Mitchell 1 (36ft 2in), W. Thornton 2, H. Clayton 3. Handicap: E. Mitchell 1, H. Pratt 2, H. Clayton 3.

Hop, Step and Jump, under 14: C. Buttsworth 1 (32ft 7in), D. Logan 2, R. Wilkinson 3. Handicap: R. Wilkinson 1, J. Rowe 2, H. Berriman 3.

Half-mile Handicap (Junior): C. Goffett, scr, 1; E. Mitchell, scr, 2; H. Cromarty, scr, 3.

Half-mile Handicap (Senior): T. Firkin, 50yds, 1; S. Bowers, 60yds, 2; E. Duncanson, scr, 3.

100 Yards Handicap: J. Hunter, 4yds, 1; H. Carruthers, 4yds, 2; H. Clayton, 2yds, and F. Rush, 2½yds, dead heat, for third.

120 Yards Hurdles.—Senior championship: E. Duncanson 1, S. Engel 2, N. Saxby 3.

Junior High Jump.—Championship: H. Clayton 1 (5ft); H. Pratt and E. Mitchell tied for second place. Handicap: E. Mitchell 1, H. Goffett 2, H. Pratt, L. Brown, and H. Clayton tied for third place.

High Jump, Under 14.—Championship: E. M'Leod 1 (4ft 1in), O. Hogue 2, D. Logan 3. Handicap: O. Hogue 1, E. M'Leod 2, D. Logan 3.

Senior High Jump.—Championship: N. Saxby 1 (4ft 9in), E. Duncanson and S. Engel tied for second. Handicap: N. Saxby 1, Duncanson and Engel tied for second.

Half-mile Championship: E. Hoskings 1, E. Duncanson 2, S. Engel 3.

90 Yards Hurdles, Junior Championship: H. Clayton 1, H. Pratt 2, E. Mitchell 3.

100 Yards Handicap.—First Year: O. Hogue, 1yd, 1; R. Donaldson, 3yds, 2; J. Rowe, 3yds, 3. Second Year: E. Wilkinson, 8yds, 1; H. Connolly, 6yds, 2; H. Carruthers, scr, 3.

120 Yards Handicap.—Third Year: W. Marshall, 7yds, 1; F. Rush, 2yds, 2; S. Bowers, 8yds, 3. Fourth Year: C. Kilner, 3yds, 1; I. Punton, scr, 2; E. Mitchell, 5yds, 3. Fifth Year: H. Thomas, 2yds, 1; E. Duncanson, 6yds, 2; and S. Engel, 6yds, 3.

220 Yards Championship, under 14: H. M'Leod 1, D. Logan 2, Wilkinson 3.

220 Yards Championship, Junior: H. Pratt 1, F. Rush 2, H. Clayton 3.

220 Yards Championship, Senior: J. Punton 1, C. Kilner 2, H. Thomas 3.

Relay Race: Fourth Year 1, Fifth Year 2, Third Year 3.

Mixed Relay: Fourth Year 1, Third Year 2, Fifth Year 3.

Siamese Twins: Duncanson and Thomas 1, Goffett and Mathieson 2, Hoskings and Pratt 3.

Pole Vault Championship, Junior: H. Clayton 1 (7ft), W. Thornton 2, H. Pratt 3.

Pole Vault Championship, Senior: H. Thomas 1 (7ft 3in), I. Punton 2, E. Duncanson and E. Hoskings 3.

Mile Championship: E. Duncanson 1, S. Engel 2, T. Firkin 3.

Carry our Chum, Senior: Duncanson and Thomas and Kilner and Mitchell, dead heat. Junior: Thornton and Marshall 1, Cope and Grierson 2.

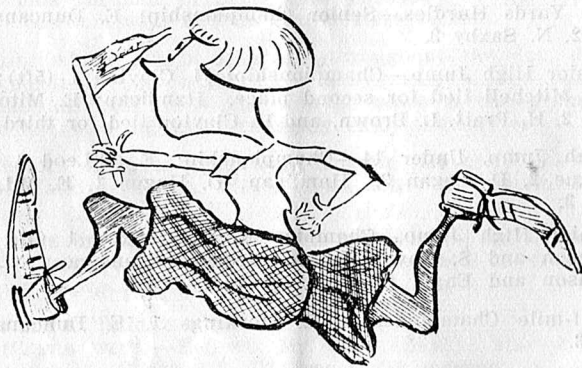
100 Yards Championship, under 14: E. M'Leod 1, D. Logan 2, E. Wilkinson 3.

