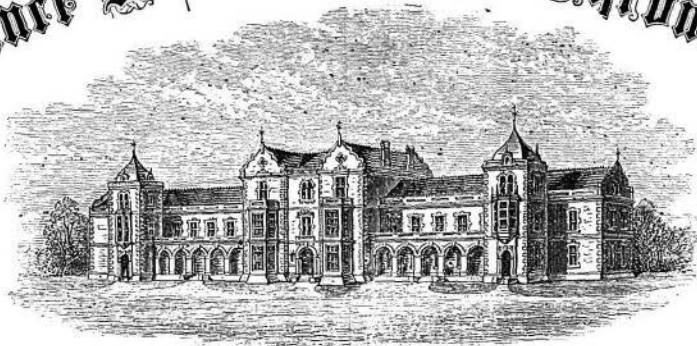


Prince Alfred College Chronicle.



UBI NON EST SCIENTIA ANIMÆ NON EST BONUM.

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[PRICE SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

THE College of late, although as usual keeping up to the mark in all the work pertaining to progress in learning, seems to have fallen off, to some degree, in the matter of out-door sports.

The year opened with the cricket season, but the players of this ancient and useful game have taken very little interest in it, and only one or two minor matches have been played. Even at these a very small number of College representatives was present.

Then the new game of baseball was introduced as a change, and it was thought for a time that this would waken up those whose interest in sports seemed for the time being in a state of inactivity. This was certainly the case for a fortnight, and during that time the game was played with interest and success, the boys promising soon to become very efficient in their

play, but after that it was allowed to drop. The other branch of sports which has been a failure in the past quarter is the rowing; this does not seem to be from quite the same cause as that of the cricket and baseball. At first there seemed to be a fair prospect of having a good crew to row at the regatta, but there was discord somewhere, and in consequence the rowing matches ended in a signal defeat for Prince Alfred College. It is to be hoped that this position of affairs will not continue in the coming football season.

Let every boy who can play do his best to make the game a success, so that we may again carry off the palm in the great School matches of the year.

Those who are too much engrossed in their books to take part in the sports must remember that health ought to be maintained, and the surest and best way to achieve this is by engaging in healthy out-door exercises.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Annual Meeting of the two Upper Forms to consider *Chronicle* matters was held on Wednesday afternoon, the 10th inst.; the attendance was not large but *select*. A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring officers, Allen, Haslam and Chapple. The Manager (Fred. Chapple) gave an account of the financial state of the paper. On the last year's numbers of the *Chronicle* a balance of £3 13s. 8d. remains over, thus bringing the total balance in hand to £11 16s. 8d. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—Editors, J. A. Haslam and G. B. Hone; Manager and Treasurer, H. E. Hill; J. B. Allen and F. J. Chapple were also appointed University Correspondents.

Chronicles may be obtained from H. E. Hill, P.A.C., or from the Wesleyan Book Depôt. The annual subscription is 2s.

Every boy in the school is earnestly invited to contribute articles to the *Chronicle*, especially those boys of the Middle and Upper Classes. As it is, nearly the whole of the work devolves upon the VI. Form. The Editors, or the Head Master will be glad to receive contributions.

We should like to call the attention of the boys to the article on "How to get up a College Museum," more particularly to the last paragraph thereof, in which the boys of P.A.C. are asked to contribute towards a Museum; the boy who makes the best collection of natural objects during this year is to receive a prize from one of the masters of our staff, who earnestly hopes there may be a large number of competitors.

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions

from—H. R. Hill, J. S. Johnston, J. Hicks, G. A. Fischer, G. L. R. T. Melrose, F. S. Hone, Mrs. Thomas, E. T. Bailey, S. Parsons, H. Leschen, F. W. Kay, A. White, A. E. Simpson, W. E. Dempster, R. J. Hill, J. Hill, W. Driffield S. T. Rowley, H. R. Oldham, J. M. Uren.

The great school event of last term was the examination for Scholarships at the University. The prize offered is very valuable, £150; the course of study laid down is very extensive, it embraces a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Euclid, Algebra, Trigonometry, Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Physiology, and Geology. Three are offered each year; two of them were won this year by our boys, one by W. J. McCarthy, and one by F. J. Chapple; we desire heartily to congratulate them. Thirty-four have been granted since the establishment of this Scholarship in 1876, and twenty of these have fallen to P.A.C. At first St. Peter's had by far the best of it; but the last seven years we have been in the ascendant, for of the last twenty one awarded we have secured sixteen.

A new prize more valuable still became open for competition at the University this year. It is called the Angas Engineering Exhibition. It is worth £60 per annum for three years. The subjects in which candidates for it are examined are something like those mentioned above; but include no classics, and perhaps higher skill in science. The award this year was deservedly secured by Jas. B. Allen. He and Chapple are following the Science course at the University, McCarthy the Arts. We hope to hear of the success of all of them.

A special Preliminary Examination was held this March, and of course some boys

thought they would like to "get it over." C. P. Forwood, O Leitch, J. S. Malpas, and J. McN. Walker succeeded in their desire, we are glad to say.

