

# THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES VII. AND VIII. (1914).

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From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A. (Royal Academy).]

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.



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## THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

Tyr<sup>an</sup>-ny, harsh, unjust rule.Kin<sup>dred</sup> (adj.), of like nature or qualities.Sor<sup>row</sup>-ing, grieving; mourning.An<sup>guish</sup>, keen pain of body or mind.Loy<sup>al</sup>, faithful to a person or a cause.Gra<sup>cious</sup>, kind.Char<sup>ity</sup>, love; kindness of heart.Leav<sup>en</sup> (rhymes with *heaven*), spread through, and make like itself the parts it touches.In<sup>tel</sup>-lect, power to know and think.

1. Is life worth living? Yes, so long  
As there is wrong to right,  
Wail of the weak against the strong,  
Or tyranny to fight;
2. Long as there lingers gloom to chase,  
Or streaming tear to dry,  
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face  
That smiles as we draw nigh;
3. Long as, at tale of anguish,  
swells  
The heart, and lids grow wet,

And, at the sound of Christmas bells,  
We pardon and forget;

4. So long as faith with freedom reigns,  
And loyal hope survives,  
And gracious charity remains  
To leaven lowly lives;

5. While there is one untrodden tract  
For intellect or will,  
And men are free to think and act,  
Life is worth living still.

—ALFRED AUSTIN (1835-1913), late Poet Laureate.

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## THE BED OF PROCRUSTES.

Fag<sup>got</sup>, bundle of sticks or twigs for fuel.Dole<sup>ful</sup>, wretched.Hos<sup>pi</sup>-ta-ble, showing kindness to strangers or guests.Re<sup>quite</sup>, repay.En<sup>ti</sup>-ces, coaxes; lures.Mis<sup>er</sup>-a-ble, unhappily; abjectly.Coun<sup>ten</sup>-ance, face; features; look.Or<sup>na</sup>-ments, that which adorns, or adds grace and beauty.

[Theseus, one of the great heroes of Greek legend, was the son of the king of Athens. Among his exploits were the capture of the Bull of Marathon which had long laid waste the surrounding country, the deliverance of Athens from its dreadful tribute of youths and maidens to a monster called the Minotaur, the carrying off of the queen of the Amazons,<sup>1</sup> and an attempted rescue of Proserpine<sup>2</sup> from the lower world. In the following story, Theseus has set off into the mountains to find strange adventures, robbers, and monsters, and do something to win his father's love. A fair-spoken stranger has invited him to his castle to eat the best of venison, drink the rich, red wine, and sleep upon a famous bed that fits every guest, however tall or short, to a hair, so that he sleeps upon it as he never slept before.]

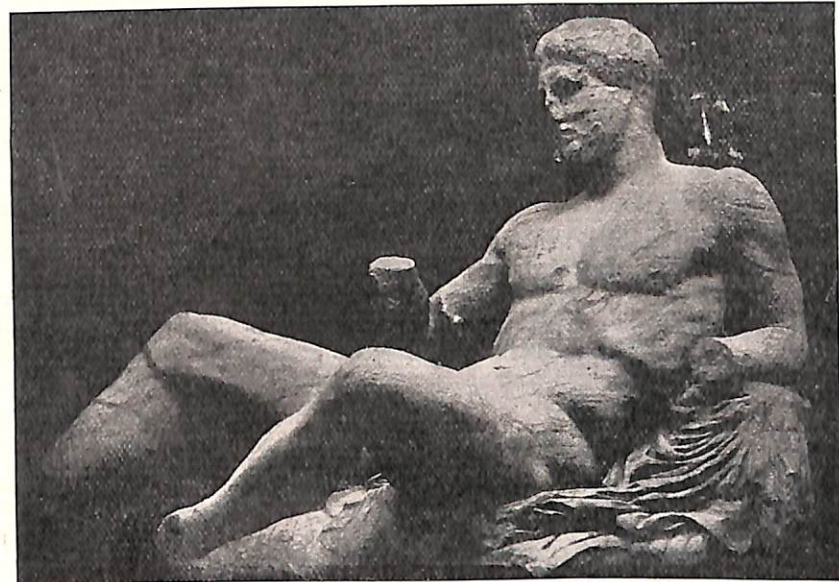
1. Theseus went slowly up the steep pass, and, as he went up, he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent-bed. He had laid down his faggot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And, when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said,

“O! fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years.”

2. Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said, “Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road?”

“Who I am my parents know; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed.”

3. Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried, “O house of Hades,<sup>3</sup> man-devouring! will thy maw never be full? Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you



The Art Reader, by P. E. Quinn (E. J. Forbes, Sydney) ]

THESEUS.

From the east pediment of the Parthenon, a famous temple at Athens.

(I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets, he entices him hither to death; and, as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose from it alive save me.”

“Why?” asked Theseus, astonished.

4. “Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and, if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough; but me only he spared, seven weary years ago; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in brazen-gated Thebes;<sup>4</sup> but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men.”



5. Then Theseus said nothing; but he ground his teeth together.

"Escape, then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday, he brought up hither two guests and fitted them upon his bed; and the hands and feet of the one he cut off, but the limbs of the other he stretched, and so both perished miserably—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And, therefore, he is called Procrustes the stretcher. Flee from him: yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

6. But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" the old man screamed after him down the glen; but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

7. And he said to himself, "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" And, as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gaily. And, when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

8. Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste; but Theseus leapt on him, and cried, "Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and, before Procrustes could strike him, he had struck and felled him to the ground.

And, once again, he struck him; and his evil soul fled forth, and went down to Hades squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

9. Then Theseus stript him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had spoiled a long time, and parted the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

—From *The Heroes*, by CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875), an English clergyman, poet, and novelist.

1. **Am-a-zons**, a race of female warriors, reputed to have lived in Asia Minor.
2. **Pros-er-pine**. See *The School Paper*—Grades VII. and VIII., September, 1913, page 129.
3. **Ha-des**, in Greek mythology, the abode of the dead, conceived as a dark and gloomy underworld. At its entrance was the three-headed dog Cerberus; beyond was the river Styx with the ferryman Charon.
4. **Thebes** (*theebz*), an ancient city of Greece, destroyed by Alexander the Great. Another city of the same name was capital of Upper Egypt.
5. Pronunciation of other proper names occurring in the text:—Pro-crus-tes, Mar-a-thon, Min-to-taur, The-se-us (*theez-tuse*) or The'se-us.

## GEORGE STEPHENSON.

**Col-li-er**, one who works in a coal mine.  
**Mod-el**, small likeness of what something is to be.  
**Ex-am-ine**, look closely into anything.  
**Thor-ough-ly** (*thur*), completely; perfectly.  
**Ac-ci-dent**, that which happens unexpectedly

**Col-li-er-y**, coal mine.  
**Per-se-ve-rance**, act of going on doing what has been undertaken.  
**Sim-ple-i-ty** (*plis*), here, freedom from cunning.  
**Lo-co-mo-tive**, a self-propelled vehicle; particularly, a railway engine.

1. There are few boys and girls who do not enjoy travelling in a railway train. While you are looking out of the carriage windows, and watching the buildings, fields, and fences as they seem to fly past, do you ever think of the wonderful engine that is carrying you along so quickly? Perhaps you would like to know something about the clever man who laid the first railway, and made the first engine that travelled along it.

2. After James Watt<sup>1</sup> had made his engine, men began to talk about engines that would travel by steam-power. Many tried to make them, and a few really made engines that would move; but they were poor affairs, and it was left to George Stephenson to make the first useful travelling-engine.

3. It is certain that George Stephenson did not go long distances in his school holidays—first, because there were no trains to travel in, and, then, because he did not have school holidays when a little boy. Indeed, he did not go to school at all. His days were spent minding cows and hoeing turnips; and thus he earned a few pence to help to buy his food and clothing.

4. George was the son of a very poor collier, living near Newcastle,<sup>2</sup> in the north of England, about 130 years ago. Although his father could not afford to send him to school, and although he had to work when he was so young, little George's boyhood was a very happy one.

5. He loved the green fields and the birds, and used to amuse himself taming rabbits and blackbirds, and looking for nests, which, however, he was taught never to disturb. He was a clever boy, too, and made little model engines out of clay. These models were like the standing engine that drew up the baskets of coal at the pit where his father worked.