100 Yards Championship, Junior: H. Pratt 1, W. Thornton 2, E. Mitchell 3.

100 Yards Championship, Senior: C. Kilner 1, I. Punton 2, E. Hoskings 3.

440 Yards Championship, Junior: H. Clayton 1, C. Goffett 2, E. Mitchell 3.

440 Yards Championship, Senior: C. Kilner 1, E. Hoskings 2, E. Duncanson and I. Punton, dead-heat, 3.



OUR FIFTH YEAR ATALANTA

440 Yards Club Handicap: V. Bartley, 20yds, 1; E. Duncanson, 8yds, 2; C. Goffett, 15yds, 3.

Junior Wheelbarrow: C. Saxby and Mitchell 1, Grierson and Cope 2.

Old Boys' Championship, 100 yards: M'Kay 1, Bell 2, Walker 3.

Mile Handicap: C. Saxby, 80yds, 1; D. Logan, 100yds, 2; T. Firkin, 80yds, 3.

Wheelbarrow Race, Senior: Duncanson and Thomas 1, Mitchell and Punton 2.

Cock Fight, under 14: Heath and Griffiths 1, Hogue and Evans 2. Senior: Clack and Punton 1, Duncanson and Thomas 2.

220 Yards Club Handicap: C. Kilner, 2yds, 1; J. Hunter, 10yds, 2; H. Pratt, 7yds, 3.

Elephant Race: Engel and Rowe 1, Saxby and Griffiths 2.

School Championships.—Senior: I. Punton, 25 points, 1; C. Kilner, 24 points, 2; E. Duncanson, 16 points, 3. Junior: H. Clayton, 34 points, 1; H. Pratt, 25 points, 2; E. Mitchell, 17 points, 3. Under 14: D. Logan and E. M'Leod, 18 points, tied for first; E. Wilkinson, 12 points, 3.

DAWN WINDS.

Little laughing breezes,
You're whispering to me
Secrets of the dawn clouds,
That are born from a mist of sea.

Sheen of silver shimmer
Of sun aslant the grass,
Soft and wordless whispers
I hear as you liltlyngly pass.

Like some elfin music
From faerie forests dim,
Echoes, wafted slowly,
You leave, as beside me you skim.

Hurry, little breezes,
Over the hill-tops grey,
Over gleaming valleys,
For you must awaken the day.

—MARJORIE WOODS.

FAREWELLS AND GOOD WISHES.

In the afternoon of the 24th October the assembled staff and Fourth Year took the opportunity of bidding farewell to the Fifths, and of wishing them the best of luck for the Leaving.

Marjorie Smith expressed the best wishes of Fourth Year for their success in a happy little speech, and Jack Spark supported and endorsed her remarks.

There was a little sighing among the Fifths, and a little thinking among the Fourths, when Mr. Saxby gave his address, and general regret that Mr. Saxby should be leaving at the end of the year.

The Fifths were well represented by Iris Fallon when she expressed their thanks to the Fourths for their kind wishes and their appreciation of the staff's capable services and ready advice throughout their school career.

The school captain, Eville Gilbert, gave an appropriate little speech in support of Iris, thanking everyone for their kindness. Mr. Saxby they specially wished to thank for all that he had done for them. Nothing could have been so helpful and encouraging as his attitude towards them during their school course.

The meeting ended in song and merriment, to the strains of the school song and the war-cry.



TAKE YOUR HURDLES IN YOUR STRIDE

At the end of their fortnight's preparation, the Fifth Years were invited to a "beach tea" by the Fourths. Unfortunately the beach tea became a "hall tea," on account of the perversity of the weather. Despite this, both guests and hosts seemed to enjoy themselves, the staff included, if one may judge from the frivolous jazz creations with which they chose to adorn themselves as the carnival mood descended upon them.

On 13th November an assembly was held, at which the Second Year pupils took the opportunity of wishing the Intermediate candidates every success in their forthcoming examination.