The first term of the year ended on April 5. An assembly was held at 3 o'clock that afternoon to formally close it. The Head Master addressed a few words to us; and urged us not to join outside clubs in the football season that was beginning, but to play with our school fellows. He said that some day we should be glad if we did.

The following are the duces of each form :—

FORM	DUCES
Lower Sixth Form ...	Nicholls, L. H.
Fifth Form ...	Johnstone, P.
Lower Fifth Form ...	Pearce, J. A.
Upper Fourth Form ...	Hughes, J. A.
Fourth Form ...	Garrett, E. E.
Upper Third Form ...	Hugo, V.
Third Form ...	Kingsborough, F.
Lower Third Form ...	Stephens, C. F.
Second Form ...	Young, S. W. C.
Lower Second Form ...	Jolly, E. H.
First Form ...	Davis, D.
Lower First Form ...	Trudgen, H. A.

The following are the percentages of certificates gained by each form :—

Sixth Form ...	5 per cent.
Lower Sixth Form ...	21 "
Fifth Form ...	07 "
Lower Fifth Form ...	16 "
Upper Fourth Form ...	34 "
Fourth Form ...	3 "
Upper Third Form ...	12 "
Third Form ...	— "
Lower Third Form ...	3 "
Second Form ...	24 "
Lower Second Form ...	23 "
First Form ...	61 "
Lower First Form ...	45 "

No holiday followed this "breaking-up." The school terms are arranged to be of nearly equal length, ten weeks the first

term, and eleven each of the other three. Easter follows the moon and falls irregularly. So work for the second term began on April 8.

A few boys left for the University or for work; but more came, so the number's increased to 380 or so, an advance of about 15; a new Form has been made, a middle first, and an additional master appointed to it.

Football is the great game of this term, perhaps it is the favourite sport at P.A.C. Certainly it is just now; so baseball has been given up, tennis has few devotees, marbles are left chiefly to the small boys, and the leather is kept flying every spare moment. The "big match" is approaching, being fixed for June 13, and of course we all hope for a win. With Kelly for Captain, and Wilson for Vice, there is sure to be good training and capital play.

The Gymnastic Demonstration will come on the Saturday after that, viz., June 15. Mr. Leschen quite expects to have his classes show excellent work. He, friends, old scholars, and indeed present scholars we learn are offering medals of gold and silver for proficiency. Gentlemen that are qualified gymnasts will be the judges. A committee has been formed, consisting of the captain of the Boarders, H. S. Taylor, the captain of the Day Boys, O. Seppelt, with power to add to their number, to manage and arrange the proceedings.

The heavy rains of the night of the 15th of April sent a tremendous flood down our creek, the Waterfall Gully Creek, the biggest flood ever known in it. "The memory of man runneth not to the contrary." A look out of the dormitory windows in the early morning of the 16th showed the waters far beyond the banks,

and that the bridge had been washed away, and some of the galvanized iron fencing. The stream of water was a grand sight.

During the Easter holidays a more substantial bridge has been put up on the old site, and the damage repaired.

In the Law Lists published at the University towards the end of March, we note S. B. Durston, J. A. Hargrave, and H. E. Foster, as passing in Constitutional Law, second year.

H. V. Rounsevell was admitted to the Bar of South Australia on the last day of last law term.

The trees about the grounds are growing splendidly lately, and the whole place looks well. The work of the Head Master and boarders some ten years ago have left a lasting benefit to later times. We should like to plant some too, if there was room.

A lovely lunar rainbow was to be seen on the evening of the 17th April. The seniors were called out of night school by the Head Master to look at it. The moon at first was just hidden by Mount Lofty, and the arch was brightest then; but soon she rose "full-orbed, majestic." It was a grand sight; the bow was very round, pale, ghostlike. The silence and the darkness made the whole scene very impressive.

H. W. Rischbieth paid us a visit a few days ago to say "Good-bye" before starting for a long visit to England. He left a good name behind him here, especially as captain of the football club, who made his men train well and led them on to victory Saturday after Saturday, and on the oval.

London is in the centre of the world, and is situated on both sides of the River Thames, and is also expanded by many bridges.

In Memoriam.

SYDNEY ERNEST HOLDER,
M.D., B.S., LONDON.

Born Dec. 22, 1862. Died Jan. 11, 1889.

"Mr Holder, I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the probability, I may say the certainty within a few days, of your being the possessor of the proudest academical distinction South Australia can bestow. The examiners have given me to understand that your name will be reported to the Council for recommendation to the Government for the South Australian Scholarship, which is tenable for four years, and to which is annexed the emolument of £200 per annum." The scene when these words were spoken to Sydney Holder, by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, was unique and imposing. The new buildings of the University were being formally opened by Sir William Jervois, in the presence of the members of the University, and a very large crowd of distinguished visitors. For once there had been such close competition for the above Scholarship that the examiners at the examination held in December 1881, had declared the two candidates to be of equal merit. A second examination was held in the following March, and not until his degree was being conferred on that afternoon in April, did Sydney know that he had won the coveted prize.

How successful he was "at home" the following extracts from the *Illustrated Medical News* will tell us:—"In less than two years he passed the matriculation, the preliminary scientific, and the intermediate M.B. at the University of London. Afterwards among other distinctions he

gained the Aitchison Scholarship for general proficiency, the Fellowes' Gold Medal for clinical medicine, and the Tuhe medal for pathology. He took the M.B. and B.S. of London in 1887, and the M.D. in 1888.