6. When he was fourteen years old, George went joyfully to help his father at the engine, and very proud he was of the shilling a day that he earned as fireman. He worked so hard and so steadily that, in two or three years, he was set to manage an engine. His engine always seemed



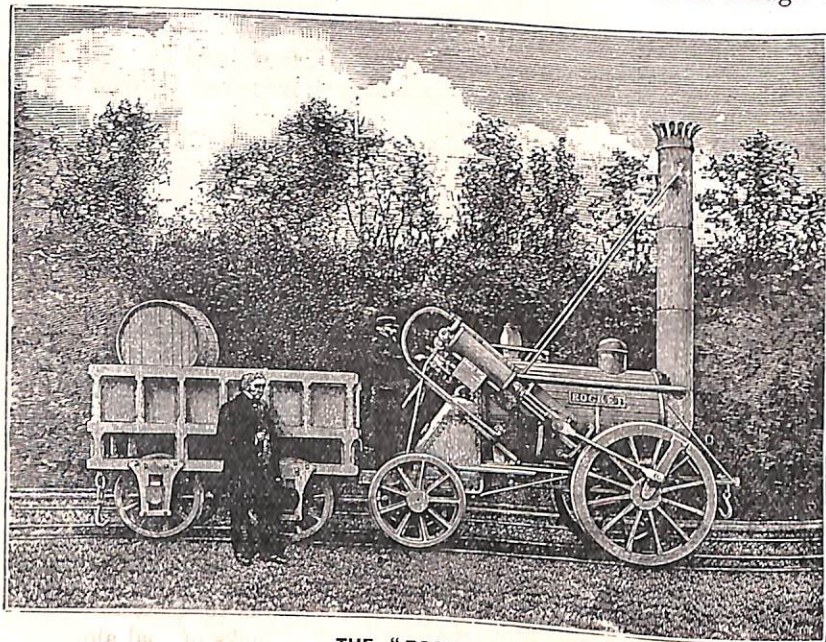
GEORGE STEPHENSON (1781-1843).



a very wonderful and interesting thing to him. He loved to take it to pieces, examine and clean it, and build it up again. Soon he understood every part of it thoroughly.

7. George's great trouble was that, being unable to read or write, he could not learn about the improved engines that were being made for mines and factories in other parts of England. He, therefore, joined a night-school, where he worked hard every night after his twelve hours at the mine were finished. At nineteen, he was just able to write his own name, and he was much pleased with himself. After that, he learned so quickly that he could soon read and understand the wonderful books written about the power of steam and the making of engines.

8. To earn some extra money, he used to mend the clothes and shoes of the other colliers. When about twenty-one, he had saved enough to



THE "ROCKET."

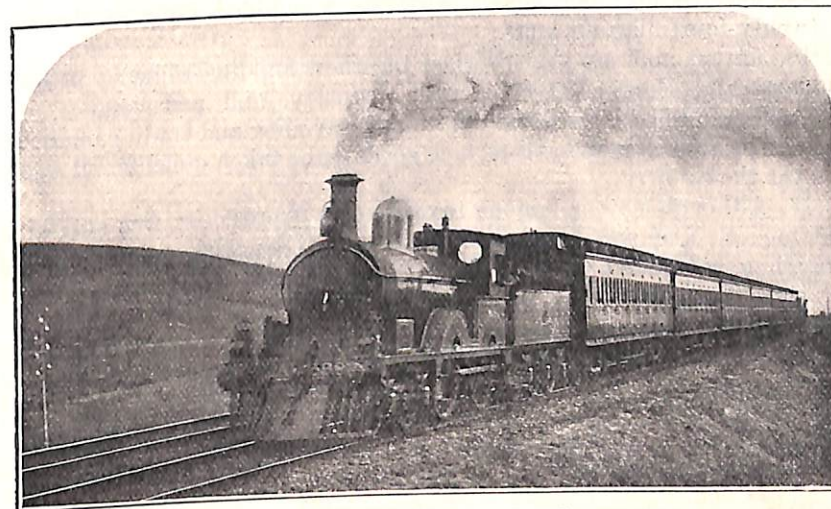
furnish a little cottage, and bring a wife home to it. Two very happy years were spent in that humble home. Then, poor Stephenson's wife died, leaving him with a baby boy only a year old. Work became scarce at that time, too; so, leaving the baby in the care of some friends, Stephenson walked all the way to Scotland to look after one of James Watt's famous new engines.

9. At the end of a year, the longing to see his little son brought him back again to the coal-pits. His poor old father had been blinded in an accident, so George had to find work quickly in order to support his

parents and his little boy. For some time, he had a very hard struggle against poverty, but, one day, he was able to turn his knowledge of engines to good use.

