

To
THE AUSTRALIANS,
and especially to
MY CONTEMPORARIES WHO FELL,
1914-1919.

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INTRODUCTION.

Writers about the Old World can take so much for granted. Even the Colonial knows what to expect when the scene is laid in Tooting, Maida Vale, or the Boul' Mich'. He is intimate with some of the geographical details and with the social atmosphere of very different parts of London and Paris. Regent St., Clapham Junction, and the Edgeware Road, are as atmospheric for him as the Domain and Toorak, ~~are for an Australian.~~ The writer of the new world has no such advantage. He cannot be certain that even the names of his capital cities will be recognised, and he knows that few readers abroad (abroad, for him, is the Northern Hemisphere) will even care to learn even the general outlines of God knows what insignificant citylet. Yet Australian states and cities, nay, the very suburbs, are almost as broadly distinct and as superficially varied as anything in the Old World, even though they are not yet as mellow or as complex, and our citizens are as much moulded by their surroundings.

Some years ago Foyster Frazer tried to help us out as he whizzed through each capital. Thus he labelled Sydney "for pleasure", Melbourne "for business", and Adelaide, for culture." But Adelaide is the only city that is satisfied with his judgment. All six capitals bridle with pleasure when "the Queen City of the South" is mentioned, which, as any South Australian will tell you, is absurd; every unbiassed person knows that the phrase is only a descriptive variant for Adelaide.

The only superiority freely accorded to Adelaide by her sister cities is that of piety. The reason is partly the number of her churches, but far more, I think, a malicious disinclination to let drop the legend of our mayor who veiled with decent calico our Venus and our Hercules. Some of our many later statues more rightly bring a blush to the aesthetic cheek of the young person, but not, alas, because they are unclad.

South Australia is a long, narrow state running down the middle of the continent from the centre to the sea, from which, and her Port, Adelaide is not seven miles distant. The cattle tracks of the dry, hot, (and cold) Far North, and all the railways through the wheat and sheep and copper areas, and all good roads everywhere, lead towards Adelaide. That Queen City herself lies like a jewel on the broad and beautiful plain, in the bend of the arm of hills which sweep inland from the shore. The heart of it is a square

(pronounced "Par Klants"),

mile of broad streets intersecting at right angles, bound by gardened terraces, and secured from the rough jostling and elbowing of the suburbs by broad belts of Park Lands sacred to browsing cows and horses, cricket, tennis, football and bowls. East Terrace has specialised in markets, for it lies nearest the hills and the vegetable gardens; West Terrace faces the monuments and the sad little mounds of a cemetery. Within these confines are five tree-shaded lawns where children may play, and seats for those who choose to sit watch the gay flower-beds. To the south are crowded streets and populous lanes, lined mainly with dwellings; to the middle and north business has developed. Three or four shopping streets for women-kind, ten or twelve streets of offices for men, and some of warehouses and factories, are so far enough for this hub of the state. King William Street bisects it from north to south, lined with banks and shops and huge hotels (huge for us, you know), and cutting it at right angles is Rundle St., a kind of Drapers' Row. Next to Rundle St., and parallel with it, is North Terrace, where the chambers of doctors and dentists intermingle with warehouses. The Terrace is broad and treed and gardened like a boulevard, and even along its garden and pedestrian side buildings have been allowed. Here are the Railway Station and Parliament House, and, east of King William St., Government House behind its palm trees and lawns, the Public Reading Rooms and Library, the Art Gallery, the University, and the big "Exhibition Building", which forms one entrance to an Oval and Showground. Still further east is the long red-bricked General Hospital with its wide shady lawn, and the iron-work entrance to the lovely Botanic Gardens.

At the back of all these, between sloping banks of grass and flowers, flows the Torrens. There is a little embarrassment about showing our river to visitors, lest they should wish to row too far west or east, and we South Australians do not care to expose our limitations to dwellers on Thameside. The fact is that our river has to be carefully saved up and dammed back for the purpose, and once a year we empty it for excavation and repairs. Some precisians call it a lake - an artificial lake. One midwinter, when the mud-banks gleamed grey and slimey, and only a narrow trickle forced a way along the middle of the bed, we were subjected to civic humiliation. The Governor-General announced a hasty and unpremeditated visit. Every effort was made to fill the Torrens against his Excellency's arrival, but despite all that man could do we had to hurry the representative of majesty past a very meagre stream.

This north end of the city is undoubtedly the loveliest. Here the line of lower roofs is broken by towers and spires and miniature sky-scrappers rising above the quaint architecture of a cruder time and art. And it is over this north

end of the city, with its corrugated sky-line, its rivers and its lawns, that the slender Cathedral looks, standing on a hill above churches and houses whose bases are lost in greenery. East and south are pretty suburbs where each house stands in its own garden, but only in North Adelaide are the homes so spacious, so serene, so certain of their beauty and their fitness. Oddly enough, this retreat of wealth and leisure has for western neighbour the region where the gas and soap and bricks are made, where hides are tanned and laundry work is done. But then North Adelaide holds up her skirts with jewelled hands and stands clear of the squalor of Bowden and Hindmarsh by a whole Park width.

When electric cars were brought to Adelaide (some time after my story opens) the Municipal Tramways Trust had the humorous notion, or perhaps it was only the business instinct, fortified by democratic principle, of whizzing the North Adelaide cars down the hill and round to Bowden. And so pretty misses with books or racquets or clubs rub shoulders with stout old parties laden with string bags and parcels, and dingy women are bitterly amused when their grubby off-spring wipe their boots on the dresses of remote and silken ladies. The fastidious gaze reluctantly on the lashless pink-lidded outdoor patients, on the monstrous and deformed. Oh, the classes meet the masses in the Hill Street car!

But all that I have described, the country and the city and the suburbs, and the present spacing of the educated and the labourer on the social ladder, took about sixty years to accomplish. South Australia was born in 1837, and it was not till 1892 that little *Yom* Sexton first blinked in this universe. What follows is the story of him and his sister as they grew up in this new and raw country. The air these children breathed belonged to the old land and the new, and the manner of life they fashioned has curious differences from, and still more curious similarities with, that of ~~Clapham or South Kensington~~ *many youngsters in the Motherland.*

Love, the feverish and romantic tie, hath
too long domineered over all the charities
of home; the dear domestic ties of father,
brother, and husband.

Charles Lamb.

CHILDHOOD.

Our fathers have told us....
And we ourselves have seen...

I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past,
which among them would I choose? Not those "merrier days",
not the "pleasant days of hope", not those "wanderings with
a fair-haired maid", but the days of a mother's fondness
for her schoolboy.

Charles Lamb.

CHAPTER 1.

Tom and Martha were gunsuckers born, but they never could remember the time when South Australia had not been to them a new country, a "colony", something adopted and not yet familiar. At nine years old Tom, experimenting with the vocabulary of a hymn, alluded to the beach at Melksham as a "foreign strand."

"These waves that dash upon this shore," he explained to Martha, "were only found by Captain Cook a hundred years ago." They come from coral isles. English waves are different. They come from France and Germany, and they hurl in vain against the white cliffs of old Albion. I'm going to Albion (that's England) some day."

The waves only rippled on the sand, for Melksham is on the gulf; and if they ever met the coral isles of the Pacific it must have been a long time since, away round the eastern corner of Australia. But such accuracies had no meaning for Tom yet, and in any case they made no difference to what he meant. He looked along the shining untrodden morning sand and vaguely felt like Robinson Crusoe on his newly-discovered island. Martha hoped that "some day" was a long while off... unless perhaps she would go with Tom...?

think When they ~~exploded~~^{exploded} up the burning, yielding sandhills to look away over the yellowed plain, broken here and there with a low ochre dune, tree-tufted, or a clump of green, or by groups of clustering houses with their tin roofs shining in the sun, to the Mount Lofty range rising blue in the haze behind the city and its spires, they felt less like Crusoe or Cook, but still very adventurous and travelled. And it felt even newer - "more modern", corrected Tom loftily - when sometimes they went to Adelaide in the train that ran between those trim, one-storied houses with their two palms, stunted and ragged, but so un-English! in their small lawns. It was newer than the Indian stories Tom read, though unfortunately less exciting; to most people in the world it was as strange as Coral Island was to him.

He knew it was new. Nearly all the books he read were

about old houses, castles so old that they had fallen into ruin, with buried treasure and priest's holes, or two-storied cottages with roses running over them, and gables and thatch; and hedges and meadows and fields and lanes; and great oak trees, and the "shaven lawns" as big as the Gardens, not little pocket-handkerchiefs like these. Oh, *Tom* knew! In Australia they didn't have oaks and meadows, only scraggly great gum trees, and paddocks. But sometimes the gums didn't look so bad, when the sun shone through their new red leaves on the top, or their trunks stood big and gnarled, with exciting ^{great} holes that you could get into. And some of them had oval marks on them that people said showed where the blacks had cut a canoe out of the bark. They looked old in their way, too, and so did the worn cliffs further down the coast. *Tom* was glad the country wasn't brand new, even if the houses were. And of course he had seen some tumble-down houses, just heaps of stone or pug with the chimney standing, but any one could see that they had been put up in a hurry by people who never meant them to last. Even some of the new ones looked spindly and thin. "Jerry-built", Grandpa called them. He said the walls had to be papered to keep them up at all. At Copper Mine there were a good many ruined shanties and bachelor's humpies, but then everyone knew that mining towns don't last long, so what is the good of building well? There were one or two old farm-houses round Yandilla, too, but there you could always see the staring new place they had put up in front "when their ship came in." Grandpa said they were very lucky to live in a country where people's ships did come in sometimes...

Yes, in South Australia even the ruins were new!

When the children came back in the train from a day's special fishing at the Port with Grandpa they felt as though they were new chums looking at everything with fresh eyes. But, after pointing out the ships on the river and the train that rang a bell through the street, and the gay little horse-tram, they began to feel ashamed, too. They might feel like tourists, but they belonged to the colony, after all, and these old shanties of tin houses! What must the people off the boats think of South Australia? But they would soon get to pretty Woodville, and further along they would naturally admire the Torrens and the weir, and would see that we had a Cathedral, already, and fine houses on North Adelaide hill. Some of them had red roofs, and they looked very nice above the trees, with the green park sloping away down to the river. And when they got into town they would see Parliament House, of course, with its pillars and marble steps. One end of it wasn't finished, either; you could see where there was going to be a fireplace and a door in the new part some day, when business grew enough to need more rooms. Oh, Australia was very new, quite unfinished; you couldn't possibly guess what

it would grow to, in time.

Of course it was new! Why, there was one particular treat the children had every year that reminded them of it, though silly little Martha actually got mixed up sometimes, and thought it showed how old the country was! The 28th of December was a very great day indeed. Governor Hindmarsh had taken possession of the colony on that day; he had stood under a tree and made a proclamation and put up a flag, and all the people, funny people in stick-out dresses with a lot of luggage round them had cheered, and the blacks had waved their spears, most likely; *Tom* hoped so. Well, every year now there was a Commemoration day, and the very oldest colonists were given a dinner at which they could talk about old times, and what a good thing it was that Adelaide had been put where it was. And all the people who were only ordinary colonists went down for the day. Grandpa and Grandma went down very early and picked out a place on the beach, and then they made a tent with the raised shafts of the trap and some rugs. It was great fun crawling in and out, and then of course the Burfords and the Slowcombs and the Buzzacotts and other old friends came down and camped near by. At noon they had to take old Captain up over the heavy sand to the troughs where all the other horses were getting their drinks. *they* You had to lead him very carefully over tent-ropes and past toddling children, and see that no one shied a cricket ball at him. By this time the beach would be so crowded that there was hardly walking space. In the afternoon there were sports on the lawn along the esplanade where the old guns were, and of course Grandpa took them to look. But running and jumping are not very exciting unless you know the runners, and *Tom* and Martha tugged at his hands until he took them along to where the merry-go-rounds and ice-creams were. Then they drifted up the jetty with thousands of other people and had to keep tight hold, not to get lost. *cracks in the jetty and* *Through gaps* in the crowd they saw dancing green water or part of a boat, but when the right place was reached, and it was worth the effort, Grandpa shoved his "little codgers" until they were right at the railing, with a front view of everything.

"Room just for a little shaver, mister?" he would say, and somehow there always was room, however the good-natured people were crowded. And then they saw everything, the dancing dingies, the racing yachts, the boys up the greasy pole, and the swimmers tumbling and squealing and diving after the pig. Sometimes they went for a shilling pleasure trip on the steamboat on the other side of the jetty, but not very often, for Grandpa did not like children who were sick.

Then they went back to Grandma, who was being her most grown-up, exchanging confidential gossip with her friends, and expecting the children to hand cushions and cool drinks and fruit, and not speak unless they were spoken to, and, in short, be a credit to their elders. Well, that was rather slow, when

Through cracks in the jetty and gaps

they were bursting with all they had seen, and perhaps wanted to ask for a penny to get one of those pretty balloons that all the children were flying, and losing, and crying about. Still, sometimes ~~you~~ ^{they} heard interesting things about the early days. How funny! Grandpa used to wear a veil! And "old man Slowcom", as everyone called him, recalled their trip to Melbourne in the "Tom Thumb" in the days of the gold rush, when everyone was trying to get to Bendigo to make a fortune. But all the fortune old Slowcom and Grandpa got wasn't enough to pay their expenses. And while they were away Grandma had a dream about burglars, and that was the very night when Joe decided to come back. "More fools us for going", as he said. And sometimes Joe, who was Grandpa, you know, would tell his best story about early Adelaide.

"The first time as I met Burford here," he would begin, with a wink at Slowcom, "was in Rundle St. in '56. The road was pretty mucky, and I see a perfectly good hat lying in the mess. I stoops to pick it up, and there was Burford's head under it! "Hullo, mate," I says, "you here?" "Yes," he says, "and my blooming horse is under me!" Ha ha ha! "Yes," he says, "and my blooming horse is under me." Grandpa nearly always repeated the point of a story.

And Mrs. Buzzacott, who was seventy or more, always told about coming out as a little girl, and wading ashore at Glenelg "somewhere just out there", and living on a reed hut on the banks of the Torrens, "along where the Zoo is now." Mrs. Buzzacott said it was wonderful the changes she had seen - bullock teams in King William St., and, apparently, kangaroos hopping about as thick as rabbits. And once there was a strike of the water-carters... No water laid on then, my dears!... And the blacks!... But of course nearly everyone could remember when the blacks had corroborees on Montefiore Hill. ~~Some~~ and Martha couldn't, but Grandpa had often taken Father to see them, when he was a little boy.

"Yes, indeed," grunted old Mr. Buzzacott, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a minute when his wife finished, "Adelaide have got on summat wonderful, wonderful, to be sure." Mr. Buzzacott came from Wiltshire. ~~"You told me moonrakers", as Grandpa told him said.~~ ^{"You told me moonrakers", as ~~him~~ and me's moomakers,}

Then about seven o'clock, after the children had done all they could to put off the evil moment, they began to pack up. People who lived in the hills had been going for some time, although, if it had been a hot day, others were just coming down for the cool of the evening. A breeze blew over the water, and the white sails of the yachts shone, and the big red sun slipped slowly ~~into~~ ^{behind} the sea. The tide was just "on the turn" to go out again, but there had been no hard sand for a long time; it had all been trampled up by the crowd. And ~~at~~ ^{then} the narrow strip of shore as they helped ~~push~~ ^{came} old Captain up the heavy sand ~~came~~ the cries and bustle of de-

push the trap

parture that always made ^{Tom}George sad. Nothing ever lasted. It was always coming bedtime.

Grandpa always drove back past the Old Bowed Tree, to show the youngsters where the Proclamation had been read, and he always expected them to be able to tell him how many years ago it was. While they were amongst the other traps, ^{George}with their singing people, and while it was still twilight, ^{Tom}George and Martha chattered a good deal about what they had seen, but ~~as they trap rattled~~ over the stony road onto the sandy patch where the prickly pear hedge was they fell silent and sleepy. The shapes of the racehorses in the trainers' paddocks roused them to point and peer, but after that they looked at nothing, not even at the mysterious house in the trees on the hill. They had their backs to Captain, or ~~George~~ would have kept awake to watch the light on his tail and legs, and the ~~traps~~ ^{trump} of approaching Semaphore. ^{Tom}At last, when it had been dark for a long time, and ~~George~~ had been told several times not to let Martha fall out, they rumbled over the bridge, and ~~George~~ ^{he} had to jump down and open the gates, all bright in the glow of the trap-lamps.

And next day they read about it all in the paper. And they had been there their own selves, you know! But sometimes Martha found it a little confusing. After looking at the photographs in the Advertiser one year she was rash enough to voice her puzzle.

"I don't think the colony can be so very new, ^{Tom}George. This Mr. Trehennick has no teeth at all, and it says "91 years old".

"Silly", said ^{Tom}George. "He was born in New South Wales, and only came over here with cattle. Our colony is only sixty-five. Besides, colonies are different from people. Why, England is two thousand years old."

^{Tom}George not only knew it was all new; he felt it; its newness was almost part of his daily life while he was at Melksham. All the tales his grandfather told him were about the "trips home" he had made, or, better still, about when he was a boy "at home." That was nearly fifty years ago, but somehow the doings of the little boy in Wiltshire, growing up in an old house with rafters, among a lot of little brothers and sisters, with a father and grandfather who made clothes with handlooms, seemed more solid and real and rooted in the order of Eternity than this colony with its thin new houses, the yards often as stony as the builders had left them, where you bought everything ready-made, and moved often. In England, it seemed, where things were done properly, you lived in one house for years and years; it was your home. ^{Tom}George wished he had a home like that. Melksham was nearer to it than Copper Mine, where they used to live, or Yandilla, which they might have to leave at any time. In England, too, your furniture was very old, and your clothes had very likely be-

longed to your parents. Little Grandpa, though, wore leather breeches; they could not have been made over from any one else's! Climbing trees had no penalties in England - when you wore leather breeches!

"Lor, Dad," Grandma would break in, "what nonsense you do fill the children's heads with. They will think their Grandpa was a bad little boy."

"Well, I 'spect I was, Pol," Grandpa would say, chuckling and unrepentant. "We can't all be as good as Pol Brown."

Grandma, of course, was different. Grandma's family was "superior." It lived in a town where there was a Cathedral and many beautiful churches.

"There was St. Edwards, where I was christened and confirmed", Grandma would say, with pleased reminiscence. (Grandpa had been a vulgar little boy; he only went to chapel.) So far as ~~Grand~~ and Martha could learn, Grandma had been a very good girl indeed. There seemed to have been only one occasion when she had been naughty enough to dis-o-bey, and then she had been promptly punished and absolved by being tossed by a bull. Such virtue Martha regarded with awe; she could never hope to rival it. ~~Yon~~ George didn't mean to try. He thought the story of "The bull's tossed Polly Brown" very interesting, but as for being as good as Grandma, well, his chances had been spoiled a hundred times already...besides, it would be so dull...and anyway, Grandma was Grandma, and no one could ever be like her, so warm, and soft, and cuddley.

Grandma, then, had doubtless been a much better child than Grandpa, but her stories, with that one exception, were less interesting. She talked more about the England she had visited, because she remembered that better. She told of the dresses she had worn, and the attention ^{she and her} they had received, and how rich everyone thought they must be, just because they were Australian, and the glorious, glorious shopping. But of stories about "little Grandpa" ~~George~~ and Martha never tired. Grandpa's youth, from six on, seemed to have been spent in getting into scrapes and out of jobs. Did he get a shilling a week to keep cocks from fighting? Then he egged them on for his own private enjoyment. Was he supposed to deliver milk? Then he went sliding, and concealed (or tried to conceal) the losses incidental to that sport by filling the cans with water. Never did he figure as a good little boy. Always he lost his job. On the other hand, he did expurgate his stories in his own fashion. Certain incidents liable to be misunderstood were "toned down", or left for later years. Not for their young ears to learn that it had been necessary for him to turn teetotal in order to save the few pounds demanded of the Department for Assisting Emigrants. Turn teetotal! In ~~George's~~ world, as yet, every respectable person was teetotal. Grandpa, a born raconteur,

was aware that these forced omissions detracted from the merit of his yarns, and often stopped to chuckle incomprehensibly as he squinted down the ~~alley~~ ^{alley} of the years. There is little doubt that had Grandma not been there, with her sensitiveness to what was and what was not convenable for childish ears, and her desire for the children see their ancestors in the most ^{forebear} conventionally favourable light, that Grandpa could never have kept to himself some of his adventures as pot-boy at the George Inn, or out masking on Christmas Eve. Coarse pleasures, perhaps...well, Polly would say so...but they were good old times. The story of Sally and the apron when he was at the factory, now...might tell 'em that. He did, but even Polly did not know that when he restored the apron he gave a kiss too. No doubt she guessed, though.

Only in one thing did England seem to have failed Grandpa. ^{Tom} George was taking kindly to school, but Grandpa had only gone for six months, had only learned tables as a grown man on the boat coming out! But ~~George~~ excused England this neglect of duty because, after all, it was fifty years ago, and thirteen was a large family for one weaver to keep. Old Joe made this neglected schooling the text of one oft-reiterated remark.

"Learn all you can", he said: "Gotta school as long as your Father can afford it. Learn to write plain (this ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~considered~~ the crown of a good education()) and pick up all you can. You never know when it will come in useful."

He told them, with a chuckling wonder at his own ignorance, how he went to night-school "up in North Adelaide after we was married, to learn to cipher. The first thing the school-master asked me was how many times a wheel so many feet in circumference would go round in a mile. "Don't know," says I, "nor yet you don't. Nobody don't know that." I didn't know that anyone knew how many feet there were in a mile, or could have done the sum if they had. Pick up all you can," he would repeat, "you never know when you will want it."

The things to be "picked up against they were useful" were often other than scholastic. Anything that was knowledge was to be hoarded, just as he hoarded nuts and bits of strap or scrap iron. Martha even had to learn to draw an ellipse ^{an ellipse} with a piece of string and a nail (it was much simpler than the way they taught her in geometry afterwards), how to mix mortar, and to prepare the charge for blasting a tree; and she tried much harder than ~~George~~ to remember the tonnage of the biggest liner, and the number of postage stamps it would take to go round the earth.

And always old Joe insisted on Australia as the place "to get on "in.

"I've made ten pounds a week in Australia, before Trade Unions came in to hinder a man. Never do that in England!"

I've worked a whole week for a shilling there."

All his brothers had stayed in England, and they "never amounted to much." There was only one, though, Samuel, who never learned to read, though he was sent to school. He minded cows for a farmer for ninepence a week and his tea. Evidently he wasn't a good little boy. His master would be scolding him and he would be whistling and slashing the heads off the thistles with his stick! ~~It was~~ Great-Uncle Samuel ~~who~~ was "very rough, whatever, and went as a navvy. He never came home again after Mother died. Some says he went to America."

It was Martha who stored up "Australia is the place to get on in." Martha was always better at taking the moral of a story than ~~George~~. She was very glad that Grandpa had come to Australia and earned some houses and land for himself. *Im* George was not so sure. He would have liked to have been English, and he rather admired his great-uncle Samuel. "Art for art's sake," was his attitude. He was busy imagining; picturing what it was like in England when Grandpa was young. Meadows with cowslips in them, and a little boy running away from a cow, apple trees, and a little boy up them. People turning a cider-mill, and a little girl making wry faces over it. (This was Grandma's contribution; her memory of a holiday on a farm.) Then a little old house with rafters and ~~rather~~ a big chimney, and a table surrounded with funny budgy little figures who were Grandpa's brothers and sisters, Sylvia, and Kitty, and ~~Samuel~~, and the rest; and a big and formidable father and mother, the sort who stood no nonsense, but up and boxed your ears when you annoyed them. There was a vague machine in the room, too; a loom; and after the meal Great-Grandfather went to it and made one of the boys stand by him to help, and if he wasn't quick enough, sometimes he knocked his head against the beam.

And England was not only the scene of Grandpa's vivid stories, it was the place the history book told you about, where the bull-dog breed was born (why, Grandpa and Great-Grandfather belonged to it, at that very time Grandpa told of,) where there were hearts of oak, (and Grandpa himself had climbed up real oak trees) where "freedom slowly broadened down

From precedent to precedent."
Im George was not at all sure what this meant, but it sounded vaguely noble and stirring. And in England the King lived! And the Prince, whom ~~George~~ once saw with his own eyes, though he was only a duke then. ~~Im~~ George was sent to Adelaide in a crowded train in charge of the guard, and Grandpa met him. Then one day they were in the trap in a great throng in Hindley Street. The street was covered in with flags, and everyone sang "John Brown's Body", and "Rule, Britannia," and then they cheered like mad, and sang "God Save the King." The Duke and Duchess were going by in a carriage, and bowing.

At night there were 'luminations, and crowns, and "G", and "M", and flags, all made out of little lights. 'Course, kings weren't as important as Prime Ministers, really, Father said, but then they looked better. And there had been kings for years and years, and Prime Ministers were quite new. The Prime Minister of the Commonwealth was awfully new; indeed, it was the Duke who opened the very first Federal Parliament. Tom knew, because he had seen a picture of it at school. Federation itself meant very little to him yet. It was just a long word that he had won a prize for making a lot of little words out of.

Somehow the Duke, and Grandpa having actually grown up in England, made the dates and events in the history books real happenings in a real country to real people. Australian history wasn't nearly so interesting, just ordinary governors and constitutions and droughts. Even the exploring was dull; no lions or tigers, and the blacks were very poor-spirited, when you compared them with the Red Indians.

Well, on the whole, perhaps Australia was the place to make money in. There were sheep, and wheat, and mines. You made your living in Australia, but life itself seemed to be lived in England. He was very glad that Australian people were English, that Australia belonged to England, that he would go "home" some day.

CHAPTER 2.

Only very quiet people liked Melksham. Later on so many sought it out for this reason that it became a giddy little sea-side resort, but during most of the childhood of Tom and Martha it was only a jetty no longer used for anything but pleasure, a post-office-and-general-store, and a scattering of houses, most of them only used in the summer.

The Sexton's home was more than a mile from the beach, just above the flood-line of the River Torrens wandering sea-wards among tall old gumtrees where the magpies and laughing-jacks lived. It was a hospitable house, and unpretentious. The high rooms with their big windows opened off either side of a passage, and a wide verandah ran all round. It was solid and roomy and comfortable. A thick boxthorne hedge was planted all round the "property", with almond trees just within this shelter, and the front garden was separated from the back by a vine-trellis. The garden was not painfully artistic or well kept. Gardening is a thing you can do for yourself, even if you don't, so it is waste of money to employ a gardener. "Old man Sexton" admired the lawns and rose-beds of expert workmen, but his geraniums and stocks and marigolds suited him very well. "They didn't take a lot of money, and they didn't give a bot of trouble."

At the back was a stable with a chaffhouse, and a trap-shed with a brick pavement in front. Here Joe washed the trap, while Tom and Martha stood straddle-legged to watch. "Swish," went the buckets of water, and "swash" went the "shammie" leather. As Joe's back began to ache he would say "bagger it" pretty often, and though Tom and Martha tittered, they knew it was about time to get a kitten from the chaffhouse and play with it under the pepper trees, or to be off into the paddock where grazed chestnut Captain and Daisy the cow. A good-natured man, Grandpa, but apt to be irritable when tired. Even in the paddock they had to be careful; it didn't do to swing on the long-barred gate until the trap was back in the shed, and Grandpa inside for a nap. Fowls

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scratched about in the sand and laid eggs in casks whose open ends were modestly provided with a screen.

Inside the house was Polly Sexton, making Joe's sugar-beer, or apple-pudding for twelve o'clock dinner, and seeing that the little servant kept busy. Then she would go and dust the drawing-room, pride of her heart, with its walnut piano and carven round table, its slender-legged chairs, hand-screen of blue and gold to match the upholstery, and "presents from Winchester" or "the Crystal Palace", brought back on the last trip to England. On the walls hung pictures, and every picture told a tale. There was Nelson saying goodbye to his grandmother,

Captain Cook talking to the blacks in Botany Bay, and some children playing soldiers. And there was a photograph, enlarged from a small old-fashioned one, of a soldier with a medal - "Your Great-Uncle Tom who died in the Crimea", the children's grandmother would say; "all the gentleman, Sergeant Tom, and very dashing."

"Specially among the ladies," his irreverent ~~old~~ brother-in-law would interject with a wink.

Lots of things ~~you~~ heard in the drawing-room, lying on the fluffy white rug with his legs in the air behind him, reading "The Sunday Companion" or "The Cottager and Artisan"; fragments and incidents and impressions - especially impressions - that penetrated through the interest of what his eyes were upon. Polly Sexton loved having visitors in her pretty room, and quite justly admired the grace with which she entertained them. She had all the dignity of a woman who is mistress of her house on means not too disproportionate to her tastes, and a real interest in other people, and the pleasant consciousness that they liked her. A difficult guest was a delight. She enjoyed exerting herself to thaw a caller with a chilly self-importance, even more she loved to set at ease the humble who showed a becoming diffidence in the presence of this lady who was so confidently poised. Polly was as gracious and assured as the ideal wife of a governor. The more wiles that were heeded to bring her guest to the desired social ease, the more gleefully she recounted the story to Joe. Many of the subtleties were blanks to that beloved unpolished man, but she enjoyed the recounting the victory all the same. Nearly all Melksham, "all as was anyone," was on visiting terms with Polly. They took her at her own estimate, which was high, though perhaps not inaccurate. Even the schoolmaster's wife, and Mrs. Cooke (with an e, who had once been to a Government House garden-party - *align one, too, with a thousand or more guests!*) came, and Polly took it quite as a matter of course! And if Polly called on them when their "town" friends were with them, people who got mentioned in the "Evening Journal", they were still glad to see her, and if the friends smiled, they did no ~~more than acquiesce, and all agree faintly, and explain as much as they understood of the reason for their liking by remarking~~ *because* of her lively mind and kindly wit; which indeed no one could help enjoying. Melksham especially liked to have her verdict upon a newcomer. She was unerring. This ~~George~~ learned that the woman who creaked into church with the chins and the bonnet, whose stay-line showed so plainly where it ceased to confine her fatness, was "all very well. A good woman, you understand, and kind hearted. But rough in manner. Not a person as you would ever mistake for a lady." With this vindication of the delicacy of her social perceptions, Polly would proceed to wheedle a way for the newcomer into the pleasant places of Melksham society, for Polly was no snob, but thoroughly ripe for appreciating "kind hearts are more than coronets" supposing any-

one had thought to quote it to her. But noone ever did. You did not talk literature to Polly, but the vitally interesting things of every day that were within your personal knowledge and hers. It probably never entered Polly's head that there was anything quotable in any book but the Bible. Books were stories, and for reading, not quoting. They were things that ~~Joe~~, and later ~~George~~ and Martha, "read away their brains with" (Polly herself sometimes sat up till the ungodly hour of twelve to finish a Silas Hocking.)

Polly Sexton was a tactful woman, and she knew it. She almost enjoyed a neighbour's quarrel for the pleasure she took in restoring peace. She liked managing ~~Joe~~, who was sometimes difficult, especially about putting on a clean starched shirt or writing "home", and she liked managing the chapel and the Sunday school from behind the scenes, as it were, especially when her strategy was recognised and admired. And it generally was. The Chapel was ~~generally~~ closed during the winter, (not that this was of much use to ~~George~~ and Martha, who only came to Melksham in the summer) but when it was open it was Polly Sexton who persuaded visitors to come to it, albeit only "chapel", and not walk the two miles to "church" "in the 'ot sun." That was how tactful Polly put it, though she knew very well that the alternative for the visitors would be lying in the shade of the jetty, reading or watching the ^{the} children paddle. *they* And when two officials quarrelled, it was Polly who joyfully possessed herself of the facts, brought the belligerents together in her beloved drawing-room, said "See now, Brother So-and-So," and sent them away good friends, and all smooth again.

And whether or not there was anything more exciting to manage, always she loved managing the children. It was her ambition that they should be "gentlefolk", as she assumed herself and her family to have been. Perhaps she was right about this in spirit, for she ~~had~~ an innate perception of the niceties of life and of the conceptions dictated by them. What she inculcated was consideration for others, attendance on elders, and certain conventional points.

"Put your food to your mouth, not your head to your food", she would say. "Don't blow through your nose when you eat. Only pigs grunt over their food."

~~Joe~~ laughed at the niceties of the table. Butterknives and table-napkins, well, his mother had never bothered him with wi' such; and he liked to drink out of his saucer. Polly took it serenely, and if the children urged it as a useful and protective precedent, remarked unruffled "And you can do the same when you are your Grandpa's age - if you want to."

Polly Sexton, it will be observed, belonged to the old (and commonsense) school which made children a part of its life but not a hindrance to its own activities and enjoyments. Polly believed in open air for children - and a clear house for domestic activities. She had various devices for keeping ~~George~~ and Martha occupied and out of doors. One was to

send them to gather bark for the fire. They would set off with the dog and a box on wheels and pick it up from where the wind had whirled it in the paddocks and along the river-bank. No fear of drowning in the "river" during the summer! If Rover was complacent, or caught napping, they harnessed him to the box and he nominally did the hauling. To keep them ardent, Polly offered a penny a load and, at 11 o'clock, hot johnny-cake to eat under the trees while they rested. Only in their enthusiasm they brought in nine loads in one morning, and then the price went down to a halfpenny. This was Tom's first experience of the law of supply and demand as affecting price, and a clear case where it paid better to reduce the output.

Another "happy riddance" was less popular with the children, because more complete. By packing their lunch and sending them off to the beach for the day the children got "the fresh air I promised your mother you should 'ave if you came to me." But a mile is a long jog for little legs, and a whole day without grown-up company rather lonely. So when they were handed the basket and water-bottle they set off with heavy hearts. At least, Martha did. Tom was always ready to make the best of things, and rather liked the thought of a long, long day, with bed-time too far off to bother about. Besides, he thought it manly to sit on the steps of the bathing-house and hack off bread with his pocket-knife for a snack as he had seen Grandpa do.

The path to the beach was the track they had worn in the dry grass through the reeds of the paddocks. If they didn't walk in single file their socks got full of grass-seeds, and Martha could feel them pricking into her knees as her petticoats swung against them. Sometimes Rover was with them, and they had to take the three-star prickles out of his paws. Generally they left him at home, though, because he was apt to get up a quarrel with another dog, and come up for Tom and Martha to settle it for him. And that frightened Martha. Rover was a very nice dog, a bit of several sorts, but registered as a spaniel.

Up and down the tussocks they bobbed, and through the loose wire fences, sometimes stopping at the rustle of a Jew-lizard scurrying through the grass. If Tom had the luck to catch him, they put him on a post; but he never stayed there till they came back at night. After toiling through the last sandy patch by the dunes they came out to where the cool morning breeze, ruffling the surface of the water a sparkling blue, struck fresh and cheerful on their faces. Between them and the sea lay a wide reach of hard sand, with one shallow pool stretching along it. If there was not a footprint to be seen they felt that they owned the beach, and it always seemed to them, happy as they rested in the shadow of the bathing-house, that everything was nicest before ten o'clock. If the dry sand ran out

to the second steps of the distant jetty, they were at the top of their content. It would be a long long time before the sea covered up the sand. Then they paddled in the pool, sailing a boat ~~George~~ had made, or built a sandcastle with two passages right through it, and a real chimney. Sometimes they added a landscape garden made with sea-weed. By the time the sea was near the pool the day was hot, lunch was eaten, and they would begin to feel ~~desolate~~. They would scan the figures on the distant jetty to see if they could make out their grandfather with his fishing-rod. To help the sea to come in quickly now they would dig a trench between it and the pool. But whatever they did, time dragged heavily between two and four, when Polly might be expected to come and bathe with them, and give them fruit and biscuits. If she didn't, very likely towards sun-down their grandfather came along that way from the jetty, and they ran along home on either side of him. ~~Jim~~ George felt very important if he was allowed to shoulder the fishing-bag, but even that did not distract him altogether from the cheeping crickets in the rushes, mysterious in the dusk, the yellow primroses opening out as the sun set, and the birds twittering in the thorn-bushes. "Evening comes down upon the silent land" he would murmur over and over again to himself. Sometimes even ~~Joe~~ felt the influence of the dusk as it darkened the edges of the horizon and shut out the hills, and he always quoted

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

As Martha did not know what a lowing herd was, she or she might have resented an apparent comparison with the great staring cows that had caused her such stifling fear in the morning. Then ~~Jim~~ George held up the wire of the last fence for her, and they trotted into the home paddock, ~~at last~~. Their grandmother called to them to shake the sand from their shoes before they came inside, and they went in to tea, and bed - bed at once.

Later on ~~George~~ got promoted to afternoons on the jetty and a fishing-rod of his own. While he was very little Grandpa did not want "humbugging little boys" tangling his tackle and upsetting his bait-tin. Martha never found the jetty much fun. The poor fish with their bleeding gills jerked about in the bag, she was always dabbing her hand into the pollard plastered onto the rail for the fishers to throw at their floaters to attract the fish, and the bait-tin, strapped onto the rail on a level with her nose, smelt horribly.

They had very few playfellows at Melksham. ~~George~~ ^{Jim} George did make one acquaintance on the jetty, but it was frowned upon by his grandmother. ~~George~~ should have been more reticent, but with the interesting Donny filling his head, he burst out at tea:

"Donny uses funny words, Donny does. Donny baits with cockles, but today he looked into Gran'pa's gentle-tin, an' he said 'Some people calls 'em worms, an' some calls 'em gents, but I calls 'em maggots.' What do you call 'em, Gran'ma?"

~~Old Joe~~ burst into a great guffaw, imperfectly suppressed by the daggers shot by the refined Polly, who ordered ~~George~~ to "get on with your tea and not talk so much. I want to get you

to bed."

"I was 'bliged to laugh afterwards," Polly confessed to Mrs. Cooke. She was often "'bliged to laugh" at Tom, though as yet he had not learned to "'blige her" on purpose.

These long days on the beach were lonely, and forced the children to rely on themselves for their thoughts and amusements. They felt no fear of persons, but sometimes as they gazed across the gulf they wondered if Russian warships would ever steam past on their way to "take" Port Adelaide. Ever since Crimean days "the Russians will get you" had been the threat of foolish mothers, and periodically the rumour had ran round child-land that the Russians were actually coming! Only once was it changed to "Germans", and that was during the Boer War. But Tom and Martha were quite little then, and in any case would not be much impressed by a rumour that lacked emphasis in a colony where so many of their friends were German.

The Boer War was the occasion of many games, though. Mr. Radford had gone to it, and Willie and Maggie and Harry and their mother stayed in the cottage over the sandhill till he came back. Of course they all played Boers and English in the dunes. EJ

"It's your turn to be Boers," shouted Tom every morning, as he fastened on his sword-belt, and every morning there was an anguished quarrel which generally ended in Martha and Maggie being forced into the abhorred and disastrous part. It is not easy to present a military appearance in a blue galatea blouse, but something can be done, especially if you stuff it into the top of your knickers. The boys wore old billycock hats, too, turned up at the sides with rooster feathers, leather belts with sharpened lathes stuck into them, and pop-guns. Their grand piece of ordnance was a daisy-rifle, but it was not without its drawbacks.

"Turns about, and you are not to shoot really, mind," said the War Office when it handed it out every morning.

The girls' equipment was less elaborate; simply the crown of a straw hat stuck jauntily onto one side of the head, and fastened with a chin-strap, and a water-squirt and bottle.

The rush-tufted sandhills were splendid kopjes. They could roll over dead on them without getting hurt in the least, and then the chances for tracking, springing surprises, storming heights, and besieging towns! But the water-squirts gave the Boers a decidedly unfair advantage. At close quarters they did more execution than a daisy-rifle that must not be fired, or lathe bayonets that you dare not jab too hard, because girls cry so easily. It was the British whose collars got wet through, and the immaculate Boers stood by virtuously while the Quarter-Master General scolded. At Tom's suggestion, therefore, the whole method of ammunition artillery was re-

18b.

volutionised, and both sides gathered great stores of dry cow-dung, such as their mothers liked on baking-day. It was brittle and broke easily against the body without hurting much. But as aim improved the hits recorded became more damaging, and Polly chid the Radfords severely for leading the twins into mischief.

Martha knew that if Grandma said it was Willy who did it, it must be so, and Polly wouldn't let Tom interrupt her. ^{they listened in wonder} Tom and Martha were not at all twin-like, and the difference in their minds could be guessed from their features. Tom's eyes were golden-brown, and danced and flashed as his nimble wit took in all that passed, and leaped to its conclusions; Martha's were of that dusky brown that seems to leave no whites; her eyes pondered as her thoughts stumbled along or around. Tom had the fine hair of a sensitive mind. It was crisp and crinkly like his grandmother's, though the light that fell silver-grey on hers, drawn decorously back to its ample coil, made a golden halo of his, waving freely skywards. Martha's was black-brown like her mothers, and heavy and close.