Dr. Holder's abilities were not limited to medicine; he possessed remarkable musical talent, which he always placed freely at the service of his fellow students. Those who knew him best realise how much the world has lost by the untimely death of Sydney Holder. Among those who knew him well is Professor Williamson, who says, among other kind things, "I had a sincere and very warm regard for him, and I have seldom felt anything more strongly than his sudden death. He had great firmness and elevation of purpose, and a power of steady good work such as I have seldom seen equalled."

One needed not to be long in his company to feel that one was in the presence of one of those highly-gifted natures to whom it seemed natural to do what is good and noble, and to do it without apparent effort. He had but partially recovered the loss of sight of one eye from an agonising illness, brought on by his heroic self-abnegation. It was while assisting in an operation that he incurred an injury, which would have been trivial if attended to at once, but he calmly sacrificed his own safety by attending without remission to the patient. He was truly one of "Nature's nobles." Only a few days before he started on the fatal trip by the *Priam*, Sydney was, as he says in his last letters to his friends, "Carried by force by Professor Williamson down to his country house," to enjoy a little recreation after the severe strain incurred in sitting for his M.D. He goes on to say, "While

I was there an Indian gentleman came and stayed a couple of days. He was Prime Minister to one of the native Indian princes, and had been sent to England for a yacht and a court physician. He gave me the first chance of being the latter. The post was merely to attend the prince, who is a healthy boy of eighteen. I should have had £1,000 a year and a house, the salary rising £200 a year. 'You will be a potentate with nothing to do, but spend your spare cash,' said the man. After thinking it over for twenty-four hours I refused it. The pay was very tempting, but the prospect of a permanent life in India with nothing to do, showed the gingerbread through the gilding. I shall get back to London (from my trip to China) in time to go in for the F.R.C.S. in May. If I get through the F.R.C.S. all right, which is extremely uncertain, I shall start for Adelaide in June or July, and see you all again." But alas! China was never reached, the ship was wrecked near Corunna in less than a week after leaving Liverpool, and Sydney was drowned. Why such a splendid and promising career should be so soon terminated, at least as far as this life is concerned, must remain a mystery. One thought is ours: the all-loving Father knows

"What best for each will prove."

The longest lives are not measured by months and years, but

"He liveth longest, Who can tell
Of true things, truly done each day."

Received since last issue—*Patchwork, Newingtonian, Ipswich Grammar School Magazine, Blue Bell.*

The *Rhone River* flows through Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, and empties into the North Sea.

HOW TO GET A COLLEGE
MUSEUM.

Let me tell you what I think you may do for a museum, and how you may improve yourselves by doing it, without interfering with your regular work. Of course, that must never be interfered with. You are sent here to work. Most of you depend for your success in life on your own exertions.

The first thing for a boy to learn, after obedience and morality, is a habit of observation—a habit of using his eyes. It matters little what you use them on provided you do use them. They say knowledge is power, and so it is ; but only the knowledge which you get by observation. Many a man is very learned in books, and has read for years and years, and yet he is useless. He knows *about* all sorts of things, but he can't *do* them. When you set him to do work he makes a mess of it. He is what is called a pedant : because he has not used his eyes and ears. He has lived in books. He knows nothing of the world about him, or of men and of their ways, and therefore he is left behind in the race of life by many a shrewd fellow who is not half so book-learned as he ; but who is a shrewd fellow—who keeps his eyes open—who is always picking up new facts, and turning them to some particular use.

Now I don't mean to undervalue book-learning. No man less. All ought to have some of it, and the time you spend here on it is not a whit too long ; but the great use of a public-school education to you, is not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to *learn*—to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after-life on any matter

to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in ? First and foremost in the art of observing. Therefore I say that everything that helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning ; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about you, and especially of natural history.

The study of natural history, or of chemistry, or any study which will occupy your minds and fill up your leisure hours, may be the means in after-life of keeping you out of temptation and misery.

I am happy to hear that there are some of you who don't need this advice, some who have already begun to use your eyes, and to make collections of plants, insects, and birds' eggs. That is good as far as it goes. But see. Because every boy collects for himself, there is a great deal of unnecessary destruction of eggs, especially of the small soft-billed birds, which are the easiest got, and are the very ones which ought to be spared on account of their great usefulness in destroying insects ; and next — pray, where will nine-tenths of those eggs be seen a few days hence ? Smashed and in the dusthole. And so of the insects and plants. Now, if fellows would collect for a college museum, instead of every one for himself, it would save a great deal of waste, and save the things themselves likewise. As for a fellow liking to say, " I have got this, and I will keep it to myself ; I like to have a better collection than anyone else," that is natural enough, but, like a great many natural things, rather a low feeling, if you will excuse my saying so. Which is better, to keep a thing to yourselves, locked up in your own drawers, or to put it into the

common stock for the pleasure of everyone? And which is really more honour to you, to be able to say to two or three of your friends, "I have got an egg which you have not," or to have the egg, or whatever else it may be, in a public collection, to be seen by everyone, by boys, years hence, after you are grown up?