10. A coal-pit near by was half-full of water, and a pumping-engine had been working for months trying to clear it; but all in vain, although skilled engineers had come long distances to try to improve the engine. At last, the overseer allowed Stephenson to try what he could do with it.

11. The engine was soon pulled to pieces and rebuilt, and, in two days, all the water had been pumped out of the mine. Amid the cheers of the onlookers, the men went down the shaft to work, and Stephenson was nicknamed the "pump-curer." After that, all the machinery at the



A MODERN RAILWAY TRAIN.

colliery was put in his charge, and good wages were paid to him. This gave him great joy, because he was able to keep his old parents in comfort, and also to save some money to send his little boy, Robert, to school.

12. George then set himself a great task. It was to make an engine that could be used, instead of horses, to draw the trucks of coal along the little tramways at the mine. He had seen one, called "Puffing Billy," crawling along with coal-wagons, but it required horses to help it. After much thought and labor, and many vain attempts, he at last managed to build one that would travel at the rate of four miles an hour.

13. For years, he worked quietly away, all the time improving his little travelling-engine. At last, after seeing it working at the mine, a certain rich man was so pleased with it that he engaged Stephenson to build a railway between the towns of Stockton and Darlington,<sup>a</sup> and run an engine along it.



14. By the year 1825, the new line was laid, and, in the presence of a great crowd of people, George Stephenson's engine, drawing six trucks and a passenger-wagon, made a successful journey. It travelled at the rate of only fifteen miles an hour, but this was the first time that a steam-engine had drawn passengers and goods from place to place. The people were astonished at the wonderful sight, and Stephenson became a famous man.

15. His next undertaking was the building of a much larger railway, one between the cities of Liverpool and Manchester. His son, who had grown up a clever young man, helped him in this very difficult task. After some years of hard and persevering labor, the new railway was opened in the year 1830. A prize was offered for the best engine, and four were tried, but our hero's "Rocket" was declared the best and fastest. It was cheered by thousands of people as it rumbled along at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

16. Father and son then worked together, building railways in both England and Europe. By his skill, industry, and perseverance, the poor collier lad had altered the old way of travelling and trading, and had made it possible for passengers and goods to be taken quickly and easily all over the country.

17. Although now a famous man, George Stephenson was still kind and modest, and was always ready to help those who were poor and struggling, as he had once been. He died at the age of sixty-seven, beloved by all for his goodness and simplicity. Everybody admired the noble and persevering nature that had raised the poor collier to be the inventor of the locomotive engine, and the great and famous founder of railways.

1. **James Watt** (1736-1819), a Scottish engineer, the improver, and almost the inventor, of the steam-engine; inventor, also, of a letter-copying press, steam jacket for cylinders, smokeless furnace, steam-engine governors, &c.

2. **New-cas-tle**, city on the Tyne, in Northumberland, England, has great coal mines near by.

3. **Stock-ton and Dar-ling-ton**. Stockton is a manufacturing and commercial seaport on the River Tees, county of Durham, England; Darlington is also in Durham, on the River Skerne.

### THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

**Dis-dain**, thought or feeling that a thought or thing is unworthy of notice.

**Sun-dered**, put or kept apart.

**Fu-ne-re-al**, sad and solemn; befitting a funeral.

1. Across the dull and brooding night,  
A giant flies, with demon light  
And breath of wreathing smoke;  
Around him whirls the reeling plain,  
And, with a dash of grim disdain,  
He cleaves the sundered rock.

**Rem-nants**, remains; residue.

**Di-vest-ed**, deprived; stripped.

**League**, distance of three miles.

**Re-ced-ing** (the second "e" as in *me*), going back.

2. In lonely swamps, the low wind stirs  
The belt of black, funereal firs,  
That murmur to the sky,  
Till, startled by his mad career,  
They seem to keep a hush of fear  
As if a god swept by.

3. Through many a dark, wild heart of heath,  
O'er booming bridges, where, beneath,  
A midnight river brawls;  
By ruins, remnants of the past,  
Their ivies trembling in the blast;  
By singing waterfalls.

4. The slumberer, on his silent bed,  
Turns to the light his lonely head,  
Divested of its dream.  
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,  
Through tunnel-sheaths, with iron roar  
And shrill, night-rending scream.