(Note to printer. Please leave one line of space between 18b. and 19)

19.

Towards the end of the summer Hannah Sexton would leave her husband to "batch" for a few days while she came down to Melksham to take her children home again. Joe always "did up the garden" before she came, and ~~George~~ and Martha helped. They pulled off dead flowers and weeded and picked out for the magpie any worms they saw wriggling in the upturned soil. On the great day Captain was garnes-ed groomed and harnessed, and ~~old Joe~~ ^{Joe} Sexton drove to the station for his daughter-in-law. The children watched eagerly from the washhouse roof, and as soon as the trap came in sight dashed down to open the gates and waive and yell a welcome. Martha always attached herself to her mother at once, and insisted on being "her" little girl, although Polly Sexton, on the plea that "Your mother doesn't want to be bothered with you yet a-while" tried to retain her position. Hannah knew that her mother-in-law sought to retain a proprietary right in the children, and was secretly pleased at Martha's tenacity. ~~George~~ did not range himself, though he was conscious of friction somewhere, and Hannah felt that he turned more spontaneously to his grandmother with his thoughts and his questions. Polly and Hannah were always very polite to one another. In the main Polly approved of Hannah, and liked to think that ~~the-mar-~~ her son's marriage was due to her management. As soon as she saw trim Hannah, with her ~~black~~ hair and clear English complexion, she approved her. That she was fresh from England was much, and ~~she~~ ^{her} hair plainly, was more. ~~Yes,~~ In England girls learned a proper system of housework, and to respect their elders. Yes, she approved the marriage, though she was never sure, from Hannah's undemonstrative manner, that she properly appreciated the privilege of being her John's wife; and she had long known that her daughter-in-law's excellent habit of listening to advice did not always end in ~~her~~ following it.

When it was time to go back to ~~Theatfields~~ ^{Wheatfields}, everyone had to be up very early for the drive to the Adelaide railway station to catch the North train. The little servant helped to carry the luggage to the trap, ~~George~~ and Martha were tucked into the back seat, and Polly Sexton, having kissed them all goodbye, sobbed aloud, "My lambs, my lambs." Hannah felt very uncomfortable at this display of emotion, and somehow it relieved her feelings when Joe started Captain with irritated haste. Martha thought with wonder that her grandmother seemed to enjoy her ~~little~~ outburst, but to ~~George~~ the sight of the little old woman sitting on the stump by the woodheap, with her apron to her eyes, in the half-light of the morning, while a candle flickered through the ~~breakfast~~ ^{breakfast} ~~room~~ window, was very pathetic. Perhaps they were both right.

They were soon clattering along the mettle road, over the bridge and down between paddocks of sorghum and maize, past the dairy where the cows waited their turn to be milked. At the trough by the cross-roads they always turned to see the last of Melksham, and then settled down for the ~~ten~~ ^{ten} mile jog past empty

kitchen

paddocks and houses where people were just beginning to stir. If Joe caught sight of a youngster bringing in a cow he hailed him.

"That's right, sonny; get her in early."

But if he saw an unfortunate child swinging on a gate he growled: "Yes, of course. Swing the jolly gate off its hinges."

The back seat was springless, and by the time they got to the Newmarket Hotel the children were both well jolted into tiredness, and Tom was looking forward to the comfortably padded train. Martha wasn't. She knew that she was going to be very, very sick.

Adelaide station, with its six platforms, seemed gigantic, a perfect monument to what could be done in less than seventy years. Their grandfather told them to "keep a sharp look out, and learn all you can." Once Tom asked if he could buy at the stall a book to read in the train.

"You wouldn't read it, young shaver," Joe assured him. "You'll be busy watching things."

Presently the train pulled out through the multitude of rails glittering in the sunlight, past the goods-shed and the cattle-market. The children rushed to one side to see the river and the boat-shed, to the other not to miss the olive grove and perhaps some prisoners, and the gaol. One of the turrets of the gaol was not decorated like the others; it was quite plain, because, Grandpa said, the colony went insolvent in the early days while it was being built. After that they claimed their windows and settled down to watch the pretty houses on North Adelaide hill, or the dirty back yards of Bowden. Then came trim new cottages at Prospect, drawn up in a glittering phalanx of iron roofs, and then smaller suburbs, till they were past the city, and watched the other side over the greening plain to the smoke and stacks of the Port, and the masts they knew must be there.

Except for a little bustle at the stations, and the fun of getting pies at Riverton, the rest of the journey was dull. Harvest was in, and the paddocks were brown and stubbly. High-piled hay-waggon^s crawled along the roads, and perhaps a melancholy sheep kept its head in the shade of a post. The telegraph-poles whizzed past. Martha went to sleep, and Tom drew his attention into the carriage to the pictures of Mt. Gambier lakes or Pich-Richi Pass, and wondered how long it would be before he went to see them. Mt. Gambier! That was where Grandpa went when he first came to the colony; where he hunted kangaroos, and held Adam Lindsay Gordon's horse; where he was a rouseabout, and boiled his billy and made damper; where he bought a horse and rode back to Adelaide by easy stages, crossing the

Murray at Wellington. You went to Mt. Gambier by train now. No more falling in with swaggies and hearing delightful yarns and getting cheated at cards and keeping your cribbage-score in a bar of soap, no more tossing for who should sleep on the shanty sofa while the others enjoyed the floor. No. Of course the colony - well, it was a state now - was progressing, but somehow it seemed as if the old days were more interesting.

And then, long after they were heartily tired of the train, it drew up with a squeal at Yandilla, and there was John Sexton on the platform with a flag, too busy to do more than hail them in passing, and they were home again for another year.

When Tom said his prayers, Hannah held him very tight. He was hers again. But lying awake for awhile in the darkness, Tom would feel a little homesick for his grandmother.

Children
B. 7
B. 114
L. 110
Path
Child
Linn

CHAPTER 3.

The plan of Yandilla was easy to draw. It was just a few parallel roads cut by others at right angles to them. The main road, which took you to Adelaide if you kept on long enough, was lined where it ran through the township with tall white-stemmed gum trees, and on its further side were ranged the official buildings, the gaol and the Post-Office, the Institute for dances and public meetings and the Circulating Library, and the school. On the other side were shops and the two public-houses and, on the summit of the little hill, the chapel. The old nucleus of the town was clumped on this little rise, and besides shops built right ~~en~~-the-out to the pavements there were cottages, skillion or gabled, some of them ~~was~~ more than one story high, and behind them there was always washing hanging out, in the yards which the pepper trees ^{and tamarisks} sheltered, yards with stone walls round them, over which inquisitive draught horses watched the doings in the road at moments of leisure.

tamarisks
were
The wings of the town, and the part that ran back from this wedge to the railway line, were looser and newer. In them were bald new shops with shining windows and ugly big advertisements for Insurance or phosphates or tea painted on their walls, and scattered smart white houses of new stone with red brick facings, standing in what looked like patches of dry mud with grass sticking in it. They were evidently going to be lawns. So much of Yandilla, especially the paddocks and this new end of the town, was only fenced in with posts and wire that Tom, swinging a basket on his way to a shop, used to think that it looked all legs, something like a gawky young foal. Between the bare-looking cottage where the Sextons lived, made decorous with its red painted roof, and the shops, Tom had a good deal of uninteresting country to cross. Trade follows the railway line and trade follows the

Post Office. In Yandilla the Post Office had come years before the railway line, so the business places were only now straggling towards the station with its waiting-room and sheds and cattle-yards.

Yandilla was crude and raw and new, and the people who lived there were crude too. Yandilla children did not live in an atmosphere of ideas. They thought nearly as little as young animals. Their minds were either virgin soil, and free to be original, or badly furnished, and unstimulated, according to your way of thinking - and perhaps a little according to the particular child. And yet most Yandilla parents worked and thought mainly for their children. Love was their motive, if the material was generally their object. But all, of course, had their own individuality.

Hannah Sexton was a dark woman with a kind of sombre beauty. In an English farm-house, settled and arranged by generations of farmers' wives, she would have been at home, placidly occupied with large open-air dealings with cows and hens, or polishing heavy solid furniture. She would not have been just passively healthy, as she was now, but rosily and expansively. She was too big and slow, of too simple and open a mind, to focus with capable ease on the small contrivances of skimping cottage life and the tentative social amenities of a raw new township. She was not aware of it, but she was repressed by having "no room to turn", physically or mentally, in the very environment which meant freedom and expansion to women of a different nature. Hannah smouldered where it might have glowed.

She loved her husband, and would have regarded herself as a happy woman, had she thought about it, but she often vaguely differed from her Australian-born husband. "Keep us in our proper stations" would have seemed a proper prayer to her; while John would have read with pleasure an essay on "divine discontent," not for himself, for his mother's dominating vivacity and rushing eagerness to settle all her son's problems had weakened his natural force of character, or at least blunted it with mildness and hesitation, but for his children. That was the difference; John had ideas and anxious plans about their up-bringing, while she took them as they were day by day, dealing with them by instinct and not by plan. Left to herself, she would have treated them rather like little animals, feeding and tending them, and perhaps spanking them when they got in her way, and have left the result and their future to nature. Young children delighted her like young puppies, and she would have liked a dozen. She was very pleasant in her fresh young womanhood, and she had sanity and soundness, but she was inarticulate and undemonstrative, and her life grew more and more inward as she grew older.

You will have gathered that John had inklings of a good that was mental. John took parenthood seriously, in theory as well as in fact. For him it meant more than feeding and his children, it meant planning for them, and getting such

help on methods of training as lectures or reading could provide. John was sure there was a lot that study could teach you about children, if you only knew how to get at it. In the sweet places of his tender thoughts parenthood also meant living with his children, and enjoying them. He knew it was Froebel who said something like that, and he knew, too, with whimsical common-sense, that it was not an easy ideal for a working man in the railway. Polly's religious teaching, while it had somehow failed to make him an orthodox church-goer, had made him anxiously introspective and sincerely conscientious. Even in railway work he was an idealist, and the character that his mother had unconsciously repressed in him now projected itself into his thoughts for the children; all his hopes and ambitions centred round them. At the same time, he was so fearful of erring in the training of the precious two that he became more self-conscious and less deft than Hannah in his relations with them.

In his grown-up way, John was often conscious of life as an unceasing round that gave you no time for mere living and enjoying. And sometimes Tom, in his little-boy way, felt it too! Always in the first few days after coming home from Melksham Tom felt flurried and oppressed. At Melksham it was holiday, and he and Martha were free nearly all the long and spacious days to make a child-life of their own. Joe and Polly were never in a hurry, and it was leisurely and satisfying to potter about watching the horse and the cow fed, carrying little cans of water to the almond-trees, standing at an admiring distance while dead eucalypts were chopped down or blasted into moveable pieces.

But at Yandilla things were always going on. Bakers' carts and butchers' carts dashed to and fro, the school-bell was always interrupting things, there were errands to run and wood to chop and homework to do. Life had to be arranged, and time made for things. And then John Sexton and his wife were busy with earning and saving, doing things to or for the children rather than with them. They were fed and clothed and sent to school and made to help in the house, and all was hurry and bustle. Their father was nearly always at the station, even at night, for the evening express had to be received and dispatched; and their mother was too busy cooking and cleaning and making their clothes, (her heart full of the children all the time) too busy about them to have much time for them.

Still, after a few days things shook down to a routine, some leisure began to emerge, or Tom grew less alive to the difference. Besides, there were Saturdays, and Public Holidays quite often on a Monday, and three times in the year a whole week quite free from school. On Saturdays John liked to have the children at the station. He was busy weighing bags or booking parcels, but he liked to see them about.

and marshalled the milk-cans, clanking the empties from the creamery,

They weighed one another, and guessed the weights of the parcels. They hid the porter's broom, and then discreetly played Hide and Seek in the Goods Shed with Ernst Neumann and Mickey Casey. And they studied the hoardings. Martha thought the difference between the cats brought up on skim milk and those reared on condensed very pathetic, and Tom laughed till he cried over the facetious cat who winked as he testified that he preferred a certain tea to either. Then one day a man pasted up the dog who fled, yelping, with a wasp on his tail. Tom thought this picture exquisitely funny, to the distress and indignation of his sister. When they got home neither of them could remember what the dog was to advertise, but Martha wept while she told her mother how cruel Tom was. Tom considered that she was telling tales, and he took great pleasure in pointing out the dog to his grandfather when he came up to see them. Joe roared his appreciation. The article that was proved to be "going strong" by a galloping draught-horse tugged at by a diminutive groom afforded them much joy, and so did the climax when the horse, now quite out of control, was asserted to be "going stronger." It occurred to neither of them, however, to buy the goods so advertised. An effect it did have was to incite Tom to a fleeting desire to "be a nartist." After a few efforts which even his partial eye saw to be inadequate he passed the occupation over to Martha. He had acquired sufficient interest in vigorous lines and splashing colours to assure her that she would like this branch of art. Martha did her best to realise his ambition for her, but her own predilection was for pictures that illustrated stories. It was all the same to Tom, and he fired her with an account of a picture Neumanns had of a lady, "Mary Queen of Scott" (Tom's spelling and interpretation) lying under a tree. A recumbent lady presented many difficulties to Martha's pencil, but she got over them all by drawing her standing up, and then turning the paper sideways. She had none of Tom's doubts over the result.

But her artistic career ended sadly. After a happy afternoon with the paints her pinafore was wet and grubby. Vexed Hannah, who did the washing for the family herself, reproved her sharply for playing with the water, and when she protested hotly that she had done nothing of the kind, Martha's view being that she had been engaged in serious work, punished her for lying. Tom gave his ^{turn} sister his entire sympathy in the matter. Had she become a great artist this refusal to equate painting with playing would have been very significant indeed, like little Mendelssohn at the piano.

Watching the trains go through was of course another great diversion at the station. Fat commercial travellers, smoking cigars, moved their mouths through the windows, babies woke up and cried, little boys, tousled and dirty, rushed

Mozart

along to the water-bags, and their mothers screamed to them that they were to come back, that the train was going.

"And it stops here another five minutes," Tom would remark with surprise at their fussiness.

He would stand on the platform like a brownie with his eager eyes and crisp crinkly hair (the hair that as a man he was to keep so resentfully cropped), listening to the snatches of talk, and trying to picture life as it must be "up the line."

"...so the Johns rushed the room and Cards jumped into the lane and bolted..."

"...drunk on the slag..."

"...dying of thirst by a telegraph pole..."

"That was the camel I bought from Habibulla the Afghan..."

And sometimes hairy stockmen swarmed out as soon as the train drew up and stretched their legs up and down the platform, getting in again very leisurely when "seats please" was called.

People passed from strange places into Tom's ken, and then out again. It all helped to make Yandilla and even Australia seem a small and fleeting place. Sometimes, while he sat on a wheatstack, or dangled his legs over the side of an empty truck, his mind withdrew itself from the familiar station as he knew it, the big friendly foreground of games or quarrels or knots of people and piles of luggage, and he saw it as a traveller would in a land that was strange to him, as a kind of seemly siding lying on a bleak plain that stretched away uneventfully to the narrow strip of blue hills on the far horizon, broken only ~~here~~ ^{here} and there by a haystack and a group of trees where a farmhouse lay sheltered. This feeling of strangeness came oftenest when the wind was east under a pale sky, or when in a scorching breeze spirals of dust eddied into the air over the crops and the plain - as if they were raised by a cowboy on a buckjumper, he would think, leaving Wood for Romance. But he also had the feeling very distinctly one day when the Broughton's were ploughing the brown soil with their straining horses along by the railway fence.

"Whoa!" steadied the ploughman.

And Tom remembered the ordinary little scene, the brown of the upturned soil, the vigorous horses, the countryside covered with fresh young grass, the blue of the sky, as one remembers a glimpse of a foreign land.

It was the familiarity of English pictures, and cards, and books, that made this detachment so easy to capture, or, rather, least, so hard to escape.

But the station was too busy a place for such moods and impressions to stay long at a time. Wheat was being loaded for the ships or the mills of the Port, or sheep and cattle

here

mood

were being trucked for the market, and of course Tom and Martha watched. Sometimes there was freight to be unloaded, perhaps the very newest machinery from the Works at Kilkenny, ploughs or winnowers or reapers, smartly painted in red and green, or it might be milking-machines or Separators from America. The people of the North (they will tell you so themselves) are much more go-ahead than ~~those~~ to the South, *those* of Adelaide. They buy the best and prize it. Martha, listening to them, was sure that she would want the best machinery, too, if she were a farmer; she wouldn't leave it in the paddocks to get rusty, like those thriftless Broughtons. "Thriftless" was what Mr. Neumann and her father called them. Their farm marched with the station fence, and its ill-thatched stacks, its old scrapped ploughs, its ill-bred beasts, simply asked for criticism. It worried Martha very much to hear all that other people said they could do with that farm. It sounded so simple, too; just tidying up and selling scrap-iron and using phosphates on the top paddock and buying a new bull... Someone ought to tell the Broughtons...

"Oh, they're all right," said Tom; "I expect they've got as much money as they want."

Tom was easy-going; he never itched to improve people or things.

At the station, too, by keeping very quiet, Tom and Martha could sometimes hear all sorts of things discussed. With the facile interest of children in the give and take of conversation even when it is above their heads they listened to their elders and got their initiation into the politics of their class. John Sexton, Mr. Tonkin the storekeeper, Pat Casey the ganger, and some farmer, perhaps Mr. Bill Lea in for a case of fruit, along with Joe Sexton up for a few days with his son, would have a crack between trains. Like *lan-dilla* in general, the farmers and Joe were Liberals - Conservatives, Pat Casey called them. Trade Unions were anathema, and for them the Labour Party consisted of evil-minded and ignorant scoundrels who wanted to do no work and to receive all the fruits of that enterprise and ability which were vested entirely in their employers, and especially in the farmers.

Tonkin would start it.

"Hicks, that new chap of mine, wouldn't fetch this case, so I've had to come up for it myself. What would it have hurt him to have picked it up on his way home from the round? Says 'is Union wouldn't let 'im, being as he 'doesn't get home till after one, and it's Early Closing day."

"Blow the Union", Mr. Lea would comment.

"If it weren't for Unions," Pat Casey would chip in, "chaps like me would never 'a 'ad Saturday afternoons orf. And I wonder the Labour Party don't make Parliament git the agricultural labourer a fair deal", he would add, to rouse Lea.

"The Labour Party," the farmer would take him up, "will be the ruin of the country. They don't want anyone else to have anything. They'll tax the farmer off the land altogether soon, and then where will the country be?"

(This remark made Martha very nervous. She saw the farmers' legs kicking in the air as they disappeared.)

"Australia," he would continue, warming to it, "is a primary producing country" ("Hear hear" from Joe Sexton) "and every producer ought to be helped to the best of the government's ability. 'Stead of that, here they are, reducing the size of wheat-bags, because the poor men say they can't carry 'em. I carry 'em!"

"Aye, and your father before you," Joe would confirm him. "←"But the risin' generation ain't like us. They wants something for nothing. They are afraid to work. They want an eight-hour day. And what better off are they for it? When I was a young man" - a delightful opening to Tom and Martha, woefully disappointed in the sequel - "I worked from daylight till dark. And I got on. I saved and bought a house. The young men of today is content to pay rent all their lives."

"'As to," corrected Pat. "The blooming boss grinds down the working man. 'E takes 'is time and 'is strength, barely giving 'im 'is keep."

Pat did not believe this very heartily, but it was a kind of surface habit to say so, and anyway these blinkin' Liberals wanted stirrin' up a bit.

"You Socialists", Joe would rejoin, "^{is} getting above yourselves. You want all the money in the world divided, and what better off will you be in a few years'time?"

John Sexton would come to Pat's aid.

"That isn't quite what the Socialists want, Dad, and anyway you oughtn't to call all Labour men socialists. Pat's idea is"(it was not; Pat had nothing that you could call a distinct idea; but Pat's Party's idea was) "that every man has a right to the full value of his work, and some time to himself. Pat doesn't see why one should wear out one's youth saving for a tired old age; and Pat thinks that the best way to persuade the boss of this is to unite." These were also John's tentative ideas, which he saw, too, clashed with some other of his established notions or prejudices. He ascribed them all to Pat from his ingrained mildness and dislike to disagree with anyone.

"That's it," Pat would assent, spitting judiciously over the platform.

"I worked from daylight till dark," Joe would reply, "and I became a master myself, and my men worked from daylight till dark. There wasn't no unions to hinder. And what worse off was they? They learned their trade thorough, and got their money reg'lar, and if they didn't better themselves it was their own fault."

"That is what I say," Lea would nod. "Any man who wants to get on in Australia can get on. But the working man doesn't want to get on."

"Nor yet he don't want any one else to get on," Joe would cut in. They don't like work. If they see one man doing a bit more than another, they make him stop, or get him chucked."

Charges of slowing down, of "government stroke", always made Pat Casey shuffle uneasily. Hard work was not his own strong point.

"The strong must help the weak", John would urge, "and not set the standard too high." He was too hard a worker, and too proud and interested in it, to like any doctrine that looked like laziness and what his father called "shuffling", but, also, he was too easily roused by the actual or theoretical sufferings of others not to feel the brotherhood behind the Labour ideal. The perplexing thing was that there was "blow" as well.

By now the banker and the schoolmaster would have come up, and would open upon him with the economic necessity for the fullest output.

"Id is the industrious beople dot begome gread," Hugo Neumann would roll out, and the bank manager would enunciate a few elementary truths about labour's need of capital and "undertaker." Long before the arrival of the down train put an end to the session Tonkin would have gone off with his case. He might be the originator of the discussion, but it was not for a storekeeper to alienate the few labour families in Yandilla - not with two rivals in the town. Lea would drive away with the reflection that Sexton, though an obliging fellow enough, held dangerous views. Hugo Neumann would walk home with his mental hands in the air.

"And thad is whad they gall a deeb bolitigal gonversation!"

But ~~of course~~ the acutest argument only arises, amongst uncultured folk, where the questions are pressing and personal. Life was not very hard on anyone in Yandilla.

Martha, of course, thought she had been present at an important conference. Was the country really going to the dogs? What was it like to be taxed off the land? And how puzzling that Father and Grandpa, who both knew everything, and were always right, should think different things! Convinced of the depth and intricacy of matters political, she would resolve to look into them very carefully before she was twenty-one.

"Silly!" said Tom. "It's all just talk."

Tom did not become a distinguished statesman, or I would seize on this as his first conscious recognition that theories must be treated as counters, not real coin.

CHAPTER 4.

Tom liked school - when he was there; but it often seemed a great pity to have to go inside at all. Before half-past nine in the morning the world was like a birthday cake, even to the dew sparkling on the silver leaves of the horse-thistle. The magpies warbled and the groundlarks rose from the crops and soared into the blue calling "chip chup, chip chup, chip chip chweedah." It was all too joyous to leave. By eleven o'clock recess the icing had been licked over, so to speak, and at mid-day it was gone altogether. As like as not the clouds were streaked over the sky, the day felt chill, the hens had stopped cackling, and cold shadows depressed the children as they hurried home to dinner and back, getting through the fence and skirting the crop and following the track across the corner block. Pouring rain was another matter. Pouring rain was a delight! Tom would wait for Martha on the steps of the school looking across to where the hills were blotted out and only the dark trees showed through the haze against the even grey sky. When Martha was cloaked they helter-skeltered off under the same umbrella, seeing nothing but the splashing mud, wheels, the legs of horses, and the bottoms of walls or posts. Running down the hill by the green box-thorne hedge they startled the burnt-sienna calf and sent Tonkin's black pony careering across the paddock. They reached home flushed and laughing and exhilarated. Hannah failed to understand their joy in "muckey days", but she fully approved the appetite they brought to good meat-stew with batter baked on top.

In the spring, about September, it was very hard indeed to go to school. Tom would set off a quarter of an hour before Martha just for the pleasure of dawdling. He would lie down on a sandy patch and watch the greens and browns and reds and blues of the landscape stretching out before him, like a water-colour at once bright and delicate, and the deep blue of the sparkling sky. Perhaps a shunting engine puffed out

from its black shining funnel curls of white steam with the sun glistening silver on their changing, melting edges; or it was quiet, and he closed his eyes and lay basking like a lizard, feeling the clear warmth on his bare legs, and the tingling of the sunshine through his woollen socks. He distinguished the twitter of the sparrows from the busy peeping of the wax-bills, and noticed the lightness of both these sounds against the brooding of the doves on the chapel roof; or perhaps he opened one eye to watch the willy-wag flirting and flaunting and jerking round the head of a grazing cow. If he nearly went to sleep in the drowsy warmth Martha prodded him in the - well, below the belt, with her schoolbag as she came by, and he reluctantly got up and went with her. He never actually "played the wag" like Mickey Casey, despite temptation, for Tom was not bred in a lawless home, but he often sighed for the freedom the Caseys had, "those lesser breeds without the law" as he would have called them in later days. Mickey, now, was allowed to lick his slate luxuriously; Tom and Martha, in deference to parental prejudice, were compelled to use sponges in little red and blue boxes. Martha even said that she preferred this....Martha would, of course... she. In the afternoons if there was no hurry they often went the long way home round by the Sale Yard for cattle, to have the company of the Caseys and Katie Hayward. Tom and Mickey climbed onto the partitions and called out

"I'm the king of the castle,
And you're a dirty rascal,"

and then the game was for the girls to try to capture the position. It wasn't much good if they did, though, for they could not run along the top plank of the fence ~~as~~ the boys ^{like} could, and soon lost the advantage. When that happened they often sneaked out of the game altogether and played at houses ^{in this} where the rooms were divided off by rails, and there were doorways... ^{ideal place}

At playtime in the schoolyard boys and girls played Rounders and Touchie, unless marbles or tops were in, and then the girls had to play "Ladies" by themselves. Katie Hayward, a big girl who read the weekly stories of "the Blue Bell Series", used to paint wonderful visiting-cards on which, within a blue and gold border, Lady Fortescue announced that she was "At Home" on Thursdays. The Duchess of Vavasour left a little booklet when she called, with a picture of the family castle upon it. Sometimes they played "Mothers" instead, and in this game Martha felt more at home. Too much at home, in fact, for when big, dull, showy Katie sat on a stump of the wood-heap (which had previously done duty as the drawing-room of the Vavasours) and apportioned the Saturday tasks, largely with the

largely for the pleasure of chastising for neglect, Martha used to want to act ~~to act~~ as stage-manager.

"You begin to scold too soon... You should ask some questions first... Don't always ask the same thing..."

Now no leading lady will stand this for long, and the game often ended with "I won't play" from Katie, or in the ejection of the over-enthusiastic Martha. Not that she minded very much. Somehow there was always a gap between Martha and the other children. She liked girls older than herself, and naturally they did not like one younger. Their coolness did not surprise Martha in the least; she always thought them prettier than herself, and took her own inferiority and foolishness for granted. *Falling scholastically a year behind her twin had perhaps contributed to this modesty.*

The school building itself was the usual country white-washed two rooms and a shed, standing in a bare gravelled yard, with flower-pots in the high window-sills - Martha had to stand on a form to water the coulisses and Wandering Jew and wheat on flannel. On the walls were maps and charts of animals and of liquid measures, though no one could remember them being used, except some of the maps, sometimes. The pleasantness of the hours spent within these walls depended mainly upon the teachers, of course. Mr. Neumann was the head-master, and he had one and sometimes two assistants. Everyone liked the kindly man with his fleshy face and blue eyes. He seemed not to have a very high opinion of the ability of most of his scholars, but he was very tolerant and gentle. Very likely his depreciation was really due to ~~his~~ disappointment at his obscure position. Hugo Neumann, with all his ambitions, had had to leave Germany for his health fifteen years before, and had entered the Education Department as soon as his accent would pass muster. He had received the usual excellent education of the Berlin schoolboy, and had come to know the literature of his two languages ~~rather~~ *very* well. His daughter Clara, born in Germany, was also a teacher. She had a local reputation as an authoress, too, for rumour whispered that Clara Neumann had written the Spelling-Book used in all the schools! The children's eyes goggled when big Clara, looking too fashionable to be true, to their country eyes, came home to Yandilla for the holidays. But an elementary school, with few teachers and many classes, affords little opportunity for spreading a real love of knowledge. It was as much as they could do to get the necessary facts learned in a mechanical way. Classes Four and Five learned capes and bays, passed notes and exchanged kicks, while Class Three had some new arithmetic explained to it. Or perhaps they wrote a "composition" on a slate. It would be about a Picnic, or Friends, or the Rebellion of the Forty-Five. Especially if it were something that he could invent, Tom always threw himself into composition heartily, and if they were told to change slates and read aloud what any young critic thought worthy of that

honour, Martha, from the other end of the room, always thought Tom's efforts sounded rather well. But except in subjects like arithmetic, which were easy to supervise, there was little real work exacted, so long as a sufficiency of hands waved in cheerful eagerness to answer questions. Individual idleness was easily overlooked, and those whose interest was not spontaneous got little stimulation.

There was one reading-book which Tom would have liked very much, if he had not had to parse and analyse it. A "piece" in it called "Clancy of the Overflow" he learned by heart, though no one told him to. It was ^{written} by some one with the funny name of Banjo Patterson.

1) I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the Lachlan, years ago, He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him, Just "on spec", addressed as follows, "Clancy, of The Overflow."

2) And the answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar)
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:
Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are.

4) And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their kindly
 voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

3) In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving down the Cooper, where the western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them
 singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the townfolk
 never know.

And there were exciting scenes about John Silver and Amyas Leigh, and other great heroes; only extracts were so exasperating. Tom had to ask his father to buy the books the next time he went to town - and he said he would, if he could get sixpenny copies. Perhaps Tom was the only boy there to whom capes and bays were more than a mere list; to him they were real places, to be pondered over and studied with reference to the mountains and rivers and islands only an inch away on the map; for who knew but that one might go a-travelling there some day? Yet he was probably less able than anyone to "make a list of the capes from Yorke to Leeuwin." He looked at their place on the map, and thought about them, but he could not be bothered learning them off. Martha, on the other hand, though very uninspired by such geographical details, always learned them all conscientiously, just as she tried to practise the mental gymnastics of one Mr. McTavish. Tom had to like the subject, Martha enjoyed the sheer learning. She liked the Reader, when her turn came for it, almost as much as Tom, only her favourites were different.

"That piece about Truth being a cube and getting rounded is very nice," she argued, "and so is that about the bishop who wouldn't tell on the man who stole his candlesticks - plates, but gave him the candlesticks as well."

Tom thought those were funny ones to like *best*.

On the whole, the method of the lessons afforded little practice in real thinking, though nothing could deaden the interest of any but the dullest children. These were stood on the form, or put behind the blackboard, or even caned; all of which seemed very dreadful punishments to sensitive Tom and Martha, brought up to respect authority and to dread reproof.

The assistant teachers - and their tempers - were a source of perpetual anxiety, because, unlike Mr. Neumann, they were continually being changed. Tom never forgot a little bit of a woman who came when he was "getting to be a big boy now", in the fifth class. She had a frail little body, and delicate skin that showed the blue veins, and hair that curled in tendrils over her forehead. And he thought there was never anything so pretty as the lacey collars and cuffs she wore. He wished his mother would have some.

Hannah Sexton's children looked with awe (at this time) on those in authority, but once Martha received a severe shock. The new teacher had white tackings in his trousers, and the big girls all said his clothes must be home-made. They tittered a good deal, and the young man lost his temper and assured them they would get more kicks than kisses from him. Martha felt personally affronted, and all the children of Yabdilla went home agog with gossip. But Hannah said they ought to be sorry for the young man; perhaps he was away from home for the first time. Sorry for a teacher!

Martha always shrank from playing school after this, especially as Katie Hayward would reproduce this scene. And she never thought again that she would like to be a teacher. It was not that she did not respect Mr. McTavish, though he was often unable to protect himself from the impertinence of sallies which were

to Martha as shocking as the desecration of the priesthood (though once she saw Tom looking on with amusement!). On the contrary, Mr. McTavish was obviously a very clever man. He could stand up and rattle off a list of ~~figures~~ ^{figures} which the class was supposed to calculate mentally, and he always got the answer right - at least, he often said that the whole class was wrong. Tom, for his part, made no attempt to do all that in his head. He could do it with pencil and paper if he liked, and what more could you want? No one was ever to convince Tom of the value of exercise to the mind's development. But as he always looked absorbed, Mr. McTavish was satisfied. Tom was absorbed. He was watching the teacher's bony red face aglow with the mental chase, the only bit of teaching he seemed really to enjoy. Funny thing for a grown man to like. Tom wouldn't care to have to do it himself.

Once the Governor of the State visited the school with his wife. That was a great day. All the girls wore clean pinafores and had their hair screwed back from their faces, and the boys were uneasy in their best knickers (very tight) and clean blouses. They were all squeezed into one room and packed onto the forms so that the end boy had to prop himself up by one leg. They sang "The Song of Australia" and the National Anthem. Mr. Neumann seldom had time to explain a history lesson, especially as you could find all the dates and things for yourself in the book; so that no one had a very clear idea what a governor was. Perhaps His Excellency guessed this; at any rate, he explained his connection with the king, and Tom suddenly felt that he was in the same room with Majesty, even if the Governor was bald and a little fat. His Excellency reminded them of what he politely said they doubtless remembered in their history books of King Harold who died fighting for England.

"As we gather into one
Let us recall with pride
That we are of the blood of those
Who fought when Harold died."

Tom and Martha listened with swelling hearts, and Ernst Neumann was afterwards obliged to fight Mickey Casey for taunting him with not being of that celebrated blood. (Years after, Mickey was hotly to deny his prowess.)

Sir James urged them to be good and loyal citizens, and they all vowed to themselves that they would.

As the visitors moved off in gracious conversation with the school board, Lady Swayne stopped and asked the girl next to Martha what her name was. Martha had the resentful feeling that her ladyship was backing the wrong horse. Of course Katie Hayward was pretty, with the yellow hair and ostentatious eye-lashes that were Martha's ideal, but did Katie know anything? Now she... a little wind of prophecy blew through her mind, or perhaps it was the first stirring of a still dormant ambition. It was certainly the first time that Martha

had consciously compared herself favourably with anyone else.

CHAPTER 5.

A certain amount of time the children spent in helping with the housework. Tom's share, as became a boy, was mainly outside. Chopping wood delighted him. It was man's work, and set his blood tingling, and gave him muscles to be proud of. When he and Martha separated for their respective duties they generally played "See face last". This involved walking backwards until your rival was out of sight. One Saturday Martha was surprised and flattered at the unusual amusement her brother was getting out of the game. For Tom to think her worth playing with always made her proud. His face was one broad smile of delighted anticipation.

"See face last! See face last!" he taunted.

Martha knew the cause too late when she suddenly sat down into the tub of water where a spout debouched. She thought it quite as funny as he did, and shook with laughter as she struggled to get out. Hannah took the incident with the seriousness of a public calamity, and Martha had one of those humour-quenching lessons of the poor, that fun must not waste money nor make work.

While she dusted chairs or cleaned windows she brooded over the dulness. She was conscientious but slow, and Hannah's efforts to hurry her daughter only lead her to brood more. Tom, of course, when he grew up, could do as he liked. He could be a cabin-boy and visit those capes and bays...but she would have to stay at home and work. Would she? Would she? Wasn't there something interesting that girls could do? Besides teaching?

Tom had to help her wash the dishes, and as both preferred washing to drying, it was settled, after many quarrels, that they should take these duties in turns. Even then their mother complained that there was argument. Nobody's children, she declared, argued more than hers. When Tom washed, he always finished his part before Martha, who urged that it thereupon became his duty to "put away."

"Tom said "No. The drier has to do all the dry part of the work."

Martha pointed out that that made the time spent by each very unequal. Tom refused to give in, and said that he had more homework.

Next night, when Martha washed, she observed to her indignation that Tom did not "put away." She called his attention to this, but he answered with surprise "Oh, but you said last night that the washer should do that."

"And you said..." shouted the indignant Martha.

"Hush. Mother's got a headache. I know I did, but you convinced me that you were right."

"Well, you convinced me." But Tom, imperturbably good-tempered, would be deep in his book. By next night he would have reverted to his original conviction. Martha felt sure that Tom was a very clever boy.

Somehow people always did take it for granted that Tom was clever. He was bright and merry, and "always reading." No one ever thought that Martha was clever, although she was "always reading", too. But then she was of a very fearful disposition. The class she was in was easy, but what would the next be like? Tom rather encouraged this respect for the higher learning.

"You wait till you get into the Third," or "the Fourth", he would say. And Martha would dread that time. When it came it was never so hard as she had expected, or as the work had sounded from the other end of the room to her unaccustomed ears, but it was some time before she formulated this fact, and replied to Tom's usual taunt:

"Oh, I don't know about that. Any class is as easy as any other, when you get up to it."

Even then Martha observed life and made deductions.

But she was more interested than interesting, and being profoundly certain of Tom's superiority in ability as well as in loveableness and every other respect, unconsciously obliterated herself.

Tom's superior cleverness affected her in another way. *in* emphasizing the difference in their *ages*, and suggested the value and efficacy of time. *ability, it*

"Work for the night is coming,"

they sang in Sunday School. Indeed, she must, though it could never bring her abreast of her brother.

Tom was clever and bright, then, and Martha plodding and conscientious. His homework was soon done, whereas she took a long time. So it was generally Tom who went to the library to choose the books. Martha just acquiesced. They were given a few books of their own, but Tom soon

laughed at Jessica's First Prayer, and Eric, or Little by Little, and taught Martha to do the same. Hannah was startled. These were good books. Their first requests for books "to keep" were for Treasure Island and Alice in Wonderland. Thrifty Hannah pointed out that they could get these at the Institute.

"But we want them to have."

"You can get them out of the Institute as often as you like."

"It isn't like your own."

"You've got books of your own. You've got Jessica's..."

"Oh, Jessica!" Tom muttered.

Soon after the not-very-extensive library was open to them he set his heart on Robinson Crusoe, not a kid's book in a bright cover and big print, "told down", but the real Robinson Crusoe that boys in books read, and that his grandfather had told him of. He talked about it till Martha took up the song too, and Hannah, to silence the eternal words, promised it for his birthday. Tom was jubilant. He counted the weeks and the days, and anxiously reminded his mother before her journey to town. On her return Hannah assured him that he had not forgotten, and he set himself to wait. On the great day he was up early, hardly able to contain himself in expectation of the parcel that would be on the breakfast table. He took off the paper with trembling and reverent fingers, then threw the book on the floor and rushed from the room. His mother had bought the Swiss Family Robinson!

Hannah followed him in angry amazement, and found a shaking little boy sobbing into the bed-clothes.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, trying to take him in her arms. "Whatever made you behave like that?"

Tom shook himself free and burrowed into the pillow again.

"Grandma never would have done a thing like that," he sobbed. For once Hannah cried herself.

"They are both about Robinsons," she protested.

So Polly Sexton, without effort or knowledge or justice, had scored another point over her daughter-in-law.

It was John, proud of their eagerness, who had suggested subscribing to the Institute Library for them. At first they ~~they~~ took home volumes haphazard, and read then for the mechanical pleasure, just as they read the Doan's Bachache and the Pink Pill books. Martha even struggled through several chapters of the Secret History of the Oxford Movement. It seemed very different from the history they learned at school, and there wasn't much movement, nor, apparently, any particular reason for keeping it secret. It was slow reading,

and Tom had just made a discovery, so she let him take it back. The discovery was that the same man often wrote several books, and that a list of these was generally to be found in any one of them; so that if they liked one book, they could ask for others by the same writer. This seemed to them a miracle of organisation, and they wondered if anyone else had thought of it.

After this, except for the disconcerting - and, in a library of eight or nine hundred books, surprising! - lacunae in the catalogue, their selection was much better. If there was much love in a book, they did not bother again about that author. They wanted people to do things, and not talk too much. So when Tom stumbled across King Solomon's Mines... and to think he nearly rejected it, as suggestive of the Bible, and Jessica... They soon had a list of Rider Haggard's works by heart - and so had the plump and unliterary spinster who minded the books. And Jules Verne! And Robert Louis Stevenson! But the last they considered deplorably unprolific, and uneven. For instance, what was he thinking about when he wrote Virginibus Puerisque, and parts of Memories and Portraits? No story at all, just thoughts!