You will also be able to obtain from friends and relations rare and curious objects, which you could not collect yourselves, to put into the museum. Begin at once to gather any interesting objects that you may meet with in your rambles and walks. You might employ much of your spare time in the holidays in this way, with pleasure to yourselves and profit, too. The sudden change from the regular discipline of work at school to complete idleness in the holidays, after the first burst is over, often makes boys tired, and stupid, and cross, because they have nothing to do except eating fruit and tormenting their sisters. How much better for them to have something like this to do. Something which will not tire their minds, because it is quite different from their schoolwork, and therefore a true amusement; and something, too, which they can take a pride in, because it is done of their own free will, and they can look forward to putting their gains in the museum when they come back and saying, "This is my holiday work; this is what I have won for the college since I have been away." Take this hint for your holidays; take it, too, for after-life. For I am sure if you get up an interest for the museum here, you will not lose it when you go away.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

To encourage our boys to take up the idea put forward in the above speech addressed by Charles Kingsley to the boys

of Wellington College, one of the masters on our staff wishes us to state his intention of giving a prize to the boy who will make the best contribution of natural objects during this year towards a museum in Prince Alfred College. In deciding the prize regard will be had not only to the number of objects contributed, but also to their quality.

P.A.C. ANNUAL SWIMMING RACES.

On Thursday, March 7th, at 7.30 p.m., our annual swimming races were held at the City Baths.

A school meeting held previously had elected a Secretary and Committee to inaugurate and carry out the proceedings.

Reviewed as a whole the affair was successful, but as Mr. Chapple aptly put it, "they might have been called *Glenelg* races," for as will be seen by the results of the contests, a very large majority of the prizes were carried off by *Glenelg* boys; this, however, was anticipated.

To obtain the prizes outside help was asked and liberally given, and the boys of Prince Alfred College desire to convey their heartiest thanks to those gentlemen who so kindly, willingly, and liberally responded to the call for support.

Foremost to assist us, as usual, is Dudley Evan, one of the many boys who have left us, of whom we are justly proud. This gentleman, besides being Judge on the evening, had with his customary generosity presented the committee with two valuable prizes, consisting of a very handsome silver cup and box a of compasses. These constituted two of the prizes for the time race.

Very hearty thanks are due to Messrs. Brown and Taylor, and the Committee, for the energetic way in which they worked, in order to bring the meeting to a success.

The baths on the evening were filled with onlookers, the greater number, of course, being our own boys; but outsiders and old scholars were represented in fair proportions. A long programme was carried out without a hitch, and nearly all the races were very evenly contested.

W. Boucaut won the Championship of the School, and H. Brown, that for boys under fifteen. The Time Handicap was won after a good race by F. Hooper, and the Old Scholars' by D. Fowler.

At the close of the proceedings, cheers were given for D. G. Evan, Esq., and the Head Master.

Appended is the prize list:—

Learners—1st, Stock, B., Boy's Own Annual, Presented by E. S. Wigg & Son; 2nd, Boucaut, E., Football; 3rd, Tarlton, Box of Compasses.

Long Swim under Water—Handyside, J., Dressing Case.

Champion (under 15)—Brown, H., Medal.

General Natation—1st, Boucaut, L., Inkstand, presented by W. C. Rigby and Co.; 2nd, Boucaut, W., Album.

Headers—1st, W. Boucaut, Knife; 2nd, F. Hooper, Box of Compasses.

Champion (under 13)—B. Chaffey, Medal.

Novelty Race—1st, Boucaut, L., Silver Chain; 2nd, Hooper, A., Inkstand.

Diving for Objects—1st, Mitchell, A., Inkstand; 2nd, Lloyd, S., Scarf Pin.

General Handicap—1st, Stephens, C., Box of Water Colours; 2nd, A. Hooper, Album.

Time Handicap—1st, F. Hooper, Cup; 2nd, W. Boucaut, Box of Compasses (1st and 2nd presented by D. G. Evan, Esq.); 3rd, Cobbin, Gold Lead pencil, presented by H. Wendt, Esq.

Championship of the College—Boucaut, W., Gold Locket.

Old Scholars' Race—1st, D. Fowler, Pair of Sleeve Links; 2nd, F. Fischer, Writing Case.

FOOTBALL.

A football meeting was held in the Chemistry Room on Monday afternoon, the 8th inst. Great interest was taken in the proceedings by those present. Wilson and Kelly were elected Secretaries, and Davies, Hone, Hill, H. E., Anderson and Wood, W., as a Committee. All those who can play are requested to do so, and especially those who are picked by the Committee to play in the matches.

At a meeting of the players of the First Twenty, Kelly was elected Captain, and Wilson, Vice-Captain.

P.A.C. v. TORRENSIDES.

This was our first match this season, and was played on the College Oval, on Saturday, April 13. A fairly interesting game was played up to half-time, the scores being 2 to 2. On resuming play, however, our team gradually drew away and won by 8 goals 11 behinds, to 3 goals 10 behinds. P.A.C.'s played well together during the latter part of the game and lasted longer than the Torrensides. For the College, Kelly (Captain), Wilson, Ballantyne, Blackwell and Hamilton H. A., played well, and Gard, McIntosh, Grayson and Morrissy, worked hard to avert defeat.