5. Past huddling huts, past flying farms,  
High furnace-flames, whose crimson arms  
Are grappling with the night,  
He tears along receding lands  
To where the kingly city stands,  
Wrapt in a robe of light.

6. Here, round each wide and gushing gate,  
A crowd of eager faces wait,  
And every smile is known.  
We thank thee, O thou giant train!  
That in the city once again  
We clasp our loved, our own.

### \* AT SALEM HOUSE.

**Bris-ting**, showing many points sticking up  
**Lit-tered**, having things scattered about carelessly.

**Tu-tor**, teacher.

**Hur-ried-ly**, in haste.

**In-struc-tions**, orders given as a guide.

**Plac-card**, written or printed paper for displaying in a public place.

**Knap-sack** (the "k" silent), bag strapped to the shoulders.

**Con-so-la-tion**, help to bear sorrow.

**Im-ag-ine** (the "g" as *j*), picture in the mind.

**Pos-i-tive-ly**, without doubt.

**Ex-er-tion**, effort.

**Or-de-al**, severe trial or test.

**Heart-i-ly**, with all one's heart.

**Bois-ter-ous**, noisy; rough.

**Cer-tain-ly**, surely.

**For-mal-ly**, with attention to forms.

**Mag-is-trate** (the "g" like *j*), justice of the peace; petty judge.

**Par-tic-u-lars**, details.

**O-pin-ion**, what one thinks about anything.

[In a recent number of this paper, there was an account of David Copperfield's visit to the Peggotty household. Some time afterwards, being harshly treated by his stepfather, David turned on him and bit his hand. He was promptly sent off to a boarding school, known as Salem House.]

1. Salem House was a square brick building with wings. The school-room was very long, with three rows of desks running the length of it, and bristling all around with pegs for hats and slates. Scraps of copy-books and exercises littered the floor. The other students had not yet returned from their holidays when I took my first peep into this room, in company with Mr. Mell, one of the tutors.

2. Presently, I chanced to see a pasteboard sign lying upon a desk, and bearing these words:—

TAKE CARE OF HIM:  
HE BITES.

I hurriedly climbed upon the desk, fearful of a dog underneath, but saw none.

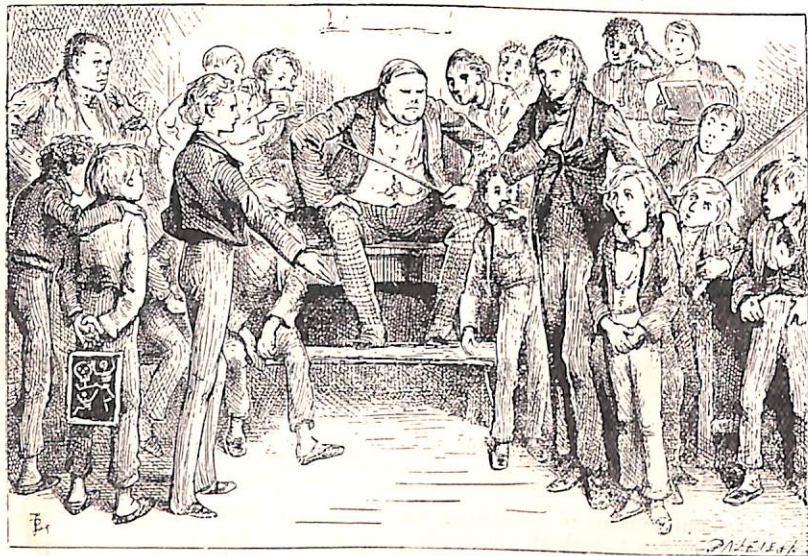


3. "What are you doing there?" asked Mr. Mell. "I beg your pardon, sir," I replied. "If you please, I'm looking for the dog." "Dog? What dog?" I pointed to the sign. "No, Copperfield," he said, gravely; "that's not a dog; that's a boy. My instructions are to put this sign on your back. I'm sorry to do so, but I must do it."

4. With that, he took me down, and tied the placard, which was neatly constructed for the purpose, on my shoulders like a knapsack; and, wherever I went afterwards, I had the consolation of carrying it.

5. What I suffered, nobody can imagine. Whether it was possible for people to see me or not, I always fancied that somebody was reading it. It was no relief to turn round and find nobody; for,

Mr. Creakle.