Ivanhoe, and the Monastery they had, and Kenilworth; but it was hard work reading Scott, because the edition was closely printed on bad paper, and the effort they felt in reading it became as it were an effort, a slowness, in the story itself. A book they longed for, but never got hold of, was the Arabian Nights. They saw it on the counter of Tonkin's general store, ~~(an expurgated copy, though the publisher did not trouble to say so)~~, but two shillings and sixpence was a sum their united pocket-money would only have reached after weeks of strict saving. By that time they could only get - but with what delight! - the Pasha of Many Tales.

And oh! the day when Tom alighted on the Three Musketeers! (antexpurgated edition, though the publisher did not trouble to say so). What heroes! What a breakfast! And Athos in the cellar! Poor Grimaud! And Tom roared over D'Artagnan's plight when he lost his clothes, though for the life of him he could not see how he came to part with them.

There was a set of Charles Lever, and Tom liked Harry Lorrequer pretty well. But why hadn't the library more books by the rollicking Dumas? Hereward the Wake and the Last of the Barons were well enough, and put a new complexion on the dates and facts known as history. There were evidently real people behind those battles and things.

Their reading was not supervised, but they took no harm. Martha was very thorough in general, but if she had stopped to ask about all the things she did not understand, she never would have got through, for Tom was always hungry for another book. And of course Tom easily skipped past what was not clear, eager to devour what was. The only book they were ever made to take back unread was Trilby. Now why were they not to read Trilby?

They wanted to know about Little Billee, the pictures were most amusing, and the paragraphs were, especially for Martha, who disliked too much description, satisfactorily broken up.

"I tell you what," said ~~George~~, "I bet it is that bit I read about Trilby being in the altogether."

"Why, what's that?"

"I don't know, but ~~father~~ wouldn't like us reading about a girl who had no clothes on. Perhaps that is what it means."

Trilby remained in their minds as decidedly a book to get "when we grow up." ~~Not at all out of prurience~~

What a world of adventure! Oh to be grown up! Bedtime was a shocking interruption. 8 o'clock? Ridiculous! Well, can I just finish the chapter?

It was very exciting trying to get onto a new chapter just before eight, but wary Hannah soon learned to ask "How many pages are there?"

Although they never admitted this to one another, they each tried to invent some more of the story in bed, but without much success. It was a new world, an unpredictable world, that the books took them into. Its very objects were new to them, apart from the characters, and they never insulted their heroes by comparing them with anyone in Yandilla. They were of a different kind altogether, these dashing men on their wonderful horses, riding along high roads but vaguely imagined, up to inns unimaginable. ~~George~~ and Martha had an idea that you could not write stories about Australia; it would be against the rules. England was the accepted home of romance to them, with France sometimes to give the piquancy of the foreign. They were quite at home in the story world of England, and knew their way about it much better than they would have done ~~about~~ in an Australian novel.

Martha did not fail to note that most of the heroes must have been well educated, though you did not see them going through that dull process, ~~for~~ Most of them could quote Latin, and they always seemed to have the knowledge appropriate to the occasion at their finger tips. They must have saved up knowledge, as Grandpa urged, against they needed it. What impressed ~~George~~ ~~down~~ was the ease with which they did everything. Nothing ever seemed hard work, to people in books!

"~~Amyas~~ "It was to Amyas Leigh, in Westward Ho."

"Fighting wasn't. It was only lessons he was bad at."

"Well, Sir Richard Greville thought he ought to learn."

"Grown-ups always do."

"Frank Leigh studied."

"Yes, it came easy to him."

"Children, stop wrangling. ~~George~~ ^{down}, you haven't brought in the wood. Martha, dust the sitting-room."

Martha was very susceptible to the explicit or applied moral of book or hymn. Sometimes her applications were very practical.

"Each victory will help you
Some other to win",

Always
 A long course of novelists' analysis made them more familiar
 with the thought and expression of the England of fiction, good and
 bad, than with the Australia of real life.

made a great impression on her, and she expected it to apply to all sorts of matters, in particular to the journey to the Post Office. The Post Office was a long way from the Station House, and very tiring even to her stout little legs. But she thoroughly believed that each completed journey must make the next easier. Very little, of course, but the effect would be plain in time.

Another moral that she drew from her reading was that what you were as a child, that you would remain. In several books there was an opening chapter about the hero as a child, and the later events always brought out the same qualities. ~~This made-ehi~~ Preachers said the same thing, of course, and there was the proverb "The child is father to the man." This made childhood a serious business. It was all very well for *Tom*, George, who was a nice enough boy, but what about her? She would have to grumble less, and be pleasanter, and argue less with ~~George~~, and do a larger share of work. Oh, dear.

"Being grown up" had less attraction for Martha than for her brother. For her it promised less reading and more work - and visiting! Sometimes she "went visiting" with her mother, and that was not very interesting; not at all able to make up for the time lost from "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Tower of London." Hannah Sexton made her calls conscientiously rather than for pleasure, and took Martha as a cover for her ~~shyness~~ awkwardness. She had a mistaken notion that Martha was fond of babies. Grown-ups often gets these ideas. It is because they repeat them so often without consulting their children at all, and without ever allowing them to revise their likes. Some children passively adopt the tastes ascribed to them. Of course Martha must be fond of babies. All children were. And this provided a conversational opening very useful to a woman so little ready with talk. But the remark, reiterated on so many occasions, revolted Martha's strict truthfulness, and at last she rebelled.

"So little Martha (and Martha was eleven) is very fond of babies," said the policeman's wife ingratiatingly.

"Yes, I am when they are clean", replied Martha, backing doubtfully from the specimen presented for her kiss.

Hannah was much mortified. She fell back on a commonplace.

"Children are so outspoken, arn't they? They say what they think" was her unlucky effort to cover it, with her usual unreadiness. Really, she thought that children were literally little men and women, meaning as much by what they said as adults. She was ~~mortified~~ that Martha should be so rude. *Tom's*

Oh yes, Martha's childhood was much more chequered than ~~George's~~. She had to learn music! It was not that she showed the least ability, or even inclination for it. On the contrary. It was just that no respectable little girl in Yandilla was held to be properly "done by" if she did not go to Miss Nicholson for two half hours a week. The boys only learned if they clamoured for it. Having listened to Martha practising, ~~George Tom~~

and practice in the Institute every day, if there was no piano at home

decided not to clamour. He liked music, but to spend good time twiddling with your fingers, and playing scales, and counting one, two, three, four,..Grrrr... didn't Martha know that was a discord?

Martha was painfully unmusical. ^{low}George really had to joggle her elbow to ~~step~~ make her stop miauling in chapel. That was exactly the noise she made. He enjoyed singing himself.

"Oh day of rest and gladness,
Oh day of joy and light",

he would raise his clear treble, with flushed face and shining eyes, and his father would look down on his ~~brown head~~ with deep content. While he sang ^{low}George really did feel the pleasure of Sunday, when there was no noise of traffic and the air was seemed fresher and you ^{he} had the entire length of the sermon for pleasant rumination. Ernst Neumann complained that Chapel was long and dull, but ^{low}George didn't find it so. He had a pitiless (but not even potentially savage) eye for likeness and caricature, and the congregation was endlessly amusing. There was Mrs. Lea, with her skimpy figure and tight, parted hair, with three crinkles exactly opposite to each other on each side. Was she born like that, or did she put them there? And how pretty Alice Tonkin's throat was, as she stood there singing in the choir. The notes rippled up and down it. And when she sat down again, ^{low}George would ^{have} liked to have stroked it, from the chin down. Her dress looked like foamy waves, though ^{low}George knew (because he had waited to get near her last Sunday) that "close top" it was only an ugly wavy line that looked like that. And there was old Pup Trewhennack, with his bald head and thick neck and corporation. "Waddles," murmured ^{low}George; "shakes his tummy like a duck."

Pup was an old Cornishman from the Burra copper mines, retired to Yandilla to end his days comfortably with his fourth wife. He was hale and coarse and entirely unabashed. When the sermon began he always covered his head with a red handkerchief to protect it from the draughts. One Sunday he forgot to bring the bandana. The draught annoyed him. He signalled to a boy at the back to close the door, but no heed was paid. ^{low}George, from the Sexton's front side-pew, was much interested. Pup signalled again. No result. Pup lost his temper, and bellowed, "Shut that door, will you?" ^{low}

Hannah was glad that her children's titters (^{low}George's was more) could not be heard in the general laughter, laughter which she felt to be most unseemly. The poor old man! But she need not have pitied him. Pup was wrapped in unshakable Cornish self-esteem. Mickey Casey shut the door, ^{and} when he tore a leaf out of his hymnbook and stuffed it in the key-hole with anxious solicitude, ^{low}George had to clap both hands over his mouth. ^{low}

But generally the sources of ^{low}George's amusement were less

publicly recognisable, and so more embarrassing to ^{his mother} Hannah. He had acquainted the whole family, including his grandmother who was staying with them, with the choicest parts of "Alice in Wonderland," and the next Sunday, when Mr. Tonkin, of the general store, bloodless and white as an albino, minced up to the pulpit ^{steps} to give out some notices, George whispered "the white rabbit", with an eye on Polly. She was "obliged to smile" of course, and Hannah was equally obliged to reprove him. Another score for old Polly!

And Martha used to sit there as grave as a judge!

When there was nothing definitely humorous to take the attention, there was always the preacher. Some thumped the pulpit and shouted, some fingered their moustachh, some were nice kind old men, and George tried to listen to what they said. And the first day George wore his new watch, there was one who looked down at him and snapped, when George had consulted it for the seventh time, "Yes, yes, son; I've got a watch too!"

And even amid his scarlet confusion, ~~George~~ knew that there was matter for laughter in this, saw it like a gleam at the end of a dark passage.

And if the preacher was entirely unexceptional (but he never was, unless custom had staled him) there was the mazing of the flies to follow, or he could listen to their lighter sound against the droning of the ^{more diffuse} voice, or to the steady solidity of the voice against the ^{the outside} lighter rush of the wind. Or he could ponder the railing of the pulpit, or the folds of the shabby curtains. All these things belonged to the Sunday peace, and the hum and the monotony of the quiet sermon time were indefinably pleasant.

Martha, of course, listened to the sermon.

Yes, while he was in church, George liked Sunday. Outside it was different: there was a little too much repose about it. You must not shout or play or fight, and if you had got through your book, and slow little Martha would not give up hers.... And Sunday School was a restless, tiring interlude, where you made yourself a nuisance simply because you were bored. You did not think it, but you felt, how much worse the lessons were than those at day school. Oh, there was pious Martha, kneeling with her eyes screwed up tight.

Coming home ^{Tom} from Sunday School George once quite forgot what day it was. So did Mickey Casey. Martha, walking along sedately with her Bible in her gloved hands, had her attention called to them by a scream from ~~Katie~~ Kattie Hayward.

"Oh, there's George Sexton been fighting!"

Martha-followed-her-gaze; ~~the proceeding~~ ^{the proceeding} on Mickey's part was too usual for comment.

Martha followed her gaze, and there before her incredulous eyes were ~~George~~ and Mickey, battered and torn, their arms round one another's shoulders, strolling along in great content.

"Hi! Look what I did to his nose!" yelled triumphant ~~George~~ Tom.

"And see what I done to his eye!" Mickey cut in, to bring some glory his way.

"You wait till you get home", warned Martha ominously.

Tom
~~George~~ hoped his mother would think any serious punishment on
Sunday a breach of the ~~second~~ *fourth* commandment.

CHAPTER 6.

Towards the end of ^{Mon} George's ~~second~~ year in the highest class at Yandilla school, discussions at the station used to turn, not altogether unaided by John, on education and the placing of children in life. The coterie usually expressed a good deal of faith in "edjercation" as something that once given could never be taken away, (there was apparently some idea of a conspiracy to rob their children of everything detachable) but very little idea of how it worked. Bill Lea seemed to think an application of College learning was advisable. He seemed to think it was something like a plaster. He said he meant to give his kids a year at College "when Mr. Neumann has done with them." This would put as much polish on their manners as was good for them, and then they could come home and work on the farm. When they were old enough he would, if possible, start them on farms of their own. Tom Red Trewhennack was not going to send his brats to college. What did farmers want with learning? Setting them above their parents! (Attentive Martha wondered how that could be. It would never have that effect on herher.)

"Hear hear," chipped in Pat Casey. "That's wot I ses. My young Mickey larked at me for dropping my h's aitches yesterday. You bet I made 'im drop a good many afore I'd done with 'im."

^{Some} noted this as suitable matter for chaffing Mickey. *

Pat quite swelled with the pleasure of having exacted respect from Mickey, and from having given support to ~~Redda~~ ^{Trewhennack}, who generally despised him as a Labour man.

"South Australia's a rising country", suggested John, "and our boys'll have to rise with it."

"Then they can do it without collegin'," said Red Trewhennack, "Look at me! What's Latin and Greek got to do with farming?"

"All your boys may not want to be farmers."

"Well, what's Latin and Greek got to do with anything?"

"People in books seem to think a good deal of them. And educated men are the ones who get on."

"Not on a farm."

"Anyway, I guess education isn't like the braid laid on my trousers for a trimming. My notion is that it is more like - more like a tonic for the mind."

"Guess my mind don't need no tonic, then."

"But 'sposing it is like Sexton's braid here," put in Lea,

"Ain't ornament a good thing for them as can afford it?"

"The Trehennacks don't waste their money on fallals."

The Trehennacks were as obstinate as they were thrifty.

John Sexton was too shy to utter his thought that the a man like Trehennack got no enjoyment out of his money. Extra money to him never meant an opportunity to realise cherished desires by spending more. Farmers were like that, he had noticed. They got enough money to be comfortable on, and then they weren't comfortable! Now, when his children were launched, he and Hannah would begin to get some of the things they wanted themselves. Only seven or eight years now, he hoped. They would enjoy their wider margin. There would be tobacco for him and better clothes for Hannah... *and very clean ... and books...*

"Ah, well," he said, "I can't afford to give my boy a farm, but if I can manage an education he can do the rest for himself."

George pricked up his ears. This was the first hint he had had of College. Of course Ernst was going, but so far as he had thought about the future at all, he had supposed he would be put into one of the shops, like Mickey Casey.

Pat Casey felt affronted. Sexton setting up to send his boy to college same as if he was a blooming plutocrat. *W'y!* Sexton didn't earn much more than 'im... not to speak of. *HE* was as good as the Sextons, any day.

"We've been saving ever since the boy was born," he heard John explain.

"Savin'! Savin' for your kids! W'y, w'en a lad's thirteen it's time 'e 'elped 'is parents. Else wot's the good of 'avin' kids?" Casey was genuinely astonished, and indignant. *George Tom* was surprised, too. There seemed to be an implication that parents made up their own minds whether they would have children or not. Previously he had had the impression that they were acts of God. Indeed, it was from Mr. Casey that he had acquired the notion, on the arrival of the last baby, that the ways of Providence in this matter were inscrutable. "Bally 'ard luck", Pat had said that last baby was.

Bill Lea took the opportunity to have a dig at Pat's political opinions.

"I did hear," he said, "as the Labour Party was talking of making school compulsory up to fourteen".

"On'y quarrel I got with the Labour Party," assented Casey, "Edjercate, edjercate, edjercate, it's a blarsted song with 'em."

Lea and Trehennack, as men of substance, rather resented the intrusion of the little ganger into their conferences, but Pat was quite unaware that his presence and opinions could ever come amiss. His parentage was mixed Irish and Cornish, and his slogan was "All men are free and eq'al; democracy all the time."

It came to be generally understood that *George Tom* was to go to Adelaide when the colleges began their year in February. He was a good deal excited at the prospect, and naturally he and Ernst talked it over together. Martha was left in the cold, but when *George Tom* borrowed the Boys' Own Annual from Billy Lea, she read all

the stories. The sort of thing that happened to new boys horrified her, but Tom seemed to look forward to it. Tom must be very brave! She knew that, though. Hadn't she seen him hop up into the grocer's cart before Mickey Casey could get back with his empty basket, and drive off, standing well back, with his legs apart, jolting perilously, but deriding the panting Mickey?

If driving had been the only work of a baker's or a grocer's boy, Tom would probably have regretted not being inducted into the occupation, but old Tonkin always seemed to cut up pretty rough if he caught Mickey reading when he might have been cleaning windows or saw-dusting the floor or sprinkling the verandah...

The end of that year was spent at Melksham as usual, and Tom tried to show a manly indifference to the details of his school outfit. John's plan was for him to take the "Junior", and then decide what occupation he would like to take up. If he chose a profession, as the ambitious father hoped, with economy they could manage it, especially if a transfer could be got to a suburban station, so as to save the expense of lodgings. Hannah was not so sure of the wisdom of educating their son for a position above their own, but it was not likely that a child of theirs would be found to have the brains for a profession, and she supposed a year at boarding-school would do no harm. At home she had seen her yeoman cousins go to a Grammar School without much hurt coming of it. In her silent way she said nothing, but she somehow gathered that her father-in-law, with his peasant instincts, felt as she did whenever John talked of a profession. "Getting on", "making money", was one thing, doing it in unaccustomed, "gentry-folk" ways, was another. But Polly's demeanour, as she visited her friends (with Tom in tow) with the delightful object of casually announcing her grandson's imminent departure for college, was that of a woman who has not lived in vain. Tom drew away from Martha a little, spending more time on the jetty, and seeking the company of other boys, especially hanging shyly round such Corfuans as were spending the summer at Melksham.

Before Martha and her mother went back to Yandilla they had seen Tom in an Eton suit that delighted Polly and made the boy himself uneasy, and with a trunk of luxuriously and unnecessarily new underclothing, established at Corfu. And Martha had assisted at the purchase of a mortar-board. She thought it looked better on her than on Tom, but of course she would never have one. So far Tom had not been able to tell her why they were worn, though. Perhaps he would in time. "Just the custom" was all he knew so far.

He wrote every Sunday. The first letter said that school was fine, and anyway "in thirteen weeks I shall have been home two days." Martha was not to forget to see that the box with the

silkworm eggs in was all right. There was a book in the Corfu library that ~~made~~ told you how to make a canvas boat *and a bookshelf.*

Soon his letters were filled with cricket-scores and there was the usual plentiful lack of information about what foolish grown-ups are apt to think the most important thing about school-life, the lessons, ~~and the other boys.~~ He was going on with Euclid and Algebra and French, and was taking up Chemistry and Greek.

"Old Ernst is swotting like anything." With all those subjects in addition to ordinary ones, Martha thought ~~George~~ would need to "swot" too. *(reported*

time "I like Latin, all but the grammar", he ~~wrote~~ later. To ~~show~~ *show at this* Latin was all grammar, but no one at Yandilla suspected the ~~the~~ whimsy. him of concealing some boyish disappointment with a joke.

~~Martha missed her brother, and poured out her heart to him so far as a little girl can in letters; and George faithfully replied with the record of his cricket-scores or doings at football.~~ Once only he made reference to an address he ~~had~~ given to the school. # "I bet Martha doesn't know that the word Empire ee is in the Bible", he wrote. "See Esther 1.20."

During the first holidays, ~~George~~ and Ernst graciously taught Martha the scientific recording of runs, and allowed her to ~~ette~~ officiate in that important capacity *recorder* with anxious care, at the "England versus Australia" match they played. ~~George~~ was England (the whole Eleven) on the ground that Ernst could claim no share in that country. Now when twenty-two men have two innings each, and do their own fielding... Still, Martha was grateful to be allowed to take part, though anxiety to be accurate nearly outweighed pride.

~~George~~ was changed, she thought. He was noisier and ranged further afield, and he was horribly careless about spending money. He and Ernst had each had three hot pies at Riverton, and a cup of coffee. A shilling for a single meal! Ernst was German, of course, and Martha had heard Mrs. Neumann say, with her jolly smile, that "it takes a lot to feed a German." But *Low* ~~George~~ was English. Surely he need not be so extravagant?

And then he damaged things, and didn't seem to mind. Billy Lea rode in on his new bicycle, and though ~~George~~ had only been on once before, he mounted with the most reckless speed, and wobbled off singing "Onward we go, not knowing". And when he and the bicycle crashed over onto the road, he seemed to think more of his scratched hands and knees than he did of having battered Billy's machine.

The State School holidays did not come at the same time as the Corfu vacation, and Martha felt a little piqued because, on ~~one of the~~ Saturdays when she was free, ~~George~~ spent the whole morning riding round with Mickey *Casey*, and went out to Lea's farm for the afternoon.

When Martha asked about lessons, ~~George~~ *her brother* replied rather gloomily that she would see when the report came. That interesting document showed him to be about half way down the form in most sub-

jects, but pronounced him to be doing well at sport. John Sexton said that of course a Yandilla boy could not hope to compete with boys from all over the State. ~~Jim~~ George would do better when he got used to the school. But Martha found, with a pang of ~~je~~ jealousy, that Ernst, equally raw and unaccustomed, had done very well indeed. He was modest about it though, and seemed to admire ~~George~~ more than himself. Billy Lea, she was pleased to hear, was a good deal further down than ~~George~~, though he was two years older. She snatched at this comfort. But one does not like excuses to be necessary for one's hero.

CHAPTER 7.

Martha missed her brother, and wrote him laboured accounts of her daily doings in Yandilla. It was her way of pouring out her heart, and Tom, though impatiently aware that these things did not interest him as much as when he had lived there himself, faithfully replied with records of his cricket scores or feats at football. Martha had certainly no gift for the pen, but her letters were characteristic enough.

"Got up this morning at 5. Cleaned the silkworms, was sick."

"Today there was a rumpus at school. Miss Brown said she would not take the Lower Division any more. But I think it will soon blow over. I have been reading "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan", but it does not come up to my idea of a diary. There is too much writing in it to be natural for one night."

"Miss Nicholson was cross today. She has given me a new piece. It is called the "Blue Bells of Scotland". Saturday was the Show. There were a lot of people in for it. Katie Hayward got a prize for writing. The flowers were faded, but the paintings were nice. There was one picture of a lady who had false teeth." Friday was Band of Hope. Mr. Ted Branson sang one sensible and two silly songs. Mrs. Lea was surprised that a converted man should sing such songs."

Tom wouldn't have minded hearing those songs. They never had 'em comic when he was home.

With Tom away Martha was left a good deal to herself, as far as playmates went. Her mother told her to play with the other girls, but her habit of stage-managing was incurable. If Katie Hayward said "Good afternoon, Mrs. Jones, how are you?" Martha would promptly interpose "What you ought to say, Katie, is "Oh, Mrs. Jones, this is a pleasure. How d'ye do? And is this little Esmeralda?" You ought to put it on more." Katie and the others found this irritating.

So Martha fell back on books. She had expected that after Tom went to school the library subscription would lapse. One day at tea she remarked disconsolately that it ran out on Saturday. But John Sexton said playfully,

"Then we'll have to find you some more money, eh, Mother?" and Hannah did not dissent.

School homework, and housework, occupied more time than they had previously done, and with the smaller household Mrs. Sexton found herself talking more to her daughter. Even a reserved woman speaks sometimes, especially to such a quiet listen-

er as Martha. The child learned the reason for every-little economy, and learned to save in every way. She felt her heart stop when the new lamp-glass cracked or the cake got burnt. Worries bore heavily on her young shoulders, and she saw clearly that nothing more could be done at home for her education. It looked as though she would leave school at the end of the year, for Mr. Neumann said she did the work too easily to be for it to be worth while going through it again. Martha hung about the school building, and dusted its window sills and tidied its cupboards with far more affection than she performed these duties at home. This was beloved school, and she would not be here next year.

And then one day when she was dusting Miss Brown's desk she read in the "Education Gazette" that there were things called bursaries given to children who came highest in some examination which gave them free books and teaching, and some money for their board. She turned the matter over in her mind for days. She could not remember ever hearing of any Yandilla children going in for an exam. like that, but ~~John~~ and Ernst had taken the Primary last year, so why not the Bursary? But if she did go in, she would not get one. Of course not. Only she could not be sure of that unless she did try. Would her mother let her? Her father would. Father would like her to "get on"; and she would not be costing anything; of course she did not want any one to do for her what they were doing for ~~John~~. But she had never felt quite sure what her mother thought about ~~George Tom~~ going to College. She didn't mind the being careful, Martha knew that, but there was something... And that something might be more definite where it was a girl... And could she be spared? Martha was humble, but she did think they liked having her about, though of course she was not company like ~~George Tom~~.

And then on Sunday they sang

The common round, the daily task,
Should furnish all we ought to ask,

and Martha wondered whether that hymn had been selected by Providence for her guidance. She hoped not, because quite suddenly she knew that the common round of Yandilla would not furnish all she meant to ask. Of course she would find it quite easy to come back to after she had had three years education... Anyway, it could not hurt to go in for that Bursary, if Mr. Neumann would help her. Father and Mother need not be asked until just before the examination. She would not take the Primary; that would save about a pound.

Asking Mr. Neumann took a lot of courage, though Martha had an idea that he liked her.

"I never have sent any candidates up for the Bursary", he said. They don't often give them to children from liddle gountry schools. I did nod even make Ernst try."

"Nor ~~George~~," said Martha. "Of course I am not clever like them, Mr. Neumann, but I work very hard. Perhaps only very dull

children will go up for it, and then we would be sorry I had not tried."

Laughter shot into Mr. Neumann's blue eyes, but he pursed his lips and bristled his moustache doubtfully, and said that he would think about it, and if Martha did very well when the Inspector came...

Martha did not know how to keep her excitement and her hopes and fears to herself. Even ~~George~~ ^{Tom} must not know. ~~George~~ would think that Bursaries and college were not for girls. So she hugged her secret and told herself that she must not expect such good fortune to come her way really - but how thrilling that it might, just might! She lay awake at night, sometimes as long as half an hour, revolving her imaginations of examinations, school-life, holidays, with a ~~sim-gance-at~~ glint at the farther future... too soon to worry about that... three years off... and the Bursary still to gain... still to get permission to sit for it! The visit of the inspector was awaited as an event of delicious dread. She practised "sums" and revised history and geography with such fevered industry that her mother complained that she was getting to be a "real little worry about her lessons", and by the time the long-delayed inspection was made, she was hopelessly confused.

"I did want Mother there to comfort me during sums", she wrote to ~~George~~ ^{Tom}. "In history I wrote the siege of London ~~instead~~ ^{ry} instead of the Rebellion of the Fifteen." She looked so disconsolate that the Inspector inquired gruffly if she had got out of bed the wrong side? The coarseness of the Great Man shocked her as Mr. McTavish's had done long before. She pulled herself together and put her head in the air. Mr. Neumann, sorry for his lieberkind, explained shortly that she was one of his brightest girls. The praise was consoling, but Martha felt sure that no one would ever help her for the Bursary after this.

The Inspector was new to the district, and Hugo Neumann, already ruffled at the necessity for pleasing a mere fellow-man in order to keep his status in the Department, was aghast when he learned that a general knowledge test was projected. Yandilla children and general knowledge! At home the talk was of cows and crops, and what time was there in a school curriculum to talk to farmers' children of Shakespeare and the musical glasses? The first question demanded of the palpitating class was: What is the Fiscal Question? Blank dismay sat on the faces of teacher and children, but Martha had not been a silent assistant at the station conferences for nothing.

"The Fiscal Question", she stated, with a precision that was due to nervousness rather than to certainty, "has to do with taxation. It is Joseph Chamberlain's plan for keeping England and the Colonies friends."

"That girl," burst out the Inspector, "has more brains than all the rest of the school put together."

After that, no one was unequal to confessing to some knowledge

of the Crystal Palace, and Martha instructed the great man in the name of the Premier of South Australia, and of the author of "Ivanhoe." Yandilla school came off with flying colours in the matter of general knowledge, and Martha began to work with the Bursary in view.

John Sexton was pleased for his girl to have a chance for the education he could not afford her himself. Women seemed to him as intelligent as men, though convention usually gave boys the special advantages. He felt that his own mother, Polly Sexton, had more "go", (enterprise and vivacity were words not at home in his vocabulary) than most men, and in ~~these~~ ^{these} times might have achieved a career. It was true that so far Martha had little sprightliness of mind, but he held the firm belief that virtue in the form of hard work brought its own reward. ~~And so it does,~~ ^{And so it does,} for reasons unconnected with moral justice. Concentration and discipline may go further than natural cleverness, raising the very quality of the mind, or using it to the best advantage.

Hannah Sexton made no objection, for Martha had to be at school till the end of the year, and it made no difference ~~to her mother~~ whether she worked for anything definite or not. It never entered her mind that the child of ordinary parents like them could do anything ^{so} striking, ^{as winning a bursary secured to her,} and she hardly even thought of what would be involved if the unexpected should happen. Pat Casey, who of course had to know all about it, agreed with Hannah, or would have done, had she given him the chance. But she seldom spoke to him. Pat, with his eagerness for less work and more wages, and votes for this House and votes for that, seemed a mere wastrel to her, one with whom she had no patience. If he wanted more than he had, why didn't he get it by saving on beer, tobacco, or superfluous children? He did not seem to want the children- till they were thirteen or so. Had Hannah been an economist she would have expressed her ~~thought~~ thought that "Thirteen years is a long time to keep your capital locked up, and even then the interest is low." Hannah's instinct was all for making the best of what you had, limiting your desires accordingly. This would consolidate but not advance, your position. Pat was for advance by wholesale re-arrangement. There were grievances, and he preferred to concentrate on them. The Labour Party was in power, and should raise wages all round, support strikes, and vote as their constituencies told them; instead of that, he held that they "scabbed" on the workers now that they were in office, and practised graft nearly as much as the Liberals. These sentiments he expounded as exegesis on the text of Government Bursaries.

"Eres Yandilla sendin' up kids for a Government Sweep. But will it be your girl as gets one? No, nor yet it won't be mine." (This was undeniable, as the Casey children were never at school more than ~~5~~ ³ days a week.) "You'll find they'll all go to Lord Muck-a-Muck's kids; they'll scoop 'em up ~~free~~ ^{free} to a family. Much as the examiner's place is worth to give 'em to

the poor and deserving."

Yandilla candidates had to go down to the Burra for examination. The hot weather had already begun, and the bees were buzzing in the clear early air as Martha, with ~~hair~~ tight hair and shining black leather boots, walked over the red sand to the station, with all the soberness that the occasion demanded. Mr. Neumann came to see the kinder off, his broad face beaming kindly.

"How do you feel, Martha?"

"I feel", said Martha, "as if I hadn't had any breakfast." She really meant that the unchartered region below the waist, known to her comprehensively as "stomach", felt as though it had a churn in it.

The ~~seats~~ green leather seats of the carriage were ~~red~~ with gritty with the dust of a storm up the line, and Martha dusted a place with her handkerchief and sat precisely, her white cotton-gloved hands tensely interlocked. The other Yandilla candidates frisked in the carriage and regarded the occasion as an agreeable outing, but Martha had to pick the lock of opportunity. The Burra was to her a smell of coffee and pies, a rumbling ride in a dingy omnibus, a mill, the creek, and the big bare school. The hot north wind had come up, and spirals of ~~red~~ dust were whirling *deliriously*. Hats were hung on the pegs in rows with other hats, gloves pinned inside, and quaking children stumbled awkwardly down the slate corridor to the long familiar-unfamiliar room, ~~all~~ lined with desks with seats attached. Two candidates ~~were to~~ sat at each desk made for six, directions were read out by a lean sharp man, ("Glad we don't have him to teach us," ^{Yandilla} Martha was conscious of the churn for the last time, and bending her head, knew only figures, and calculations, and facts.

When the results came out, and it was found that Martha's name was on the list of winners, though last, great was the pride of John Sexton.

"I'll bet you," he said to his wife, "that Pat Casey will say he always knew that Martha would get the scholarship." But he was wrong.

"Clever girl, that Martha of yours", he observed approvingly. "Didn't think she had it in her." That was true. Pat thought he believed that all men were equal, but really he was quite certain that brains are a class (upper class) perquisite, and as such to be resented, and if possible, humbled.

Martha took the good news with an ecstasy soon chastened. What would happen when her mother realised that it meant three years away from home? As it fell out, ~~George~~ failed in the Junior, and John was so disappointed that Hannah would not combat his theories. John thought you could rise in the world, Hannah thought you could only get richer. If Martha "got education" she would be dissatisfied, would become "above her folk"; Martha would be unhappy as out of her position, and she and John would lose their daughter. All she said was

that she supposed Martha would want to be a teacher.

"No, I won't," said the child. "I couldn't bear teaching." Hannah feared she was being weak, but she could not thwart John and the child. Besides, losing Martha was such a pain to herself that it must be her duty to let her go.

Tom's failure a good deal damped Martha's pleasure. For one thing, she thought he would be mortified that she had caught up to him, and would again be doing the same work as he in the following year. He chose to discount this.

"But you are not up to me," he argued, "because I've done the work once already."

If the Junior took him two years, it would certainly take slow little Martha the same.

During his year at college, Martha had for the first time become critical of her twin; she doubted his application. And now, flushed with her own success, she feared he was not "taking advantage of his opportunities." Her own desire was so strongly to "get on," and her knowledge of what sending him to school meant to people in their position was so intimate, that she condemned him. He was clever, cleverer far than she, but he had not worked. Sympathy would have kept her quiet had not Tom chosen to accept failure with bravado.

"Oh, lots of fellows haven't got through", he said loftily; and he was too intensely hurt at himself, and at his father's disappointment, to listen to Martha's recital of what had been done to save money for him. Besides, privations retailed are not so impressive as privations endured.

"Pooh," said he, "all parents are like that."

"Mr. Casey isn't."

"Oh, Pat!"

John was far from wanting to harrow the boy with any realisation of the financial strain he caused, but he reminded him that during the coming year, when he must of course take the examination again, it would be necessary to decide upon a career. John had the simple faith that what you liked doing, that you would do best, so he told his son:

"Choose what you like, business or profession. If you want to be a doctor or a lawyer we can manage it with a little contriving. Gaining a scholarship would be no harm of course. If you prefer farming, we would send you to the Agricultural College, though we could not provide you with a farm."

Tom promised impatiently that before the end of the year he would decide upon something.

Hannah and the children went to Melksham for the rest of the holidays. Tom spent much of his time helping to blast the hewn ~~by~~ trees

trees, or learning to use the cross-cut saw. He was entirely happy, ~~and his mother reflected that he was not lazy, even if he was not studious.~~ All the time that they were not in the paddock with the woodcarting the children spent in the boat on the river. ~~George~~^{George} crayfished, and Martha crayfished and bailed. Mostly she bailed. Polly Sexton had promised the boy a gun for next Christmas if he passed the examination, and his talk was entirely of wood, boats, guns, and sport. Lying idly in the canoe under the shade of the bridge, watching the tar drip from the planks ~~into-the-water-an~~ and spread in iridescence in the water among the reeds, ~~George~~^{George} thought of the future. He supposed it was necessary to make a living, but why make an unnecessary amount of money? His father's hint that he could be what he liked rather pleased him; it opened the whole range of the world to his choice; but his thoughts refused to run along any definite lines. Any known occupation was dull, somehow. Getting your living was, he supposed. Perhaps, as Martha said of the classes at school, it was easier when you actually came to do it. Just at present he thought a missionary or a pirate....Of course there weren't pirates now. It was a pity....but a missionary seemed to live pretty much the same sort of life...

Martha troubled little about her own far future; Events would shape it; but she did worry about ~~George~~^{George}. Whatever he chose, he would always want to work harder at something else. He would never like making a living in ordinary ways. If only people in Australia ~~had~~^{needed} gamekeepers.....

Children Children

to Swift Farm

Box 2114
R.P.O.
Peach

YOUTH.

Colonialism is only provincialism very articulate...

Alice Meynell.

No man ever did brave work who held council with
his family.

Dr. Shrapnel, in Beauchamp's Career.

CHAPTER 1.

Corfu College, where Tom spent the end of his childhood and part of his youth, had been designed in the Gothic style by an ambitious architect. As often as Tom walked towards it over the broad playing-fields he examined it searchingly. The history books gave examples of different sorts of architecture, but no one talked about them to the boys. He had no guide but his own taste. He was never sure that it satisfied him. He liked the tower and the arches, but there was a thinness...and the stucco..the decoration was plastered on, it wasn't a part of the building. He liked it best when the Virginia Creeper thickened the pillars and blazed the stucco with a glory of colour... and always it had in his mind the warmth of a place beloved.

Corfu dated back from the affluent days when diggers from Bendigo and exporters to the gold-mines wanted somewhere to send their boys. Time, and rivalry with two other colleges (in a colony high schools become colleges as Misters become Esquires), had hammered out some sort of esprit de corps, and some of its scholars had made names for themselves in the Commonwealth. On the chapel walls were tablets in memory of several boys who had fallen in the Boer War. The intellectual atmosphere was thin, thinner than that of most Australian schools. Most of the boarders were from farms or stations or country towns. A few had parents of some cultivation, but these were outnumbered by callow youths from crude homes. They had not been used to an atmosphere of ideas at home, so they could neither find nor create such at Corfu. Most of them were fresh and wholesome and awkward when they came, and they were only a little staled and dappered when they left. Outside of school hours the many day-boys from the city had little influence on the boarders.

As a place to live in, Tom highly appreciated Corfu. He liked being with other boys, liked the laughter and the racket and the absence of petty consideration necessary in a small family circle. And he liked the games; at first for the animal joy of the rush and excitement, later for the skill. He liked learning to keep his head, to think aptly and quickly, to rise to an occasion. Cricket was his first but not his enduring love. Boxing and wrestling and foot-ball he liked best of all. In them he used his whole self, muscles and nerves and mind. In boxing you played your own game, with a quick instinct for your opponent; in football you played

for your side, and in both there was the exquisite joy of doing your best, on the instant, in a complication of circumstances. ~~George~~ never captained ~~=~~ Corfu team, but in his third and fourth years he played in the first football team, and always he was an enthusiastic spectator when Corfu met ~~its~~ either of its great rivals, Brough or Coorong. The matches were played on the Adelaide Oval, and thither poured streams of spectators from all the suburbs, wearing the Anchor, the Cross, or the Boomerang. The boys were early in their grandstand, watching them crowd over the bridge, or past the Cathedral ~~and~~ over the lawns, or trooping down the avenues of plane trees. Sometimes a scrimmage rose between the rivals even before the game ~~began~~ opened. Perhaps a Brough ~~ag~~ wag yelled to a Corfu player an offer of Wood's Great Peppermint Cure for "Corfs" and colds; then all the surrounding Corfuans leaped to avenge the insult. Brough had a distinct advantage in a name that did not lend itself to puns; on the other hand, Corfu could retaliate with rhyme

Brough, Brough, dirty stuff,
Blown away with a little puff;
Easy caught with any bluff;
Yah, yah, dirty stuff...

Anyone could extemporise like this, and small boys did. "Broughs, Broughs, awful muffs".... Even if it came to fisticuffs sympathising or diffident policeman interfered as little as possible, and received the maximum of harrying from the small fry. ~~George~~ always enjoyed "chi-acking the coppers" ~~and~~ once [chi-acking] he had got over Yandilla deference for authority.

"Hi, Falstaff!" he would yell, "bring your Number Twelves over this way. There's a better view."

"You'll get hurt one of these days, me lad," he would observe in mimicry to a mature specimen, or plead with a beardless zealot for order, while he himself dodged for shelter, "Now, Grandpa, don't get cross."

When the match was over, each team climbed into a charabanc for the short ride through the city to its own suburb, the winners yelling their school song in triumph, the losers upholding theirs in defiance and derision. Most of the boarders walked back, the losers trying not to look glum, and giving knots of taunting victors better "lip" than they got. Tea was a special feed that night, and the evening was spent in appropriate hilarity. They made toast and warmed pies and made toffy at the fires or over the gas-jets during the evening, and bellowed "Red-Wing" and "Coming Down from Bangor" and other sentimental and humorous ~~sense~~ ditties. "Lights out" by no means ended the orgy. A belated resident master probably found the ~~school~~ skeleton from the science room hanging in the hall, tipped with phosphorus, or got caught in a booby trap. He supported his dignity or the joke according to temperament, though supporting the joke did not necessarily mean letting off the jokers.

Saturdays and Sundays ~~George~~ liked best of all the week.

Lands!
 On Saturdays, unless he had "leave" for Melksham, there was gardening, which generally meant chivvying one another with spades and hoes and rakes for an hour or so, or some organised "Gymnasium". Sometimes a group would get "early leave" and walk into the city to "do the block". The way lead through the Parklands, and they sauntered and sang down the avenues of planetrees, with the sunlight flickering through the leaves and making patterns on the path. Past bright garden patches they went, the gay flowers unremarked but not unseen; and their clear voices chaffed, or discussed matters weighty in their young world, in the gentle morning air under the blue sky with its white fleeces. Sometimes they talked of girls, but not for long, although part of their object was to see them. When they got into Rundle St., they strolled and dodged along the footpath, crowded with Broughs and Boomerangs and flappers from the suburbs or the girls' schools, looking for girls they knew, or raising their hats to girls they ~~did not~~, didn't, or gathering into little knots of friends.