ROVERS v. P.A.C.

Played on our ground on Saturday, May 4. Scores—Rovers, 3 goals 8 behinds; P.A.C., 2 goals 10 behinds. The Rovers had the best of us up to half-time, the score then standing 3 goals to nil, but during the last half our team scored 2 to nil, and had very hard luck in not obtaining more goals.

For Rovers—Chapple, Goode, Fischer and Scott, played well; whilst Kelly, Hamilton, Boucaut, W., and Wilson, worked hard for us.

P.A.C. v. UNIVERSITY.

As the Universities had a half-holiday on Thursday afternoon, a match was arranged to be played on the College Oval between the First Twenty and the 'Varsity men. The weather was very unsuitable for a good display of football, nevertheless an interesting game resulted in a well-earned win for our opponents, who scored 4 goals 8 behinds, to P.A.C.s' 2 goals 6 behinds. For the 'Varsities, Powell, Griffiths, Mitchell, A., Oldham, and Chapple, played well; as did Kelly, (who kicked both of our goals), Wilson, Newman, Hamilton, H., and Davies, for P.A.C.

 ROWING MATCH.

The preliminary heats of the Schoolboys' Race in the Easter Regatta were rowed off on Thursday afternoon, April 4. Our crew rowed Whinham's, and St. Peter's the Adelaide School.

The S.P.S.C's and W.C's were the victors of their respective events, and so these two were matched against each other

for the final on Saturday; the result was a good victory for St. Peters by two or three lengths.

The race on Thursday between W.C. and our representatives was a very tame affair. A few yards after the start the former crew got the lead, and increased it so that at the finish they were six lengths to the good.

Why our crew collapsed we cannot tell. There was various reasons circulated at the time; but we were fairly beaten, and it can do no good to go back and repeat them. One thing is certain, that unless more boys take an interest in rowing and rowing matters, P.A.C. will never go ahead in that sport, which is so healthy and beneficial to the human body.

Praise must be given to some few who though not in the first crew stuck to the club with persistency and unflagging interest.

Wake up P.A.C.'s! Look to your laurels. Old Scholars are watching your proceedings with interest; Old Scholars, who when here, strove by pluck and perseverance to attain honour for the College, and succeeded in doing so. Train hard and well now that rowing is over for the football, and you are pretty sure to be successful. The crew consisted of G. M. Hunter (stroke), E. L. Kelly (3), W. M. Anderson (2), O. B. Seppelt (bow), H. Rischbeith (cox).

"DON'T be a fool," she said with a snap to her husband. "Why didn't you tell me that when I asked you to marry me?" he replied.

Three Degrees of Mining Speculation.—Positive — mine; comparative — miner; superlative—minus.

ATHLETIC TRAINING FOR BOYS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

A volume might easily be written on this subject, yet the bulk of the advice contained therein could be expressed in one sentence: Do not train too much. When you pick up the papers and read accounts of the long and exhaustive courses of training through which college crews are put, don't imagine that you must follow a similar plan. A man requires much more training than a boy, strange as that may seem. If you are a good healthy boy, who lives as he ought to live, you get up at a reasonable hour in the morning, and you go to bed early at night. You sleep from eight to nine hours, and you eat three good meals a day. You do not ruin your digestion with candy and pastry, and you do not smoke cigarettes.

Having been a boy myself, and still possessing a keen love for boys' pursuits, I am aware that the last item is significant. It must be admitted that a great many boys do smoke cigarettes. Now, my young friend—for if you are going into out-door sports you are a friend of mine—the first move for you to make is to stop smoking cigarettes. They destroy both nerve and wind, and you need them both in athletics. Do not smoke at all. You can never succeed in athletics if you smoke.

Now, the next thing to consider is what sort of athletic work you propose to do. I take it you are going in for running or walking of some kind. Pole vaulting, jumping, shot-putting, and such exercises require as preliminary training nothing but constant practice. Walking and running, however, demand that the body shall be in a condition to do its best. That is what training will accomplish for you. Do not

imagine that training will make you run faster than you can. It will not. It will simply make you run as fast as you can, and no faster. But you will never find out how fast you can run till you are well trained.

Being a boy your system is not injured by irregular hours, loss of natural sleep, overwork, worry, or bad habits. A properly regulated boy is always in a normal physical condition. His training is, therefore, a simple matter, and the common mistake is to overdo it. Over-training is worse than no training at all, so be moderate in your work.

Suppose you find you can run a hundred yards pretty well, and decide to train for that distance.