Representatives of Second Year presented the Third Year with black cat mascots, tied with the school colours, and best wishes for Third Year's success were expressed by Nellie Sheldon and Earl McGann.

Daisy Motum and Frank Rundle, as the Third Year representatives, responded, thanking the head master, Mr. Saxby, and the Second Year students for their entertainment and for the good wishes conveyed.

WIRELESS FUNDS.

	£	s	d
Market Day, August 11th	2	14	3
4B Dramatic Artists, August 14th	6	4	0
Market Day, October 23rd	2	9	6
Ju-Jitsu Display, November 4th	4	14	0
Total	£16	1	9

VARIOUS ACCOUNTS.

The following are the sums raised during the last half-year towards Hospital funds:—

	£	s	d
Fifth Year	4	7	0
Fourth Year	2	11	3
Third Year	4	12	0
Second Year	5	16	10
First Year	6	18	11
Total	£24	6	0

The above sum has been distributed among Newcastle Hospital, Wallsend Hospital, Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney.

NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL WIRELESS CLUB.

That the present age is one of great and wonderful scientific investigation and development cannot be denied by even the most unobservant individual. What marvellous achievements are brought to mind by such terms as chloroform, anti-toxin, X-rays, radium, and by the terms telephone, aeroplane, submarine, helicopter, wireless!

Perhaps the most wonderful accomplishment of the present time is the transmission by wireless over ever-increasing distances of telegraphic messages, of instrumental and vocal music, and even of the songs of birds. The speed with which such wireless waves travel through the ether is almost incredible, being about one hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles per second. The time taken by a wireless message to travel from any one place to any other on the earth's surface is therefore practically negligible.

Energetic and enterprising companies have been formed in many countries for the purpose of broadcasting programmes of a variable nature, but generally containing items of general information and musical items. Two such broadcasting companies are at present operating in Sydney, Farmer's (2FC), using a wave-length of 1100 metres, and Broadcaster's (2BL), with a wave-length of 350 metres.

The Education Department has come to an agreement with the former company, whereby items of an educational nature are broadcasted on four afternoons each week.

With the object of being able to receive these educational items, and also those of a more general nature, about seventy schools in New South Wales have installed wireless sets. The Department of Education gives permission for such sets to be installed in schools, and is desirous of seeing as many schools as possible availing themselves of the opportunities offered, but is unable to bear any of the cost of installation or upkeep of the sets.

A Wireless Club was formed at our school some time ago. It consists of a band of energetic wireless enthusiasts, who will not be satisfied till a good receiving set is placed in the school. An

aerial has been erected, and a crystal set constructed. The results obtained on the crystal set up to the present have not been satisfactory, nor can they ever be satisfactory from the point of view of a set which may be used for the whole school. The set required so that all members of the school may listen-in at the same time is a four-valve set, with a loud speaker. Such a set will cost from £50 to £70. Two Sydney firms undertake to supply and guarantee such a set for £50.

The securing of a school set, therefore, really becomes a matter of securing the money with which to purchase a set, or the parts of a set. The thanks of all members of the school are due to all who helped to make the two Market Days a success, also to Miss Turner, who organised dramatic entertainments to raise funds for the Wireless Club, and to Mr. Ireland, who trained the boys for the Ju-jitsu display.

We gratefully acknowledge the donations of Mrs. Clack (£1) and Mr. Tuttle (5s) to the funds of the Wireless Club. After paying for the wireless license, aerial pole, wires, ropes, lightning arrester, etc., the club will have a balance of about £12 or £13. We would be very pleased to receive donations from old girls, old boys, and other friends of the school who are willing to help towards the ultimate object of a good serviceable listening-in set for the school.

—W. PILLANS.

LIBRARY.

Receipts.

	£	s	d
First half-year	18	10	0
Second half-year	17	13	0
Total	£36	3	0

Expenditure.