~~George~~ found girls and their ways interesting, though not absorbing. They giggled a good deal, and examined their shoes when you talked to them; but they were not hard to get to know. Far from it. A group of girls, espying linked boys, would stop on the corner to furl their umbrellas, and from the little short block would ensue conversation. ~~Jim~~ George had even known a girl to drop her parasol on the North Terrace, where there were never many people, and wait for him, a warehouse away, to retrieve it for her, on the casual plea that she was afraid of bad luck if she picked it up for herself. ~~George~~ had felt it necessary to walk on with her to be ready to avert evil should she drop it again. Oh, no, girls were not difficult, at least not the sort who paraded on Saturday mornings. And you could say what you liked to them; they did not seem to ~~a~~ mind; not even if you referred to their hair and eyes. Indeed, some of them seemed to prefer the fellows who were a little "fresh." Quite nice girls, too - well, jolly ones, anyway. After a few tentative experiments ~~George~~ fell back on camaraderie; being "cheeky" to a girl made him feel uncomfortable, whether she liked it or not. He found that he himself had a preference for rather shy ones, those who hung on the outskirts of the groups. They aroused his sympathy, and made him want to put them at ease. And when they did talk they smiled demurely; they did not giggle conspicuously and ogle you. It was about this time that ~~George~~ began to notice little beauties in girls. Some of them had ~~things that made you imagine what it would be like to stroke them,~~ *a lovely line from chin to throat,* and a profile that you watched, or a colour, or long lashes; things very silly to read about in a book, but very interesting in your own experience. He often thought about a certain little girl, not a flapper at all, whom he saw in the tramcar one day. Her face was oval; and though her hair was black she had blue eyes. Jim Sanders knew her, ~~but she looked shyly on the ground and only smiled~~
she was just as composed with them as if she were

chatting to girls *And*
 when ~~you~~ ^{they} talked. ~~But~~ she wore the Corfu colours.

On some of the Saturday parades in Rundle St. they paired off and took the girls to morning tea at Balfour's or Brinknell's, and chaffed an awkward lad across the tables, kindly pointing out mistakes in treating "bits of fluff", without much consideration for the girl concerned.

Saturday afternoons were generally devoted to sport, but if there was nothing "on" a group of friends would wander through the Museum and Art Gallery, or play leap-frog along the Torrens banks.

But Sunday was the best day. On Sunday there was comparative quiet. It was luxury to lie in bed a little longer, to dress leisurely, to sit at a table better set than usual, with a cloth spotless for this once only. ~~Jim~~ George was in the choir, and it is hard not to enjoy a service in which you take some part. The sermon was preached by "Joey". "Old Joey" was the headmaster, the Rev. James Bright. "J.B." suggested "Joey B." to some long-ago reader of Dickens, and Joey had stuck, as so very appropriate to one with a "beak" like a parrot's. Joey was not an enthralling preacher, but he never aroused derision, and on his last Sunday night as a boarder at Corfu, ~~George~~ had tears in his eyes at the thought that this was his last time of singing with the other hearty fellows, the last time of hearing Joey's simple creed, his last college "chapel".

Sunday afternoon, of course, was the best part of the day, when, after biting your pen and writing a few perfunctory lines home, you lounged in the classrooms at the inky desks, yarning and enjoying informal conduct in those ~~formal~~ abodes, or walked under the trees along the creek with a friend, or strolled into the library, the dear library. The room was the gift of the first generous "old scholar" who became rich. He had provided stained windows and low cushioned sills, heavy tables and solid carven chairs of a beauty that even the boys respected, on the whole. The shelves held authors classical, authors contemporary, and "writers for boys," and it was in this room that

~~Jim~~ George browsed at happy leisure. There were Dickens and Thackeray, Kipling, Pater, (beautiful but perplexing) ~~Marryat~~, Bal-lantyne, Mason, Baroness Orczy, Mark Twain, Jerome, W.W. Jacobs. Corfu boys were not, as a whole, readers. Few read, still fewer discussed, books; very few indeed, even of the older, thought of them as art. It was on one Sunday in his second year that

~~Jim~~ George's interest in the "how" as distinct from the "what" came to birth. One of his special pals, Jim Sanders, who never read at all, was glancing in bored gloom at the paper wrapper left on one of the new books, and the big print of the Press Opinions caught his eye.

"Hallo," he ~~said~~ idly, "It says here 'This is a thoroughly well-written book.'" "What's it mean by that?"

"Dunno," grunted George, "Grammatical, p'raps."

Ernst and he giggled when Jim accepted the answer; later they talked it over themselves. ~~Jim~~ George remembered that he had

He saw that Dickens was not the best
illustration of his meaning, workings, and

never been able to "continue" detective stories, because the incidents he invented had no bearing on the solution. And he had noticed that a last chapter often referred to many of the past incidents. Perhaps that was good writing, to make every incident have a bearing on every other. Ernst pointed out that not all books are detective stories, but ~~Some~~ urged (at first for the sake of argument) that every passage must have something to do, or it would not be there. Ernst said that Dickens and Thackeray just went on and on; if you left out the finding of the inscribed stone in "Pickwick Papers" the rest of the book would still hold together.

"It would not be so funny," retorted ~~Some~~. "And you could not leave out Mrs. Bardell fainting. And without Sam Weller you would not know so much about Mr. Pickwick, apart from the fun of Sam, and you'd lose his father, and the pretty housemaid, and the servants' supper at bath."

Ernst said that something else would have been there instead, and ~~Some~~ retorted hotly that nothing else would have been so good. ~~Then~~ ^{He} drew on Kipling and Stevenson for more cogent argument. ~~Then~~ they diverged to Scott and stories that told of the past and of the present. They had dropped onto a line of thought that they had enough knowledge to develop for themselves, and the subject was taken up again desultorily with most new authors they read, until romance and realism, and novels of plot and of character, became differentiated. ~~Then~~ ^{George} saw that there was more in the book than a type, though. He began to ask himself why this or that point was mentioned, and if he could think of no reason he began to say (with some pride in himself as a critical reader) "This is not a well-written book." Of course he was often wrong, and suspected as much, if he still found the book good. He had to give up damning, and content himself with appreciating. He saw that there was more in "good writing" than he could discover for himself. When they read a play of Shakespeare they heard about construction and plots and foils and contrast, but it was sometime before ~~George~~ ^{George} thought to transfer his scraps of dramatic learning to the prose sphere. When he did, a theory once evolved helped him to recognise the same quality elsewhere. This seemed so interesting that he wondered that they never had lessons about it. He tried to talk to Mr. Wilson about the way books were written, but Mr. Wilson, although he taught ~~five~~ ^{to five} literature, ~~did not~~ ^{to five} seemed not to know what he meant. It was odd that they got told about kinds of poetry, and rules of poetry, and decorations of poetry, and so very little about prose. They "did" Quentin Durward, because it was a prescribed book; but apart from reading it, they only learned the historical notes, and wrote a composition or two on the characters.

Yet there were evidently people who were interested in the way an author put his story together, people who would follow his planning as they read. He was pretty certain about this, because in a short story of Kipling's called Wireless the sleep-writing chemist wrote a few lines of poetry, then a prose account of what would come next, and then a few more lines.

""That's it," I murmured. "That's how its blocked out. Go on! Ink it in, man, ink it in!""

From various half-understood hints, too, it seemed as though there were guides and conditions for writing novels and essays, and not only for their structure, but even for the sentences, something like, only perhaps vaguer than, the prosody they learned for poetry. He could feel differences of quality, but found it hard to distinguish the reason explicitly. For the most part, of course, his experience was too vague for him even to ponder technique; when no one explains the significance of a glimmer, most people overlook it altogether, and the rest soon forget. So Tom spent most of his time enjoying, not formulating.

Kipling, off course, he fell upon at once. The adventure, the fun, the exaltation of Empire, were entirely after his own heart, and he thrilled to the lilt of the verse. For the first time since Clancy he learned some spontaneously - the Song of the Bandaleer, and the Recessional. The first appealed to the imp in him, the second to the poet. Dickens opened up an inexhaustible world of salty people, developed his palate for the romance of character as well as of adventure, with London as a happy hunting ground for food of both sorts, London, its streets, the alleys, the River..! And he got a wistful idea of the rich English Christmas that charmed his ingrained family sentiment. Unconsciously he was acquiring the love for a wandering life, with a leisurely, settled, intimate home always awaiting his return.

But sometimes Dickens rollicked in jollity too much for his mood, and while fully conscious of his real superiority, Jerome and Jacobs were great finds. Their fun was never unctuous, it was sheer farce, very often, and he laughed whatever his mood. It was Jerome and Jacobs who made him roll about with laughter until the other boys wanted to know the joke. He would read whole chapters, by request, to a fast-filling room of guffawing, yelping youngsters, while a relieved house-master thanked his stars they were doing nothing worse. These, and some extracts from Huck Finn, nearly made Jim Stanley and Billy Lea readers themselves. They all gave Three Men in a Boat and At Sunwich Port to such of their people as had birthdays before they forgot the titles, and felt jolly lucky to have something acceptable to give without doing any thinking to do at all!

It was the library, too, that gave Tom his first interest in stained glass. The windows were of local design and make; he knew nothing of their merits critically, but gazing up at

them while he murmured scraps of poetry, he noticed the shading and the toning and the jointing, and sometimes forgot the poetry in wondering how it was done and what the rules were.

Oh, that library! The scene of so much that was pleasantest at school! Its spaciousness and comfort and leisure! All comparative, of course, but Tom had no superlative standards. In the calm and remoteness of this room devoted to books and ease there was none of the shock in the return from the imagined world that accompanied an awakening to a Yandilla deal chair, and linoleum-lined wooden dining-room. Yes, as a place to live in Tom liked Corfu.

CHAPTER 2.

The only draw-back to Corfu, in ^{Tom}George's eyes, was the time spent in study. ~~McGeorge~~ like reading, but not learning. When he had brushed the bloom off a subject, had "got the hang of it", whether it was a proposition in Euclid, a chapter of physiography, or a play of Shakespeare's, he disliked, and failed to see any use in, "mugging it up." True, the play he could and did read a dozen times, but only the critical notes would he study. So much that the commentators, and apparently the examiners, ~~earred~~ enjoyed was far away from any point he cared for. Who wanted to know about gerunds, about variant readings, or detached scraps of the grammar of the sixteenth century? He hated "See Abbott, sec. 4."

And there was little at Corfu to encourage or enforce concentration and detail for their own sake. The masters, most of them, had grown up in homes not very different from those of their pupils. They had been "smart" boys, but not the smartest. They had a fair text-book knowledge of their subjects, knew its skeleton, but never thought of the fair form it supported. They were not men of wide culture or even interest, but they made up in degrees and low salaries what they lacked in personality. In later years ~~George~~ quoted of some of them Keats's "A. is weak soup, B. is dishwater, C. is spilt and ought to be wiped up." They were conscientious and not cruel, but boys need more positive and active and intimate qualities. Of ~~any~~ wireless messages sent out, many never reach an instrument at all, and Young Australia needs inundating with intellectual stimuli.

The master in charge of Five was middle-aged and, to boys, (and possibly to contemporaries), dull. He aroused no class spirit, and his notion of discipline was to be over-bearing. He mistook rudeness for firmness. Latin and Greek were his favourite subjects, and grammar his pet branch of them. He managed to conceal all the interest of the constructions upon which he dilated, ~~all~~ the relevance of Latin to the enjoyment of English, all the beauty of the text. ~~Tom George~~ was on the border of having some of his puzzles explained, and never knew it. As he went up the school, of course, some of the beaut^{ies} ~~ies~~ of the text made ^{himself} ~~itself~~ felt. In prep. he would dig out the meaning of some passage in the Aeneid, and catch some glimmer of its wonder.

Itur in antiquam siluam, stabula alta ferarum:
 Procumbunt piceae; sonat icta securibus ilex;
 Fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
 Scinditur; aduoluunt ingentes montibus ornos.
 Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
 Hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis
 Atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde uolutat,
 Aspectam siluam immensam...

Old Davis would turn it into a linguistic puzzle, a "blooming dried-up Botany specimen", as Tom growled when he was beginning to make phrases. It was through "old Davis" that he never came to see any significance in the Grammarian's Funeral. The man was a good grinder, a good crammer, but only the mechanical grafter, the mark-hunter, the boy with an ostrich-like appetite for any sort of mental food at all, got anything but mental gymnastics (if that) out of his teaching. He had little interest in boys, and less understanding of them. If they got on, they proved his efficiency as a teacher; if they did not, they were dolts. He made no attempt to spur the individual by personal interest, never thought about him at all after school hours. So far as he thought of Tom, he disliked him for seeming to despise him. Tom did despise him, and his scrawny neck and grey face and thin hair. Men cared for something besides conjugations and declensions. Old Davis couldn't even talk sport or politics with them before Assembly bell, as Jordan did with Four.

Jordan, the mathematics master, and lord of Four, was young and ambitious. He did care for mathematics, but not for teaching the early stages of it; that was only a financial means to an end. Moving among his Form in his youth and vigour with the indifference of a young god, he had stumbled into being a good and popular form-master, but it never occurred to him to try and invest his subject with the glamour of its possibilities.

French had its own halo. Anyone could see the use of taking trouble with verbs and idioms, for the sake of the books to read. French Tom learned despite old Mossy.

English Literature was taken by Joey himself, and in his old-fogey way he could talk of the classics prescribed so that his classes got real enjoyment. It was Joey on Wordsworth who first awakened Tom to clouds, and flowers, and rhythm in prose. Children are often little Peter Bells until someone says "Stop and look at that flower"; and presently it is seen to be more than a yellow primrose; it becomes an individual as a person, with a shape and a sheen that may move tears, in those who develop the extreme of sensibility. Oh, Joey could read Wordsworth! Wordsworth was his pet poet, and no one ever

went through Joey's hands without some sort of feeling for him, and much learned by heart. Tom learned Tintern Abbey and Lucy without being told.

When, in Seven, it came to reading Raleigh on Style, Joey floundered a good deal. He said the boys ought to be able to get up a book like that for themselves. Tom was one of the few who had had some of the previous experience necessary, but though he revelled, and found himself on the very brink of finding out about construction and cadence, on the very brink of that whole other world whose existence he had only suspected, much remained obscure to a boy unused to artistic and philosophic language. In Seven, too, Tom began to read Swinburne. Joey looked as if he had never heard of him, or at least as if he thought that Tom ought not to have done.

History was not taught at all in the higher forms at Corfu. All the facts were in the set books, and what more could you want? The boys could get it up in their spare time. Tom read the books, but the interest of novelty having worn off, disdained the memorising of facts and dates, with all of discipline and insight that that process brings to the intelligent, and of course no one put him on to memoirs and biography and collateral reading.

Tom, in short was rather an ordinary Australian boy. He had no tradition of scholarship to make it a priori interesting and valuable. He might have become a scholar (whether or not Australia is ready for scholars) or at least have been brought to value scholarship, but the instinct needed rousing and training. It was more than scholarship he missed, of course, it was a trained intelligence. Every master was able to diagnose him as having intelligence, and that only added to their exasperation at having to goad him into a minimum of work. In class he was bright of eye, eager, and the flattered exponent of a new stage in the work congratulated himself that Sexton at least had understood and enjoyed. And then when the weekly or terminal test came he had only a hazy memory of the whole thing! He listened in class, but that exhausted his interest, and he did nothing out of it. Naturally they said he was lazy- all but Joey; and Joey thought it, but then the lad wrote about the Tempest with such understanding!

During his second year at Corfu Tom thought a good deal, at odd intervals, of what career he should adopt. It seemed very puzzling. Ernst, a form ahead of him, had decided on commerce of some sort. Tom read Good Boy Seldom, and agreed with his friend that there were attractions. But it turned out that Ernst had no idea of emulating "Good Boy's" enterprising and exciting methods, even thought such romanticism would be a failure in matter-of-fact Adelaide. Well, but mere office life would not suit him, Tom was convinced.

"I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the houses tall, And the foetid air and gritty, of the dusty dirty city Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all.

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle Of the tramways and the buses making hurry down the street...

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid faces haunt me, As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste, With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy,

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy, Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go...

Pity he could not be a drover! There was a life, now; adventure, and change, and some time spent in cities at the end of the trip. But college boys did not go droving. Father would think it a waste of education; Grandma would be outraged. Grandpa might sympathise, but Martha would scold him for wasting his opportunities, for disappointing - oh, droving was out of the question. Farming was better, but he would have to take up a selection, and the boys who came from the West Coast somewhat disabused him of the romance of "clearing" your own land in the outback, and it was lonely grind of a sort that only lead up to monotony, and precluded books, and all the things that he was awakening to, but had not yet learned to call "Art." It was Polly, making skilful use of ^{his} George's occasional Saturdays at Melksham, who lead him to develop his tentative notion of the monotony of farm life, and underlined it, though with seeming detachment.

EM

"You might like it," she said, "Ploughin' the land in the dust and the 'eat, waitin' for rain that doesn't come, cleanin' out stables, losin' your best 'orses, and comin' over to Adelaide" - "to see your Grandmother", she meant - "only once in four or five years, with a Show ticket. It's hardly a life for a young gentleman."

gs

"Young gentleman be blowed," thought ^{Tom} George, with an affectionate ear, too, for the crisp, unslipshod dropping of the ~~catches~~, so that each "in" rang clear and sharp. But he was impressed by what his grandmother said. Sociable, townloving, ambitious Polly had always had to fight ^{Tom} Joe's hankering for a country life, and she was not going to have ^{Tom} George bury himself like that, not if "tac'" could do anything. She gently pushed the professions forward.

Teaching? Pah, who really respected teachers? Even the children were impudent to them, and in ways from which they could not protect themselves. And the pupils went up and on, but the teacher always stayed in the same place. There was the Church,...he often felt stirred with devotion in service, especially during hymns....but mininisters had to

talk about how they felt, had to dish up footling moral stories ...go to afternoon-tea parties and pasty suppers....Missions? Better, but have to talk there, just the same - no, worse; like teaching little kids.

There were law and medicine left. Polly, ~~had-a-preference~~ ~~for-these-as-the-best-accredited-for-~~ "gentleman" anxious to see her grandson fix his mind on some undeniably ambitious career, had a preference for these as the best accredited for "gentleman." Any doubts ~~George~~ expressed as to his ability to pass the necessary examinations the stout old lady derided. Of course he could. Wasn't he clever? Hadn't the minister said when he was only five...? When the boy protested moodily that he did not think he would like so many years' grind, Polly assured him energetically that he would, when he got into it. And

"And think how proud your old grandmother will be! You will be able to take me out in your carriage...If you are a doctor, what a relief it will be to me to 'ave some one as I can trust!"

~~George~~ thought over medicine for a week or two. The idea of whizzing about in a motor-car, and bustling importantly ~~z~~ into all sorts of houses, was not without charm. But one Saturday afternoon he announced to his grandmother:

"I can't be a doctor, and have deaths on my conscience."

It was true that his sensitive mind had glanced at the possibility of some awful mistake, or culpable ignorance, (he was too young to suspect inevitable ignorance that would yet bring remorse) but the real reason for his decision was the horror of trying to kill a fowl that morning.....

By the process of exhaustion, then, law was proclaimed to be the boy's future. He did not feel enthusiastic about it, but the blanks in his ideas of the pursuit left scope for fascinating possibilities. He had to be something, and he was tired of thinking, and although he ~~was~~ often visited by premonitions that he had alighted upon the least congenial life of all, it was a relief to be definite. And his grandmother crooned her satisfaction, and made another round of visits, expressly to talk about her wonderful boy.

John Sexton, in his stilted official style, "acknowledged his letter of the 12th., and expressed satisfaction at the decision announced in the same." His father's clerkly letters, ~~George~~ found to his shame, were a source of unfilial amusement. Unconsciously to him, too, they blotted out from his mind much of the individuality of his father's presence, so that John was in danger of becoming one whom his son knew he ought to love and respect, but for whom the old childish spontaneity of those sentiments was lost.

Joe Sexton had his doubts about the choice, but it was as much against his character to interfere with other people as it was to pass judgments upon them; and Hannah had the

same instinct as her father-in-law. It was ^{her} the ingrained conviction of the English peasant that each has his "proper station", and that ^{the peasant may} ~~the peasant~~ not aspire to a profession. Hannah loved her children, but she had none of the suburban mother's exaggerated opinion of their ability. They were ordinary children, she supposed, and she loved them because they were hers. But her husband's belief that their intelligence was equal to any position to which they might choose to aspire and for which he could afford to equip them, was so thoroughly Australian, and had become so familiar to her ^{and} since her marriage, that she never seriously attempted to express her feeling. Besides, it would hurt John. And in any case, she was a silent woman, not used to formulating an opinion, with the reasons for it. They were part of her, inbred, taken for granted. A challenge left her groping. A national school education had taken from Hannah the dialect of the ^{Surreys} ~~peasant~~, but it had not altered the characteristics. ^{of the peasant} ~~of the peasant~~ Australia does not leave the English peasant's ^{child as an} ~~child as an~~ English peasant, but it does not make him an English gentleman. It makes him an Australian, and in Australia the distinction between one rank and another is ~~far more a matter~~ largely a matter of money and ability. The wide horizon that this opens before the youth expands his ideas and stimulates his ambition, but his choice of work is often ill-guided. ^{George's} ~~George's~~ dislike of routine, and love of adventure might have been turned to account had there been anyone to explain the claims of engineering or surveying, but such occupations were not within the ken of those who looked eagerly and lovingly at his future, and at Corfu no competent master gave any thought to the idle and high-spirited and apparently self-reliant boy, who shied away from Authority ^{when it was pompous or incompetent or absurd, more cordially} ~~when it was pompous or incompetent or absurd, more cordially~~ ^{inertly.}

Law having been fixed upon, ^{George} ~~George~~ turned the future out of his mind and plunged into the reading and the sports he loved.

CHAPTER 3 .

Meanwhile Martha was at Hilton, a widely-advertised mushroom growth controlled by a committee and anxious for results. Much capital had been sunk in its building and equipment by business men who foresaw that the thriving country people would, with a little stimulation, be willing to give their daughters the traditional advantages of boarding-school. Those previously sufficient for the needs of those girls sent to board were small and exclusive, or small and feeble inefficient. Advertising had the expected result, and foresight was rewarded. Reminded of the subject, many parents thought of as much of their boys as of their girls, and already there were at Hilton nearly as many day and quaterly pupils as at Corfu. ~~Mr~~ Martha found herself a shy and awkward country girl among forty other boarders who rushed about and unpacked and eyed one another and sorted themselves out into "sets" as the term wore on, without much regard for who was "old" and who "knew." Tradition and etiquette had not evolved.

* The boarding-house was never allowed to become dull, for the head-mistress held that girls are like donkeys, and go better if there is a carrot ahead. Carrots, in the shape of Sports Days, picnics, concerts, and parties, were always kept in sight. Martha soon became more of a child than she had been in the small household at Yandilla, planning for her own education. Life with grown-up people, and reading, had given her an adult vocabulary that she soon exchanged.

"You must not mind," she wrote home with precise apology, "if I say "awfully" and "~~awfully~~." They all talk slang."

As a conscientious "stew-pot" she at first regarded unfavourably the diversions planned; they interfered with the revision she had laid down for herself. But the life soon claimed her. It was impossible not to enjoy romping and ~~devising fancy-dress~~, impossible not to like playing at Sairey Gamp or Ned Kelly or Alice. She was too robust for Alice, though, though, and had to give up the part to Connie Lea. She had animal spirits rather than dramatic instinct.

* NOTE TO P RINTER -
Please insert first paragraph on next page (64.)

hockey

jolly!

Except that there was to be no talking after lights the rules were such as a little country girl did not want to break, and Martha liked boarding-school from the beginning. Meals were plentiful and varied, and there was the dignity of being waited on by maids in caps.

Unlike Tom, Martha was free from the subtleties of the artistic spirit. Moods or strange rooms had little to do with her work in an examination, and she spent no time whatever in thinking about the architecture of the school! While Tom pondered form in books and pictures and buildings she lost herself in sheer learning, so that there is little to record of her life at school. But she was easily impressed by what people said, and quick to develop such hints as came her way. The mistresses at Hilton were more painstaking with individual children that were the men at Corfu, and one or two under whose influence Martha came were of personal charm and some academic distinction. When she walked near them in the crocodile, or sat by them at table, she noticed that they talked about interesting things, or at least about ordinary things in an interesting way. It was from their remarks that she learned to pay attention to clouds and light and shade, though she never got further than pointing to them, herself. Somehow comment from her would have seemed affected. New topics were swimming into her ken, but they were not in the Yandilla firmament, not even, apparently, visible to most of the girls at Hilton. Better to be silent about such phenomena.

Miss Brown was especially entertaining. She could tell of little things that happened on a walk or in a tram-car, little things that had seemed quite ordinary to Martha when they had happened, and everyone would laugh. Martha began to see that you could view things dull or polished, plain or coloured, flat or in perspective, but she knew that she would never be able to talk of what she saw in that diverting way. It involved a little exaggeration, too, she thought. Once or twice she happened to know that that the story got its whole point from the addition or omission of a sentence of the original reported, so that, according to all the premises known to her, Miss Brown was - well, not truthful. But it was so clever of her to know just what bit added or left out made the story funny..and of course it did not make any difference to any one...It reminded her of her mother's objection to novels because they were not true. Even if the story was possible no author, however clever, could possibly remember every word of the conversations he reported. Besides, real talk was not nearly so interesting, as Tom pointed out, and what you liked about a novel was the fact that in it you enjoyed what you could not in real life.

"I could never murder a man," said Tom, "but I do like it when Hop-a-long Cassidy whips out his revolver, and when the O-bar-O goes gunning and wipes out the next ranch."

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paragraph.

try

Martha, of course, was so frightfully literal! She knew he thought this, and was almost afraid to mention the puzzle. But after one of those sober looks that he turned on her when he was thinking "Prig!" he grew interested in elucidating.

"But can't you feel the difference between a story and a lie?"

"Yes, but I can't say it."

"It is narrow-minded to be so particular."

"You always say that when you want to do something that is forbidden."

"A good many 'don'ts' are narrow," said Tom sapiently. "They're a habit, or a misunderstanding, or something. But improving anecdotes isn't lying, any more than inventing a picture... That's it! They are Art, and it doesn't matter whether ~~whether~~ they are true or not. All you've got to do is to enjoy them." But if your Miss Brown improved a story to make herself out better than she was, that would be lying."

Aided by Tom Martha decided that neither Miss Brown nor novels corrupted her mind in the way Oliver Wendell Holmes meant when he warned them about the cube of Truth getting rounded.

No one asked Martha what sort of life she expected to lead, or made any effort to adjust her subjects to her probable needs or capacity. This did not matter very much, because she wanted to learn everything there was, and was capable of assimilating it, but the haphazard system was disastrous for her principal friend in the house. Connie was the daughter of Bill Lea the farmer. She had more vivacity than intelligence, and found herself several forms below Martha, being introduced to French, Latin, Algebra, and Geometry, in company with a heavy brigade of other girls, few of whom expected to be at school more than a year, and who would go back to the country under the belief that "English Literature" was passing and analysis, and unable to read a line of the Latin and French they had (perhaps!) wept over, or to say what mathematics were driving at. Connie worked with less and less attempt to understand, and increasingly threw her energies into mischief. Martha admired her vivacity very much, but she was too sensitive and law-abiding to break rules or deride punishment herself, and too ambitious to waste time. She did not learn quickly, and her memory was not retentive, but to understand what she read was an absolute necessity to her, and patience made the chain of reasoning recoverable. Every subject absorbed her, and soon diligence seemed to develop in her mind the ability which it had lacked.

"She isn't clever", the girls said, "but she stews."

And Martha sadly agreed. "No, I'm not clever."

Early difficulties in following a lesson given to a large class, and in competing with bright girls with the alert intelligence of the city-bred, gave her a sympathy for Tom which she lost when her efforts pulled her up in the list,

while he, whom she knew to be cleverer ~~than she~~, was still half way down. She knew that whenever they talked on any subject Tom always saw it in an illuminated way; and that for him lessons were not kept in a water-tight apartment away from the rest of life. His ordinary talk was decorated, nay, was interwoven, with allusions and references. Tom made Martha feel very dull, yet her results in marks were always better than his. She became impatient and admonitory. Tom "took his opportunities" (one of her priggish expressions, he thought,) too much as a matter of course.

The public examination at the end of the year placed Martha in the general honour list, while Tom barely scraped through. Martha hated going home; she looked as hang-dog as if she had failed, for she felt that her success shamed her brother. She was mistaken, or so he hinted. The genial youth put not his faith in examinations, and he had scored sixty-three in an intercollegiate cricket match. He went home like a conqueror. All the same, it really seemed to him bad judgment that rated Martha's mark-grubbing above his superior cleverness.

CHAPTER 4.

It was during Tom's third year at Corfu that John Sexton came down to Bowden to be assistant station-master. Bowden is the first station out of the city on the line connecting Adelaide with its port. Martha was dismayed.

"Bowden!" But that is where the pug-holes are! Everyone laughs at Bowden!"

"Yes, it's a standing joke," Tom agreed, "but that won't hurt us. Policemen and stationmasters" (he coupled them cleverly, chuckling to think of the upright Martha as a snob) policemen and stationmasters must go where they are sent."

Martha hoped they would not be judged by their address, but Tom did not care if they were.

"It's about our standard", said he.

"Our standard is what we make it", retorted Martha.

"It won't get far from what we were born," pronounced Tom. He had imbibed from books the social ideas of the old world, and it was only by the exercise of resolution that he did not regret not being better born. Youth takes reluctantly to the knowledge that it is not by nature the equal of the best anywhere. Having seen the unromantic truth the romantic youth, as ready as any to be "gilded", took refuge in plain facts, and not in any democratic jargon of "equality." It did seem to Tom that there was much in having the tradition of a great family, in belonging to gentlefolk, and ~~the~~ pride (as reported by the novelists) of a Douglas or a Warwick or a Leigh, perfectly intelligible. Consequently he resolutely belonged to the unpedigreed, and was resolved that Martha should get no silly notions into her girl's head. He had no illusions about what was possible in the way of becoming like gentlefolk, though some delusions about the kind and quality of the difference. From books and from intimate association with Joe, who retained a dignified fidelity to the peasant type, Tom often had his mind in the England of 1850, while his body was in unsettled Australia, a land too young for unquestioned precedents. He was a natural and joyous cynic, and would have derided Mr. Wells' conclusion that in these days of cheap books of etiquette and universal reading it is impossible to tell the "born" from the "unborn,"- and that in a country where none are "born" at all! His nice eye for manner was

quite able to appreciate the Vicomtesse de Beauséant, who detected the bourgeois origin of Madame de Nucingen from the very way in which she handled her opera glasses.

Martha, to whom he formulated none of this, thought her brother a hero to be indifferent to the (Corfu) world's opinion of a mean address. It was one of many influences that were drawing her back to the interrupted admiration for her twin.

But though he would not confess it to a youthful public with whom it was a point of honour to think school "beastly", Tom was sorry when the time came to be a day-scholar, and this without prejudice to a naturally strong affection for home. He humorously announced that he was "about to join the great majority" (for at least two-thirds of Corfuans were day-boys), but for him the charm of school had lain in the rough-and-tumble of animal spirits, the repartée at table, the calm of the library, the dim religious light of chapel, the services of old Joey. There would be a loss in dignity and in atmosphere, as well as in riotousness, in going back to cottage life. It is not only the gently-nurtured who have a natural instinct for space and leisure. For Tom this was the close of a period in his life, a period to which he would always look back as full of glow and colour. Common life was claiming him again, common life and dull routine and a daily parental control vaguely resented, after the independence, within the rules, of a great school.

On the Saturday when Hannah Sexton was to arrive Tom and Martha went early to Bowden. The squalor of the small backyards and gaping out-houses affected them with a personal dislike. The smoke and dust and varied smells of a place where gas and soap and bricks and leather are made afflicted their academic noses, used to the clear sweet air of the residential suburbs. The house stood, smokey and grimey, in a dingy garden between a little shop and a pug-hole. It was a few minutes walk from the station, and they picked a way along the narrow footpath, the only play-ground of staring grubby urchins, and looked with depression at the chalk-scribbled houses built right out to the narrow streets, at the dirty gutters, the dust and paper skittering about in the wind. Tom had a sudden realisation of how it would feel to his fresh-faced mother, straight from the wholesome plains. She could not arrive for an hour yet, so he left Martha wandering through the rooms and sniffing disgustedly at the bath, and ran back

to the Port Road to give vent to his feelings by buying something for her. The shops were low and small and uninviting, but in a greengrocer's window was a display of lady-finger grapes, pressing their large sides against the glass in round oozes of damp. He took home enough grapes and watermelon to feed a family of twelve, and then he and Martha ~~arranged~~ ^{carried in} the ~~chairs~~ in the sitting-room, washed some ivy leaves from the garden, found ~~some~~ plates and knives and set them out on the table. ~~Then~~ ^{Tom} rushed off again to bring his mother from the station, announcing that they had got the house straight ~~ready~~ already. Her son's ~~clumsy~~ attentions were very comforting to Hannah. He clawed the lids off all the boxes, and unpacked things better left packed; he scrubbed and hammered and tacked in a frenzy of enthusiasm, while Martha soberly washed windows and polished brass. Martha was useful but not heartening. Here she was, doing again the things girls were meant to do, and which she liked doing less than ever.

At the ~~end~~ ^{beginning} of the ~~term~~ the children came home to live. When Martha heard that Mrs. Neumann had persuaded her mother to take Ernst as a boarder she guessed that the consent was as much for financial reasons as for Ernst's sake. It would mean more work, but ~~she must remember that~~ it would be worse for her mother than for her, and that her mother might reasonably have expected to have had her help all day instead of just mornings and evenings. She was growing selfish, she scolded herself. At Ernst's first meal with them ^{Tom} publicly begged him to mind his manners and not to eat too much. stew

"Martha's awfully keen on manners," said he, "and she thinks boys are greedy." Mrs. Sexton was scandalised, and an exasperated Martha tried to improve matters. She assured Ernst that she hoped he would eat heartily. She had always, she added, understood that it took a lot to feed a German. ^{Tom} choked, but Ernst was a kindly youth, and said he was used to ^{Tom's} rotting.

The arrangement of the house did not give a great deal of scope for privacy. There were six rooms, if you counted an enclosed verandah which was a kitchen at one end and a bathroom at the other. The front door opened into a narrow passage whose striped wall-paper made it seem ^{even} a tighter fit for the incomer ~~even~~ than it was. The sitting-room paper gave no hint of its original shade; it was now a dingy brown, with the vertical section of a large scraggly flower showing darker upon it. The floor was covered with a new linoleum of geometrical pattern in which magenta squares jostled yellow diamonds. Cheap white lace curtains hung at the windows. (After a brief experience of local smut they were, alas, dyed ~~ecru~~.) Surrounding

the cracked grate was the wooden mantelpiece, tastefully painted to imitate black marble with a green vein; above this hung the scroll-shaped wooden-over-mantle, divided into three portions, the middle one a mirror, the others containing a drinking stag, and a flamingo standing on one leg, printed in pale brown and elegantly set off by a curly gilt mount. This had been a family Christmas present from John's mother. On the wall hung enlarged photographs. John's parents had the places of honour on either side of the fireplace, and, ranged symmetrically below them, but still high enough to crick the neck of the beholder, were Tom and Martha, Tom alert and vivacious, with his chubby boyish cheeks and fuzzy girlish hair that stood straight up and made you want to prickle your hand against it, Martha uncommonly like a sheep. Straight round the walls were a sofa and chairs with plush-edged upholstery. These were the cheap things that had perfunctorily replaced better furniture destroyed when their wooden home at Copper Mine took fire, furniture bought in early married life, before a family brought stringency, furniture that had individuality because each thing had been separately chosen and saved for. In the middle of the room of course there was a table (its legs made of cottor reals threaded on wire) which gave precarious support to a large Family Bible. Cupboards on either side of the fireplace bore photographs and knick-knacks, and the observant might have ^{traced} stages in taste, and the increase of pocket-money, in these gifts of the twins. There was a period when a china shoe, or a pink pig feeding from a green trough (sixpence, including about two chocolates), had been the best reconciliation of taste and financial resources; then had come white crock vases, and later still, copper photo. frames.

The passage gave into the dining-room, and as that in turn opened into bedrooms on each side, and into a verandah at the back, it was a darkish room. By dint of much wear and polishing the floor-cover had become a nearly uniform brown. A big table occupied most of the space, and over it hung a gas-bracket with a pink shade. In one corner stood Hannah's treadle-machine, and in another was the set of book-shelves made by Tom from the directions in the B.O.P. The books, though mostly ^{open} prizes and texts, warmed the room. On the cupboards flanking the fireplace shone the glass-ware in daily use. Over the chimney-piece hung some illumined lines beginning "Christ is the Head of this household... the Silent Listener to every conversation.." Tom, who sat opposite at table, often looked at it with quizzical eyes while the talk ran, as usual, on the stupidity of passengers and the iniquity of porters, or canvassed the shortcomings (and short weight) of the butcher. He wondered if the Silent Listener was as bored as he was.

All three students worked at the dining-room table, unless Hannah wanted it for "cutting-out", or John for "doing his books." When that happened they went into the kitchen. They could have used the sitting-

room, but ~~George~~ ^{Tom} always avoided that apartment when he could; it "made his fur bristle", he explained to Martha, and gave the excellent excuse that there was no proper table, and that writing on the floor "on your tummy" was full of discomfort.

It took all the chilliness possible to Ernst and Martha to prevent ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} from talking cheerfully (and not to the point so far as marks were concerned) over such homework as interested him, with voluminous digressions as soon as he got onto a theme that gave him scope. Sometimes he was so provocative that even Martha would give way, and the heavily studious Ernst throw prudence to the winds. It was in the corrugated-iron kitchen, warmed by the stove and lighted by kerosene, that most of the talking took place. In the dining room Hannah's personality, though silent, was pervasive, and a check on free discussion. And then, too, she thought "talking over your lessons" a waste of time.

"Work, don't talk," she would say. Sometimes, under the partial cover of the rattling machine, ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} would start a subject, particularly as he had the misfortune to be disturbed by noise. Indeed, he made little use of these long evening hours, for his was a mind that must work in entire solitude, or retain its grip through speech. Practical Hannah, with the expense of extra warmth and light to consider, held the need for solitude "all nonsense." If Martha and Ernst could work well in the dining-room, why not ~~George~~ ^{Tom}? And indeed, left to himself ~~George~~ would very likely have spent the time with dreams and novels.

But in the kitchen, tilting his painted wooden chair, and ^{with his heels} on the stove, while Ernst and Martha sat over the table with their feet twisted round the chair legs, ~~George~~ ^{Tom} would talk, not profoundly or wisely or penetratingly, but satisfying a youthful desire for expression, for playing with ideas. He often relied upon Hannah's books for getting up his own work, and if she were using her "As You Like It," that was a good excuse to bring out the family "Works of Shakespeare" and read the other plays. "Antony and Cleopatra" gave him great satisfaction. It was never wise to let the ~~let the~~ conscientious Martha, who took her sisterly obligations seriously, know that he was not reading the prescribed play, but sometimes he could not keep a beauty to himself.

"..... 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
and leave his navy razing," he burst out one evening, to the
astonishment of the others.

"Well, what about it?"

"It's a picture, you know; shows you the whole thing. ← Cleopatra's barge, all purple and gold and flaunting, with Antony full tilt after her, and the ships stopping the fight to stare."
"I thought you were writing a character-sketch of Rosalind."
"Rosalind be blowed", growled ~~George~~ ^{Tom}, dashed in his ecstasy.
"I like Cleopatra better than Rosalind, I like her better than

Juliet. Juliet is a bread-and-butter miss. Now Cleopatra..."

"I think Juliet's lovely," protested the beguiled Martha, who had skipped through both plays after a previous conversation on the subject. "Cleopatra was a minx and a baggage."

Ernst felt that this was a very proper view for Martha to take, though he quite saw what *Tom* meant.

"She is," agreed *Tom*, "but she's a lover and a queen and a woman as well."

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety."

"Cleopatra ran away in the battle."

"Yes, she wasn't strong-minded, thank the Lord."

"Juliet was only fourteen when she died," murmured Martha, and added sentimentally, "Whom the gods love, die young."

"Wise old birds, the gods; they don't wait to be disappointed. By the time Juliet was twenty she would have been a shrew, at thirty a virago..."