Get a light cotton shirt, a pair of loose white running trousers, and a pair of running shoes. If you cannot afford to use good running shoes a pair of canvas tennis shoes with rubber soles will answer the purpose. Select a piece of ground that is perfectly level and measure accurately 25, 50, 75, and 100 yards. Begin by practising starts. The most important thing in a short dash is to get away quickly. In a fifty yard dash the race is usually won by the contestant who is first going at the top of his speed. Stand with your left foot forward, the toe on the mark. Your right foot should be planted firmly behind you. "Lou" Myers, the champion runner of the world, usually drives the toe of his shoe into the cinders a little. Extend your left hand outward and downward in front of you, and your right hand similarly behind you. Lean a little forward. You will now be in the position adopted by Myers in starting. As soon as the starter says, "Get ready," lift your heels so that your weight will fall on the balls of your feet. The instant you get the word, or the pistol

shot, lunge forward with your body, at the same time driving the ground away from your right foot. Almost at the same instant you will find your whole weight on your left foot, and you will spring forward from it and be under way. Keep the body and head bent forward for half-a-dozen steps until you are going at your top speed. Then you may straighten a little.

As soon as you are at your top speed stop by leaning backward a little, which will enable you to slacken speed without perceptible strain. Do not run over 25 or 30 yards in practising starts. Rest a few minutes after each start, and do not try it more than half-a-dozen times at first. After you have been practising starts a few days, take the opportunity when you catch a particularly good start and run fifty yards at your best speed. And here let me caution you against overstriding. You may have read of Myers' great stride of nearly eight feet. He reserves that, however, for longer distances than you are running. You want a short, quick stride for short distances, and you must always run on the ball of the foot. Don't run on your toes, and of course never let your heels touch the ground. Get a friend with a stopwatch to time your first fifty yards if you can, and make a note of it for future reference.

After a few more days of practice you may run 75 yards. Don't run at your top speed the first time. Cover the distance at a gait well within yourself, and run it only once a day at first. When you can do this with perfect ease, try 100 yards in the same way. After you can run the distance at a fair gait, keeping well within yourself, then you may do it at top speed.

There are three points on which I wish to caution you here. Don't swing your

arms violently. Hold them well out from your sides, and let them move very little, if at all. Your energies must be concentrated in your legs. Don't hold the body too straight up and down, and certainly do not let it incline backward the least bit, and never stop running till after you have crossed the line. I have seen young runners beaten by slackening speed just before finishing. Cross the line as if you had 50 yards more to run. You will win races sometimes by remembering that point.

The same system of training will serve for all races up to 300 yards.

If you find, however, that you have the staying power to run a quarter or a half-mile, you must train a little differently. If you start to run a quarter of a mile at the top of your speed you will be used up 75 yards or more before you reach the finish. You must endeavour to hit a good average pace which you can keep up all the way round. If you happen to have a little more "go" left in you when you reach your last 100 yards, you can let yourself out, when probably many of your competitors will be unable to do so. Striking the proper average pace for a quarter is very difficult, but it can be done; unless you are going to try to beat Wendell Baker, it is the best plan for running the distance. I do not believe much in spurts in any race under 1,000 yards. The average pace is the safest method. Men who run that way frequently appear to spurt in the last 100 yards, when in reality they are only keeping up their average speed, and the others are going more slowly.

If you intend going in for long distance races, the best advice at my command is the time-honoured advice of *Punch* to the young man about to marry — "Don't."

Boys should never run over half-a-mile. The strain is too great for their undeveloped muscles, and the results of the over-exertion sometimes work physical injuries which seriously impair the constitution. Until you are 18 years old I would advise you never to run more than 880 yards. Many boys do it, I know, but they rob a naturally healthful and invigorating sport of its value. You cannot run long distances without going through a great deal of preliminary hard work, and I believe that a boy should do no more than is well within his powers.

Exercise and sport of that kind will assist nature in the development of the body ; but when you exhaust your nervous forces, and wear out your tissues by over-exertion, nature has all she can do to repair the ravages, and development comes to a standstill.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Boys and "young gentlemen" are two very different kinds of animals. Though I love boys, I hate young gentlemen. It is a sad fact that many boys undergo this fatal transformation about the age of fourteen. The external symptoms are unmistakable, and the disease, when once it has got a firm hold, is almost incurable. First they begin to neglect boyish sports, and to lounge about the playground talking nonsense or worse. No games that will crush their collars or dirty their boots, will do for these "young gentlemen." They often, however, show great zeal for cricket or lawn tennis, or any other game that gives them an excuse for investing themselves in gorgeous flannel raiment. But more likely they devote themselves to playing on the piano. Then they take to walking

about the streets, got up in what they fondly conceive to be the height of fashion ; they wear gloves and carry canes. When I was a schoolboy any boy who appeared with a ring on his finger would have been teased out of his mind, but all the young gentlemen of the present day are unblushingly thus adorned. I saw a boy of fourteen the other day, who wore an enormous battered old ring, which had apparently belonged to his grandmother. I noticed this with inward laughter while I was engaged in ornamenting his hand in another manner, through the same agency as Jacob employed, for the same purpose, upon Laban's cattle.

Young gentlemen often adorn themselves in enormous collars, and gorgeous neckties. They begin to look with an envious eye upon papa's jewellery, and regard a gold watch-chain as the *summum bonum* of life. They manifest great eagerness to go out to parties, and profess to like the society of young ladies, before whom, however, they are generally dumb. They make up for this silence, though, by talking about them behind their backs in a way that is very ridiculous, and certainly not edifying. They make furtive attempts to smoke cigars, whence arise unutterable woes. They take wine now when it is offered to them, and try hard to like it. They turn up their noses at bread and butter and early dinners. They are made miserable by thinking that their jackets are too short, or by not being allowed to have stand-up collars.