	£	s	d
First half-year	10	9	9
Second half-year	10	13	7
Total	£21	3	4
Balance	£14	19	8

Another £10 or £12 worth of books is on order from England and America, and when they are delivered, perhaps before the school re-opens, our year's funds will be practically exhausted. The following is a list of books added to the lending and reference branches during the past year:—The Dog Crusoe, A World of Ice, The Deer-slayer, The Lost of the Mohicans, Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking-glass, Drowning Maze, The Ship That Never Set Sail, The Princess of the Woods, the Boy Patrol Around the Council Fire, The Boy Patrol On Guard, Westward Ho! Peter the Whaler, Old Jack, Bushland Stories, Quicksilver, Cabbages and Kings, The Voice of the City, The Gentle Gaffer, Roads of Destiny,

The Trimmed Lamp, Heart of the West, Strictly Business, Sixes and Sevens, Whirligigs, The Four Million, Rolling Stones, The Girl of the Limberlost, The Best School of All, Sheila at Happy Hills, Gulliver's Travels, The Cloister and the Hearth, The Last of the Barons, Girl Crusoes, The Cub, Captain Cub, King Anne, Peggy the Pilot, The Hill, Pixie O'Shaughnessy, About Peggy Saville, The Stone Axe of Burkamukk, Captain Jim, Daddy Long Legs, The Dear Enemy, Shakespeare's Mind and Art, The Art of Writing Essays on Shakespeare, English Literature and Life in the 18th Century, Lyric Poetry, Ten More Plays of Shakespeare, 19th Century Literature, Rudiments of Criticism, Introduction to the Study of Literature, History of English Literature, Shakespeare and His Predecessors, Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters, Shakespearean Tragedy, Short History of English Literature, Studies in Literature, English Essays and Essayists, The Foreign Debt of English Literature, Anthology of English Verse, Blackman's Economics, Modern English Literature, Formative Types of English Poetry, Studies of Contemporary Poets, Character Problems of Shakespeare's Plays, Elementary Practical Wireless, Practical Radio, The Boys' Book of Wireless, History of Modern Europe, Europe Since 1918, Bismarck, Europe in the 19th Century, Truth About the Treaty, Foundation and Settlement of South Australia, Journal and Proceedings of the R.A. Historical Society, Official Year Book, Nos. 13, 14.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLROOM.

The little-known War of Winks, which took place several weeks ago, witnessed long hours of strenuous fighting. The most important battle, the Battle of the Ballroom, proved the downfall of many a doughty doer. The number of casualties was so great that the battlefield, which is situated within the Duchy of Cook's Hill, presents the sobering appearance of a Sandgate rather than of a high-class suburb.

The war was of a distinct class, for it in no way, except in matter of mortality, resembled other wars. In fact, it might with accuracy be said that it was of two distinct classes, since it formed part of Fourth Year's plan of clubbing Fifth Year into a happy eternity. The engagement, however—perhaps better styled so, since it began with a ring—was more of a melee than a conventional war, for in less than no time there were no two distinct sides, and every man was fighting for himself.

Following the most ancient and best known traditions of blood-letting, the war had its origin in a lady. One man winked at another man's Helen, in which case, according to the unwritten law of tourney, the winkee necessarily reverts to the winker. Immediately arms were taken up—both arms, for Helen was spacious. And soon the battle raged in all its fury.

Some of the combatants seemed to be expert winkers, whilst others wielded winking machines, hitherto unknown, which proved more deadly than modern quick-firing guns and poison gases. Before long it became evident that the fighting was far too strenuous for the fighters, and here and there amidst the turmoil some were

to be seen falling from sheer exhaustion. Thereupon the ladies, including Helen, took up the weapons of the fallen men, and used them with such serious effect that the casualties were increased twofold.

After what seemed days of strenuous conflict, the men, weary and sore from wounds, and the ladies, worn out by a kind of strife quite new to them, were unable to keep the field any longer. Many collapsed and died without delay. Of the thousands who took part in the battle, a mere handful survived.

Sad to say, the news of the encounter has not reached the newspapers, and thus has been lost an excellent opportunity for broadcasting an attractive phase of sudden death.

—PHILIP OAKLEY.

HYPODERMIC CULTURE.

In the year 5024 Newcastle High School, as we now know it, will exist no more. In its stead will be a stately building, towering to the sky, and surrounded by magnificent mossy grass lawns. The pupils will be clothed in flowing silken garments, with shining silver sandals on their feet. Both teachers and pupils will dance on the lawns to the strains of music from passing clouds. At intervals they will flock into the schoolroom in order to receive the knowledge of a few chapters of history, or half a dozen maths. theorems from the point of the teacher's syringe. All knowledge will be condensed into tinctures of gay-coloured liquids, which will be preserved in bottles round the walls. In this way the royal road to learning will have been found, and there will be no more midnight oil, leaden brains, and weeping scholars.