"At forty a British female," out in Ernst,

"And at fifty a great-grandmother," supplemented the practical Martha. Ernst felt that this was hardly proper, and his blush and *Tom*'s laughter closed the conversation. Martha pushed her "As You Like It" over to *Tom* in entire unconsciousness of anything funny in this view of Juliet.

Ernst, fair, fat, and Teuton, liked living with the Sexton's. The intimacy and cosiness of family life satisfied his domesticity so much better than the monastic Corfu. He revered Mrs. Sexton as a mother, and took up many little duties that *George Tom* had not resumed from Yandilia days. *George* would do anything to oblige when a want became obvious, and would bustle with wood and water as soon as he saw his mother go for it. Ernst, on the other hand, liked to forestall needs. He was a boarder, but he liked to do the things that made him feel at home.

Without having much in common with Ernst, *Tom* liked his company. He was not such a man of straw as Martha when it came to an argument, and he was flattered by the esteem of this ferocious worker, a form ahead of him at school, for his own mental agility. *Tom* was not especially vain, but he expanded before admiration as much as anyone. They had a common interest in Corfu sport, and at seventeen they were beginning to talk what they called politics, ~~an interest still out of Martha's ken.~~ Their way home from school lay by North Terrace past the Public Reading Room, and they got into the way of dropping in to look over those daylies which John Sexton did not take, and at the Bulletin and London Punch. They were much attracted by the Bulletin, and Martha heard some of their discussions with horror. *Tom* seemed to be leaving the patriotism of his childhood; a remark made when King Edward died was very shocking to his orthodox sister.

"It won't make any difference to us," he said in a lordly way, "one king is much the same as another. Kings are out of

date." The remark and Martha's expression gave him all the enjoyment that youth feels when it first advances beyond its inherited notions and ~~feels itself~~ ^{adventures} ~~adventuring~~ in oceans new to it. Martha he called a flag-wagger because of her enthusiasm for the National Anthem and the Union Jack. He assured her that it was due to manners rather than to conviction, and certainly patriotic addresses had made all the impression on her that the most optimistic trainer of youth could hope. They were sitting dangling their legs from the wall that separated their garden from the pughole, and ~~George~~ ^{Tom} was watching the melancholy rounds of a blind-folded horse near the kiln at the bottom. Ernst came to the support of Martha, and said that Flag and Country were sentiments that argument made no difference to.

"That's a German all over," scoffed ~~George~~ ^{Tom}, "and anyway Martha believes anything that is shrieked loud enough."

The slightly offended Ernst punctured his scorn. "I seem to have seen a phrase like that in the Bully," said he.

~~Tom~~ ^{George} was admiring the colours, the shining woolpacks emphasising the deep blue of the after-rain sky, the brown sides of the pughole softened by the grey hanging weed, the gleaming ruts of water. His mind was only half on the argument.

"Anyway, what's the difference between one country and another? We all think our own is best. It all depends on which we know most about. I bet your father likes Germany better than England."

"Nonsense, ~~Tom~~ ^{George}. He wouldn't have come out here if he didn't prefer Australia." Martha considered ~~George's~~ ^{the} remarks an insult to Ernst. To remind anyone that he was German, or indeed anything but British, was so rude! ~~George~~ ^{Tom} had no such delicacy.

"Supposing England and Germany went to war," he pursued, which would you fight for?"

"It would depend", fenced Ernst cautiously, "on which I thought was right."

"Rats!" bellowed ~~George~~ ^{Tom}, removing his gaze from the horse, "You'd fight for Germany. Of course you would. Doesn't your father talk about Germany? Arn't your grandparents there? Germany is home to you."

"No," said Ernst, "Australia is my home. But England is home to you," he added shrewdly. "If you made a fortune you'd go and live there. Now I mean to make a living in Australia, and a jolly good one, and stay here."

"In any case," interposed Martha amicably, "England and Germany won't go to war, so what's the good of arguing? I daresay there won't be any more wars at all." Tact saved her from pointing out that the boys had changed sides during the discussion.

Ernst brooded for a few moments on the cheek of some people, who teased him about his name and his appetite, and his hair,

because they were "German". As if German things weren't as good as English! The teasing roused him to a German defensive, lightly as the teasers meant it, and he was nettled at the arrogance that pitied him for not being British. He had even heard his favourite Martha say once: "What would it be like to wake up and find you did not belong to the Empire? Wouldn't you feel different? As if you had been dissolved?"

Martha, with her habit of taking everything to heart, was genuinely disturbed at ~~George's~~ cynical remarks, but the stage only lasted long enough to give him a permanent dislike for jingoism. The natural pride of youth feeling its intellectual feet made him emphasize his heresy from current ~~opinion,~~ modes of expression, and take a pleasure in shocking the simplicity of his sister, ~~and his patriotism would never be of the parrot order,~~ but in the serious depths of him flags and kings and empires stood for something solid, something too sacred to be chattered about, though their symbols might be hit off with a joke. Luckily it is not very easy to detach oneself from one of the great anchors of happiness, solidarity with our generation and our race.

Children
Children
R. Smith
Base C114
S. P. O
Perth

CHAPTER 5.

The change to Bowden partly caused and partly emphasised a tension in the relations between John and his son. For several reasons life in the cottage in town seemed more cramped, or at least concentrated, than life in a similar house in the country. For one thing the teeming population decreased their own relative social significance. At Yandilla every person of any force of character at all got drawn into the affairs of the district; all helped with working bees to drain the school playground, to work up a bazaar to clear off the Institute debt, in meetings to hear the new member for the district, or in arrangements for the chapel picnic. At Bowden municipal and political life was active, but the newcomers had voluntarily to approach if they wished to be connected with it. There was no intimacy and pressure of public opinion; people living in the same street might hardly know one another's names; "calling" (except on the part of the collectors of gas and water rates) was unknown. At Yandilla it was hard not to be someone. At Bowden there was every inducement to be no one; and unfortunately John Sexton availed himself of it.

John ~~se~~ came to the new life with the eagerness of a man who has subordinated every other interest to his children. It was to be the beginning of the fulfilment of his dreams. And in the next few years there was ~~to be~~ in his soul the tragedy of zealous sacrifice foredoomed to failure because it is mistaken. But then, to those who really live life never ceases to be a drama of which they are protagonists, and the very poignance of the action develops the man. "Loving" (of children as well as of Blumine) "is such sweet pain."

In person John was the typical working Australian, tall and thin, with a longish jaw, lank hair of the nondescript colour that one would like to call mousey, and the light brown eyes that Tom had inherited. His moustache was stiff

and large and prominent, hiding a sensitive mouth, and he had the air of an energetic tired man. He would never acquire the portly serenity of those uniformed Olympians who control their stations with a nod. John could act more easily than he could command. He had had the usual education of the state school that gave instruction but not culture, something that he used, not something that he became. He had two types of language, the colloquial and the grammatical. When he wished to shine, when he wrote to the Commissioner of Railways, or talked to the General Manager, his grammar bristled with propriety. If he made a slip, he corrected it at once; if the error occurred in a letter, he re-wrote the whole. As the children grew older he used the careful speech more and more. Everything that he did was with an eye to them. He had never been ambitious for himself - at least, he had; but the world scarcely calls that ambition whose highest flight is to rise from lamp-boy to "S.M." (Station Master.) For the children his ideas soared; there were no limits to what they could become, in Australia, with parents who would devote themselves.

Railway work demanded a certain intelligence, but when it had become easy through familiarity he had had spare mental energy which had impelled him to such books and lectures as came his way. He had thus acquired principles for the treatment of his children. But just as what education he had ~~had~~ was a thing alien, laid on, so his principles remained rules of thumb. They were not the summarised results of a personal system of thought which, being implicit in them, would modify an arbitrary application. A popular lecturer on psychology had toured the state in the Sunday School interest, and his engaging manner had convinced John of the rightness of his maxims, but three or four lectures were unable to communicate the discipline of the thought that lay behind them. The idea of education as a drawing out of what was in the child himself had strongly appealed to him, and confirmed his vague opinion that a man does best that which he likes best to do. "Follow nature", said the lecturer to his admiring audience, and they made no distinction between the nature of the child as it is, and as it may become with judicious training; thus quite unconsciously John was encouraged to adopt towards his children an attitude which might ultimately make for a slackening of moral fibre. Whatever they wanted to do was natural and so, within bounds which seemed necessary and yet a treason to the system, to be regarded with lenience. The instincts of a firm and sound character, the exercise of plain horse-sense, will often do more than a lot of muddled psychology. Rules and precepts are very useful - when there is assimilative thought at the back of them.

At Bowden, then, as soon as he had mastered the details of a busy station, the trains, the signals, the booking, the office-work, the handling of a lot of cheeky young porters, John looked forward to putting his principles into practice more thoroughly than he had been able to do before. He was eager to be in the confidence of his son; he hoped to be his dearest friend. And that long-looked-for pleasure never came. How could it? Is friendship more than fatherhood?

In part his very ambition defeated itself. The higher soared his ideals for Tom the humbler he felt himself to be; and his very eagerness, coupled with his exaggerated respect for what the boy was to become, came between them. His Froebelian principles made him seem hesitating; he insisted on explaining his requests or refusals. Tom wanted directions, not reasons. Reasons made the speaker, however ultimately firm, seem flabby. Some one should have preached to John the value of a little wholesome self-assertion. He was such a good fellow, and yet self-abnegation does not strike the imagination, and as Tom grew up his father's tentative pertinacity irritated him like a failure to grasp nettles.

And then unconsciously Tom resented the fact that his father limited his interests to work and home. He made no intimate friends, he was not absorbed in a man's things, sport, or societies, or politics, that a boy expects of his elders. His father was preoccupied with him, Tom, when Tom thought he should have been immersed in bigger things. To find Tom too important was to lessen John's consequence in Tom's eyes. And he was never interested in anything except for the children's sake. He played down to their enjoyments, while all Tom's instinct was to play up to his elders.

"Come, let us live with our children", the lecturer had quoted Froebel. John was only too anxious to live with them. He simulated interest in all the college football matches, and sometimes went to watch, because it seemed the right thing to do. But unless Tom was playing the game did not really interest him at all, and even then he did not appreciate its technique. The number of goals and points was all he cared to understand, not how they were won. And when he followed the crowd with Tom and Ernst, when Ports played Norwoods or East Torrens, and all the men and women and girls of the suburbs poured out to watch, it was not the game he enjoyed, but Tom's enjoyment of it, and his own presence with Tom at that enjoyment. Among the kicking, yelling, seething crowd he was playing out his own private drama. It had become, for the time being, a morbid obsession. And at the height of the great match that decided the championship, when Ports were struggling for the decisive goal, and the crowd was palpitating, tip-toe, waiting for the final whistle, John said, "Well, I think we had better be getting along home."

In the tension and the pandemonium it passed unheard, and looking at his son's face he awoke to a ~~consciousness~~ of what this moment meant to the thrilling concourse. He stood humbly self-convicted, aloof from what these people felt, from what, therefore, he himself should feel. He went to no more football matches, but that did not prevent him from offering to "have a few kicks in the yard." If only he could have enjoyed this boys' life he was so anxious to share! But his middle-aged joints moved perfunctorily in the dismal effort, and Tom and Ernst made excuses that brought as much relief to him as to them.

And then the boys began to parade the Port Road on Friday nights when the shops were open. When John was free he went too. He wanted to be "in" all his boy's pleasures, yet he could not, by any exertion of thought or feeling, find what there was of enjoyment in jostling up and down a narrow pavement against women and perambulators and idling men and boys with cigarettes and ogling, giggling girls. It was the restless call of youth in Tom and Ernst. To them the girls were not ogling, only fresh and pretty and gay.

The boys abandoned the staid walks.

John could not leave Tom to grow from day to day. He wanted to see results. He was like a child who must dig up the seeds he plants. The lecturer had said "Give tests", and John gave what he understood as such. He was always propounding problems, asking questions, enquiring about marks, and Tom felt irritated and constrained, quite naturally and unjustifiably. Had John been less anxious and pre-occupied with the boy he would have understood him by intuition; as it was, he must have everything told him, put into words, made explicit.

And so father and son lived side by side, not in one another's lives, and the father was slow to learn by rebuffs though each was pushing the son away.

Tom still liked to spend time at the station, but this was discouraged, partly on the score of waste of time. This drove him to the signal-box, where he soon made friends with old Jorgenson, and learned to move the

switches and release the trains. He liked the signal-box, with its view along the dusty roads to the distant country on all sides, down into ~~backyar~~ squalid but interesting backyards where all sorts of playlets were enacted with all the glamour and artistry of no beginning or end, into the grounds of the gasworks, where men did commonplace things that seemed to have no connection with gas, and along the shining rails. It was fun, too, to have to close the gates just ahead of a dashing motor, to exchange badinage with a coalie, delightful to listen to old Jorgensen reviling the trains and the dust and the beer. He was driven to the signal-box by the interference of ~~his grandmother~~. He liked pottering about the office, issuing tickets, answering telephones, playing with the fire-hose. Sometimes he almost thought he would like to be a railway man, until he remembered that you only got to ~~the-ey~~ playing with these toys by ~~top~~ some paths. Sweeping and watering platforms had no attractions for him, though playing with the watering-cans lead to larks with the porters. Whence the interference of Polly. ~~When Polly and Joe came up to share~~ ~~dinner every Saturday, and Polly took the opportunity to give~~ ~~all the advice that her competence and energy suggested.~~ ~~No possible emergency or position could have found~~ ~~old Polly her~~ ~~lacking.~~ ~~With her~~ ~~John's~~ mildness she could not understand ~~"had no patience."~~

With John's mildness

The station, when he was on duty, was a disgrace to the government, what with the larkings and the goings on, and the impudent young men never ready to give a body a hand! Playing with the porters was bad for them and undignified for ~~John~~.

John was a good porter but a bad master. He speeded passengers and rushed along the platform banging doors while the listless younger fry "stood about and gaped", as the irate Polly declared one day while she watched him speed off the train by which she had arrived.

"Get along and help, do, and don't stand gaping there", she suddenly admonished one of the "helpless looking loonies", prodding the astonished youth with her umbrella.

"You're no good at giving orders, John," she started her Reform Campaign at lunch, "and I don't know where you get it from, I'm sure. Not from your father, he could always boss any number of men at the works. And not from me; if I 'ad 'alf a dozen servants I'd keep ~~them~~ all busy."

~~John~~ spluttered, and ~~Joe~~ winked at his son; John was humorously aware of it, and of the adequacy of his mother's sketch of herself, but he replied to her main point.

"The porters know their work, and if they don't do it I can't help it. I can't order them about as if they were a lot of kids."

Hannah was as sore as her energetic mother-in-law at the way John allowed himself to be "put about," and she smouldered a kind of assent as she served out the pudding.

Polly sniffed aside her son's pusillanimity.

"The S.M. bosses them about quick enough," she said. "They nip about pretty spry for him. It seems to me when you are in the office they do nothing but lark about."

"Boys will be boys," said John indulgently.

In different ways ~~George~~^{John} found rest and definiteness in the other elders of his little circle, but for the time it was distinctly his grandparents with whom, despite old Polly's darts and sallies, he was most at ease. He was proud of his mother's shapely figure; he liked to think of it as "gradely;" and he admired her ~~dark~~^{dark} hair with the red glints where the light struck. With her calm movements, her adequacy to all the little crises of their home, she was complete, a person, and the very remoteness of her reserve gave her prestige in her little world. But her silence was not always restful; when it did not betoken preoccupation or acquiescence or indifference it was apt to exhale feeling. She was too rich to be colourless, too silent to be answered. She lacked the pliancy and suppleness of mind, the gaiety and ease, of her mother-in-law; lacked, too, the spontaneous and happy expression of her affection. And she could not conceal from her sensitive son her instinct that her children were going to be, perhaps were already, in a false position. ~~John's~~^{John's} small scholastic success was not reassuring; it seemed to imply (quite illogically with her way of thought) some lack in ~~John~~^{John}. She suffered agonies lest he was "cheating his masters", or "dodging his work", or "taking to smoke." Now we have seen that ~~John~~^{John}, in a light boyish way, held her views about the unlikelihood of getting on in the world, but it is one thing to hold certain opinions about oneself, quite another to find that others entertain them about us. ~~George~~^{George} smarted under his mother's opinion of his inadequacy; it hurt his self-esteem, and it conflicted with the assertion, familiar from the pulpit, the press, and the platform, that in Australia all things were possible to all people. He did not believe it himself, but, hang it, a fellow's mother ought to.

His grandmother, on the other hand, was entirely satisfactory. He would not have had her changed in any smallest respect. He cherished the perfection of her representation of her age and class. She was all that could be desired in a grandmother. She doted on her boy, "spoil him with dainties and his favourite dishes, castigated him with a lively tongue when she disapproved, and rose to all his teasing "baits." And she never doubted herself in any way. Hers was not the age of self-conscious introspection, and she had been mistress of a household, with control of a moderate purse, and leader of her church and circle, long enough to have ~~requi-~~ acquired a self-respect and poise which took itself for granted. And along with

this dignity so suited to her years was the vivacity of a mind too clear not to be humorous, the remains of the gaiety which had flirted into the heart of Joe Sexton.

Tom relished her charms always. She was the focus of her company. If she came into a room already occupied with a subject she always caught hold of the first sentence she heard and joined in, or else she diverted attention to her own interest. She was never happy unless she was the centre, but she rewarded loyalty by never boring. With tender delight Tom heard her tell of her ducklings or her cats or her happy management of some dilemma.

"Your grandfather", she would say smilingly, settling into her low chair with some darning, "your grandfather wears his clothes till they are a disgrace. Anyone might take him for a bone and bottle man, instead of a respectable retired gentleman. I've 'id that old coat I don't know how many times, and he never said a word, but he always found it. But I've fixed him this time. I've give it to the dog to lie on. He won't think to look in the kennel, and if he does it's too late!"

Joe enjoyed her stratagems almost as much as she did.

"I never thought your grandmother would get my old billycock away from me," he confided with chuckling ruefulness, "but she has! She is coddling two ducklings in it. I see them in it out in the sun just now. I been looking for that old billycock this two days. I knowed she'd got it somewheres." A humorous story, especially at his own expense, always brought out Joe's best dialect.

Martha's hard young mind, prim as her pig-tail, was less able to idealise than Tom's. She was not enough of a princess to feel the pea of John's manner, and she was not a princess, either, in all-forgiving consciousness of charm. Tom criticised his father and accepted his grandmother; Martha reversed this.

"When she has done a nice thing she always tells you about it", she grumbled to herself. Of course she did! Polly was just as interested in herself as she was in you, and if she was perhaps a little blinder to her own faults, is it the self-examing, the deprecating, whose love and laughter have the finest flavour?

"I never was one to put folks about," she would observe with complacence, smoothing her silk skirt with the gesture Tom loved, after passing judgment on some "poor sort of body." "Move my hassock, Martha, and push ^{the} cushion further down my back."

Martha knew it was right for youth to give these little services to age, but the context threw her into an annoyance, a spying at character that she was ashamed of, for she had

been taught (by Polly) to think her own parents and (especially) grandparents the best in the world.

And so Martha was less in sympathy with Polly than Tom was - especially with her foible for "making folks comfortable." Tom would interrupt his reading to go off good-temperedly to provide himself with a chair which she thought would suit him better, or would allow her to tuck a detested cushion under his head as he lounged on a sofa, and only laughed when she insisted on her wearied victim assuring her that "Grandma knows how to make you comfortable, doesn't she?"

And then she was always so provokingly ready to give advice! Of course everyone knew what a lot could be learned by experience, but had she had experience of some of those things she most insisted on? About the wickedness of theatres, and what a girl should learn? Polly was emphatic about the tom-foolery of Latin and "that Algebra-stuff." Martha loved Algebra. And when she wanted her granddaughter to wear parti-coloured stockings as a cure for itchy legs, surely it was a real injury to hear that Polly "didn't know what the younger generation was coming to, it was that stubborn and self-willed!" But then Martha only escaped "a nasty temper" by the exercise of great determination, and at the warning of people who kept her humble about her looks, her ability, and her disposition. In her painstaking rectitude she tried to profit by their carping. Now people may give you a recipe for being lovable, neither they nor you can grow the ingredients at will.

CHAPTER 6.

Adolescence seldom escapes religious turmoil, and Tom's was no exception.

John went to the chapel that happened to be nearest. His religious dogmas were a matter of habit rather than of insight, and he only attended "the means of grace", as Polly called it, as an example to Tom. He had an idea that religion was a safeguard for the young. He held the orthodox tenets to be indisputable, and to him an atheist or agnostic was some sort of monster as far removed from his conception of respectability as a thief or an embezzler, but his faith was not what the pastor called "a living reality."

Tom and Martha grew up to take the main outlines of Christian *belief* for granted, much as they did the Battle of Bannockburn and the multiplication table. With Tom there was also temperament and the influence of Polly to make them vividly and personally felt. He had the native instinct to worship that made even an unornate or perfunctory service a pleasure.

Joe and Polly felt a sort of awe for the Church of England; the people of influence in its working were "a cut above" them. And so when they went to live at Melksham they "threw in their lot with the Congs.," as they would explain. Joe was not demonstrative, and he had come out of his own battle of life with the view of God as a Judge over a system of morality. If he felt more awe than love, he was able to take a shrewdly humorous view of the attitude of some other people.

"Some on 'em," he remarked to Tom after a prayer-meeting in which Brother Cornish had expounded the will of the Lord concerning certain alleged ungodly youths, "some on 'em is what I would call, if I were a Scotchman, gey chief wi' the Almighty."

"Yes," agreed Polly, whose special "young men" had been the culprits, "I thought Brother Cornish acted haughty myself." Polly had the conception of God as a Father, a metaphor that carried her through as much religious reasoning as was necessary, and endeared her to the "young men" she "taught" on Sunday. Certainly the qualities she attributed to Him, and the course of action which she assured her numerous young friends would please Him, were the qualities and the ways of life that she herself liked. But Hers was the simple and orthodox piety of her churchgoing class and generation, and she not only had no religious doubts herself, but did not know that they existed. Things were so - why, it was in the Bible for all to read. And she never had the slightest doubt that her interpretation of any text was the right one, as she sat in her black lace mantle and second-best bonnet, shining gently on the rows of her beloved young men, devout for her sake as much as the lesson's, delivering the "message" that was the earnest result of a week's prayer and meditation.

No, Polly interpreted, like all of us, according to her own ideas, but they were wholesome and sweet, even if not likely to raise up prophets; no one could accuse her of being "gey chief wi' the Almighty."

In other society, or with directed to different ~~books~~ books, ~~God~~ had it in him to tend, like John Ayssough, *to Ritualism* as in another suburb ^{a young man} was so tending at that very time, or he might have encountered spiritual tempest through the ~~beginning~~ ^{beginning} of philosophy. The nature of God, or the fitness of man, might have brought him the spiritual wracking of which he was capable. As it was, his thoughts and his doubts were not stimulated along these lines. His were not the hopes and fears and depressions of the mystic adolescent of an older country or another circle, but the more commonplace doubts of fact. He was always inclined to the company of those a little older than himself, and at ~~Bowden~~ ^{Cox St. Chapel} he found himself in a "Young Men's Class" which, from debating such solemn questions as Moses's description of his own funeral, proceeded to enquire into the authenticity of the Gospels, (disposed of in two Sundays by a youth who had "gone into the whole matter at the Public Library") and brought up the fascinating problem of the possibility of miracles. The rationalists in the class were unable to procure a unanimous verdict on this point, because this member or that knew someone who knew someone else who had had an experience that was very strange; besides, everyone could see for himself that there were a good many phenomena (they all enjoyed the scientific flavour of this word) that no one could understand. They were young and serious, but not solemn, and they played with their intellects as a kitten does with its tail. They

and for some time he had chased his as eagerly as anyone; his vivacity at first enjoyed the evolution without seeing any disturbing implications.

were ripe for real mental work, had there been someone to lead, and they could have got training and discipline from this line of thought as well as from the set subjects of the education most of these young workmen had "finished". But their nominal "teacher" was a ram-faced brickmaker with a yearning heart and a muddled head, as unable to ~~guide~~ ^{restrain} as *he was to* ~~restrain~~. All he could do was to pray nightly that "two or three, yea, several, of these young men may be rescued from the talons of the Evil One." They were good enough to consent with Matthew Arnold (available in Nelson's edition at one and three) to regard Christ as the greatest of all human beings. There were others besides *Tom* who felt a shock at this position, and wanted to delay while they took its bearings; but leaving behind them the trail of "inexplicable phenomena" they swooped down on Genesis, for the Rational Print sixpennies had become known to them. Darwin and Lyall and Haeckel were skipped through, and believed with less opposition than they gave to the Bible. There was no one to utilise the knowledge they were gaining, to ~~enforce-strict-and~~ train them in examination, to direct them to books that amplified or amended or criticised their texts. And if there had been, the criticisms would have been too expensive, and perhaps too dull. Cheap books are nearly always old, and those of the poor who care to read science at all are condemned to remain at the thought of fifty years ago.

Well, of course they made short work of the Creation, and got into the entanglements of a First Cause. Spencer's Principles of Philosophy beat them altogether, until *Georgston* had the happy thought of getting a summary from an encyclopaedia. That resulted in reading - gulping - Spencer on "Education", and Mill on "Liberty". Soon they were in hot debate about the relative influences of environment and heredity. This gave scope for what is always so fascinating, bringing forward whatever argument or incident comes into one's head.

Rev. James Coulson
~~Georgston~~ continued to take part in the intellectual hurly-burly, (especially when the ~~Minister~~ had the happy thought of making the class feel gloriously important and martyred by interfering with their programme of subjects) but he soon began to feel the misery of a lad who must alone reconstruct the ideas that had seemed stable, unchallengable, ~~out of the~~ *invariable* ~~of dispute~~. With the verbal inspiration, the scientific accuracy, and the consistency, of revelation all gone, God seemed to disappear from the skies. Nature was the beginning, the end was death or a revolting mystery. There was no inner counsel or support;... man walked his life alone ... religion was just a tale of one's youth, like Father Christmas and the Bunyip....

But *Tom* was imaginative and spiritual, and the phase was not lasting. It made no real alteration in such system

of thought as a boy has at seventeen; there was no hysterical plunging into the mysteries of sex, nor deduction (like that professed by some of the others) that morality was destroyed along with religion. It was not so much conscious judgment, of course, as innate balance, that kept him from the pathetic absurdities of youth betrayed.

At one crisis of the despair he opened the subject with Martha, whose difference of age he occasionally forgot now that they worked together. Besides, of late Martha had shown gleams of sympathy with his moods. He got none this time, though. She debated the matter in a hot undertone ~~to prevent their elders hearing,~~ ^{and} the gist of her argument was fear for the destination of her brother's soul. Martha's ~~mind~~ ^{intellect} was more developed than her soul, and for her religion was a judicious system of rewards and penalties. One might say that, whereas the temperament of worship, the devotional instinct, steadied ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} through the adolescence, ^{Martha's} rigid before the crises of life, though anxiously loving in her human relations, had no adolescence; certainly it was moral, not religious ~~firmness~~ ^{ballast} that steadied any oscillations there were.

For a time ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} was moody and gloomy; small, insignificant, and lonely in the Universe; and then the excitement of the inter-collegiate football matches caught him and absorbed all his time and all his ~~thought~~ ^{thought}. He continued to go to the class on Sundays; it had now got to Labour Politics with a strong leaning to Socialism. The kitten was after its tail again, and feeling was numbed.

~~At the end of~~ ^{at the end of} the football season ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} and Ernst and some of the Coriu boys went for a week-end walking tour in the hills. ~~Tom~~ ^{Tom} revelled in these tours. He loved the old boots he wore, his elderly clothes, the knapsack, and all the little details of the equipment.

"You take the blacking, Ernst," he joked, "and I'll take the toothbrush."

And he loved the surge of youth and health and reality that came over him as-he-walked in the rhythmic walk; loved too, the intimacy of the comradeship, the delicious pleasure of the oddities, the snapshots and thumbnail sketches, of the country people across whose normal path of life they cut. Their stationary attitudes, their stare, added to his ecstasy of being as it were a leaf in the wind. ~~Each fleeting~~ ^{And then, in another mood,} glimpse of their lives seemed to multiply and ~~extend~~ ^{extend} his own.

On the first day they walked to Kangarilla and kept together, talking school and sport. They boiled their own billy and cut their bread and cheese with their pocket-knives, looking down on the lake at Happy Valley and the farms and the orchards under the big white clouds in the clear clean sky, and felt elated at being tramps, cut off from their

respectable world. Gusts of wind and rain driving down their necks were a joke, and they swung down the hills and along the valleys and past the rows of almond blossom towards Clarendon where ~~they saw Clarendon~~ ^{the} pine-break ^{was} outlined on high, ~~past-the~~ through the quiet village with its chapel and police-staion and bank, and the Sports Ground where the kookaburras laughed at their reflection in the water. Up past the weir they went, and took laughing shelter in a shed where an easy man was sawing logs. *Tom* took a turn at the saw while the woodman lit his pipe and asked where they came from and where they were going and why, especially why. He told them they were queer young coves, and they swung off again for the last lap to Kangarilla, singing school songs as they went. It was growing dusk when the friendly lights shone out from the wayside boarding house at the foot of the hills where the four roads cross. Their adventure was an entertainment for the quiet country boarders and the commercial traveller who treated them as jolly dogs, and they basked in the adulation accorded to distinguished ~~explorers~~ ^{explorers}, and laughed and sang and bragged. All night long *Tom* hugged himself and tried to keep awake to listen to the crickets and the gurgle of the creek through the watercress. He watched the stars twinkling over the sombre mass of the hill against the window, and learned that youth may find a foreign land at home.

"Westmoreland," he murmured, "Switzerland..."

They left the village in the chill Sunday dawn, with the magpies calling and the cows making for the home paddocks. The road lay past grazing land and comfortable farms and wattle-scrub and vineyards and waving crops. Arum lillies flowered in the creeks, and there were all the colours ^{of an Australian} yellow wattle, wildflowers yellow, red, or blue, light grass, deep trees, white blossom, and the blue depths of the sky.

Today found them more intimate, and they broke up into twos and threes to ~~exchange-confidence~~ talk of what was in their inner selves, girls or religion or ambition. *Tom* wanted to be silent, to feel and to enjoy; he did not want to think of the future, it was too vague and too complicated and too dreaded; and he did not want to talk of girls, because ~~they~~ he had nothing to say; and he did not want to talk of religion, for his exhausted soul was filling up again in the beauties of the present. And at ~~seventeen~~ ^{seventeen} ~~eighteen~~ no one wants to hear anyone else talk. But Jim Stanley paired off with him, determined to deliver his simple soul about the miracles, quite unconscious of *Tom*'s late disquiet. Clever old *Tom* would dispose of all his doubts in no time, and he would be at peace again.

Tom gave ear and was surprised at how little the arguments interested him now, but he smiled in a twisted way to think of easy Jim puzzling over such questions. He was sympathetic, and told him all he could remember about "in-

explicable phenomena." Somehow he didn't like the idea of Jim getting off the orthodox path; that was only for young intellectuals like himself. But he did not feel that what he said was very convincing, and sighed over the perplexity of his friend.

They left the foot of the range and struck along and up and down the rounded bosses of the hills, keeping in sight of the sea. They were to descend again through Willunga, and would spend the night at McLaren Vale, and catch the early morning coach for town. It was afternoon, and they met a mist that came and went. Below on the plain lay the sunshine, picking out the farmsteads and the blossom and the ordered groups of planted pine trees. Here and there a shadow rested.

The boys climbed or turned to watch in silence. Pushing along a narrow path trodden up the hillside they came out upon a little schoolroom in the trees where scarlet parrots flashed through the glistening leaves. Horses in traps were tied to the fence round the clearing, and a group of chatting country folk turned to go in at the door. There was something romantic in this chapel above the mists on a day when they had left convention behind them, and these boys who had meant to "eschew the Sabbath for once" thought it would be "a lark" to present themselves at the service. They trooped in clumsily and took their places at school-desks. Some of the maps on the wall were clearly home-made, and the girls' sewing-bags hung bulgily from the knob of the cupboard door. During the quiet of reading-time Tom saw a mouse run confidently up the string of one of them.

The preacher sat at a table in front of the blackboard, and before they had got used to the novelty the service began. Something in the devout, tuneless, uncertain country voices stirred Tom. He joined in with all his voice, and the other boys followed his lead. The preacher, white-bearded and corpulent, glanced at them shrewdly with his whimsical brown eyes. When his aged voice began to quaver forth the lesson Tom glowered some early/gigglers into shamed respect. The old man could not control his failing memory, but love, and strength through doubts long since resolved, showed through his feeble wandering, and quaint phrases and whimsical allusions gave as it were the fragrance of a faded flower, a hint of the graciousness and strength of his prime. Tom could not look at him for tears, but as he stared through the open doorway at the waiting sheepdog, at the gumtrees dripping onto the standing horses, he was melted to devotion, and their flooded back into his soul old feelings and lost hopes.

The venerable preacher yearned to Tom as Tom to him, and waited in the doorway to shake hands.

And so the religious mood came back to Tom through his sympathy with mellow age. With him it was destined to be always a poem that wrought like conviction.

CHAPTER 7.

Tom's last year at school ended with comparative éclat. For once the examiners in English had proved more literary than pedantic, and by some amazing oversight asked for appreciation of poetic beauty instead of the customary "notes". Now of course he could feel beauty, though no one had managed to convey to him the joy of enhancing it by scholarship. He was placed in the coveted "Credit List", and this distinction revived the confidence of John.

Martha's credits, of course, were in subjects like mathematics and history, where for examination purposes exactitude and labour are substitutes for taste and maturity.

But close study, and repeated and intensive revision, had shown Martha into the delightful realm of "underlying principles", and application was disciplining her mind to the grasp that Tom had by nature, with the additional advantage that she had a wholesome respect for facts. It was this breadth, growing out of a self-imposed closeness of concentration, that was making it possible for her to appreciate fully Tom's quickness and insight. What we attain only by prolonged labour we understand properly, and admire it even excessively when it appears as a gift in others. To naïve minds there is something humiliating about effort. A man is proud of the picture he paints, but his money and his mind must be his by descent not by effort, or we find him vulgar and clumsy. Thus men vain of their talents will often take pains to conceal the hard work that goes with them.

Martha was enabled to bear her honours humbly because the results killed a secret hope. The candidates occupying the best places on the general list of the Higher Public receive scholarships for three years at the University. With characteristic reserve Martha had not mentioned her ambition even at school, and no one had explained to her that certain subjects carry an advantage in marks over others. Greek and Latin did not appeal to a child with a practical turn and no inherited taste for scholarship, and she had chosen, for the specialisation necessary for this examination, subjects which were interesting because

of their direct and obvious bearing on things known to her. Her only hope of a University course was destroyed, and she set herself to the routine work of the household which everyone else regarded as a matter of course for her.

The long hot days in the dusty town were intolerable to idle and successful youth, so ~~Tom~~ went off to Melksham to spend with his triumphant grandmother the weeks that lay between Christmas and the beginning of the University term.

Summer resorts on the gulf lack the salt gales that blow in from the Atlantic, but there is a cool luxury in the wide stretches of hard sand, the limpid water, that only gives pleasantness to the heat of the shimmering air. So whether ~~Tom~~ was bathing or playing cricket on the beach, or reading ~~on the floor~~ ^{in a lounge} in the cool corridor, or out under the gumtrees by the river, these were pleasant weeks while he forgot the closing-in of the prison-house. Polly knew his dread by sympathy, and tried to prevent the moods. Her heart was set on a recognised gentleman's profession for her darling, and instinct told her that it was only the shrinking of an affectionate boy brought up in a small family from bringing disappointment to his friends and disapproval on himself that prevented an outburst of self-assertion. The boy might make a dash for liberty yet, and the resolute old lady set herself to nurse him during these final weeks. She ruthlessly thwarted ~~Tom~~'s inclination to talk of bush days, and if ~~Tom~~ announced an intention to "have a crack with old ~~Newton~~", ~~Tom~~'s crony of gold-rush days, who could tell of California and the islands and Bendigo, ~~George~~ ^{George} ~~ha~~ Polly had always an "arrand" for him, or some service which only he could perform. ~~Tom~~ saw through her anxiety and her tactics, and smiled furtively with a bitter and yet kindly amusement. He knew himself indispensable to her happiness, and was touched and won when she appealed to him. Other boys settled down, and he supposed he could. It would be very hard to break from his grandmother's ^{grin} harder, perhaps, ~~in some way~~, to disappoint his patient father. Hang it! Why couldn't a fellow's folks let him go his own way?

But ~~Tom~~ ^{brooding} only came down on him badly towards March. Ten weeks is a long holiday, and one need not keep one's troubles too close. So ~~Tom~~ made hay while the sun shone - and was even not averse from a game in the moonlight. New Year came on a Sunday, and as a lover of old ways and customs he naturally assisted in the celebrations of his peers, who saw the old year out.

New Years breakfast was, in its way, as established a tradition as the day. The gastronomic notions of the old folks had not modified much to suit the climate. On Christmas Day, ~~they~~ ^{they} ate however broiling, they ate hot roast poultry, well seasoned, plum-pudding, and, of course, nuts and raisins and preserved ginger. New Years breakfast

slowly

brooding

was sausages and bread fried in rich brown gravy, with a tartness added by apple sauce, and followed by a dish heaped with cool firm raspberries.

and prying violently to be completed
 George was always at his best at breakfast. His grandmother might only succeed in "routing him out" ten minutes before the maid was sent to tell "the master" that breakfast was ready, but a vigorous shower brought ~~George~~ in with his hair still damp, *and in a very unsteady, as it complained,* and his face glowing from water and lung exercise, in the best of tempers, and looking forward to the leisurely amenities of the day. He gave a judiciously edited report of how he had seen "the Old Year out". It had been spent in a vigorous use of the paint-brush and pot supplied by his unregenerate grandfather. 1909 had been daubed on walls and bathing-houses. Originality is not essential to the jokes of youth.

"We put "1850-1909, R.I.P." on Miss Sampson's door," he grinned.

"Oh, you ~~naughty~~ ^{naughty} boy! She isn't more than forty!" But Polly thought more of her boy's wit than of the old maid's feelings, and the protest was merely formal. Besides, Polly had little sympathy for spinsters, the shiftless creatures.

After breakfast chairs were moved back from the table, the maid was summoned, and the Bible was reverently deposited in front of "Father", who picked up the special spectacles he kept on the window sill, taking care not to touch the lenses, adjusted them with precision, and moistened the finger that was to assist in the search for a psalm. Then he cleared his throat and read with solemn slowness the passage chosen. On week-days family ^{in order} worship closed with the Lord's Prayer unsupported, but that ~~that~~ the saving of himself from the labours of composition might not stint the Lord of the time allotted to this service, ~~George~~ led in its recital with a slowness disconcerting to the unaccustomed. On Sundays, however, he girded himself together to give conscientious expression to his aspirations for the blessing of God on himself and his family and country, and on that day, therefore, the prayer said in unison was able to proceed at a normal pace. ~~George~~ never failed in admiration for the dignity of the reading, whose idiosyncrasies of pronunciation time had stereotyped, nor for the simplicity and depth of the petition.

On Sundays ~~old Joe's~~ ^{Joe's} firmly modelled features and thick white hair rose from black broadcloth and spotless linen, and the day was kept ^{holy} in his own way. After breakfast he went the rounds of ~~the~~ ^{the} house and garden, accompanied by ~~George~~ ^{Tom}, ~~George when he was down,~~ making comments on their needs or growth. He took a look at the fowls and the cow, and then

returned to a seat in the garden to enjoy the calm until the church bell rang. Any chance passer-by received salutation.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Rodgers, good-morning to you." How are you, Miss Sampson? Glad to see you about again, I'm sure."

In the afternoon he walked to the bathing-house and held levée of friends on the beach, ~~or if none came~~, he watched the waves, or examined through a telescope the boats riding at anchor at the Semaphore. In the evening he stayed at home and read, but not books of humour or adventure on Sundays; he chose Shakespeare or Scott or Dickens, authors who have acquired the prestige of the semi-sacred.

On this New Year Sunday ~~George~~ accompanied his grandparents to church through the grass-seeds as usual, and no one seemed more shocked than he to find that the hotel-board announcing that Walkerville Ale, drawn through glass pipes, was always on tap, had been substituted for the Congregational notice-board.