Traddles. Steerforth.

Mr. Mell. David.

From a drawing by Fred. Barnard.] AT SALEM HOUSE.

wherever my back was, there I imagined somebody always to be, until, at last, I positively began to have a dread of myself as the boy who *did* bite.

6. Mr. Creakle, the master of the school, was a short, thick-set man, and bald on the top of his head. He had a little nose and a large chin. He had lost his voice, and spoke almost in a whisper, which surprised me greatly, for his face always looked angry, and the exertion of talking made his thick veins stick out so that he looked angrier still.

7. When the boys began to come back, I found my ordeal on account of the sign on my back not quite so great as I had feared; and it was chiefly on account of the first fellow to arrive, Tommy Traddles. Dear Tommy Traddles! You made a friend of a poor, lonesome, frightened boy that day, who will always be loyal to you so long as he lives.

8. Traddles was a jolly-looking boy, who laughed heartily when he first saw the card, as at a great joke; and he saved me from any further shyness by introducing me to every boy, and saying gaily, "Look here! Here's a game!" Happily, too, most of the boys came back low-spirited, and were not very boisterous at my expense. Some of them certainly did dance about me like wild Indians, and could not resist patting me, lest I should bite, and saying, "Lie down, sir!" and calling me "Towser." But, on the whole, I got through rather easily.

9. I was not considered as being formally received into the school, however, until J. Steerforth arrived. Before this boy, who was reputed to be a great scholar, and was very good-looking, and at least half a dozen years my senior, I was carried as before a magistrate. He inquired, under a shed in the playground, into the particulars of my punishment, and was pleased to express his opinion that it was "a jolly shame"; for which I became bound to him ever afterwards.

—From *David Copperfield*, one of the most popular works of CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), a famous English novelist.

### "PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Triv-i-al, of little importance; paltry.  
Or-a-cle, one whose decisions are regarded as of great authority.  
Pit-tos-po-rum, evergreen shrub.  
El-o-quent, able to speak with force and feeling.  
Con-grat-u-late, wish a person joy.  
Pa-t-ron, one who encourages or helps a person or a cause.  
Con-temp-tu-ous-ly, scornfully; with disdain.

Do-na-tion, gift.  
Bi-cy-cle, two-wheeled vehicle, propelled by the feet of the rider.  
En-thu-si-as-tic, filled with a strong feeling on behalf of a cause or subject.  
Mon-e-ta-ry, consisting of or pertaining to money.  
Im-pu-dence, shamelessness; over-boldness.  
In-stal-ment, one of several parts of a sum which have to be paid at different times.

1. The day's work at the Burrajong School was over, and groups of children were hastening homewards. The senior boys, however, had not left the school reserve. They were gathered together in the shade of a left the school reserve. They were gathered together in the shade of a meeting-giant gum-tree, which, for hundreds of years, had been a meeting-place for boys of darker skins and fewer clothes; and, though the boys now assembled were not faced with such a serious problem as finding, in tree or river, a morsel for supper, the earnest look on their faces showed that it was no trivial cause that had brought them together. Hand-clapping and hurrahs were frequent, indicating that the meeting, whatever its purpose, was a successful one.

2. Jim Smith, the biggest boy of the school, was speaking. He had heard several election speeches, and was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Burrajong Progress and Mutual Improvement Association; moreover, his father had been president, and was still a member, of the Dedbrook Shire Council. Hence, the other boys of the school regarded him as an oracle—an opinion which, it must be said, Jim himself shared.



3. And now, screened from the view of passers-by by a pittosporum hedge, Jim, full of confidence, waxed eloquent.

"Well, mates," he declaimed, "we must congratulate ourselves on the progress we have made at this meeting. We have decided to form a cricket club, to be known as the Burrajong School Cricket Club. We have appointed a president, a treasurer, and a secretary, and have fixed the membership fee at sixpence. We have, also, decided to buy a full set of cricket material. But there is one matter that we have yet to consider, and that is the appointment of patrons."

"What are they?" asked Harry Scroggs, a boy of thirteen, who had not had much schooling owing to the long distance between his home and the school.