Then at the golden gate of the school they will all mount a wonderful electric omnibus, which will carry them through long avenues to their homes, where they enjoy life till the following day.

—NELLIE CAMPBELL.

WHEN SPRING PASSED BY.

She came with a whisper of breezes,
And a tremulous murmur of song,
With the sun-drenched fragrance of noon-day,
And dream-dust, forgotten long.
With elfin laughter liltily low
The nymph-green grasses sang,
And the dome of a misty turquoise sky
With the joy of a glad world rang,
When Spring passed this way,
Passed my way,
When Spring passed by my window to-day.

—MARJORIE WOODS.

DEATH OF BURKE AND WILLS.

SCENE.—Part of a rocky, desert plain.

Enter Burke and Wills, utterly exhausted.

Burke: How costly has my rashness proved to be—
Disaster is reward for recklessness—
And now I pay the price, at Fate's demand,
For failing to take heed of reason's wisdom,
And for leaving far behind our rich supplies,
And pushing forth with scanty, half-filled pack
Into this flaming rock-strewn inferno
Of grassless, treeless plains, and streamless vales,
That now has surely proved to be our death-bed.
My body has been racked and torn too much
Through lack of food and water for so long;
And, cut by stones and brambles, scorched by the sun,
It now gives up at last its losing fight.

Wills: Is there no chance, think you, my friend, that we
May happen on some hardy settler's hut,
Or, perchance, meet a band of friendly blacks
Whose pity for their white brothers in dire need
May urge them to supply and shelter us?

But, no—we're but two straws upon the ocean,
And our chance of life as slender as our chance
Of meeting ships. Alas! Our doom is sealed.
Even if a welcome homestead loomed in sight,
Or if the murmur of cool water reached my ear,
I could not journey more one single step.

Burke: Nor can I, either. All my strength is gone.
My knees at last have sunk beneath my weight;
On the burning earth I lie, a small, frail heap,
From which the breath of life has almost gone.
Poor Gray could not withstand the dreadful strain,
And gave his life up early in the fight.
Then King—a better man there never was—
Strayed from the path, and now, no doubt, is dead.
And now our turn has come. My breath is failing
Do you hear me?

Wills: Did you speak, or do my ears betray me?
Oh, was ever water on this parched-up land?
My eyes grow misty, and a darkening shroud
Doth gradually and gently close me in.
The pain is going from my weary limbs;
My lips have ceased to call for water now,
And quietness is creeping over all.

Burke: See how the mocking sun looks down upon us,
And revels in our anguish and our strife.
What! No reply! Ah, no. His eyes are closed for ever,
And he is freed from all his earthly toils.
Soon, comrade, will I join you—very soon—
And journey with you through the far beyond.
But even in this hour of torturing death,
A proud and boastful thought does cross my mind.
Have I not done what few have dared attempt,
And crossed our continent from shore to shore?
But, ah! how sad it is to die out here alone,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!
 But, hark! I hear the tinkling sound of falls,
 And hear the water splashing o'er the rocks.
 The sound is now increasing, echoing loud,
 And now it softly dies away again.
 There's magic in the music of those falls
 That brings to all who hear it peace and rest.
 And now, at last, I have found peace and rest,
 And refuge from the pangs of thirst and hunger.

—EDGAR ROXBY.

THE KAISER'S HARVEST.

"With the hour hath also come again
 The pure and splendid spirit of the Maid,
 To nerve thy sons and wipe away thy tears,
 Till, sanctified by sorrow, purged by pain,
 Thou shalt arise, unfettered, unafraid,
 And walk in honour down the deathless years."

1913.—A long white road winds past the little grey village of St. Denis.

The purple vineyards are alive with busy workers—honest, simple, country folk, who have never known the lure of the city, or the frantic bustle of Parisian streets.

The "Angelus" chimes are ringing from some old convent, whose grey walls have stood for centuries, in defiance of the outer world; while, within, black-robed nuns repeat their devotions, some, perhaps, sighing for a taste of life's nectar—the gaiety of the great world outside.