"I wouldn't wonder," said ~~George~~ in a pained voice, as he put his hat under his chair, "if we were to find the church board at the ~~hall~~"

"Hush!" said his grandmother, who already had her handkerchief to her eyes in devotion. When she had smoothed her black silk skirt with mittened fingers, and was ready to exchange nods and becks and wreathed smiles with other early comers in the unconventional little building, ~~George~~ tried again.

"I do hope Brother Saxby won't be misled. "Doors open at 11," he will see. "All welcome." It would be a fearful scandal if he went in. Had I better meet the train, do you think?"

"No. Take your Bible and read a psalm. You'll fidget your grandfather."

"Give me a peppermint first, then." ~~George~~ loved to play that he was a child still. "Not one of those pink cayenne ones."

Polly could see the humours of the exchange of boards, and understood the place (and suspected the reason) it occupied in her grandson's mind, but sacrilege was not a subject for "God's House."

At dinner ~~George~~ made a mistake. He ~~once more~~ referred to the hotel as a "pub.," and brought down reproof upon himself.

"Hotel, son. Always be the gentleman. Only low men say pub."

"I've heard Grandpa say pub, haven't I, Grandpa?" the teasing youth persisted.

"I never interferes between you and your Grandma," chuckled the sagacious ~~Joe~~. "I knows better."

"Your Grandpa," said Polly with dignity, "is different."

"Can I say pub when I'm as old as Grandpa?"

"If you want to," agreed the old lady goodhumouredly.

She knew perfectly well that ~~George~~ was only playing with her, and that he enjoyed their little spars and arguments. And ~~George~~ allowed himself to be chided, and liked it. He never put on airs about his "college education"; it was his grandmother who continually reminded him of that asset, in a vain endeavour to make him "play up" to her conception of a "real gentleman."

In a different sphere, old Polly might have been a purist in language. Her system of speech, which included much dialect both in ~~construction~~ ^{accent} and vocabulary, rejected slang though it sometimes allowed her to ejaculate "Lawks", and even "Golly." But the abbreviation of dignified words, or any expression which rang in her ear as "low" (and for her this included those showing want of sympathy or perception as well as coarseness) was grossly offensive to her. Thus to call a child a kid, "an animal with four legs and a tail" was unpardonable.

And her refinement was natural. She never affected an accuracy of speech or expression, so she had none of the ambitious absurdities of the copyist who lacks understanding. She was serenely aware that she diverged from the educated standard, and respected the fact as part of herself, and made others so accept it. After the first shock of surprise in finding that their elders did not altogether square with the standards set up at school, ~~George~~ and Martha had ceased to be disturbed at their solecisms. ~~George did more~~, gradually he had come to cherish them as part of their precious personalities. His grandparents were to him perfect examples of their day and origin. Attempts at correctness of speech, a forced change of standard in dress or in ~~pictures~~ ^{talk}, he would have resented like a patch on a silk dress.

At the sound of the cracked bell, rung with enjoyment in irregular bursts by vigorous boys, ~~George~~ took his grandmother's Bible and hymnbook, and held a sunshade over the head of the indomitable old lady as they set out again in the broiling afternoon for Sunday School. Polly delighted in the little attentions she exacted and received from her grandson, and ~~George~~ smiled at the height she lifted her skirt above the insidious, distressing grass-seeds, and reflected that surely she must be the very last old lady to wear elastic-sided boots.

"Where do you unearth those boots, Grandma? I thought the last of them were destroyed along with Mrs. Captain Cook at Hawaii."

"Don't poke fun at your old grandmother. These cloth tops suits my old bunions better than anything. Besides, I pulls them on, and there they are."

"Yes, I see they are," he assented, eyeing them with

grave mischief.

"But see, dearie, can't you find something to talk about more suitable to the day? Your grandfather saw old Mr. ~~Simpson~~ put a two-shilling piece on the plate this morning." *Rodgers* ~~Tom~~ smiled affectionately, and forebore to tease her about the topic she had chosen. Indeed, he seldom chaffed her much when they were alone. They would walk in intimate silence, or he would listen to her comments on people and their doings, so complete a revelation of her view of life. It was only under the disturbance of other presences that badinage became his unconscious excuse and method for keeping in touch with her, for drawing her out and enjoying her dexterity ~~pretending~~ to be teased for his amusement, and at the same time getting in her moral. It was as though the sentiments he voiced really did vex her, though her loving insight assured her they were assumed; and so she ~~gave in~~ *submitted* to the teasing, and slipped in her reproof.

At Sunday School she took her place at the head of her class with the dignity and assured empire of a queen. She liked her pupils, though young men, to kneel with the rest of the ~~scholar~~ *scholar*, and Melksham young men indulged in no such discussions, at any rate in Sunday School, as she would have found to her scandal at ~~Powder~~. They listened respectfully to her simple-hearted expositions, and were carried along by her fervour for "the lovin' Father" to open their minds to her about their own conception of Him and of Heaven. The stories that embedded these ideas were far from being literally accepted by ~~Tom~~ *Tom* since the discussions of the ~~early~~ winter, but he felt the luxury of being at one with in spirit again with this beloved and devout old grandmother.

After Sunday School Polly went home to rest, and sent ~~Tom~~ *Tom* to ~~his Grandfather~~ at the bathing-house.

At tea-time a trapload of old cronies arrived unexpectedly on their way to spend the cool of the evening on the beach. Polly's disapproval of their godlessness was visible (to the sensitive) in the exaggerated dignity of her welcome; but that helped to conceal the fluster that of late she felt when confronted with sudden housekeeping emergencies. She was aging, and her little maid was inexperienced. In Australia in the summer, when meat and butter and milk keep badly, the careful calculate their needs pretty closely. Fortunately eggs and fruit and jam are less chancy, and naturally special supplies of ham and fruit had been "got in to see us over the holidays."

~~Tom~~ *Tom* always admired his grandfather as a host. He ~~could have had no models but his peasant parents, yet he assumed the duties of watcher of needs and topic-provider and listener with the unobtrusiveness of a man who really enjoys his position.~~

Once more they walked over the dry grass and the sand-hills, and this time they were golden with sunset. Inside the

scholar
at St.

chapel acetylene gas-jets flickered low in the hot air, ready to be turned up when twilight came. The New Years service had brought out the holiday visitors, and the little building was full; even the forms along the walls were occupied by brown-legged children who were much more in keeping with the place than the fashionable town-hate ~~Edw.~~ ^{Edw.} They sang "Day is dying in the west" and other atmospheric hymns. The sermon naturally turned ~~John~~ ^{John}'s mind to introspection and to forecast. Gloom and foreboding and stifled revolt surged in him again, but looking back on the typical Melksham Sunday with a wave of affection, he muttered to himself:

"We are happier by the memory of a mocking Christmas past."

Children Children

Mr. George Lewis

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S. No.

Beck

CHAPTER 8

So ^{Tom} George went to Adelaide.

What a difference of retrospective and prospective career would be involved had we to write "So ~~Tom~~ went to Oxford." The course and the traditions of life at Oxford and Cambridge have become universalized, and a book about an Oxford undergraduate is important, not because ~~of the beer, but because~~ the hero is an undergraduate, but because he is in that position at Oxford. The immemorial customs are ever adequate and elastic to the always old and always new life of youth on its mental journey to the position of its latest contemporaries; they furnish never-ending variety, and of their mellowness inform the callow youth with some of the maturity that gives interest to the most ordinary. An English youth who goes up to one of those sacred places by that very fact takes on some of their importance, and no novelist who knows his way about need fear to describe his deeds and his friends and his development.

The difference between the Oxford "man" and the Adelaide "Varsity student" is a microcosm of the difference between the university with a ~~richly-historic~~ thousand richly historic years behind it, and one with a bleak fifty. To mention them in the same sentence seems an irreverence, to find that one generic term technically covers both brings a shock of surprise. Indeed, the superior (and unimaginative) visitor from Cam or Isis has been known to describe our university as a high-school, and ^{in truth} ~~indeed~~ it is ^{instruction} ~~education~~ rather than life that is provided. The basis of education at Oxford is the meeting of young men with their elders; at Adelaide there are no resident colleges, and little meeting at all, especially with elders, for ~~there~~ is little post-graduate work. Several famous men have occupied chairs, and ^{men of genius} ~~men of genius~~ for science or philosophy or exposition or discovery ^{or social amenities} ~~have not been lacking~~; one or two, in later days, will pass into affectionate tradition; but there has never been, in so small a society, a ^{whole} famous or congenial group, nor one willing to form a social Olympus for youth.

~~The students board in private homes in widely scattered suburbs; they may spend the whole day in the library and~~

Paragraph begins

The outward and visible form of the University is as young and gauche as its spirit, but both are full of promise. The English Gothic front of the one finished wing is delicate and beautiful, but, in its apparent completeness, too small for the disproportionate length of rooms running back from it, with the ugly and contrasting baldness of walls which will someday be hidden. Everything is new and businesslike and ~~crude~~; there are ~~no-creepers~~ palms and lawns, but no ~~cottages~~ *houses* or creepers or signs of individual life. And indeed no one does live there. The lecturers have their private homes elsewhere, and the students board in widely scattered suburbs. *The undergraduates* may spend their whole time in the Library upstairs, or in the big Public Library almost next door, and eat their sandwiches in the "common-room", or they may just drop in for lectures. There is ~~also~~ very little life of student with student. For most of the schools there is even no stereotyped order of taking the prescribed course, so that the student in his first year may find himself in the same lecture room with others in their second or third, and next year he may be working with another set of men. He may take one subject a year, or three. And the Law School, by the very conditions of its degree, which require that during three years of his course the candidate shall be an articulated clerk, admits of still less foregathering than do the other faculties. All these arrangements have been made to suit the real needs of a provincial university, but their ~~anti-~~ unsociableness is clear. Yet out of this blank scheme youth, of its friskiness or its necessities, has evolved some sort of University spirit, and will evolve more. Unfortunately ~~Tom~~ never got nearer than the edge of things.

~~Tom~~ knew too much about old universities not to feel cynical about Adelaide. It revived the old consciousness of being a "colonist." It was a makeshift. Yet after all it was the institution of most prestige in the state, and its youth assumed some airs and privileges; at the end of the year they even tried to force some of the jollity of which they heard abroad, and imitate a sort of carnival. There was at any rate a novelty in going, and ~~Tom~~ made his preparations with a certain sense of importance. They were not extensive; he bought the brown boots and the pipe without which no Adelaide undergraduate of that day felt himself complete, procured text books and enquired about the timetable. He was to take Contracts and Latin and Logic during the first year, and defer articles to the second. There was nothing very exhilarating about the books, but he hoped that the Sports Association and the dignity of smoking might make life tolerable. ~~He~~ *ended under the* reading of "Verdant Green."

Preparation

Meanwhile what ~~Tom~~ despised with precocious cynicism and displaced antagonism was a ~~cert~~ Land of Promise to Martha - without the promise. After two months of the dull round of housework, unlightened by responsibility, the merest chance

revealed to her the existence of certain modified scholarships. She shrank from mentioning the matter at home, from anything that might hint that she was dissatisfied with the life expected of her, unless she had some justification in the shape of "no expenses." A little University work need not prevent her from helping as usual with the housework; it was the scholarship itself, she decided grimly, that would be the obstacle. *Yom* might know something about it, but she could not ask him. *Yom* thought that girls should stay at home, and in any case he would say: "What is the use of trying? YOU won't get it." No, *Yom* was a dear boy, but not very sympathetic where a career for Martha was concerned; and of course *Yom* knew how dull her mind really was.... Luckily she had always been able to conceal this from the examiners.

In a state of repressed and pessimistic agitation she made the, to her, terrifying resolution to go herself to the Uni-
versity for information. With her skimpy skirts and her pigtail and heavy shoes she crunched along the gravel of North Terrace feeling as though her feet were the only large part of her. She stood for a moment under the shapely tree at the big iron gates, and tried to guess from the windows, which ~~part~~ part of the building she must penetrate. What a pretty place it was! Rather like a doll's house, though, a doll's house with a delicate and graceful spire. And what a lot of back it had to try and cover! What sort of people did you ask questions from at a university? *Yom* would have known, for *Yom* had already -- yes, she was sure that *Yom* had already made some surly answer about "the office" to one of those eager questions of hers about that always exasperated him so. She would ask for "the office."

With a beating heart she walked up the marble steps and through the oak doors into the tessellated vestibule, and then saw the words she wanted on a brass plate. A chunky young man behind a wire cage asked what she wanted, and now for some reason it was not her feet but her teeth which felt so large. Her dry lips would not meet over them. She stumbled doggedly through her enquiries, gathering lucidity and calm as she viciously noted amusement in the young man's smile.

"We only enter students who are over sixteen," he seemed to think a sufficient answer.

"I am ~~seventeen, two months~~. Will you kindly explain about the scholarships?"

Oh, those! They were for one subject for one year, and you filled in the forms he threw on the table, and the Council compared your merits and ~~needs~~ claims, and the six neediest --

"Is it charity?" flamed Martha.

The chunky young man suddenly became human; he explained his unfortunate phrase, and by the time he had piloted - and championed - her through the forms, and the most judicious use of her qualifications, Martha felt a pleasant sense of

comradeship.

"They never decide till the last minute," said the chunky young man, "but if you like to call in on Saturday week it will save you waiting for Monday's post. There are six vacancies."

Martha left the sacred building feeling almost intimate with it.

After ten days of excited but resolute silence about her secret, ~~Martha~~ ^{she} rushed through some errands in town and presented herself at the office again. The chunky young man smiled a re-assuring smile, and planting an envelope on the counter before her the little woman, watched with friendly amusement her ~~her~~ white anxiety, followed by flushed delight at the success of her single-handed enterprise. Martha Sexton was awarded a scholarship of the value of six guineas tenable for one year at the University of Adelaide, and she thought the heavens must have opened.

The chunky young man, who had now taken her completely under his protection, restrained her from dashing off home, reminding her that lectures started on Tuesday, and that she had to choose her subject, consult the timetable, and copy down a list of text-books.

"*Mathematics* ~~History~~, of course."

acanthus They walked to the inner, wider vestibule behind tall columns on which Martha had her first delighted glimpse of chiselled ~~acanthus~~ leaves. Aimless groups of gods in ~~black and white and gold~~ hatbands stood about reading the noticeboards and complaining about arrangements, and Martha had a photographic impression of a ~~thin-dark-man~~ ^{thin} dark man with a thin dark beard and a red stripe on his trousers washing down some broad shallow stairs that seemed to stop at a landing under a blue and yellow stained-glass window that nearly filled the wall. She had just grasped that the flight diverged into two and doubled back to complete the journey to some upper floor when her guide stopped at the ~~retiree-beard~~ glass case in which Authority, grown cautious not without reason, locked the notices that it held most sacred. There was the programme. Philosophy, Greek, Latin... ~~Mathematics~~ ^{*Mathematics*}; ~~Mathematics~~ ^{*Mathematics*}, Martha found blankly, was at the precise hour when she was dishing up the early evening dinner. The world became dark, and the chunky young man asked anxiously what was the matter. He pointed out that for a degree you took six subjects, so one of the others would surely suit. A-degree! A degree! Martha's thoughts had not flown so far forward. A degree! B.A.! Taken a subject at a time! She laughed at herself, but the chunky young man assured her that some people took longer than that. He suggested that English was a good subject to begin with, and... he supposed there wasn't a meal... but no, he must not tease this little girl. "The lectures are at three o'clock."

Martha decided on English and was furnished with a list of

of the books necessary.

"Thank you very much", she said, shyly holding out her hand, "Are you one of the professors?"

The chunky young man suppressed a snort of laughter.

"At present," was his palliating denial of this eminence, "I am only the clerk in the Registrar's office. But I hope to graduate if I keep on long enough, so you see I feel able to advise you." He further tided over her embarrassment ~~at the false step~~ by administering the oath and taking her signature, ~~on the University books~~, and Martha left the University an undergraduate.

She walked lightly along the footpath, her soul swam in mid-air, untrammelled, free. The world ~~obtruded~~ ^{burst upon} her consciousness; every colour was polished as in a looking-glass; the flowers and the trees came out of their places and poised in her mind as part of herself. She and they moved on together. Surely nothing could look ordinary again. The world was a good place full of good people... Martha was brought up by the Hospital crossing, at the other end of the Terrace from where she should have been.

Restored to practical life ~~again~~ she remembered with a shock that at home they ~~knew nothing of~~ ^{all this}. Gracious! It only happened this morning! She felt as if she had been an undergraduate for a happy millenium. But she was an undergraduate and had not even consulted them at home! Of course everything had moved faster than her wildest imaginings... but still, they had not been consulted... it was not quite right... but she had taken the oath! ~~Surely that would make~~ ^{it impossible to} She was an undergraduate! Surely that would make ~~her position~~ ^{her position} ~~ship irrevocable~~... but of course they would let her go to the University.. it was their feelings... "the impropriety," her anxious pedantic little mind suggested. She walked very slowly. She must find out exactly what money she would need. There would be the books to pay for - and a gown! She had not foreseen a gown; ~~she~~ ^{she} was not having one; lots of the men didn't; but the chunky young man said that the women students - she caught sight of her long legs in Martin's window and giggled: she a woman-student! - usually wore them. It would not be insisted upon, but she would feel less odd... Well, if necessary she would feel odd... but she could just find out the price. Where did you buy gowns? She would try a draper's; men's department, very likely. She went in with her head up and her eyes sparkling, a ridiculous little figure in those skirts and that pigtail to be enquiring "Where do I go for University gowns?" The stately shop-walker whirled round his coat-tails and strode in front of her very tall.

"University gowns!" he called in tones suspiciously stentorian. The shopman was quick to take the cue.

"An B.A. gown, were you wanting, Ma'am?"

But Martha was quick, too. Suddenly conscious of the stuffy smell of fabrics, "No, M.A., please," she said firmly,

adding, "I was to enquire the price."

perhaps A humbled and repentant shopman, seeing the emissary of some ~~probably~~ important customer, was reduced to flustered search and a final apology that they had none in stock; in fact, only choristers gowns.

"But our tailor could make one up, if the - the purchaser would call and be measured."

"Ah, the tailor," murmured Martha. "No, thank you; I've no doubt we shall get what we want elsewhere."

At the nearest tailor's, in Gawler Place, she framed her enquiry more suitably, and learned that an undergraduate's gown would be thirty-five shillings. She prudently checked the reasonableness of this quotation by continuing her researches at two other establishments. The symbol of her new status had an important place in her mind.

The chunky young man, invaluable friend, had advised her to try the second-hand bookshops before buying new stock, and she established a claim on the only volume not already snapped up by a deposit of threepence.

It was late and there was not another train home for half-an hour, so she recklessly wasted twopence and went by electric car, hanging happily to a strap all the way.

Arrived at home she found that her grandparents had ~~already~~ arrived for the ~~Saturday~~ dinner, and that, between the perturbation of talking and cooking and her own late arrival, her mother was grim. So Martha scurried round finishing the dinner-preparations, and during the first course (roast beef, potatoes, cabbage and gravy) debated within herself how to deliver her news. The presence of her grandmother was a complication, but she must get it over before her father went back to the station, or it would be to tell twice.

~~During the second course (canary pudding, and thank heaven it didn't stick to the mould, and I must remember to put Ernst's aside) she seized the first pause to begin in the high voice of a nervous orator:~~

~~"About a fortnight ago" she began at the logical beginning, "I heard that there were some scholarships open at the University." All but Tom and Polly had now an inkling of what was coming, and Martha was fairly embarked. "And I've enquired about the prices, and I can do it for a year for two pounds three shillings including the gown, and eight shillings without, if I read the most expensive book at the library instead of buying it."~~

"Well, *Tom*," said his father, drawing in to the table, "Been getting ready for a start at the 'Varsity next week?"

"This beef is nice and tender, 'Annah," hastily interposed Polly, warned by the irritated shuffle of her grandson's chair.

"The butcher", said Hannah politely, "can give us nice meat when he's a mind to."

Been playing bowls
 "What has the fishing been like lately, Father?" John started things again.

Every evening, Mrs No electric light is on, We played
 "Bad, very bad. *Carl is out, and Tom has hasn't come in.* Haven't seen a fish on the jetty for weeks, nor yet I don't believe any one else has. *Maryathole on Saturday. Lost, though.*"

During the second course (canary pudding, and thank heaven it didn't stick to the mould, and she must remember to put some aside for Ernst) Martha seized the first pause to begin in the high voice of a nervous orator:

"About a fortnight ago," she began at the logical beginning, "I heard there were some scholarships open at the University." All but Joe and Polly had now an inkling of what was coming, and Martha was fairly embarked. "And I've enquired about the prices, and I can do it for a year for two pounds three shillings including the gown, and eight shillings without, if I read the most expensive book at the Library instead of buying it."

Some glanced at the Silent Listener placard. *Martha*, of all people, had provided them with a topic! Then quite inconsequently he thought how Balzac would have revelled in her financial detail.

i As no one spoke, Martha rushed into the story of the draper's shop to cover her embarrassment. *old Joe* laughed uproariously. Girls at universities was foolishness, of course, but "I'm jiggered if I don't give you the gown myself," he said. "I'm glad you took down that shopman cove."

The airs of shop *assistants* were a grievance of *Joe's*; they were the only people who ever made him ill at ease or feel at a disadvantage. But then shopping does not give one's personality time to conquer hearts.

"So we are going to have our Martha at the University, too, eh? Mother?" commented John, with pleased but uneasy approval.

"It's easy for you to take her part. The money is all you think about. It's me as'll have the work to do."

"An honor two in the afternoons, and some of the evenings, are all the time it will take, Mother."

"Yes, and I can sit alone again, and sew by myself, after all these years."

The poignance of his mother's revelation roused *Some* to anger against his sister, but Martha was too conscious of her determination to pursue the path of selfishness if it were at all possible, to say anything. Extenuation would have been frivolous and irritating.

"I think you'll be sorry, Martha," said her grandmother. "A girl's place is by her mother's side. And you will be getting married in a few years, and then what good will all your schooling be to you then?"

In her place *Some* would have given in for peace' sake, but though conscience and all the reasons that Martha had been trained to weight most were against her, the whole sys-

tem of her desires, her whole self, was directed towards achieving this definite step to a goal of which she was only vaguely conscious, or which, rather, was only defining itself a bit at a time.

It was taken for granted that Martha would do as she planned.

John and the two boys were watering the garden in the twilight when Ernst broke his meditation with a roar.

"Martha is like a volcano. She sleeps for years, and you forget all about her, and then she bursts into eruption properly."

"Yes," agreed John, ~~"it's the second time with simple pride,"~~ "It's the second time."

And so Martha went to Adelaide too.

CHAPTER 9.

The first day of term in 1909 was certainly exciting for the Sexton's. Three from the station cottage were to begin lectures. Ernst was to take evening Economics with a view to the Diploma of Commerce.

Tom was in all day, as his lectures were spread about between ten and five. He presented his usual impassive front to Authority, and got through the perfunctory interviews with professors and lecturers without making the least impression on anyone - or they on him. Law subjects were divided between a professor and some local members of the profession, and Contracts fell to the lot of an undistinguished temporary lecturer with a red face and a monotonous voice. There was nothing to be very enthusiastic about. He found some other boys from Corfu, and they toured the premises together. The Law Library, as a Library, failed in interest. Tom merely took down a book or two and sniffed at their tables of contents. But the view from the windows, over the Plantation and the Terrace and the city to the purple hills with resting white clouds had its immediate fascination. Bum-astus would be the adjective to use for those clouds...One could dream here...And there was an intriguing portrait of a thin-nosed man in robes...not very interesting when you knew about him, though, probably...

When they pushed noisily through the red plush curtains of the Barr Smith Library, and then hushed and tip-toed, Tom sighed with content. They slid shyly to seats at a table; there were a few people about, people who might be graduates or professors or - anybody. Looking round at the book-lined walls and polished cases, and up over the door at the reading pilgrim and his staff, Tom thought that he would spend a lot of time in here, under the high wooden ceiling. The wood, of course, might be (he must find out) just stained deal; but that didn't matter; even deal had its romance; it came from the Baltic...Taking courage they crept through the hush and looked at a bookcase here and there. Tom lingered at "General" and "Biography" longer than at "Latin Prose" or "Logic".

Then they dashed downstairs and out of doors, walked right round the

Conservatorium, examined the tennis-courts, and went on a jubilant expedition to the Sports Ground and the Boat House by the river. Back in the dingy Commonroom- nothing but walls and forms and a rubbish-box! ~~they found by their big-
een-hel~~ - they ran into an older man or two, and decided it was time to go. To the pigeon-holes in the hall for letters, *where*
each found that "The Committee of the Christian Union requests the pleasure of - at a Freshers' Tea!"

Imaginis Martha came in with much trepidation to call on Professor ~~Honessy~~ before the Literature class met. She made a small noise on the polished door, and after repeating it a little more loudly received a clipped "Come in." She pushed open the door and stood with round frightened eyes looking into a room lined with books and a carpet.

"Take a chair." A bald, obese man, with a wrinkled waistcoat and a twinkle, rose, but continued writing for a minute or two. The only other chair in the room was behind him, and Martha sat on the extreme edge. Suddenly she remembered her grandmother saying that duchesses always sat on their chairs, and she settled herself more comfortably with a smile.

The figure at the table wheeled round and examined her.

"I don't usually take students so young."

"I'm - I'm - getting older," stammered the culprit.

A gleam showed under Professor *Imaginis*'s bushy eyebrows, ~~but his left eye~~ ~~addressed~~ ~~coins in his pockets~~ but he only jingled some coins in his pocket. Reflecting "I daresay they are only half-pennies" the new undergraduate stood up with dignity.

"You know the books?"

"Yes, thank you. The ch-chunky young man told me."

There may or may not have been a smile behind the dropped lids.

"We shall read Lounsbury today."

Martha gasped. Did they get through a whole book at a lecture? Perhaps she was too young...but the professor was opening the door for her.

"I shall see you in the lecture-room in five minutes time," he said courteously. Pigtail and ~~gown's dangling longer than~~ ~~skirts disappeared:~~ bobbed and disappeared.

At dinner *Gow* observed:

"You'll have to put up your hair and lengthen your skirts, Martha. Heard a chap say you made the 'Varsity look like a blooming kindergarten."

Beaming Martha was dashed.

"Can't. They've all got false hems on them now. I saw two or three other girls with their hair down, though."

"Yes," assented the observant *Gow*, "but they had it doubled and tied at the neck."

"Martha needs a new dress," said Hannah, "and she can wear it to town if she changes it as soon as she comes in."
Joy!

When Ernst presented himself for inspection before making his own début at the Commercial class Martha looked up at his height and German bulk, and made her first joke:

"You mustn't be hurt, Ernst," she said kindly, "if they complain that you make the place look like a bloomin' crèche."

"Martha's got an essay to write on 'Hamlet's Sense of Humour,'" shouted *Yome*, "perhaps she's going to develop one herself."

To Martha this year was full of life and colour. School had been busy and happy but bare of adventure; it had been all rush and grind. Work was now just as continuous, but more varied and more leisurely. It was not necessary to learn every syllable, and it was ~~not necessary~~ necessary to read a large number of very different books. There was more range and more choice, and, during the long mornings of washing or scrubbing or polishing, more time for chewing the cud. Her mind was filled with colour and movement as in Yandilla days when she read Scott and Dumas; only now she was not simply watching a moving picture, she was herself manipulating the scenes, and the heroes were not men but ideas.

To *Yome* it was a year of mixed apprehension and delight. University life absorbed him little, for the lives of the students did not touch at enough points, or often enough, for the discovery of affinities of mind as against affinities of breeding, or propinquity. But if he made few university friendships, he became acquainted with a whole new range of literature. Martha's work interested him much more than his own. He read all her text-books in the first fortnight, and began to dally with the essay. His own assignment of work had been unfortunate. He found Contracts very dry fare; a mere subject to "mug at". Lectures on Latin Unseens he found tolerable, and upon Horace he fell with avidity, as usual memorising passages, and ~~recit~~ *recit*ing them to himself in the morning bath with great satisfaction. But no one conveyed to him the qualities of Livy, and writing Latin prose he thought a profitless grind. Logic was better, but then he found it superficially so easy that he did not stop over it long enough to find the depths ~~of interest~~.

All this was disquieting for the years ahead, and he got no comfort from the ~~elers~~ other students.

"What do you do?" he asked one of the articulated clerks who was taking Contracts.

"Oh, you type things, and help draw up wills, and look up references for the gov'nor, or fish deeds out of the cellar; and talk, and smoke.."

"And take girls out to afternoon tea," said *Yome*. "Yes, I understand that part of it."

He thought he would not mind being a lawyer, a great con-

stitutional lawyer, appealed to on points of moment and philosophic principle. But how about all the dreary years while you made your ability felt - after you had got it? Perhaps you would have to begin with dirty police-court work. He read the news, and it wasn't savoury. And divorce. Pah! His feeling was known to Ernst and Martha, and they, in their thoroughly moral way, tried to argue him out of it. Ernst was with a wool firm, and looked forward to a commercial future. Tom had "discovered" Pett Ridge, and they had all been reading as much of him as they could lay hands on. Tom revelled in the sort of life that would certainly have been his in London; the early days of the Wickhamses he read with fascinated attention, and he was eminently able to appreciate "Thanks to Sanderson". He took Pett Ridge, and Pett Ridge's London, and Pett Ridge's people, to his heart, and was exasperated with Ernst and Martha because their favourite references were to Jo and Sarah "climbing", or to Florrie Garland's efforts at respectability. Didn't they see the poignancy of old man Wickham, didn't they realise the wasted self-sacrifice of Sanderson? Martha wondered if he pitied their own father as much as he pitied Sanderson. She pointed out that his sacrifice was not wasted, ~~only~~ not acknowledged.

"The Sanderson children wanted to get on, and their father helped them."

"Well," said Tom, "I don't. I don't want to make money, and "have a nice home of my own," as Grandma says."

His desire was for travel and the vast spaces of the earth, Australia first, and England; but India and Africa and America too. Experiences - gold-mining, pearl-fishing, and big things, perhaps; at any rate, adventures by land and by sea that would bring him to many scenes and many people. He wanted to amble through life, and by many paths.

And apparently Society had made up its mind that no one was respectable who did not make money and save it, and marry and spend it on a wife and kids. As long as a chap made his grub, and didn't beg, why shouldn't he try all the sorts of life he had read about and envied?

Some of this he thought, and some he said. Storing up money had no sort of attraction for Tom, and he could not conceive any reason that could make it desired by him. Money was for using; you wanted food and clothes and books, but you could get enough by shearing, mining, droving, as a sailor..you lived while you were doing those things. The "History of Mr. Polly" came his way and suited him admirably. Mr. Polly had made a dash for it and got the kind of life he wanted. His own grandfather had called the bush days the happiest of his life. He would like to be like his grandfather when he was old.

"He saved money and had a family," Ernst pointed out. "And

his wife and children are part of his enjoyment now. You don't think he would care ^{as} much about telling his yarns to other people's children? You and Martha are a big thing to him. He only means that it was more exciting in the bush."

Tom thought that it was like old Ernst to see so clearly. That was a good point about what they meant to his grandfather, and it was true that a rolling-stone's old age... but perhaps there wouldn't be an old age... and in any case you couldn't possibly arrange your life with a view to the last few years. You must enjoy it as you go along.

"Our fathers have told us..." quoted Ernst, and Martha said something about the "joy of sacrifice", but even to them these phrases did not mean very much. Maxims don't, until we have gone through the same experiences as evolved them. Tom looked over at Martha, and thought irritably that her serene face, oval and olive and scarlet, beamed with the placid content of an Alderney cow. Martha would marry and have ten children and take them regularly to church, of course.

"I'm a wastrel," said Tom in surprise, "a ne'er-do-weel. Somehow that is a thing one never expects to be. It is what other people are... But when you are one... Do you know, I understand the poor beggars?"

Tom, in fact, was a born rolling-stone who did not want to gather moss, didn't want the bother of it, didn't like the look of it. And all the people for whom he cared had set their hearts on him collecting it, if not by the acre in law, at any rate by the square inch in some pedestrian occupation. Of course if he had to do it, and for a permanency, he preferred the larger scale... it would allow for books and furniture that you liked. He grimaced at the thought of the magenta jig-saw and the cheap "set" in the sitting-room... All the same he would like to live the life of Clapham Junction - in Clapham, not in Bowden! - as well as of San Francisco and Vienna, yes, a little of all the sorts of lives he had ever heard of.

But though this kind of apprehension was an increasing part of his thoughts he had many hours of forgetfulness and pleasure. He made hay while the sun shone. Most of the day he spent at the University library, reading hard - but not at the set books. At first biography and belles lettres attracted him most. Robert Louis Stevenson (he felt a literary thrill the first time he referred to him casually as R.L.S.) had lived the sort of life he coveted. He had combined travel and change - experience - with the cultured and social amenities he himself vaguely craved. He read the life of John Addington Symonds; and though Symonds was too entirely literary to appeal like Stevenson, yet there was much in his life that he liked, apart from Switzerland

and Italy. The fulness of life at Oxford, seeing the great men who lectured and taught, the Jowetts, the Greens, the Sidgwicks...all this appealed to Tom. And there one would meet the eminent men of the coming generation. At Adelaide one might be cheek by jowl with the Dales, the Bakers, even the William Hugheses, but who, he thought with a grin, wanted to be friends with them? He saw clearly that local youth lacked the fulness, the charm, the atmosphere of ideas, that was so stimulating in those other undergraduates; he was not so conscious that some of the fulness was ante-dated, was due to later life having acclaimed them great before the retrospect was written.

Tom did not, of course, feel superior to the men he knew; his cynicism was general, not particular, and did not prevent him from playing football with great zeal on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A comment in a book on Fanny Burney seemed to fit the situation. "Cumberland, always on the edge of company which he could appreciate, but was unfit to join..." He thought that many young Australians brought up like himself might be able to appreciate English university life, without themselves being acceptable to it.

From the biographies, in their red cedar bookshelves with the linen-fold carving on the polished ends that he loved to feel, he turned to the inviting wall under the clock, lined with fascinating-looking books about poetry and painting and art in general. He read Bradley's lectures on poetry, and then read some poetry and applied them. He read Pater's Appreciations, and went back to Wordsworth to find new delight in occasional phrases, some of them hidden in dull lengths of verse. He was at last on to a line of theory that his own mind had glimpsed, but never squarely met, at Corfu. How a thing was said had a bearing on what was said. Why couldn't they learn ~~about~~ such things? He would bet that at Oxford they did not hammer at piffling grammar and mug up notes all the time; at a place like that they would spend their time on things that counted...things that Stevenson and Symonds talked about in their letters...He passed on to books about painting, and spent hours in the Art Gallery next door, trying to puzzle out applications. There was so much behind everything. Nothing was just as easy and obvious as it looked. All the jolliest things were the ideas or methods or difficulties the chaps that wrote or painted had in their minds...and unless you got some sort of training yourself you just saw a picture that was a sort of diagram, or a poem that just said something. What you missed was the force of the inner spirit, and the part that took knowing, the rules - by Jove, it was something like the categories they talked about in Logic, and the painter obeyed 'em whether he knew them or not. But it was a lot more interesting if you did know them, because some of the results you

would never notice for yourself. Jehosaphat! What dry stuff Contracts were!

If Tom had started with Jurisprudence the finding of underlying principles in the constitution might have suggested possibilities in the dreary vista of Contracts and Torts and Crimes...If he could have seen Law, not as an arbitrary pigeon-holing system, but as the crystallisation of a long mental history, the hope of getting to this, of some happy region ahead as a reward for the drudgery, might have stimulated him to at least the irreducible minimum of work necessary to satisfy the examiners. But it might not. Tom always wanted his cake straight away. For him the end seldom beautified the means, if the end were very far off.

Now that he was awakening to this other side of art which he had always more or less suspected, and found that there was so much more in it than he had ever guessed, and so much that was definite, too, he read aesthetics, and aesthetics in practice - poems and essays and plays and prefaces - greedily. Hannah began to fear for his health. He often went back at night to read in the Public Library. Even though he neither understood nor digested all that he read, he yet got enough to found a wide interest and information that would, if pursued, only fall short of culture by being undisciplined and diffuse. It was an excellent equipment for the enjoyment of life in some circumstances, for finding it intolerable in others.

By contrast with all this mental colour the conversation of the train and tram, of the ordinary tradespeople whom he met, was vapid and unnecessary, but Tom never lost his pleasure in simple things. Simple people and simple things are the enduring solids of life, and he was too sound of heart not to love them. When it came to talking, he was very skilful at dipping in an oar and steering the conversation in whimsical directions.

"No one at all is ever quite ordinary," he propounded in the kitchen one night.

Martha sighed. She knew that tone. There wouldn't be much done besides talk the whole evening.

"If I met a really ordinary man," he pursued, "I would write a book about him. He would be unique."

Ernst, wrestling with Sykes on the theory of bills of exchange, made an extraordinarily tactless attempt to snub him into silence.

"My father says that Australia can't produce great writers yet. She's too young."

"There's Rolf Boldrewood," offered Martha. "Everyone reads Robbery Under Arms."

"Robbery Under Arms," pondered Ernst, "is certainly a romantic classic..."

"But not a great work of art," remonstrated Tom.

"Father said 'Rolf Bolderwood, yes; De Quincey and Meredith,

nein," quoted Ernst. "Patterson, but not Tennyson."

"Don't see why, yet. What has Australia's youth got to do with it? It is the individual who does the writing, and he gets as old as an Englishman."

"He says the air is too thin here. We don't live in the same houses or clubs as great thinkers, nor go to school with their children, nor hear pictures and music and science discussed freely by people who know what they are talking about."

"Um-phm," grunted Tom slowly, "No. We just learn slabs of science and poetry off by heart in school. Afterwards we talk football and - and - the Dog Act."

"Australia's all right", said Martha jealously. "If we were in England we would very likely not be where ideas are flying around any thicker than they are here, and we would not have nearly such a good chance of doing things.."

"Nor of getting on," agreed Ernst.

"But other people, the lucky ones in the right places, would get much richer minds. They would strike sparks out of one another," declared Tom, firing himself. "They would be more likely to become great artists...especially great statesmen, because their politics are so frightfully important in themselves..."

"In Germany or England" cut in Ernst, pursuing his own thoughts, "if we did get into Parliament we wouldn't have much power. Now out here one man can do a lot."

"Small stage, though", said Tom sapiently. "Seems to me Mr. Neumann is right. "More life and fuller" was somebody's motto, wasn't it? We may get more life here (or more of us get it), but not fuller. In fact," he burst out, with a sudden sight at life from one angle, "it's jolly thin."

"Depends on what you call full," hazarded Ernst.

"Thoughts, ideas, beauty...good company, books, pictures," developed Tom. "Leisure, and - and - stretching your legs, feeling yourself..." he faltered.

"Learning," said Martha slowly, "doing things, making an impression, improving things..."

"Making some money," said Ernst happily, "and spending it."

Ernst's ideal was not so material as it sounded; he only wanted the money for what it would allow in the way of feeling.

"Like to go to England", Tom came out of his sudden silence, "with a few good introductions."

They all laughed.

In indirect ways, of course, Tom's new ideas filtered through to Martha, and were ^{added} a stimulus in her development. The essay which was supposed to widen and co-ordinate her reading, and concentrate the result, was forcing her to read rapidly; and this rapidity, for which previous drudgery had sufficiently prepared her mind, made possible a firmer grasp

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and wider range of thought. Tom observed the process with more amusement than understanding. Martha never jumped to a conclusion, and then analysed, her conclusions were always the result of analysis. One night he observed her reading Hamlet and jotting down notes in a book.

"What are you doing?"

"Going through Hamlet picking out the jokes."

"Picking out the - Well, I'm blowed. Ha, ha, ha! You all over. You take humour like statistics or potatoes or the temperature. Found any?"

"Only one so far. "Funeral baked meats coldly furnish forth the

forth the marriage table" is one, isn't it?"

"I'm ashamed of you, Martha, joking about serious things like second marriages. You can bet your boots Hamlet didn't think it was any joke."

"I think he did, Tom," Martha rejoined solemnly. "Not the fact, you know, but the expression. He was being as n nasty as he could. Tom, you are making fun of me. Go away to your Contracts."

Two minutes later a grinning Thomas put his head into the dining-room again.

"Martha, I say, Martha! Just come and jot down the jokes in Contracts for me, will you?"

Laughter overcame him when he learned, one Saturday afternoon at Melkshan, that she was actually reading a "Psychology of Humour" in preparation for the essay.

"I don't see that it is any sillier than writing an essay about humour," Martha defended herself. "Besides, you said that those lectures on the evolution of the sonata taught you to hear the thing differently, to notice that parts were repetitions or variations, parts that you had just taken by ~~yourself~~ yourself before. Why shouldn't an analysis of some good jokes make me wider awake to a good story?"