This terrible disease corrupts the healthy happiness of boyhood. It steals on silently and insidiously, often breaking out in boys whom you would never suspect of being infected. I remember a bright merry boy of thirteen, who gloried in noise, and running, and climbing, and jumping, and who

always looked happy and untidy. I remember how he once said to me with boyish sincerity, "I hope sir, I shall never be a swell!" and thereupon I rejoiced over him as over one saved from destruction. Alas! within a year the infection had seized him. He broke out into all the unhealthy bloom of a boyish dandy, and exhibited even more dangerous symptoms.

Not only does young-gentlemanliness display itself in outward appearance, but in preternatural wisdom. As Solomon in all his glory was never, in his own estimation, anything like one of our boy dandies, got up for the occasion, so those who have hitherto cherished the delusion that Solomon was the wisest man on earth, would have to confess themselves grievously mistaken if they knew many of our young gentlemen. They know everything; they don't require to be taught. They have no faith in those who are older and more experienced; they believe in themselves. You may tell them that to be manly is to be brave and sensible, and honourable and unselfish; but you will speak to the winds, for *their* measure of manliness lies in fashionable trousers and dissipation.

I was once acquainted with a school for the education solely of young gentlemen, not boys. There was no playground at that school, no noise, no canes—nothing so vulgar. The pupils, or students if you will call them so, came to school with dainty walking sticks and dirty lavender kid gloves. They were a most genteel set of youths, and some people thought very highly of that school. I did not.

You will understand why it pains me to see a boy transformed into a young gentleman. A boy is to me such a natural, hearty, happy, and lovable being that it is very sad to see his healthy, honest nature

polluted by bumptiousness, silliness, and foppery. I like to see a boy look brave and happy and frank—in a word, boyish. But I hate to see a young gentleman destroying his boyishness by making himself into a caricature of a dandy.

The saddest thing about young-gentlemanliness is that the effects of it are so often permanent. It is the beginning of a long course of deterioration of character which saps all true manhood. If the symptoms be observed and treated in time the effects of it are remediable. I venture to prescribe a remedy which is very efficacious in such cases, and which has been highly approved of by the most eminent authorities. It is short and simple:—

Lignum Cannæ ... 3 ft.
To be applied externally. The dose to be repeated if necessary.

THE SCHOOL ROLL.

A glance down the names on our school roll may afford us some fun. With two Chapples here, it is no wonder there is a Churchward-un, Parsons, and a Clarke; an Abbott, too, is not quite out of place, nor a Saint. The King perhaps is one of the Royal Stuarts; this explains why there are Marshalls, Parks, Hunters, and Gardiners. Being famous for football it is fitting that there should be here a Downer; many who can play Forwood and have Handy-sides to fall on. Naturally in a hard working school the trades are well represented, Smith, and Schmidt, and Goldsmith: Taylors, Coopers, Hoopers, Fishers; the duties of the Hewer we can guess, and that of the Bailey and the Chapman, too, but what does the Lipman do? perhaps he Birks it like one of the

Lever. The Potter, and Crocker, both want a Field, with many a Hill, Dale, Wood, Lane, Heath, Pitt, and Barnes. There are two Howes, but with only one Storrie, a Garrett, and several Halls, still there is a Cook, and a Butler, for each. Round these fly the Martin and the Robin. Near them you can hear the Bell ring, even one of the Campbells, with the mighty Toms. Of material there is plenty, Hone, Stone, Johnstone, Flint, Bone, Blood, and Gore, Colebatch, and a spare Sack of Cole, Wood, Stocks of a good old tree with Moss on them. If there is Frost, we can be warm with a Mitton, and a Wigg or two; and though there should be but one Ray of light, we can Glyde along and not be Lang. Our Hughes are Gray, Dunn, Brown, or Lilly-white; we can even Blackwell. Of course we are Goode, thrice over, of that I am Sutton. We may be Cross, sometimes Dowie, but generally Jolly, even quite Darlings. We can Hunt with Hawkes and Lyons, or row with three Cox-es. But Waite, I have said enough on these Matters, the Price is not even a Penny. I will Neill and ask to go Scott free, or may be, I will Hyde, lest you say this is a Lyall.

A VISIT TO THE CRIMINAL COURT IN CANTON.

In July last, I with some friends paid a visit to the Criminal Court in Canton. The sight was very strange. After passing through a crowd of low-class Chinese, you arrive at several old dilapidated courtyards, and in the last one, which is partly roofed over, the court is held. The court is presided over by a Chinese

magistrate, who is surrounded by his officials, consisting of jailers, guards, and interpreters. While we were there a man was being tried for keeping a gaming house, and also for robbing the players. No lawyers are allowed, and the defendant has to conduct his own case, and kneels on the ground before the magistrate while being cross-examined. The case resulted in the defendant being sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Being conducted wholly in the Chinese language, our party could not understand the merits of the case. There was a great absence of the solemnities generally observed in our courts. Whilst there we saw seven prisoners who had been previously sentenced, undergoing their punishment. This is done while the court is sitting.