All is peace, contentment, harmony, and an air of quaint, old world charm pervades the scene, from the brightly coloured dresses of the peasant women to the little weather-beaten stone church, nestling on the hillside.

1915.—The scene has changed! Vanished are the rich vineyards, vanished the homes of the peasants and the little grey church.

Nothing remains, save desolation, ruin, and in place of the cheery calls of the birds and the peasants' laughter, come the ominous sounds of war.

Now is the heart of France awakened; now are those dormant fires of courage and endurance fanned to a great blaze of national pride by the onslaughts of the invader. Humble peasants have been transformed into fierce fighting men, inheritors of the strain of ancient Gallic warfare.

1920.—An aged mother kneels by a little wooden cross, which marks the resting place of one beloved.

"Mon Dieu," she murmurs in broken accents, "Ayez pitie de lui!"

Hers is an example of that mother love which has gone down throughout the ages—ever sacrificing, yet ever triumphant, the symbol of a world regenerate.

—MARJORIE SMITH.

RACHEL SKINFLINT'S DAY OUT.

My father is Ike Skinflint, an honest, hard-working man. Some people call him a miser because he is very sparing in all his purchases, but I think he is only cautious. I am like my father, and believe in making my money go as far as it will.

We live in a charming five-roomed bungalow, with verandahs and all conveniences, on the beautiful Newtownship Estate at Stockton, the famous seaside resort.

A little while ago we decided to buy a family ticket and go to a lodge picnic on Eight Hours Day. There are nine of us altogether, and as the ticket cost four shillings, I don't think it was so dear, although it might have been cheaper, as we had to provide our own dinner.

At the last moment my sister Becky contracted an attack of rheumatism, and my mother decided to stay at home with her and keep Ruth with her.

Then my father was called away on business, so I had to take the four other children. I think it was a sinful waste of money.

After some delay we arrived at the wharf at Newcastle, and boarded the boat. We put off at 9.15 a.m., and steamed up the mighty Hunter River. This river is renowned for its magnificent scenery, and one cannot wonder when one sees the picturesque mud flats that stretch away from its banks. On board the boat I met a school friend, whom I had invited. It was an understood thing that she must pay her own fare. One of her friends was in charge of the ice-cream, and I was about to indulge in the luxury of expending fourpence in the delicacy for the children when she presented them with a threepenny one each. An awful waste of money, I think, but I didn't have to spend it, so I suppose I should not worry.

Later, when we were upstairs, she sent my friend and me some bags of peanuts. Now, I dislike peanuts, as they give me toothache; but I could not waste them, so I ate them instead.

Arriving at the picnic ground, we all wandered round like a lot of lost sheep, until we espied a tree in the offing, and straightway we made this our camping place. We then went for a little walk, but could find nothing wonderful to look at, so returned, and for the next hour sat like a colony of sick flies regarding one another. Then we had dinner, and as my friend had forgotten hers, and we had too much, I offered her two sandwiches, a piece of cake, and an orange, which she readily accepted.

In the afternoon there were races, but we didn't win any. I nearly did, but when I neared the rope I tripped. I am sure it was over a foot, but I wouldn't say anything for worlds.

We tired of races after about an hour, and returned to our tree, where my friend and I spent a more animated time discussing politics till 4.30, when we left for home. The water was a bit choppy returning, and my friend was sea-sick, but it had no effect on my strong constitution.

We arrived at Newcastle at 5.30, and caught a boat home, and just arrived in time for a cup of tea and some nice hot scones.

—THELMA HARIVEL.

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Up in the mountains,
Green, mossy, and cool,
The tender ferns fringe
A blue mountain pool.

Up in the mountains,
Among the green trees,
Are the leafy homes
Of birds and wild bees.

Up in the mountains
The clear waters flow,
And fresh spring days linger,
And wild flowers grow.

—DULCIE THURLOW.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

That charming object known as a nest owes everything to art, to skill, and to calculation. The materials used in the process are generally of the rudest, and not always those which the artist would have preferred. Having only his beak and his foot, it seems that the nest should be to him an insoluble problem. The nest is generally composed of small flexible branches, long vegetable filaments, and soft downy material. The making of the nest is really a felting of materials blended and woven together with much painstaking and perseverance. The bill and the claw would be insufficient for this great labour. The tool really used is the bird's own body, particularly the breast, with which he presses and kneads the materials until they become pliable, and are subdued to the general work. The bird's breast is also responsible for the circular shape of the nest within.