"Oh," groaned Tom, in imitation of the lecturer on Horace, "can't-you-feel-it?" "Why don't the gods give humour to more of us, and make a better world?" There, that's a quotation. You can use it, if you like. You women make me tired. For you humour is a joke; a story with a point to it. Chloe Grasbee swam up to me in the Library the other day, and said, "Oh, Mr. Sexton, I have to make a speech at the Debating Society tonight. Can't you give me a few jokes?" I'm blest if she didn't think you mix a speech like an American drink. Humour, my dear girl, is not a separate ingredient; it's not a patch; it's not a pattern stamped on the cloth, it's the very threads of the stuff. It's like the beauty of a bit of Virgil. "Can't you feel it", as old Compton says. "It's an attitude of mind."

"That's exactly what the book said, you know. And impartiality is an attitude of mind. A university education is supposed to develop it. I hope it develops humour too. I should love to have a sense of humour. It seems to make people feel so superior, and that is such a comfortable thing to be." Martha sighed wistfully, but Tom fancied the wistfulness was a little ostentatious.

"Don't you take to being sarcastic," he warned her, "there's nothing a chap hates so much."

"Nothing he hates so much in a girl, no," pondered Martha. "Sarcasm and irony and wit, those are all things I've got to connect with and distinguish from humour. And then there is fancy, and the play of the imagination. It's all very interesting."

"Fancy," said Tom eagerly, "fancy is like the embroidery

edging a garment. It is easier than real humour. Why you girls don't have humour is because you have such a narrow range. You see a fat man, and you see a thin man, but you never hold them both in one thought and see how funny they are together. At least, you do if it is something you can look at, but not when it is ideas."

"That is a difference of mind, not of sex. But even when you have got the things that are humorous both into your mind together you have to pick out what is different in a lot that is the same. That is the hard part, I think. But I think that if people had practice, and the likes and differences that made the fun were pointed out to them, they would come to putting two and two together for themselves in time."

"I don't know what you are talking about," cut in their grandmother unexpectedly; "if that is the sort of thing they teach you at the University I don't see the good of going there. But if you want to know why Tom 'as a sense of humour and Martha 'asn't, it's because 'er mother didn't tickle 'er enough when she was a baby."

"Ha ha ha!" exploded the twins together. "And did she tickle me?"

"I went up to your poor mother when the two of you came and I attended to Tom myself."

"So your real problem is, Martha, did Gertrude tickle Hamlet?"

Children
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CHAPTER 10.

Two other interests broadened the children's horizon about this time; one was ~~the~~ a visit to the theatre, and the other the reappearance of the Caseys.

They had never been to a theatre. That form of amusement was so outside their way of life that they had never seriously thought to wish it. To the Sextons' way of thinking theatres were immoral as well as superfluous. But when all the undergraduate world was stirred with the excitement of the Oscar Ashe company their desire to see acted the plays they had read was naturally strong. John made no objection. he had never wanted to go to a play himself, but then he was a dull old fogey, not like his clever children. They were good children, too; some would have gone without asking. Hannah said nothing, either. She disapproved on principle, but of course Shakespeare's plays... Shakespeare and the Bible were about equal in her mind. She often heard of both, and seldom read them. Besides, the boy's grandmother would disapprove enough for all, she thought with grim satisfaction. ~~Some~~ would find there was one thing his mother was softer in!

She was right. Polly was surprised at the children thinking of such a thing; and what was their father about to allow it? She would never have allowed him to go...

Hannah observed that children had to learn things for themselves; you could not expect them always to follow their elders opinions - especially if the elders had had no personal experience in the matter, she added, with as near an approach to malice as her large quitness ever went. Besides, no harm could come to them going together...

Her daughter-in-law's acquiescence alarmed ~~at~~ Polly. ^{to} She determined to exert her influence over her grandson.

"But why not, Grandma? What's the matter with the theatre?"

"No respectable people go to theatres", said she.

"Oh, Grandma! The king goes, and the Governor. Wouldn't you call them respectable?"

"Certainly, ay-see, but see, son, they go because of their position."

"Martha and I are going from a solemn sense of duty," chafed Tom. "We feel that we ought to be able to warn our children of the dangers from personal experience."

"You are a naughty boy, Tom. I know you are only trying to tease your old grandmother."

"Father and Mother don't mind," urged Martha.

John's pusillanimity Polly passed over with contempt; she meant to speak to him about that.

"Your mother 'asn't seen as much of life as I 'ave", she excused her. Polly might have won the argument in the end, but for one moment anxiety made her lose the control she so carefully preserved.

"Why the deuce..." she hurled, and then for once fell into self-conscious abashment. This before her darlings - ! Then her soft old face crinkled into laughter at the malicious delight that succeeded their surprise.

"Well, your old grandmother can make a fool of herself", was what she said. Always she had this wonderful recuperating power; not only could she reinstate herself after a slip, but her address put her higher than ever in Tom's affection.

So they went. And Tom could have sat in the stuffy gallery for ever; before the curtain went up there were the people around him, tawdry, dingy, talking of acting like habitués, yet ludicrous about Shakespeare; and after, after!...Martha, on the other hand, was critical and aloof, even a little bored before the end. "Portia..."

"Portia was lovely," flamed Tom.

"Of course she was," assented his sister calmly; "but, to look at, the brains of a kitten." And Shylock was stagey, and Bassanio a stick."

Tom stared. He was used to posing as blasé, but Martha! Later when they saw another celebrity as Hamlet he agreed with her, though.

"Was Hamlet drunk?" is more like the question than "was Hamlet mad," he offered, and on the whole he admitted that the companies that came to Adelaide were best at modern plays.

"Guess who I saw at the station today", John began one night with pleased excitement, "Pat Casey from Yandilla. He's left the railway..."

"Got chucked", interpreted Tom, passing mustard.

"...and has got a job at the gas-works. Mrs. Casey and the children are coming down. They're going into that old shack of McAllister's across the back there."

The advent of the Caseys was of no interest to Hannah and Martha, but the boys were all agog to see Mickey again. Always glad of an excuse to stop work, Tom strolled across one fresh moonlight night. He came back in radiant spirits.

"Same old Caseys," he announced. "Not changed a bit. There was the moon (as it might have been the night of Dunbar fight, see Carlyle) "riding among rain-clouds", and shining on the ^{silver} almond-blossom. So I took a deep breath to enjoy it all - but what I smelt was Casey's ducks."

"How long," enquired Martha coldly, "did it take you to think of that?"

"They've got two more kids, and Mrs. Casey is as bony as ever, if not more so. But Mickey! Mickey is changed, I assure you. He is grown up, and has a moustache. He is a socialist, no less, and inclined to think we "boorgwars" are not fit company for him."

"What does he do for a living," Hannah wanted to know.

"Hush, Mother. It isn't polite to ask that question about your acquaintances. He's done a lot of things. Went to Port Pirie when he left old Tonkin, and he's been with a baker and a barber and in the Smelting Works. He's a half-starved looking little chap. The Works were too hard for him, and now he's got a job with old Nuxey on the Port Road." Nuxey

Mickey at Yandilla had been a "hard case", ready with his fists and ready with his tongue. Irregular feeding and irregular schooling and irregular employment left him with no skilled trade. He was always on work a little harder than his strength, and always using any savings in his unemployed intervals. And he had had no experience of thrift at home, and little natural aptitude for it. He was too eager to be apathetic in his blind alley, and too ignorant to know how to get out of it. With his mental energy repressed or frittered, he was sullen and defiant. Knocking about from Yandilla to Port Pirie, from Port Pirie to Bowden, with more vivacity than intelligence, and more intelligence than knowledge, the habitual but not heartfelt grumbling of his father had gradually become an embittered belief with him, a magnet of thought which instantly attracted all ideas ~~that~~ and incidents that supported it, while it remained indifferent to all that challenged. He easily learned to blame society for the sins of his father, and in brooding over his own hand-to-mouth condition honestly thought his indignation was on behalf of his "class". Mickey was sincere, if ignorant, and he really had a quick natural sympathy for suffering of all kinds, a blazing indignation at injustice, real or apparent. Making or listening to violent speeches ~~was~~ the only vent for his bitterness, and he took Tom and Ernst to the Botanic Park on Sunday afternoons. They walked in through the green Park Lands with its "two-up" schools and its ~~groups of~~ men lounging men with their slinking kangaroo-dogs, and Tom seldom failed to view the scene, like most others, as "colonial", "provincial", or "foreign;" at any rate, un-English. Would Hampstead Heath be the English parallel, he wondered? On the Terrace were people passing through to other suburbs, and groups of vis-

itors to Library or Art Gallery or Hospital. The women, brightly dressed, the men in Sunday grey or blue, ^{with} sticks and cigarettes, walked and talked as though in a moving-picture of some other land. Through the thronged gardens with its fountains and trees and flowers they passed to join the promenaders under the plane-tree avenue in the Park. Out under the big trees groups clustered round singers or ranters. Contemptuously ignoring the Salvation Army and the temperance orators, Mickey would choose some rasping voice of discontent. Tom classed them all as "socialists", but then Tom was out to enjoy rather than to profit. A stray speaker for the "Independent Workers of the World" would most certainly hold Mickey's attention. Tom jeered at the "tub-thumpers", not because he thought there was nothing in what they said, but because the violence of their adjectives and manner amused him so much that he could not take them seriously. Mickey was deeply scornful of the criticism. with

"Garn", he said, "they've got the guts, and that's what matters."

Ernst was more interested in their arguments, and was stirred up to read about socialism and syndicalism. The organisation, the system, of the former, appealed to his tidy mind; it so obviously used everything to the best advantage; it even economised feelings and fear. Mickey was always quoting Marx's works, so Ernst looked them up in the library. Tom and he were much impressed. So old Mickey read that stiff stuff!

"Don't," said Mickey frankly; "only read the Communist Manifesto. Any one can understand that."

The criticisms of Tom and Martha were temperamental rather than instructed. Martha could see in what they told her no reward for individual effort, and Tom agreed, out of his knowledge of himself, that a spur was needed! They were willing to agree with Mickey that all was not right with "the social system", but the average youth requires some pressing personal or evident particular injury to spur him to actual devotion.

At the University, of course, Tom took a different tone. Most of the undergraduates belonged to what Mickey always called "the boorgwar classes", and their intolerance of strikes and working-class complaints roused to opposition this son of a working man, himself living among the very men who "struck". When Tom was at home, and remembered what his working-class fathers had accomplished in the way of providing for their old age and for their children's education, and how the state had supplemented their efforts in the latter direction, "class" complaints left him cold, and he agreed with his elders that work and thrift and South Australia would take a man anywhere his intelligence could go. But he felt exasperated by the young lordliness of the students towards "the labouring man"; he became conscious of his class, and resented slights on their energy or thrift or management.

"And wouldn't you get drunk," he urged hotly, "if you had

twelve children and an uncertain job? People clear of the living-wage line can talk about thrift and prudence; you'd get sick of it if every penny counted."

For a good many students, of course, every penny did count; they were all fairly impecunious, but they all looked forward to an easy competence earned in congenial ways; they had the outlook of the middle classes, though often only divided from the lower by a generation - if that. The consequence was that *Tom* was considered to be a dashing young Socialist by the small fry of freshers who were his associates ~~at-the-University~~ at lunch in the Common Room, or watching the tennis-tournament, sandwiches in hand, while to Mickey, tramping down the dusty coal-track from the station, or arguing in the dirty yard among the ducks, he was "a renegade from his class". That was one of Mickey's phrases. Others, when he sullenly wished to sting, were blackleg and scab.

There was one great doctrine, though, on which they all agreed, and that was a White Australia. Mickey didn't want niggers running down wages, no one wanted lower morals, and most of them disliked the Asiatic anyway. Only ~~old~~ Polly sternly warned her grandchildren that the yellow man was their brother.

"I don't mind being his brother - in Heaven, said-gee if Chinkey 'as cleaned hisself up a bit first", said *Tom*, who had just met Mr. Jacob's nightwatchman again, and admired his language immensely, and who knew nothing whatever about Chinamen.

CHAPTER 11

So Tom ~~George~~ read hard all the winter, and only Martha knew that the reading was not to the examination point. Naturally she made sisterly efforts to save him from failure and the family from disappointment, and equally naturally they were not well received. After a diatribe by her brother against University text-books, and a loving comparison with the books he himself liked, she tried another method.

"Your taste is too good," she warned him. "You will have to work hard and make a lot of money to satisfy it."

"Oh, will I?" flung ~~Tom~~ ^{he} ~~grin~~. "I'll jolly well do without, then."

Her conscientious and aggrieved efforts to spur him to the steady grind he loathed and despised, to shepherd him into the narrow path of respectability as and ambition as laid down by the family, always aroused his amused irritation. Martha complained that Grandma ~~only~~ ^{only} would only let you be happy in her way; well, Martha thought you were heading for the devil if you wouldn't mug, mug, mug, like her... Good little thing, of course. Laughed at his jokes - at his anecdotes, anyway; ^{though} if you ventured on an idea, just to try the taste of it, she took it so jolly seriously. Martha was like those underclothes he helped her to mangle the other day, she didn't understand ~~the~~ edging a plain subject with fun. About working she was right, of course... but ~~dash~~ ^{dash} it, a chap didn't want his sister always right. dash!

A fortnight before the second terminal he began to work feverishly at the despised texts, almost expecting to be able to cram up all the back work. The results proved otherwise, but as he knocked himself up in the effort, he actually had the fleeting sensation of a hard-working and virtuous youth against whom the examiners had conspired. Commonsense came to his aid, however, and he talked the thing over with Martha.

"I'm a born vagabond," he said miserably, "and I wish the ~~God~~ ^{God} would recognise it, and not look so confoundedly hurt."

"But you are not, Tom. You can work, if you like. You do work, at the wrong thing."

"No, I /don't; I read; that is a very different thing from study, and I know it."

"But you would study, if you made up your mind to it."

"Not Law."

"But you must, Tom. Think of all the money that has been spent."

"Hang it, I do. I think of the money, and the Dad's feelings, and - and - Grandma. (He laughed, recognising weakness.) Nothing else keeps me from breaking right away. The money isn't wasted, but they can't understand that, of course. A lot will be wasted, if I push on, though. Why do people always think education is for something? Some learn to teach again, some to be lawyers and doctors and ministers; but if you just want to live, then "an education" is though to be thrown away upon you. If I were nothing but a bullocky, I'd be glad I've got what I have. Think of the Roadmender; he enjoyed cracking stones - because he had been to Oxford."

"Yes," said Martha sagely, "but in ten years time, when Ernst and the other boys were in good positions, you would be saying with Mickey Casey that society was all wrong, that it was the capitalist who kept you from rising and sucked the blood of the working classes, and you'd be all for a revolution to take by force what a little hard work now would earn for you."

Tom grinned his appreciation.

"No, I wouldn't, Martha. I wish I were you and you were me. You are so exactly what everybody wants me to be."

"You are like the young man in the parable. You say you will do what is asked, but you don't really do it."

"You are a bit like the other chap. You don't say anything, but you do it."

"Yes", said Martha sadly, "but what I do isn't what people want me to do. Our qualities are sorted out all wrong. I wish we hadn't been divided into twins. We would have made such a good single person." But if you feel so miserable, Tom, wouldn't it be netter to explain and have it over?"

"Yes, and see everyone looking like wounded dogs... and we have Grandma at me. No, I must wait till there is something definite to go to. I'll have a shot at next term, and then..."

He was intensely unhappy, resentful of himself and his fate and his family. It was all very well for Martha; she was a brick, in her way. When she wanted to do a thing she did it, and somehow she always half managed to do what people thought she ought to do as well. But people like Martha could not understand rolling-stones like him; Martha would sacrifice him to the old folks and the accepted notions...no, that wasn't fair of him; he was sacrificing himself, with his accursed sensitiveness. A man with any grit would break away.

He stuck on a cap and went for one of the long lonely walks in which he often tried to tramp off depression, to monotonise himself into acquiescence. The sights and scenes of Bowden life are not radiant, and yet there was something

in the swarming houses (elles pullulent"), ^{Tom}~~George~~ would repeat to himself, as if that expressed it better) that warned him with the consciousness of humanity at hand. He struck through the narrow streets towards the ~~Torrens Road~~. The clogged gutters, the filthy footpaths, the crowding houses, were not beautiful, though the coming dusk obscured the squalor. Night is kind, but nothing could conceal the smell of stale greens, ~~the~~ fumes from the rubbish burning in the pug-holes. Torrens Road was better. He crossed it to the footpath running along by open paddocks where youths, released from work at five, kicked a football about in a rush-and-tumble without rules, and walked towards the flaming sunset that blazoned the murky sky and dwarfed man's miserable work to a low line of black. As red turned to clear pale yellow, and lighted the west ever higher before the final lapse to darkness, he stopped to listen to the sounds as one would in the country, but instead of the shrill twitter of birds blotting, as it were, into quiet country stillness, there was the yelping of a hungry dog, the harsh vulgarity of scolding; round a corner a cheerless row of little boys sat on the curbstone, ferretting in the dust and papers with their feet, and singing dully: "Three old men, three old men."

Soothed by the mere giving himself over to sensation, he turned homeward, noticing with ~~a sort of~~ gloomy appreciation the romantic mantle that night throws over the sordid. The chimney stacks, dark and towering in the twilight, their bases clustered thick with the roofs of the dwellings of their workmen, told not of grime and smoke but of innumerable livelihoods, of teeming life; a windmill, forlorn and lonely, hinted at some leisure for a cultivated garden; through its chinks a brick-kiln cast a warm red glow, and rows of piled bricks, with paths between, stretched off mysteriously into the darkness. The notes of a piccolo sounded, and from a cottage came the unmistakable clatter of fork on plate, and the smell of sausages and cabbage.

Pity, vast as vague, filled ^{Sutton}Tom for the innumerable people living their dull daily rounds in Bowden, in Australia, in the world. He brooded over the Endless Chain. "We go to work to get the money to get the food to get the strength to go to work to get the money..." There were men toiling in factories or sweating in brick-kilns or filthily fumbling in rubbish-tips all day to get enough money to keep their miserable selves and their slatternly wives and their degenerate children barely alive, deceived into thinking they were rural and happy if they had a few smokey flowers and a grape-vine, Bohemian with a piccolo, diners when they gorged on sausage and boiled cabbage.

Was every fellow tied to some dull job by some weak feeling or legal forcement to undertake duties and satisfy ~~rights claims~~? Why didn't the whole world get up and go where it was clean and do what it liked? And if it couldn't, if civilisation

had reached that pitch that a man was bound to his place by chains of iron, why didn't the whole world commit suicide and end it? Could love and such weak laughter, could vaunted self-devotion, atone for this?

Emerging from the dingy side-street onto the gaily-lit Port Road ~~John~~ saw his father just ahead, going home from his shift at the station. Sagging from his tired shoulders hung his tardily-purchased winter overcoat, its broad stripes of green and blue, its baggy shapelessness of coarse tweed, proclaiming to all the world: "This style 15/6." Good God! No chap could enjoy wearing that overcoat. Remorse and pity surged up in ~~John~~'s heart. He wanted to make it up to his father. He quickened his steps, then shrank back. He could not meet him now, in the street, he felt too emotional. His father would look pleased and touched like a child that is noticed, and oh, God, he would weep aloud.

And the impulse to come close to his father was lost.

Within the house relations were strained. Hannah's freshly aroused fears lest her son was being wheedled along a disastrous path expressed itself like a sharp disapproval. John was depressed and disappointed, and Martha furtive and ill at ease. The meal was an uninteresting tea, and ~~John~~'s acquired appetite felt baulked. No one broke the silence until Mrs. Sexton made heavy efforts with a forced cheerfulness that was maddening.

"I went up to town and did a bit of shopping. Things are very dear. I got you some singlets, ~~John~~. They were samples."

"Ugh," granted ~~John~~.

Martha, you are not eating. Come, my girl, shall I pass you the ~~jam~~?"

"No thank ~~you~~!" ~~John~~ ~~have the butter."~~

"I saw an astrachan boa at Martin's. I would like a boa, but they are things one can do without."

His mother's gallantry had softened ~~John~~ if her method irritated him. ~~John~~ was melting before ~~Hannah's~~ unconscious self-abnegation when his father broke in ~~with~~ on a project that was coming to him with that tentative air as though he walked on eggs:

"Well, how have you got on today, ~~John~~?"

"Oh, cripes," the boy muttered, and left the room.

"Children are a worry, John," said Hannah that night.

"Yes, my dear, it seems as though one did not know what to do for the best."

"Don't you think we have made a mistake keeping the boy on with his schooling? It stands to reason that people like us can't pick up things like gentry born."

"I don't know. He seems to work hard, though he doesn't like to be asked about it. If we bring it up he will think

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* Martha reflected that if Tom ever got engaged someone ought to warn the girl of his head temper.

She was fumbling at the notion that training might pitch a mind to a different key; there might be discord, and yet no blame anywhere.

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we are blaming him for his failure, or want to draw back from helping him. He seems a clever lad enough."

"Seems to me you think too much of the boy's feelings, John. It's little enough he cares for yours."

"Oh, he's a good boy, Hannah. He's raw today, and I get on his nerves, I don't know why."

"Casey always said education put a boy above his parents."

"But you can't say it's that, Hannah. See how he *worships* my old folks."

"Umphm", said Hannah, quite unable to express herself.

"Well, I do believe that the lad is unhappy, and I don't see what is going to come of it."

feebly
In his own room *Tom* lay miserably awake, occupied with the same question. What was going to come of it? Was he going to muddle up his life trying to conform to other people's expectations, and *feebly* failing, or was he going his own unthrifty happy-go-lucky way, trampling over the disappointment and chagrin? He had thought himself in the clutch of necessity; love and sensitiveness and fear had seen walls around him; and while such an hallucination lasts the barrier is as effective as if it were real. But now he was not so sure. Even his mother did not think him fit for a profession. But then she would be aghast at roving. If he took the years of curiosity, of wandering, of living with all the physical sensation of rush and health and life that in towns you only got in a football match, she would think him no better than a swagman, a tramp. By gum, he wished he were a tramp! Her ideal was a settled occupation with a steady income, a clerkship, a "nice position in a shop", or even a policeman. "A nice position in a shop!" Ha, ha! Him!... Might experiment with that, for a joke... Jove!...

Meanwhile Martha slept, not the sleep of the heartless, for she was genuinely distressed for her brother, but the sleep of those who have found no situation that would not yield to energy and penetrating thought and tolerant adjustment. She had never yet come up to an inevitable "No Thoroughfare." Of course not... If you wanted a thing badly enough you got it. It was an adaptable world, and by a little compromise and commonsense you got it, too, without hurtling quite counter to other people.

It could not occur to her that her difficulties were less than *Tom's* because her ambitions were only a feminine edition of her parents'.

"I'm not a Bohemian", as she had once unnecessarily explained to *Tom*.

Martha's theory was a good one for youth; she had yet to learn that it was not universally applicable.

CHAPTER 12.

Next day *Tom* diverted his own gloom and the family's attention. After being away all day he announced that he had "got a job."

"*Tom!*"

Tom took his mother's relief for expostulation, and when she amended, "but whatever will your father say?" he cut her short by explaining that it was only for the vacation.

"But I didn't tell them that. I'm to be handy man in the Cave, and sell soap and glassware and loamy fishes, I dare say. I've been doing funny things like that all day!"

"My poor boy! You must be tired."

"As a dog," he agreed cheerfully. "But it's the fun of *Cork*. All the old ladies come buzzin' in and pullin' things about and makin' disparagin' remarks."

"But whatever made you think of it? You'll get no holiday at all."

"Seems a pity to waste so much time, don't you think? And anyway Mickey Casey can't say I'm a bloated aristocrat now. I'm a Fellow-Worker, qualified to join the One Big Union - when it gets goin'. Wobbly Number 1001."

Everyone was glad to see the boy in spirits again.

"Has Mickey really joined the I.W.W?" enquired his father, coming in at that moment.

"No, Mickey isn't a member because there is no society here yet, but you can bet he'll have one pretty soon."

"Aye, he's bitter, is Mickey," agreed John. "His father was always "agin the govamunt," but there's a bitterness about Mickey. He hasn't had a chance, and blames the world instead of his father."

"You'd better tell him that when he comes in tonight. He wants you to sign a petition demanding Home Rule for Ireland."

"Don't you do it, John," put in Hannah, "Home Rule is Rome Rule."

"Oh, I don't know about that, my dear. You must remember that we Australians have Home Rule."

"But Ulster..." said Martha.

"But it isn't our duty to go dictating to England," fired Hannah; "let them settle their own affairs."

The friendly wrangle showed a house at ease again. It lasted all the evening, waxing afresh when Mickey came in. John signed the petition, though; it couldn't do much harm, and he didn't want Mickey, glowering and suspicious of everyone, to think feel that every man's hand was against all he cared for.

At the end of the week ~~George~~ ^{Tom} announced that he had got the sack.

"You mean that you have left."

"No, I got the sack."

"Oh, ~~Tom~~, I didn't like you doing it, but..."

Oh, I don't think I was a failure, exactly. The trouble was, I sold too much. You see yesterday an old chap came in and asked if we had any cricketballs, and I said our shop had anything you liked to name. So he wanted some stuff to keep his hair from falling out. Well, I sold him some fish-glue. You know the stuff. Smells like billy-o, and if you mend a plate with it a ton weight won't bust the bits apart. I expect it settled his hair, though I told him to dilute it with ~~six parts~~ hot water. He wasn't half a sport. Rang up this morning and said he'd been made a fool of, and so on. But they gave me the eighteen bob, and here's your astrachan boa, Mum. One of the permanent hands got it whole-sale."

The second week of the vacation ~~Tom~~ spent at Melksham. Of course his problem was only deferred, and closed in on his mind again and again. He meant to work hard all this last term of the year, and let the examination decide. But ~~of course~~ he ~~did~~ had not resolution to carry out the intention. The old interests, and the old intolerance, intruded again and again; the examination would show small resolution, it would be no real test of ability. He was living out the ~~times~~ of the trial he had set himself, but not keeping its terms.

A month before the examinations he took Mickey to a lecture on "Imperial Organization" at the University. Ernst was away in the country at some wool sales. Mickey entered what he called "one of the Halls of the Oppressor", not because he considered it had anything to teach or he to learn, but from curiosity, and liking for ~~you~~, and for the pleasure of having his fury whetted. ~~Tom~~, of course, was not ~~ver~~ much pre-occupied with his companion, though he liked him; liked him partly because he had known him at Yandilla, partly because his arguments were provocative, and partly because he felt him to be dangerous and daring company. Mickey's outlook being what it was, ~~Tom~~ had never confided - or exploded - his own problem. He wanted to resign what Mickey thought should be free to all - though surely Mickey in the ranks of the orthodox, Mickey with a profession, Mickey without a grievance, was unthinkable! They sat together, then, but not in company.

The occasion was somewhat distinguished. The lecturer

was a man of diplomatic fame, and his slight figure and white hair stood out against the black background in the Prince of Wales Theatre. A red carpet was spread at the foot of the graded seats, and in a semi-circle of armchairs sat the Governor of the State, the Premier, the Chancellor of the University, and some professors. Seats and steps and doorways were crowded, and even the janitors in their braided uniforms made places for themselves to watch and hear the dignity and pathos of chastened age delivering the lessons of life with an authority that his past justified.

The lecture had most of Tom's attention, though smouldering at the back of his mind was the mood of his revolt.

"Nice old man...something like a baboon with a soft white halo..Lost your spectacles. You'll find them at the other end of the desk, my dear sir..Yes, we are a fine people; everybody tells us that; and intelligent..We owe a lot... so we do, but you make old Mickey wriggle. Bet he's thinking "Perfidious Albion."..Yes, proud of the All Red Route myself,...but Mickey's boiling to tell you we are thieves and robbers..But a formal bond..really think we need it..? Now the Bulletin - shrewd paper..elasticity less breakable than rigidity..Um, um, something in what you say, for jossers that think..

Winding up..."Your lovely land." Quite so. "Looked from the hills to the spires of our city sparkling on the fertile plain,, across to the shining sea...ships from all lands." Australia, oh, Australia!

But who is this old chap maundering out thanks and verbal quibbles and asking fool questions while he twiddles his watch-chain? Paunch like - Tom involuntarily shaped it with his hand. Thomson, K.C., of course. Was that the sort of chap they wanted him to be?"

Outside under the cool stars, with the lamps shining on the wet pavement, among the waiting motor-cars and the scattering groups of people making their way out of the Plantation where the palm-trees looked more exotic than ever in the darkness, Mickey began at once. (Little wind-bag.) Empires were capitalistic..ran wars, murdered the working-man for profit.. even destroyed nations,...all governments were wrong.

"(Oh, blow Mickey.) Government hasn't hurt you."

"What chance have I got? You talk of the government looking after me interests, what has legislation done for me?"

"Gives you a living wage," said Tom sleepily, "doesn't let old Nixey do you in. Old age pension by and by."

"Yes, but what's it let me do?"

"Going to a job on the Corporation next week, arn't you?"

"Yes, mucking about with rubbish-tins. And when I'm forty I'll still be cracking stones."

"Oh, dry up, Mickey. What d'jer leave Nixey for?"

Mickey's

"Wasn't going to have ^{Mickey}McNally come the boss over me. Why, McNally's no better than what I am...and he give me orders!"

"Paid you, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes, paid me. Bossed me too. Treated me like I was dirt. Why can't the working man run his own work-shops?"

"Have to get the cash first."

"Let him boot out the capitalist. Let him make the country too hot to hold him...and take over the shops..."

"And mess things up through ignorance."

"The working man," said Mickey indignantly, "has as much brain as the bosses; a committee would see that things went straight."

"Who'd teach 'em? And who'd keep the committee straight? Things get pretty hot at the Co-op. shareholders meetings, at times, I'm told."

"It's all very well for you to poo-poo the idea; you arn't going to be bossed; you arn't going to have to do as you're told all your life and be afraid of losing your job. You ain't got to do dirty work an' get nasty looks and live on the cheapest and feared to lose that."

"Oh, stow it, Mickey. I don't know what I'm going to do - after November."

CHAPTER 13.

Pulteney
 What he finally did was very simple. During "stew week" he went to the Labour Bureau in Pulteney St. and found that there was a job in Queensland. Queensland! Sugar, sheep, gold, tropics, blacks...

"The applicant will be housed, whatever that means," said the secretary, "but the duties are various and vague...might be some book-keeping..."

"I'll take it," said Tom.

"But," discouraged the secretary, "giving a hand with anything might mean cooking..."

Cooking! Well, probably shearers would not be very particular about their victuals... (Simple youth!)

Something fishy about Ferguson, the secretary was reflecting; an old South Australian, but always changing hands... and advertising in other states. Still, probably this boy only wanted a lark; and anyhow, it wasn't his business.

Tom took the place; if he did get through (clever youth always thinks it may dish the examiners) it would do for a holiday, and he could come back after the Long.

He sat for the examinations, but with too distracted and hopeless a mind to prepare for them, and most of the last week was spent in secret excitement and preparation. At home he announced that after the last examination he would go straight to Melksham for a few days. At Melksham he said nothing. On the day he took his bag to the Left Luggage Office to pick up on his way to the Port.

During the morning a storm came up, thunder rolled, and the wind crashed in one of the high windows of the Elder Hall. The broken glass fell onto his desk just beneath, and a piece scratched his face. Rain blew ^{over} his papers. The other candidates shuffled their desks on the saw-dusted floor and exchanged delighted winks at the bustle and flurry of the bulldogs and caretakers. Papers whisked off desks, and oblivious candidates in remote corners waved frantically for fresh supplies. None of this was the joyous diversion for Tom that it would have been three months before. He was busy planning how to get his suddenly-remembered overcoat from home in time to catch the boat-train. Go..no time..Ring up Brown's for Martha to take it to the station..not much time, but if he got out early, and Brown's took the message across at once..if not, he must go without it.

At Bowden the factory workers swarmed to their hurried dinners through the station exits, and for a moment

Tom thought Martha would not be able to push down to his carriage. He had seen her come onto the station as the train steamed in, and now he could trace her progress by the back-eddyings in the streaming people. As the train moved slowly on Martha ran along the cleared space and handed in the coat, keeping up for a second or two to ask about the exam. The grave compassionate smile on his face made her suddenly conscious of herself, of her dull dress, of her dry lips strained back from her teeth as she ran. She smiled quickly and appealingly, but for the moment that she still saw him it was pity, not sympathy, that she read.

Turning for home she puzzled over it.

On Monday when the first post came Martha understood the look and all that it meant. *Tom* had made up his mind, he had taken his own way in life, and parting with the last link it was of the home folk he thought. He might have told her - but of course not. Her mind raced over the last few days, reading-in her brother's pent excitement to incidents now grown significant.

"I've failed in the exam, I'm sure," ran the note; "and I can't stick it any longer, anyway. Martha knows what I mean. You will be hurt at me going like this, but I can't face explanations. I'm going to Queensland by coaster, and shall write often. I've copied out some of Mother's recipes, as I may have to cook. Write to Brisbane G.P.O.

Your loving son *Tom*.

P.S. Boys from homes like mine don't go far wrong.

P.P.S. You tell Grandma.

They sent the letter on to her. Polly needed no explanation, but she rose in wrathful perturbation, that was somehow not directed at "her poor boy."

"Like my brother Samuel, that's who he's like," reflected *Joe* calmly. "Samuel all over. Samuel was always a-navying, or a ~~read~~ ~~stone~~ ~~cracking~~, or a-tramping up and down the country, happy with his beer and cheese under a hedge."

"Now you are talking foolish, and you know it, Father. What was all very well for your brother Samuel isn't respectable for my grandson *Tom*. I'm sure I don't know what folks'll say."

What people said troubled the old peasant not at all.

"Take the boy as he is," said he, "and let him be what he likes. One thing is pretty much the same as another, as long as you're happy." Of course he liked to see a man get on, he would have liked John's boy to have done well, but anyone could see his mind had not been at ease.

"He isn't made that way, and it's no use making a fuss, Poll, old girl".

Polly simply despised him for a craven do-nothing, and put on her bonnet to go up to Bowden and set things in motion. John would be like his father, and she would have to galvanise him into action. Hannah...she shook her head over Hannah. Her husband accompanied her, rather perturbed as to what crisis his energetic partner might precipitate.

"Well, John, boy bolted?" was his bluff greeting to his son. "Best thing that could have happened, take your old dad's word for it. You'd a sight rather make out way-bills than them law books yourself, I reckon."

Polly snorted.

"You an' me'll find it healthier here at the station for a bit," he said, with a significant wink at-his-wife, and left his wife to go on alone.

Polly opened on Hannah plumply with the observation that of course they would order ~~Tom~~ back.

"~~Tom~~ has made his bed, and must lie on it," said his mother coldly. Martha, far astray, thought her unfeeling.

"Oh, you can love because, can't you love despite," she cried. "~~Tom is a sort of poet.~~"

"Poet he langed." "You get back to your books, Miss," rapped her grandmother. "I wouldn't be surprised if you'd egged your brother on. Jealous of him, that's what you are."

Martha wondered if Hamlet would have seen any humour in this situation.

Polly said she blamed John for it all. She meant Hannah, but her vivacious anger flinched before her daughter-in-law's calm front. "If John 'ad 'a' been firmer, ~~Tom~~ would 'a' worked 'arder, and the pore boy woudn't 'a' bin dreamt o' leavin' 'ome."

"John is a saint," said Hannah briefly.

"Saint or no saint," burst out his irate mother, "if I'd 'a' known when 'e was a boy as 'e would be so spiritless and mild, I'd 'a' said less to 'im about "Blessed bein' the meek."

"John isn't spiritless, but he is as good a Christian man as ever stepped."

"There's times," said Polly, the venerable Mother-in-Israel, Sunday School teacher, the Mother in Isreal, "ther's times when a Christain man is all the better for a spice o' the devil."

For the only time in her life the gift of tongues descended upon Hannah.

"No one can say that John is to blame. He's worked and toiled and saved for the boy. No, if anyone is to blame, it's you. You got ideas into your head about the boy, and wanted him to be this and wanted him to be that, and talked John into being as keen as yourself. But John never tried to force the boy, I will say that for him. And when the boy didn't fall in with your plans you tried to push him; and when you weren't pushing you were wheedling and managing. Never gave the boy any peace unless he pretended to want

to do what you wanted him to do, and didn't know with all your wisdom and your "But see, Son," that children have to live their own lives and find out things for themselves. A selfish, interfering old woman, that can't let other people's children alone, that's what you are. I've often wanted to say so, and now I have."

Polly was speechless with fury, and the two women glared at one another like cocks. It was not a scene for a daughter to witness, and Martha crept out of the room in terror and abasement.

It was the longest ~~and most penetrating~~ and most revealing speech of Hannah's whole life. There were things in it surely too penetrating ever to be forgiven, and Hannah wrapped herself in reserve again.

But Polly was a shrewd and an honest old woman, and a mother herself. When the blaze had cleared from her eyes in the silence that followed she saw like a flashlight down a long tunnel all that the boy's mother had suffered, and for a moment, herself as an inconspicuous speck. Hannah might not be 'olly right, but 'Annah 'ad reason. Suddenly she put her arms round the younger woman. "My dear, my dear", she sobbed, and they clung together for the first time in their lives, Hannah dry-eyed but moved, slowly patting into calm the ~~frail~~ quivering ~~little~~ figure. *slender*

Children
Children
to sample them
in 114
& no
Perth

MAJORITY.

"I am tempted to wonder whether it much matters what a man
be taught so long as he meet enough men who know something
else." Birrell. (in Sonia.)

"It is Death, wisely directed towards noble ends, that gives
dignity to Life." Havelock Ellis.

CHAPTER 1.

The years that followed Tom's break into free life were years of rapid development for Martha. At every step her twin's failure in conventional progress had been a lesson to her. She drew the morals and applied them, without blaming him, though she was not without a pang at the thought that her brother might yet take it into his head to "hump the bluey" - and would enjoy doing it! She and her mother became very kind to swagmen.

After her first reasonably successful year there was no opposition to continuing at the University. The six guinea scholarships continued to be awarded, and small sums could be made by "bulldogging" at the public examinations, and by occasionally relieving a teacher in a private school. With Tom away and Ernst often in the country there was more leisure for work and friendship, and she was soon caught up in the whirl of debates and concerts and committees incidental to the life that the energetic and organising women-students were evolving. Certain of its schoolgirl qualities, its informality, its lack of deference for academic standing measured in years unless supported by personality, its haphazard methods of arriving at quite important results, and its lack of supervision, might have appalled women of the older University tradition; but despite the polish such ways denied, they afforded opportunities for vigour very pleasant and not without their compensations. In committee work Martha watched plans develop by discussion, and learned how hardly one comes to see an opponents' point of view, by what slow stages one gets lodgment for one's own ideas. It was gradually borne in on her, to her great surprise, that the plan decided upon made less difference than the people who put it into operation, and so, although she was an ardent champion of her own ideas when

she had found her dialectic feet, she came to take them less solemnly, to identify them less closely with salvation in this world and the next. Occasionally she was puzzled by a feeling that this was a training ground, but for what she could not tell. On the whole, however, healthy youth lived mainly in the present, and lived the life for its own sake, with only fleeting thoughts of what it might signify for the future.

One student stratagem gave her peculiar pleasure, despite - or perhaps because of - a certain childish or "irresponsible" undergraduate quality. The gas-heaters were spoiling the bindings of the books in the Library, and their withdrawal was ordered. Henceforth cold winds whizzed through the doors and round the corners and froze the luckless students, who could no longer find a retreat of sheltered warmth. The men petitioned for the return of the heaters, and their petition was refused, whereupon the students resigned themselves to sitting in their greatcoats and blowing their noses all day. Martha was ~~seized~~ ^{seized} with inspiration. If gas-fires hurt the books, why not electric radiators down the middle where ~~fires~~ shelves were not? Learning from her ally in the office that the Council was to inspect the library at ten on the following Saturday morning, ~~she had an inspiration.~~ a meeting of women was called, and a plan adopted for storming the consciences of the autocrats. At 9.50, every woman, armed with a hot-water bottle and a rug, was to be ready to march in procession from the Common Room up the drive to the front steps and thence to the library. They would ~~thus~~ pass through the ranks of the motors of the arriving dignitaries, and be impressively ready for the inspection itself.