4. "Pooh! I thought everybody knew what a patron was," said Jim, contemptuously. "When a club is formed," he went on to explain, "it is usual to write to well-to-do persons, telling them that the club has made them patrons. It is a position of honor, and it is expected that each person who accepts the honor will give a good donation to the club. For instance, my father was appointed a patron of the Dedbrook Ladies' Kennel Club. He was very angry about it, and said that, if he had his way, he would shoot every dog in the shire. You know he dislikes dogs since he was thrown off his bicycle by the policeman's terrier. When he calmed down, however, he wrote back saying that he felt honored, and asking the club to accept a donation of one guinea. It was just before the shire election."

5. "I understand now," said Harry, "what patrons are. Of course, we must have them, and the more the better."

"Yes, of course," shouted the boys in chorus; and three patrons were soon appointed.

There was but one boy who had remained quiet during this enthusiastic meeting, his face plainly showing his disapproval of the proceedings. His name was Joe Rowan, and he had, recently, come to the district with his widowed mother.

6. "Well, Joe," said Jim, "a nice club we would have if all followed your example, and stood as mute as a stuffed owl."

Joe had not intended to speak, but, now, he felt put on his mettle.

"Look here, Jim, I am just as anxious as you are to have a good cricket club at this school, but just answer me a few questions. What price are you going to pay for the kit?"

"O!" exclaimed Jim, wondering what Joe had in his mind, "we shall get good material, never fear. Bats, wickets, balls, gloves, and pads will cost about two pounds."

7. "Very well. In this school, there are about twenty boys big enough to join the club. The membership fee is sixpence. Twenty sixpences make ten shillings. Where is the balance, thirty shillings, to come from?"

"We shall raise that, and more than that, very easily. Besides the donations from our patrons, we shall go round from house to house, and ask for subscriptions. We shall ask our teacher first. He ought to give us five shillings at least. Then, there are the tradespeople. We are sure to get something from them."

8. "I do not see why teacher should pay for our games," replied Joe. "As for the tradespeople, I do not think it fair to expect them to give a donation towards every club or movement in which their customers happen to be interested."

"Well, Joe," said Jim, "you have absurd notions; but let me tell you that, if you want the club to be a success, you will have to change them. In fact, we are going to ask you to be one of the collectors."

9. "My notions may seem absurd to you," said Joe, "but, to me, they seem right, and I must act accordingly. I refuse to be a collector. Let me try to explain to you my feelings on this matter. Before my mother and I came to Burrajong, we lived in Melbourne. Mother found it very hard, sometimes, to get work; and all I could earn was a few pence each week by selling newspapers. With rent to pay, there was little money for food and clothing; and, on one bleak winter morning that I well remember, mother went out to work without any breakfast. She knew that she could get assistance by asking for it, but that, she said, would be begging. Now, if she was too proud to beg for bread, I, certainly, will not go around Burrajong begging for subscriptions to a cricket club. The club is for our own amusement, and I think we should pay for that amusement ourselves. I would rather have a rough, home-made bat that belonged to myself than a costly one obtained by asking other people for donations."

10. "Bravo, my lad!" came a voice from behind the hedge. The boys looked around in surprise, and saw that Dr. Cuttle was coming in through the gate. He had been cycling slowly along the road when he heard the hand-clapping, and, resting on his bicycle against the fence, remained an interested listener.

11. "I am afraid," said he, when he had reached the meeting, "that you Burrajong boys are not alone in your willingness to ask for assistance from others instead of depending upon yourselves. It seems to me that Joe has hit the nail right on the head. If there is one thing, rather than another, for which people should depend upon themselves, surely, is the provision of their own amusements; and yet not a month passes without my receiving requests from tennis clubs or rowing clubs, cricket clubs or football clubs, for monetary assistance. Some of these clubs are scores of miles away, and I could not possibly derive any benefit from them; but, still, the promoters of them have the impudence to ask me for a donation."

12. "Now, my boys, think this matter over. There is not one among you who cannot pay a penny a week to the club during the



cricket season, and, surely, the amount of pleasure each will derive from the game is worth that much. Hesitate, then, before you ask others to pay for your cricket outfit, when, by a little self-denial, you can purchase it yourselves. If you want to buy it at once, I will gladly lend you its price, but I shall expect you to pay me back in weekly instalments. Think over my suggestion, and let me know your decision. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, doctor," replied the lads, meekly; and the meeting dispersed.

13. "By the way, Jim," said the doctor, as he walked towards the gate, "will you please tell your father that I shall call on him this evening."