Animals which build or burrow, labour for themselves rather than for the young, but the bird labours for her family. "The nest is a creation of love." The male bird obtains the requirements for the nest, but the female selects the suitable materials from his collection, and constructs and lines the nest. The interior of the home is the most delicate piece of labour. The male bird brings horsehair, but the mother bird rejects it as being too coarse. However, it serves as an under material. Hemp is cast aside as being too cold. Only the silky fibre of certain plants, or cotton and wool, are admissible, yet the female bird's own feathers or down surpasses all these.

The interior of the home must consist of the softest materials, for the baby bird is born naked. Its stomach, folded closely to the mother's, will not fear the cold, but the back will be warmed only by the bed. The mother's care and anxiety are not easily satisfied for this reason.

It is interesting to watch the male bird's careful and skilful search for materials. Frequently, if he is seen at his task, he will take a roundabout route to his nest, to deceive the watcher. The common ground lark is a master in this respect.

Hundreds of petty thefts satisfy the mother bird's wants. The male bird will follow the sheep for a little wool; he will even steal a thread of wool if you leave your knitting about.

—K. J. RILEY.



The Sole Survivors

*Riley
after
Hired Kent*

SUNRISE.

A rosy cloud, the herald of the sun,
Appears upon the pale cold sky of morn;
The golden king has now his race begun
Across the sea of dawn.

His beams he flings athwart the eastern sky,
Like golden ribbons from his chariot thrown,
Down to the waking earth, on mountains high,
And o'er the caverns lone.

Down in the deepest valleys of the earth
The vivid fire is lost in purple haze,
While joyous birds sing of a new day's birth
With mellow praise.

From every village, town, and city gay,
Come the loud sounds of commerce and of toil,
For all must work—the prince of lofty sway,
And he who tills the soil.

—DOREEN BAILE.

SNOOKER AND REINCARNATION.

Jones had two dominating ideas; he believed in reincarnation, and he had a very clever dog, Snooker. Snooker was so clever that Jones cherished the idea that Snooker, in his former life, must have been one of Einstein's ancestors.

It was only a one-horse town where Jones lived, so everyone knew of his star themes.

One day a new arrival came to the town, and it was not long before Jones discovered that he also was a believer in reincarnation. Jones and Smithers became firm friends on the spot, but somehow Snooker did not seem to like Smithers, and somehow after Snooker had chased Smithers for a few miles once, Smithers did not like Snooker; so there was no love lost.

It worried Jones, each time his fellow-believer and his dog happened to sight one another. Snooker charged, Smithers ran, Snooker chased, and always Smithers had to move quickly. There was something about him Snooker did not like. It was queer, he was so clever and intelligent.

As the two friends were discussing their beliefs one day, Jones remarked that in his former life he was a lion, or so he thought.

Smithers replied: "Well, I think—well, I'm almost sure—that I was a hare."

Jones leapt into the air, scattering confusion everywhere, his face beaming with joy.

"A hare! Why, man! A hare! And Snooker chases you! What a dog!"

The last I saw of Smithers, he was on his way to the train for the city, and he was going quietly, so as not to arouse Snooker.

—EILEEN TRESSIDER.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Beside the road, yet not too near,
There stands an old brown house;
Its windows broken, door ajar,
A ruin—nothing more.

Yet here dwelt happy children once,
Who played amongst the trees,
And loved that old brown ruin,
Now silent and alone.

I often wonder as I pass
That cottage home so old,
If ever now thoughts come to it
Of joys fore ever gone.

—MARY HINDMARSH.

THE BREATH OF SPRING.

A breath of sweetest perfume
Was wafted by the breeze,
A lingering scent of bush flowers,
A scent of grey gum-trees,
A reawakened memory
Of golden summer days,
The joyous thrill of living—
Awake! My soul obeys.

The soft-toned notes of song birds
Rise high and full and clear,
In songs of exultation
To Nature.—Spring is here.
The long dull night of Winter
Has all but passed away,
Each living thing rejoices,
For now all must be gay.

—PATRICIA BERESFORD.

