

Therefore, as nothing definite had been done with it meantime, the subscribers were circularised in 1919, and all agreed to hand it over as a contribution to the Louisa Macdonald Commemoration Fund. It is proposed to put a brass plate on a room (or rooms) in the new wing stating that they were built with the "Old Students' Majority Fund."

CALIFORNIA.

California really is a wonderful country—all America is for that matter—but I liked California best. It reminded me of home, hot and dusty, with plenty of flies and gum-trees. It was the trees that got me. Everywhere one sees our gum trees. They are huge, and so straight, and seem to flourish much better than at home. It was funny to hear the guide, when we went for drives, reeling off the different uses of the tree. Around Los Angeles we saw endless eucalyptus and kurrajong trees, also the beautiful old pepper trees, which the Yank scorns as being of "no commercial value whatever!" The roads are lined with gums, planted very close together, and immensely tall and straight. They were a beautiful sight. I can't think why our own people don't grow them in the same manner. The Golden Gate Park at S.F. is planted entirely with Australian trees. This was a strip of sand on which nothing would grow. All manner of plant was tried, but none was a success until someone suddenly found out that Australian trees lived on air, and sent for some thousands of plants. It is a beautiful park, twenty acres in area, overlooking the famous harbour. The big trees, eucalyptus and pines and kurrajong, are standing back from the road, and the lower things, such as tee-tree (which they call tee-"weed") are at the side. They are all four times as big as anything I have seen here. The harbour certainly is beautiful. I longed to poke around in a launch, instead of which I sailed out the heads in a tub! They also have hundreds of wattles, which I should like to see in flower. The several valleys, given over to fruit ranches, are very beautiful. The hills run along on either side, sometimes near, sometimes miles away, and often snow-capped, and in between, the flat land, every inch of which is under cultivation, mostly orchard land with vegetables between the trees. Not an inch is wasted. Certainly a wonderful country, but I am glad I don't live there.

Roslyn Rutherford.

ROUND THE AFTERNOON TEA-TABLE.

Oh, Ess—Oh, Ess—Oh, Essay to be mine,
Thine I—Thine I—Thine Ideas are divine,
I swear—I swear—I swear to finish you—
Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh dear, it's all untrue.

* * *

Dress-circle seats were much appreciated at the College theatre, when the Great Newt. Fire was viewed on a first-night performance. The curtain rose about midnight, and top-floor balcony proved a popular society resort. A few daring spirits braved the tower-stairs in the dark. (Could they have been ambitious to be the upper ten? Alas, pride ever goes before a fall!) After the first blaze of interest had died down the company gradually dispersed.

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It is rumoured that the Arts students suggest the Meds should be employed as secretaries. They contend it would be an immense gain to the Meds. to have this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the higher thought.

The Meds, however, consider the Arts students would gain useful practical experience and a little reflected glory if they used their plentiful spare time in ironing hospital suits. How much better for their moral welfare than reclining in the time-honoured way!

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A Fresher's Dream.

Where are the seniors? Where are they? There are none. Then there are no longer soups, telephones, impromptu debates, or any other such inventions of the flesh and the devil. Good-oh!

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A Treasurer's Dream.

Thank you, but that is more than I asked for. Come in, come in. Just put your money on the table there. I've got an exam. to-morrow, so must read a magazine in order to have a clear mind.

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An Editor's Dream.

I've never laughed so much in my life. Look at these contributions. Come in. Oh, I can't possibly put in anything more. Absolutely necessary to get in before the rush.