The men were brought out and fastened by cords to seven crosses erected in the courtyard. Their pigtailed were made fast at the head of the cross, thus keeping their heads in a fixed position, then each thumb was tied to the cross pieces by cords, which were pulled so tightly that the blood started from under the nails. Their feet were bent under them, and in the same way tied to the foot of the cross, thus their bodies were kept in a perfectly rigid position. To prevent their knees resting on the ground a piece of iron matting covered with iron spikes was placed on the spot where their knees might rest. The court sat for about two hours, and on its rising the prisoners were untied and led back to their cells. This punishment would, we understood, be repeated for several days or weeks, according to the length of their sentences. It was a sickening sight, but did not seem to be thought much of by the Chinamen who attended the court.

R. R.

PARABLES FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

By A. E. SOP.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

Once upon a time, somewhat less than a hundred years ago, there was a scholastic institution in which boys were taught to exercise both their minds and their muscles by learning and athletics. For a few years this had been the only school of its kind, but there soon crept into existence another school, which at first did not enter into competition with the older school in either the arena of learning or that of athletics. But being conducted on broader principles, its scholars soon headed all the examination lists, and gained the highest percentages, and it seemed likely to become the premier school of the country. The boys who helped to bring the school into such prominence were treated like heroes by both boys and masters. But an evil day was in store for the school. Not being content with obtaining the mastery in learning, it must needs try and do the same in athletics; and after a great deal of practice in cricket and football, annual matches were arranged between the two schools, in which the younger school was at first unsuccessful, but at last by dint of great pluck and perseverance it outshone its senior. And now those boys who had done the school honour in the University lists were forgotten, and those who made the highest score at the last cricket match, or kicked most goals at the football match, or won most races at the annual sports, became the heroes, and were worshipped as little gods by most of the boys, and sad to say, by some of the masters. Of course this state of things could not continue, and a new school arose whose

scholars began to shine in the University lists, and did not worship cricket and football as did both of its rivals, but kept those sports in their proper place. The new school soon became the leading school in the place.

Moral.—Remember that the mind makes the man, and that muscle should be developed only in order that it may minister to the mind.

FACTS RELATING TO EDITORS.

It is not often that the names of school-masters take as ludicrous a form as the following. This is a copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching youth, in one of the western States:—Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. *Freeman teaches the boys, Huggs the girls.* An editor is sometimes filled with fear as to how many, and what contributions to leave out, and this fear is so great that he sometimes is absent-minded, as in the following:—An editor when asked to take some pudding, replied, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it." Unfortunately the editors of this paper are in constant fear as to how to obtain matter enough. We would like those of you who do not write to take the hint. Talking about hints the following is a very striking one, *i.e.*, striking to the eye of the reader and striking to the conscience of those to whom it applies. An American paper publishes a story in which it is stated that a man, who came very near drowning, had a wonderful recollection of every event which had occurred during his life. There are a few of our subscribers whom we would recommend to practise bathing in deep water. We don't often meet with as good a confession as the following:—"A

sub-editor was asked by the editor, 'We want copy; give us a *par.* or two.' 'What about?' 'Oh! anything will do if it be common sense.' 'That's awkward,' replied the sub.; 'we've poetry, politics, accidents, and philosophy, but we're *quite out of common sense.*'" Another cause of absent-mindedness is rivalry, as the following demonstrates:—"An editor quoting from a rival paper one of his own articles, and heading it 'Wretched attempt at wit.'" Fortunately there is an editor who takes precedence in "Editorial Trials." This is what he writes:—"Owing to the fact that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchange, a Dutch pedler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the 'devils' went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of its publication."

EPITAPHS REGARDLESS OF GRAMMAR.

On a deceased lady :

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
The time will come when you must die,
'Therefore prepare to follow I."

On the second marriage of the husband a wag wrote these lines :

"I do not weep, my dearest life,
Sleep on; I've got another wife;
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go and talk to she."

The best thanks of P.A.C. are again due to Mr. J. R. Fowler, B.A., Cambridge, for his coaching our boat crew with such devotion and skill.

A NEW BOY'S LETTER.

The following is the recent production of a seven-year-old:—"Prince Alfred College, March 22, 1889.—Dear Mother,—I do like my school very much but I do not think I will never git out of this class but I mite git out of this class but I wish I do but I dont think so I think I will never git out of this class but I will try to git out of this class when I do git out of this class I will try to git out of that class but I mite leave this school befor that time And go to A nothe school then I would not be able to git out of this class if I did leave this school then I would not be able to git out of this class I dont think I will not git up out of this class I wont to I wont (*i.e.* want) to git out of this class I dont think so I will try to git out of this class but I dont think I will try to git out of this class but I will not be able to git out of this class but I cant git up in the next class.—I remain Your loving son J—." It's fair to say he was a very new boy.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

First labourer: "Bill, wat's division of labour, as they talks about?"

Second labourer: "It means you heaves the rammer and brings it down upon the stones with all your might, and I stands by to cry out 'Ugh!'"

WHY A FAT MAN IS LIKE WATER.

Little boy: "I say, mister, do you know why you are like water?" Fat man: "No, my little boy, I do not." "Neither of you can run up-hill." Fruitless chase of small boy by fat man.