THE LOST PRINCE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Palace of the King of Sparta.

Enter Francisco, King of Sparta, and Venestria, his Queen.

Francisco: Fair Queen, hear'st thou a tumult in the streets?
A noise of shouting and of many tongues,
Which echoes to the azure vault of Heaven
Like thunder.

Venestria: The faithful people rage about
The murder of our best beloved son,
The boy I worshipped in my inmost heart,
As do the holy maidens of this realm
The sacred flame of Vesta. Woe is me!
Each time my mind returns to his sad death
My heart doth seem as if 'twould burst in twain.
That spirit, which but a short time since was wont
To smile at sorrow, and defy the gods,
Is now a weakling—

Francisco: Pray, now, be comforted, my noble Queen.
I, being a man, and Sparta's highest power,
Am not allowed the privilege of tears.
And therefore must I hide away my grief
Into the deepest caverns of my heart,
And wield the sceptre with as firm a hand
As I was wont before. Thou powers of Heaven!
Revenge the murder of my only son!
A noble prince, and heir to Sparta's crown.

Venestria: The blood of all our lineage be upon
His head, who slew him, and, O mighty powers!
The blackest curse of Jove be on his life.

Francisco: Hark! for I hear young Truvio's voice, our nephew
Dost thou not catch the heavy clang of chains?
(Enter Truvio, in chains, accompanied by Warders.)

First Warder: Your gracious Majesties, we do present,
Before your noble throne, the murderer
Of young Prince Perdio.

Francisco: Thou art mistaken, Castrius.
Dost thou not see, the man thou bringest here,
Accused of murder, stained with princely blood,
Can be none other than my nephew, Truvio?

First Warder: I do, your Majesty, and, please you, know
My duty is as painful, being done,
As yours must be in comprehending it.

Francisco: Thou'rt pale, dear madam. We shall right this wrong.
Thy frail and weakened spirits cannot bear
To listen to the story of thy loss.
Therefore, retire to some secluded spot,
And I will have sweet music play the while,
Soft music, such as soothes the troubled mind,
And lulls the spirit with its brooding peace.

(Exit Venestria, with Musicians.)

Tell me, dear Truvio, that this is false.
If thou wilt speak, confirm thine innocence.

Trivuo: 'Tis not for me to plead for mercy, lord.
I would prefer to die, rather than shame
By cringing act, or pleading word, the name
Of Truvio.

Francisco: Thou speakest guiltily. Great Jove,
If it were true! . . . and yet it seems a dream.
How could'st thou, nephew, slay thy youth's first friend,
And then before his grieving father stand,
Nor ask for mercy, but with casual glance,
Dare him to do the worst. Now is my grief
A hundredfold, nay, nay, a thousandfold
More deep than 'twas of late!

Second Warder: Read this, my lord.

Francisco (Reads): "I did the King's son stab with fiery steel,
Upon a provocation, 'twixt us held.
Then, while the warm life in it still remained,
I took the body and did bury it
Upon the Plain of Vala.—Truvio."

(To Truvio): Now, traitor, hast thou justly sealed thy doom,
No death, for thee, could be too harsh and cruel.
By thy foul deed, thou hast bereft us twice:
First, of a son, well loved through all the land;
Then, of a nephew, whom we loved too well.
And in that nephew's place a traitor stands,
His treacherous dagger dripping princely blood;
While, for our son, ah! cruel, cruel fate!
We see a lifeless body, stiff and cold!

Truvio: I have no proof to justify my word,
Except my conscience that doth urge me on,
And whispers to me, "Thou art innocent."

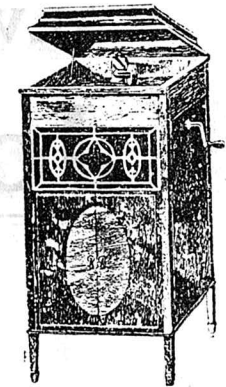
Francisco: Hence, traitor! Villain! lying knave! begone!
Such treachery ne'er before on earth was found.
The only thing that now remains for me
Is swift revenge, and I will have it so.
To-morrow, when the fiery sun doth gild
The rosy clouds with orient splendour gay,
Death shall be thine, and so will be avenged
The murder of my son, and Sparta's heir.

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