"He is away in Melbourne, sir," replied the boy. "He is one of the deputation that has gone to ask the Treasurer for a grant towards the purchase of a recreation reserve for Burrajong." Dr. Cuttle smiled, but Jim did not know why.

\* \* \* \* \*

14. During the following week, the boys might often have been seen playing cricket. There was but one bat, and the wickets were not polished and brass-mounted; in fact, they were merely broom-sticks, but they served their purpose well. At these games, there was no lack of enjoyment, and the whole kit—bat, ball, gloves, and all—had been paid for by the boys themselves.

—WILLIAM COLLINS, formerly of the Education Department.

**A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC.**

**Som-bre**, dark in color.  
**De-scend-ing** (the "c" silent), going down.  
**A-gil-i-ty** (*jit*), nimbleness.  
**Ha-bit-u-al-ly**, usually; according to habit.  
**Cir-cum-stan-ces**, conditions; surroundings.  
**Trow** (rhymes with "know"), believe; suppose. (An old word.)  
**As-cent**, act of going up.  
**Clomb** (rhymes with "foam"), an old past tense of "climb"

**Sug-gest-ed** (*sud-jest-ed* or *sug-jest-ed*), hinted.  
**Sta-tis-tics**, science of facts and figures.  
**Met-a-phor**, form of speech in which the thing to be described is spoken of under the name of something else.  
**Hos-tel-ry** (the "o" as in *loss*), inn. (An old word.)  
**Mus-ing-ly** (the "u" as in *tube*), thoughtfully.  
**Con-cept**, notion; whim.  
**Lev-i-ty**, fondness for trifling.

1. The ruddy glow of sunset was already fading into the sombre shadows of night, when two travellers might have been observed swiftly—at a pace of six miles in the hour—descending the rugged side of a mountain; the younger bounding from crag to crag with the agility of a fawn, while his companion, whose aged limbs seemed ill at ease in the heavy chain armor habitually worn by tourists in that district, toiled on painfully at his side.

2. As is usually the case in such circumstances, the younger knight was the first to break the silence. "A goodly pace, I trow," he exclaimed; "we sped not thus in the ascent."

"Goodly, indeed," the other replied, with a groan. "We clomb it but at three miles in the hour."

"And, on the dead level, our pace is—?" the younger suggested; for he was weak in statistics, and left all such details to his aged companion.

3. "Four miles in the hour," the other wearily replied. "Not an ounce more," he added, with that love of metaphor so common in old age, "and not a farthing less."

"'Twas three hours past high noon when we left our hostelry," the young man said, musingly. "We shall scarce be back by supper-time. Perchance, mine host will roundly deny us all food."

4. "He will chide our tardy return," was the grave reply, "and such a rebuke will be meet." "A brave conceit!" cried the other, with a merry laugh. "And, should we bid him bring us yet another course, I trow his answer will be tart."

"We shall but get our deserts," sighed the elder knight, who had never seen a joke in his life, and was somewhat displeased at his companion's untimely levity. "'Twill be nine of the clock," he added, in an undertone, "by the time we regain our hostelry. Full many a mile shall we have plodded this day."

5. "How many? How many?" cried the eager youth, ever athirst for knowledge. The old man was silent.<sup>1</sup>

—LEWIS CARROLL, the pen-name of CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (1832–1898), an English mathematician and writer of humorous stories.

1. The old man was silent. No doubt, some of the readers of *The School Paper* can find out the correct answer. The cleverer ones may be able to discover also at what time (to within half an hour) the travellers stood on the summit of the peak. A solution will be given in the next number of this paper.

**HORO! MY BUSH-BORN MAIDEN.**

Gaelic—"The Nut-brown Maid."

Words by E.D.

KEY G. M. 120. *With spirit.*



HORO! MY BUSH-BORN MAIDEN—*continued.*

*Fine.*

s <sub>1</sub>	:	d	:	r		m	:	m	f	:	r		d	:	—	—
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*D.C.*

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la		den		To		sell		to		us		to -		day.							
laugh		ter		Than		songs		the		bush		birds		sing.							
hea		ven,		And		mer		ry		as		can		be.							
daugh		ter,		Or		hear		her		song		at		eve.							

—From MCBURNEY'S *The Australian Progressive Songster*, Nos. 1 and 2 combined, published by Angus and Robertson, Sydney, at 1s.