Only twenty-three women had the courage of the ~~the~~ ^{she} and their were signs that even ~~the~~ ^{she} was waning. No one wanted to walk first. Martha forced Chloe Grasbee, charming, popular, social, to lead the way with her. The self-conscious procession, holding its rugs and bottles as negligently as possible within the shelter of its gowns, reached the front just as the Council was assembling. An M.P. or two looked surprised, and Professor ~~Magninus~~ ^{Magninus} smiled largely as he raised his hat. It was the Vice-Chancellor whom Martha was most anxious to impress. She looked round hurriedly. Late, of course! The intention had been to disperse among the various bays, ostentatiously be-wrapped, and feet on bottles, but Martha feared the opportunities for the strategic retreat of her nervous troops. She therefore disposed them at adjacent tables, and took her own position in view of all. This involved facing the advancing Council - Vice-Chancellor, Professors, members of Parliament, dignitaries of all sorts. Somehow it seemed less of a joke and more of an impertinence... a schoolgirl prank beneath contempt...

Professor ~~Magninus~~ ^{Magninus} interrupted her zealous note-taking

and she gathered herself to explain the hardship, ending with a stammered "So we thought hot-water bottles were the best way out of it."

"Especially on a Saturday morning," agreed the Vice-Cancellor, with benign malice. Martha admitted that their presence on that day was abnormal, and the Inspection ~~scot~~ on.

After a dignified interval, radiators were installed.

Martha drew the moral. If you want to carry your point, be spectacular. Even the ~~most~~ reasonable are reached most quickly through their imaginations. And yet all these young students strongly disapproved of the militant suffragettes!

Martha's acquaintance began to extend, both amongst girls from homes like her own, and among some who were used to wealth and leisure. She began to visit and observe.

It was amusing to see how they met, these fashionable people. "Margaret!" "Beryl!" and they ~~swam~~ together with a subdued boisterousness. *How will Ernest Permett describe it?* That was not how they greeted Martha. For one thing, they were much less spontaneously glad to see her, less at ease with her gaucherie. Conscious of her different social training, they had to soften the strange blast to this new lamb. Of course her social blunders were many. Asked how she was, she was apt to assume that you really wanted to know; and if her hostess said "Must you really go?" Martha was appallingly likely to answer "Oh, no!" It took her directness some time to get used to conventional fictions, but when she understood, she did not gird at the insincerity. Ernst, on the contrary, did. Germans are clannish, they consort much together, and Ernst had become popular in many of their homes. The christenings, the birthdays, the wedding anniversaries that are so constant and cementing a bond in German social life kept him much engaged outside of the little Sexton circle. Amongst these kindly, comfortably wealthy persons conventions were few and sincere. They were guides, but never protections for the host. You were expected to come early, eat heartily, and go late. To Ernst, therefore, the polite fictions of the purely Australian homes were cold and false.

Remember the Gracie's mother
"They don't really care about you," he said, "they just put up with you for a few minutes."

"Yes they do," Martha assured him, "but life is short and busy. Besides, we are too young and unimportant to be liked by middle-aged people for our own sakes. When they ask us it is partly from a sense of duty."

"But they don't mean what they say."

"They mean a great deal more." She groped about for words, unable to explain. The cordiality was a universal cordiality, she meant, a cordiality to young people in general which could only express itself by fastening on particulars to which it might not really be *à propos*. But it was the universal attitude that mattered. Manners expressed a way of life, and *a*

kindness that would allow none to feel insignificant or superfluous; this verbal consideration was a part of the nicest people, not just a cloak.

"But without these conventions," was all she could say, "social visits would be as bald as business interviews. They make things so easy and comfortable - like padded chairs - once you get used to them."

Ernst was obstinate about it, but Martha felt sure that Tom would have understood, would have enjoyed this new world of ease and polish, where friction was absent, or decorously ignored, and where to the initiated custom made easy almost any situation.

Martha's expanding mind began to envisage Adelaide and its opportunities. Most people seemed to regard teaching as the inevitable future for the Arts student with a living to make, but for that way of life she had had a horror since Yandilla days. Besides, like Polly, she liked influence, and neither the financial nor the social emoluments of teaching were attractive. She had imbibed the notion of "getting on", and she desired to be "worth while." Money and status were apparently necessary to both. Rather curiously, her actual choice of a career was influenced by Tom. He could be quite acutely worldly-wise for others, and one of his remarks had stuck in his sister's mind, always receptive of hints.

"In Adelaide," he had said, "if a woman wants to be anyone, there are only two possibilities - the W.C.T.U., and medicine. In the former," he had added with his usual malice, "she must wait until she is middle-aged and fat."

Sedate Martha regarded the Temperance Union as a thoroughly worthy body, but her interests did not lie in that direction. Medicine, on the other hand, struck her imagination. It offered possibilities of the most undoubted usefulness, with the results plain for all to see. (Practical Martha had none of the self-doubt that in earlier days had deterred her twin.) It would bring a full and busy life, with enough of status to be attractive. The financial difficulties of the training would be great, but by some preliminary teaching she might manage to save the fees, and keep herself by "coaching" during the course. It would mean that she would be a good deal over thirty before she could practice, but people did not like a woman doctor to be too young. (Ha ha! Tom once said that they only let them practise on quite young children at first!)

Meanwhile, the first thing was to get all she could from the Arts course. Professor ~~Maginon~~ with his delightfully Irish nose in the air, and joyously trailing his gow, perhaps as a challenge for the treading of a socialistic *rhetorical rival*, used to fling out remarks about "opinionated people with no grounds for an opinion", and "reformers with no knowledge to qualify them for the privilege." Now Martha passionately wanted to "do" things, or, baldly and priggishly, to "improve the world", and she wanted to have a right to an opinion, and to have her opinion "respected" as well as respected, to quote the Professor again. And then there was Professor Compton always lamenting the "poverty of their intellectual hinterland" (he rolled out the phrase with deep appreciation of himself) and complaining, as he slashed blue pencil through their essays, that they "did not even know enough to put what goods they had into the shop-window." And ~~Tom~~ used to talk about "cultural background." In short, between ~~Tom~~ and the professors and her older friends, Martha was very conscious of callowness and of an angularity that was not entirely physical. She seized on these *obiter dicta*, and meditated on them till she came to apprehend their meaning and bearing. A merely professional training, clearly, was not sufficient food nor discipline for an intelligence that was to reach its highest possible efficiency. Yes! Arts course first.

Some of her conclusions were not her own unaided wisdom. With more temerity than ~~Tom~~ in getting information and asking for advice, she had talked over careers and the future with maturer University women, and began to shape her plans accordingly. For she did shape plans, though she knew that she was just Martha Sexton, with no money, who ought to "stay home and help." Besides, there would be prejudice ~~to combat~~ *amongst-her-relations* against women doctors to combat amongst her relations, and prejudice often takes on the weight and guise of moral disapproval. And, once more, she was quite sure that it was her duty to stay at home. Children had to think of their parents, as well as parents of their children.

But the career being so far in the distance, and the preliminary steps so non-committal, the conflict lacked reality, and she could go on planning and thinking without action. It is in this half-unconscious way that we often prepare defeat for ourselves in a moral struggle. By deferring the issue, she partly forgot that there was one, and so decided it beforehand. In such cases the verdict may or may not be for the best, but it is certainly not given on the evidence, and, as judgment, ~~is~~ *useless*.

Once again, therefore, except for tentative and impersonal skirmishing, Martha formed her ideas and shaped her plans without discussion with her family. Hannah's alert maternal instinct guessed at possibilities, but once again she said nothing. Besides, was it likely that a daughter of theirs

would do anything -except perhaps teach? Not likely! If she could, it was not for her own mother to thwart her. And John would be fair set up about it. But as often as she spied at the subject, in her sleek ~~dark~~ head as she went about her work in the house, she dreaded the turmoil, and instinct proclaimed it an error.

Condensed, the thoughts youth meditate sound profound; diluted in the daily round they are commonplace enough. Thus the mind of the aspiring Martha was often occupied with a subject no more recondite than Dress. Observation other ally Chloe Grasbee had forced her to the conclusion that well-cut clothes were a necessity. People judged of your distinction by your air of it; and a well-dressed woman was fortified by the very fact, ifelt as distinguished as she looked. Chloe herself was frank.

"Why don't you change your dressmaker?" she said; "She may advertise fit and durability, but never cut!"

As Martha's dressmaker was herself and Hannah, the advice was not easy to take. Money was freer at the railway cottage now, but not to the point of being wasted "on what we can do ourselves." It was Polly who solved the problem, without knowing that Martha had been occupied with it. Polly had been a belle in her day, and had never approved of Hannah's perfunctory interest in dress. Her granddaughter's absorption in books to the neglect of "~~2~~solosome companionship with young men" was also a trial to her maternal instinct. She had an ambition to be a great-grandmother. Consequently when she found that the University had a social side to it she campaigned until Hannah was brought to a realisation of the difference between "'ome made dresses, 'owever nice," and "perfessional." She presented Martha with an evening dress, on the condition that "'Annah let it be made by some one proper."

Her contemporary, the domestic, clerkly Ernst, alone expressed disapproval. He met Martha coming out of Russell Buildings on the Terrace, and looked enquiry.

"Dressmaker," said Martha, not without importance.

"Clara", said Ernst, "~~used to make~~ her own dresses."

"Oh, ~~does~~ she," snapped Martha, who had heard of Clara's perfections before, and resented them. "Well, I hope she has more sense than to attempt an evening gown." Visions of fat Clara, in the get-up she could assess more accurately than in Yandilla days, amused her for a second, then she relented.

"I don't think any girl would wear a home-made evening dress", she said gently.

She was wrong, of course. Lots of the women, with more taste than money, evolved dresses ~~that attracted no unpleasant attention for the dance.~~ *Quality*

Ernst was most unsympathetic towards the developing Martha. He deprecated the dress, and what it denoted. A girl was

better among her own people, learning to keep a house. These society things were all very well, but you had to be in a certain position...and Martha wasn't.

"But I'm goint to be", said she.

Ernst thought not, at least for a good many years. He could not very well explain why. He thought it would be a good many years before he could offer her a home like those at North Adelaide...It never occurred to him to forecast her future from her character, but her growing prominence among the students at the University annoyed him; was distasteful to him. Generally he showed the amused tolerance of a Newfoundland for a puppy, but once he was seriously put out. A joint meeting of the Economics and Women's Debating Societies was held on the subject of "Equal pay for equal work." Ernst was one of the Economics speakers, and he put his masculine and commonsense case with clearness and dogmatism. Martha rose on behalf of the women with vigour and wrath.

"Mr. Neumann does us too much honour, in thinking that we shall often do the equal work. What he really fears is that "if women get too well paid they won't marry us." Men need not be so modest. Girls will always prefer decent men to office-stools."

She sat down, trembling with nervousness and that amusing blind zeal of hers. ~~An acquired sense of humour is of no use whatever in a fray, only the inborn will serve.~~ Ernst thought her remarks most unbecoming, most unfitting. For two pins he wouldn't see her home; he wouldn't, either, - only that Martha would never notice it.

Martha loved to be in things, and so, although her dancing was of the inelegant sort picked up at Hilton at the strictly "boarders only" hops on Saturday nights, she threw herself into preparations for the dance given by the women students. It had perforce to be joyous rather than lavish, and the girls themselves made the salads and the sandwiches and set the supper on tables in the Concert Room, ready for the men to supply their partners. Martha washed cups and saucers, and helped to make the platform and organ of the Elder Hall look as frivolous as possible, with pot plants and flags, and took directions from the director-in-chief, Maud Collins. Maud put an order on the notice-board for all students when not at lectures to put in time on the floor, and they slid about joyously all day, and gave one another practice in the terpsichorean art. The excitement in the atmosphere affected the lecturers with gloom, and lent a preoccupied vivacity to the countenances even of the men students, some of whom arrived in class five minutes after time, still rubbing bruises acquired in the performance of their duty to the obstinate floor.

This was not the orthodox and distinguished University ball given yearly by the Sports Association, a boon to debutantes, but a much more homely affair for students and staff only.

Martha, tall and beaming, looked as if she ought to dance and partners approached. The negotiations were somewhat difficult.

"Do you dance well?" Martha enquired bluntly. If the applicant seemed to take his accomplishments as a matter of course, he was rejected.

"Then I won't dance with you, thank you; I'm rather clumsy." If, on the other hand, the youth was patently awkward, "You don't know what it is like, steering me," was her frank explanation; and she knew her duty to dancing women too well to "sit out" with an eligible, at any rate until he was an approved impossible. With the mediocre she accepted a dance or two, their deserts not being too high, and, of course, with Ernst. Ernst was her "perk." Besides, he was used to her, having shown her steps in the back yard what time Winnie Rogers next door practised waltzes on the piano. Most of the time, however, pending coffee, she preferred to watch. Downstairs Bluebeard the caretaker was in charge, but Maud Collins, as Supper Expert, refused to allow him to perpetrate any atrocities with so important an item of the entertainment as coffee. She expected to be far too busy dancing to look after it herself, but she prepared the jelly and committed it to Martha with careful instructions.

Martha admired the grace of her dancing friends, and thought how pretty the coloured dresses looked against the dark walls. The chaperones were sitting amongst the palms by the platform. Martha gazed at the Olympians, taking impressions of ease and grace and poise. How gay they were, how at home with one another! Mrs. Compton was the centre of the group. She was a fair woman, spreading towards middle age, with a kindly, capable face that beamed over the room in a motherly way, as if she really enjoyed being there. She did not take her duties with the anxious care of her husband, austere aware both of the dignity of his position, and that he ought to be on terms that bored him with the undergraduates. There he was now, conscientiously dancing with a frivolous young graduate matron.

Professor Maginnis didn't bother about being conscientious. His wife told him, as she went off on the arm of a lecturer, that he ought to dance, but he settled into a chair comfortably and told Mrs. Compton that he was really too fat, and at his age...

"These thin people," he waved a hand at Compton and his own Gertrude, "are always thinking of what they owe to their position. Now we, my dear lady, simply enjoy the perks. We like and ignore the jobs we don't, and I'm sure everyone is just as well pleased."

"Lor, let's be comfortable," " quoted Mrs. Compton, with acquiescence. "At the same time, we are not half as good as.."

"As our better halves," chuckled the fat man contentedly. "The question is, though, whether, for the purpose of the students, we arn't twice as good. Take me. I never go to their meetings or their societies or their sports - if I can help it - and I'm sure they are all the more comfortable for it."

"Not at all", said Mrs. Compton politely. "Richard, I grant you, stiffens them, but then he, dear man, is only happy with his contemporaries. When he bends you can hear the buckram crack."

"He'd better let 'em alone," assented Professor Maginnis. "Besides, it does youngsters good to run their own shows."

Mrs. Compton laughed with enjoyment.

"There never was such a man," she explained to the approaching Gold-Bug, "for justifying laziness by high principle. I shall find that useful with Richard."

"I wish," murmured the comfortable one, "you would give me an argument, for Gertrude. She says that I might do so much if only I would! I tell her that I put all my charm into my lectures."

"I always tell Richard that to go to students' things that bored me would be condescension, and ill-bred," offered Mrs. Compton.

"Aha!" Professor Maginnis's eyes sparkled, his nose soared aloft, - then drooped. "That wouldn't pass with Gertrude. She would say - ah, well, it wouldn't do."

"What would she say?" enquired Mrs. Compton, smiling happily at the room.

"She would say "Rubbish!"", sighed Professor Maginnis apologetically.

"And she would be quite right," asserted the Gold-Bug, with gloomy approval. "Not that I do anything myself. I haven't half the time I want as it is. They do very well, I think," he added, surveying the scene. "They'e got their private churches, and their private circles, and so on."

He made his adieus. He had at least shown himself!

"You are not even handsome," sighed Gertrude, returning from the Lancers, "and your cow-lick is coming over your forehead."

"Gertrude! I would never have murdered Hamlet for you if I'd known!"

"He told me this morning that I had probably administered slow poison myself by not seeing his jokes! If he will make them in Erse! Robert, you are to come for a walk with me round the hall."

"My dear! You don't seem to realise that fifteen times round this hall is a mile."

"Then you ought to go fifteen times round it twice a day. Come along. You can introduce to me that glowing girl by the door."

"Miss Sexton? She's watching that young ass with the gloves. Good girl! She's going to get him out of it. Clever chap, young Boythorne; wants polishing up a bit. Satiric young imp! He's making her laugh at Compton and the nymph. But there's more zeal than humour in that young woman. They go a long way, those people who don't mind making themselves ridiculous. A sense of humour is the curse of the age."

Gertrude applauded with intention, and then an idea struck her.

"Robert! You know more about these students that I gave you credit for."

"You should never judge a dog by his bark, my dear. But it isn't my fault. I have to see their work, you know. The most anxious of us can't escape all our duties."

"Don't apologise! You care about them all a great deal more that you are willing to admit."

Martha had diverted her discreet glances as the gay little group broke up. She thought wistfully how much more interesting Olympians were than... Her eye fell on the clumsy antics of the poor young man who had not yet deduced that black gloves were not the wear. He was doing a good deal of damage among the sets, too. Someone ought to extricate him, and keep him off the floor. It was Mr. Boythorne. Well, she supposed she knew him well enough to suggest that they should go round the room and watch the others...

At his ease in safe waters, Mr. Boythorne proved to be quite nimble-witted and observant. Professor Compton's present partner was a bony woman whose coiffure and the silhouette of her pink and blue draperies reminded him of the ladies in the Punch frieze of "Azit-Tigleth Mi-Phanzi the Scribe," and they set out to search for other parallels. Mr. Boythorne agreed that Miss Grasbee and Miss Collins looked like no one but themselves, and very nice at that, but he said that Rhoda Norton looked as if she had stepped out of the last number of Home Chat.

"Her dress is simple, (and quite inelegant) with a touch of blue at the waist, and she gazes into her partner's face with dewey eyes, and droops her sweet lids shyly," he gibed.

"She's not such a fool as she looks," Martha pointed out sharply. "She was top of Psychology last term."

"Just trying to disguise herself as an anjaynoo, I expect," assented George cheerfully.

"Our quizzing is getting ill-natured," reproved Martha.

"The Sexton girl jolly well seemed to think," as he complained afterwards, "that she was my bally aunt."

They drifted round to the palms and chairs by the platform and foregathered with some contemporaries to discuss the news of the undergraduate world.

"Saw the Gold-Bug in the gutter again this afternoon", declared Mr. Harbison, ("Fatty" to his intimates). The Gold-Bug was the Dean of the Faculty of Science, and a prop of the Anglican Church.

"Nonsense!" chorussed everyone.

"Fact, I assure you. Well, call me a liar, then. There was the pavement in front of a hat-sale full of women and perambulators and kids, and there was the Gold-Bug scuttling past in the gutter."

"Good old Gold-Bug! Anyone ever seen the Gold-Bug when he wasn't in a hurry?"

A little bored, Martha caught sight of a brass-plate fixed onto the dark panels of the wall. She moved over to see what it was. In memory of the students who fell in the Boer War! She looked down the hall at the gay whirl under the tall windows, the high beamed, carven ceiling, and thought of the chubby and skinny, the innocent and the reckless, the graceful and the clumsy.

"I wonder," said she, "I wonder if these men would go if another war came?"

"Chivalry," George Boythorne assured her gravely, "is dead."

Did he mean that, she pondered, or was he laughing at her? Tom used to say impatiently to her idealising that there were no Drakes and Nelsons left. Of course, you could not expect many men like Drake and Nelson; it would be enough if they were as fit as their fathers had been. But was it commonplace people like these around her who became the great men of their time? Well, statesmen and thinkers and heroes had to laugh and dance and chaff sometimes, she supposed, especially in their incubation days... were those others who fell in Africa like these?

She went to see Bluebeard about the coffee.

CHAPTER 2.

Meanwhile, Tom,

In the familiar Port train, rushing express through Melksham, and on the wharf from which so often he had fished, he had been miserable; had felt criminal, furtive. Once on the boat the strangeness gave him confidence. The old life receded with the land, and he gave himself up to impressions, to acquiring a setting and a content for the new.

From the unaccustomed angle the shore that had so often felt foreign looked native, and he gloried in the adventure of leaving it. New sensations hit upon him sharply, clear and complete, bringing, as the weeks passed and he settled to the novelty, his mind focussed, a necessity for expression. He wrote home often, and after the awkwardness of the first few letters, luxuriated in retailing the new life. On the way to Melbourne, "was very sick, and thought of home and mother." Sydney Heads they entered after dark, and his first view of the Harbour was of lights studding a velvet curtain, of ordered rows of lights moving through the darkness, of lapping wavelets made visible by the reflections of lights.

The one day in Sydney was Sunday, and he wandered about the narrow, winding streets, and down along the wharfs and quays, and took short trips in ferries filled with picnickers. Afternoon found him in the Domain, thronged and holiday. "Saw Chidley. Wonder why seeing a man without his clothes is so exciting. But my eye, you can see - and hear - everything in the Domain. Our old Botanic Park is Family Prayers compared with the Domain on Sunday."

From Sydney to Brisbane the passage was rough - and the steerage rougher; but the squalor and stench had no depressing effect on romantic youth. They "stung his senses spirit broad awake", as he told himself appreciatively. They were what Stevenson had known, and Jack London, and Louis Becke. Some of the passengers were Afghans, and some were Chinese. He looked on at everything with the interest and

the detachment of a spectator at a melodrama; he made no attempt to join in, and when his "front seat" was a little too near the melée for complete comfort he knew that afterwards he would be glad to have seen all this.

Currawirra was sixteen miles from a siding of one of those parallel railways that open up Queensland, running inland from the coast. The train was as interesting as the boat had been; in the dusty carriage were two black-trackers, a policeman, a stockman, and a "new chum." It was the round simple face and healthy English colour of this immigrant that suggested to Tom the origin of a piece of Australian slang. This man's apple freshness contrasting with the withered brown of the hairy stockman flashed the connection with "pomegranate." His vocabulary was enlarging in other ways, too, racy to hear but repulsive to use. He wrote to Melksham that he had heard some very choice swears, and only refrained from communicating them "from fear of corrupting Grandpa's young and innocent mind." This sort of humour always appealed to Joe. He bellowed at "the young rascal."

There were no sleeping carriages on the train, and in any case Tom was travelling on a provided ticket, which did not offer more than the necessities. When the men put away their cards they stretched themselves on the seats, with their swags under their heads for pillows. It was a stifling night, and Tom lay watching the jerking lights in the roof, and listening to the rumble of the wheels through the darkness. The scope of the infinite universe seemed reduced to this dingy carriage with its snoring freight, its litter of boots and bottles and papers, and to the strip of ground the lights ran past, falling steadily on the tufts of grass, the butts of telegraph posts, the stretchers of the sheep-proof fences, that changed yet were still the same. The spectator's mood fell from him, the excitement evaporated. What right had he to look on these men as an outsider, to appraise them as providing for his entertainment? They were real people, not toys, and he felt young, and lonely, and - innocent - among them and their coarseness. Watching the sensual faces, the open mouths, the flat noses, the abandoned attitudes, made him conscious of remoteness. Had he shut himself in irretrievably with the sordid? Where was life taking him, in this headlong rush of the train through the darkness? His thoughts went to Bowden, silent under the regular street-lamps, to the quiet cottage and the sleeping family.

But presently the rising moon gave a horizon to the world, picked out speckling bushes, threw up in relief wind-blown trees. Reality came back with its romance. He was travelling away from anaemic townfolk and mincing convention to a hardy life of untrimmed people, of ruffians and mouth-filling oaths, to

cloudy

cattle and nature as she was in the beginning. He slept a little in dreamless content until a jolting stop at a ghostly siding roused him to the coming day. He stood on the carriage platform to watch the light steal over the plain, tinting the dull earth pink, gleaming pearl on the grey squat salt bush. The pink ~~light~~ faded out, and day was dewey fresh. This was not the jungle of romance and the north, but it was the land of Clancy, and there, in a cloud of dust, men rounded cattle. The train ran into a township, a mere scatter of iron houses, currugated, rusty, mean. Slatternly women and tousled children showed at the open doors. The carriage stopped some way down the line from the coffee stall, and Tom ran back along the track for tea and dubious pies. "Bunny", I bet." A little shunting, the dropping of a few trucks, and they were off again. Day grew hot and dusty, and it was noon when he alighted with his bag and blankets at a tin shanty banked with red dust round the walls. The country extended itself like the sand of crushed brick in every direction. Even the scarp-like hills were red. The dust seemed to be buttoned down like a palliasse by salt-bush and stunted mallee. Three tin houses and a wurlie, together with "Lowther's Bushman's Hotel", (iron), made up the whole "town". A rattle-trap with two prancing bony horses driven by a half-caste was waiting for Tom, the Pommie, and some stores. Tom took his seat with haste and trepidation, expecting the horses to tear up the fragile post before the driver untied them. As they reared on their hind legs and described a semi-circle before bounding forward in a series of preliminary capers he thanked his stars that strategic impetuosity had secured for him the front and not the back seat. "I opined that Pommie would not be there what time we should arrive at the Ferguson's palatial residence. I also gathered that King Cole had put in some time at the Pub. while he waited." The horses plunged along the track, taking no notice of ruts, stumps, and the steep banks of dry creeks. The country got a little less desolate, and a line of trees apparently bordering a creek came into view, running down from a range of low, rocky hills. Past the trees a square stone house shone on the hillside, and patent American windmills pointed nonchalant arms over a garden and patches of lucern.

They drove straight by to a smartly bricked stable half a mile beyond this pleasantness, and Tom and the Pommie were instructed to dump their swags in a mud-and-wattle hut. There was no time to investigate, for the boss, a square man with a hat and a beard like a blackfellow, was yelling and swearing in the sheep-yards for them to come and help. In draughting some - clumsy hound of a - had allowed a rush and a medley, and the Almighty knew when they would get them sorted out again. The scrimmage, the oaths, the jests, the methodical barking of the solemn dogs, were a jolly rag to Tom, and when a ram butted

into him and tore his trousers and brought him sprawling, the roar of laughter and the friendly rush to haul him clear were as good as a presentation of the freedom of the station, for far-as putting him at ease, was concerned.

Then they milked, and Tom turned eagerly tea-wards with the rest. He asked where he could wash, and was offered the choice of a kerosene tin and an enamel bowl, but as both "had apparently contained pig-wash or something equally nutritious he declined these facilities, stifling laughter and dismay. The kitchen was the remains of the original house, which must have been rebuilt not long before. The walls showed the shape of the jutting stones on which lay the dust of ages, but they had evidently been whitewashed at some time. From the rafters hung cobwebs and hams. On the bare table, which showed traces of previous meals, a few bone-handled knives and forks were scattered about, but most of the diners, who included a lubra and the half-caste, seemed to prefer to use their pocket-knives to tackle the cold bacon and bread, and to stir their strong milkless tea. They sat on backless benches that wobbled on the uneven floor. Tom composed a few phrases for a letter to Ernst: he "did not intend to herd with the altogether foul-mouthed (he meant foul-mannered, too), and with aborigines", but he would not immediately "arise in his wrath." Given time, he opined that things would straighten out. Besides, Pommie was muttering fiercely about Australian treatment of hands in general, and of one ex-member of the British Army in particular, and Tom did not mean to give this immigrant blighter any support. He had no objection to immigrants as immigrants, but let them not presume to criticise.

When they had got their appetites under (fortunately no one noticed anyone else, and Tom's sparing meal went unremarked, though his offer to pass a dish caused ribaldry), Old Burge, stuffing tobacco into his pipe, threw out a few laconic remarks, and there was some good-natured chaffing about the accident to Tom's "pants." After looking round, and hearing nothing about a room, he strolled back to the hut for his bag. At the door he grew in knowledge and insight, for there was Old Burge, still smoking, gravely washing a shirt in a kerosene tin.

"No need to "buy an 'am" to see life, here," he reflected.

Bunks with frowsy blankets were round the walls, and in one lay the half-caste, "smoking and practising accuracy of expectoration. He must have exceeded himself." Pommie was outside, cursing Orstrilia to the indifferent ears of Old Burge.

The hut was evidently the "housing" referred to in the advertisement, and accommodation for the entire staff, but it seemed best to ignore this surmise. Tom returned to the house and asked where he was to sleep.

"In the hut," said the surprised boss.

"Oh, no, bookkeepers don't sleep in filthy places like that," returned Tom, giving himself status and promotion for the occasion.

Mr. Ferguson cast a doubtful eye on his new handyman, but it was met by so friendly and ingenuous a smile that he refrained from indicating hell as a suitable site, and strode through the kitchen to a door beside the fireplace which apparently opened into a large cupboard. Out of this he routed the black cook, who "slipped on a kimono or bag or something", and offered the apartment to *Tom*. That youth, secretly very much surprised at his own temerity in the whole business, ~~challenged~~ ^{thought} that some of the lubra's black had come off on the sheets, and definitely declined the generosity. He turned the subject to baths.

"I should like to be allowed the use of the bathroom."

The boss was speechless.

"A bath is a necessity," enunciated the new bookkeeper, firmly.

The boss, all at sea, expostulated that he only used the room once a week himself. This was so obvious that *Tom* laughed, and covered it up by saying that this subject too he supposed they must discuss in the morning.

He inspected the hut again. The split logs that formed the walls hardly touched at the edges, and the stars twinkled in.

"Can't be stuffy," he reflected, "but we must wait upon events."

He slept out, to avoid establishing a precedent that might prove damaging to tomorrow's argument.

As he lay in his blankets in the comfortable hollow of the roots of a gum-tree, he looked up through the leaves at the stars, and knew that he ought to feel like the repentant prodigal. But he didn't, he didn't! He was tired, and hungry, and dirty, and there was a prospect of more dirt and coarseness and discomfort, but he was going to see life all right, and already he felt sure of his ability to look after himself. He felt master of his fate, even with old Ferguson. The bold blighter had lost too many hands lately (and no wonder) to part with him easily, he had gathered that from Old Burge already. Thinking of the bath and the lubra he snuggled into the blankets and the friendly encircling root, and laughed himself to sleep.

Next day the British Army evacuated without even putting up a fight for better quarters, and retreated to the "Pub." on foot to wait for the train. *Tom*, after a strenuous day which included milking, straightening the store-room, writing some business letters for the boss, and helping to separate the station cattle from a travelling mob ("Of course I can't ride, but I left them to find it out for themselves, and the moke carried me through,") won the three campaigns of the Board, the Bath, and the Bed. Whether he would have done so if Mrs. Ferguson had not discovered that he was Corfu to her own son's Brough, in the days when they had farmed in South Australia, is very doubtful.

Tom "bunked" in the room of the absent Dick, too weakly for farm work.

It was a strange year he spent at Currawirra. It was a small place, five thousand acres of mixed farm and station, with a little of everything to be learned - bookkeeping, ploughing, shearing, branding, boundary-riding; and where a newcomer is so very fresh, the smaller the place the fewer to salt his rawness. It suited Tom very well, though of course he missed books and the flinging about of ideas, when once he had sufficiently grasped the new life not to need continual alertness. Ferguson took the Australasian, and the Farmers and Graziers Journal, and he got the Bulletin and occasional books himself, but no one ever talked of such things. The boss and his wife, Tom used to think, lived the mental life of cows. They munched their food and stared at vacancy, or snapped out short remarks about the lambing or the crop. Their only ambition seemed to be financial - if it was ambition, and not a habit; for they went on making, and saving, and scraping, never spending.

Old Burge was his chief companion, for he stayed while others came and went, but Old Burge was disappointing. With his hairy face, his fierce smoking, his drinking bouts, and his monosyllables, he ought to have been brooding over past wrongs, hatching vengeance, or regretting crimes, yet so far as Tom could discover his taciturnity meant nothing but a lack of anything to say. He was quite ready to be tapped for such yarns as he had, but he neither had many nor seemed to have much pleasure in recalling his former life. It did not interest him now, and he seemed not to have paid much attention to it at the time. Tom lent him the Bulletin, which he solemnly accepted, and then accidentally discovered that Old Burge could not read! Stories of beer, girls, and horse-play, if sufficiently brutal, extorted raucous grunts of appreciation when read to him, but except for getting drunk he showed no initiative himself in these directions. He knew all about horses and cattle without seeming to take any interest or pleasure in them, and spent all his leisure smoking and spitting and (very rarely) making monotonous noises on the concertina. And yet somehow Tom liked riding and working with Old Burge. He was silent and soothing; his very rages were perfunctory, the bushman's normal method of meeting certain situations, and he showed a preference for Tom's presence rather than for solitude that showed an affection for or inclination towards a quicker mind. But as a first experience of a stockman he ^{was} certainly ~~was a disappointment~~ *disappointing*.

When he felt sure of his ability to stand up in a scrap and to hold his job, Tom meandered from farm to station to plantation, all over Queensland, with the definite object of seeing the country. ~~Mining alone he eschewed.~~ Once he went home, driving cattle down the Overland Track with Kidman's outfit, and then his letters were full of night watches with cattle, "the star-lit plains extended," of stampedes and

round-ups, drunken drovers and riotous fun at the camps. He came down on the train with the cattle from Port Augusta, but did not choose to wire the date of his arrival. He felt there was naturally some embarrassment about this first return, but he burst hilariously in with his beard and drover's swag.

Hannah's heart stopped, then she kissed him in the old placid way, patted his beard with an approach to playfulness that made him snatch at her mutely, and started to set out a meal. *Tom* was lean and brown and hearty, proud of his muscles, full of life, restless. She was satisfied.

"Where's Martha? Where's Dad? I've brought him a pipe and 'baccy; going to teach him some redeeming vices." He slapped his father on the shoulder, and regarded him with anxious affection, hoping to see in his face none of the wistfulness that was always in his memory of it. He spun his yarns and answered questions and looked at the little additions to the furniture.

"Glad to see you're making yourselves comfortable now," he said gruffly. Martha glared at him, but John and Hannah understood.

But despite the boy's health and fun and, so to speak, liberated affection, conscientious, troubled John felt that he ought to urge that his way of life was leading to nothing, made no provision for the future.

("Dash the future," *Tom* would have said had he heard.)

He tried to lead up to what he wanted to say, with all the old nervousness of approach, and expecting the his son to show the same irritation.

"Well, my son," he began uncertainly, "so your career is still on the knees of the gods."

"Yes, Dad," he replied cheerfully, "and I don't think it is taking up much room there. Plenty of time yet," he added to soften the flippancy; "I'm barely twenty-~~one~~."

Melksham had to be visited, of course, and for the first time they all thought despairingly of his clothes.

"You can't go like that," Martha pointed out. Even *Tom* looked rueful.

"Jolly nice pants," he said, looking at them affectionately, "but not exactly Grandma's fancy, I know. Still, I've got nothing else."

"There's what you had before you went away," pondered Hannah, "I've kept the moths out."

The little service of love drew a quick glance from *Tom*, but they ^{were} all smiling to think of this man in the clothes of the stripling. When he came out to show them they were hilarious together as they had never been before.

"You can't put new wine into old bottles", chuckled *Tom*, "it busts 'em. She'll have to take me as I am."

Polly wept with joy, and twinkled at his beard, and flattered him lovingly, and *Tom*, in terror of the wheedling he ^{fre} saw ~~being prepared~~, cut his visit short. He was ~~only home~~ away again in a week.

Who felt a hard thump of her sympathy

away again in

He did not go up to the University or to his old haunts at all, because his up-country jauntiness deserted him when it came to facing town in stockman's garb. He foregathered with Mickey and Ernst, of course, and asked Martha all sorts of questions which betrayed a hankering after aspects of the old life.

"Hope they still let you go to the Library shelves yourselves?" he enquired. "That's half the pleasure, looking along the rows and dipping here and there. Besides, you don't generally know what you do want; you just play about till you happen on something - something you've never heard of before, very likely. Does the Gold-Bug still scuttle in and out of the bays in a tremendous hurry, like an insect that's been disturbed? And Maginnis, does he scintillate battle about the rights of man and Ireland?"

"You know he doesn't, Tom. He never did argue about Ireland. The University is strictly non-political."

"Podg," said Tom, "I don't call wearing a green tie being impartial. Perhaps he didn't argue in so many words, but with that nose and that tie he always looked as if he were. And Compton? Of course he still spouts Carlyle and asks if you can't feel it? S'pose the Literature class hasn't got up to Swinburne yet? Does it even know that Masfield exists?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but I should think not," rejoined Martha good-humouredly. "Last time I heard they were still busy with Milton and Shakspeare. You see, Tom, the classes have to be arranged for the average pedestrian intellect like mine. You whose minds leap like kangaroos can be trusted to go further by yourselves."

"Hurrah! I see you are growing in grace and the knowledge of repartée. I'll give you Dauber for your birthday. Daren't make it The Everlasting Mercy, it's strong meat for Adelaide babes."

He reviled her for her letters.

"You don't tell a fellow anything," he complained.

"But there isn't any knew! I just do housework and go to the Varsity, the same as when you were home."

"News! Who wants news? You must be thinking, if you arn't doing. Put what you ~~think~~ think about."

He himself, of course, was never short of news or ideas. Indeed, in correspondence he achieved an intimacy that was impossible by speech. The Carlyles were not the only people who were nearest when apart.

From Queensland Tom worked across to the Territory, and thence around the Westralian coast. Pearlery and miners, "old lags" and roughs, he mixed with them all, happy if they would only spin their yarns. He was consciously seeking experiences, not experience, life, not livelihood. He loved

contrasts, and sought them. He even spent a few months in Perth, first "in a respectable and highly eminent position on a milk-cart," and then as temporary assistant in a school, relieving an old Corfuan who was ill. He bought some decent clothes and enjoyed a certain amount of hospitality. He played tennis and boated, and visited women-teachers in flats, living what they fondly hoped was a Bohemian life with silk cushions and cigarettes and journalists and cats.

Throughout the whole time letters and reading, discursive if not profound, went briskly on. As the life, whether of town or country, became less novel, the letters dealt more with opinions that happenings. He had plenty to talk about. - Maurice Hewlett, Conrad, Beachcombers, Housman, Shaw, Wells, social status... He had met an English ne'er-do-weel at Broome, and was astonished to find the type "so typical." Except for being entirely without moral backbone he was the polished gentleman set forth by novelists. Tom was moved to reflect on "the centuries of pageantry and selection necessary to produce the English governing classes", and "under no system but the monarchical do manners grow." "In Australia we have no classes of a similar kind. Our traditions are fluid; we have no peasants and no aristocrats; most of us are in the broad limbo of the middle classes, "which holds all, from the solvent baker to the baronet." Hearts and brains mean more than blood and money, and luckily we have no society of the sort that attracts climbers."

Ingenuous youth! That hardy plant thrives in all climates, however low the hills. But the years were changing old prejudices, and Tom was certainly coming to believe what press and pulpit said of equality of opportunity. Cynicism was being shed.

Of course he was not so unconscious of petty grades and distinctions as that passage would seem to imply. In a letter you cannot give all the parentheses and footnotes that will make a position unassailable, and he was only apparently inconsistent when he remarked later to Martha, "You and I are the converse of the geometrical point; we have size but no position." But he was now willing to admit that position might be won.

He was amused to find that the fact of having been a University student (at first concealed as somehow disgraceful to the minds of outdoor folk) affected his status in the eyes of bosses and their wives. He smiled to think how much more imposing they found it than they would have done had they known the circumstances, but was glad of the acquaintances it brought. He took a warm human and artistic delight in all sorts of people, more especially in those men whose lives had been a rough and tumble, who had a strong conscious self-respect, or arrogance, whose angers and passions were outspoken and undisguised, whose manners had the freedom of utter ignorance of code, men who "fed from both sides", and whose total innocence of introspection was a wholesome

refreshment. He enjoyed these people as some men do wine; but few people are being racily characteristic all the time. Human wine, in short, is not of the same flavour throughout the pipe, and sometimes there was too little body to satisfy him. He needed the stimulus of a cocktail, of men whose substance is dashed with the added ideas of books and travel. He liked his mind to be kept darting.

True, there was often a disappointing ^{or} absence of cultured interests, a deficiency that amounted almost to stupidity, in the "respectable" and social bosses and their wives and guests, as in the unpretentious bushmen who smoked their pipes on ~~the fence~~ ^{the fence} by the huts, but they were at least different, and there was a freshness and gaiety and zest about some of them, especially the younger. At first Tom was shy in the cheery, loose-jointed circle of the minor squatocracy outback, for theirs was an ease of manner and an incorporation of conventions acquired in big hotels in town, and on big liners en voyage, very different from the simple ways of the lesser suburbs. But the conventions were taken unconventionally, and only so far as suited these homely, hearty people. Simplicity, vivacity, and an easy tongue, soon eased the way with them. The store-clerk, the jackaroo, and the owner's daughter and her guests danced together. The "old man" was often as rough as his drover, and in some cases his children had seen no more of the world, if as much, as shows through the windows of some more or less ungainly secondary school in a state capital.

Nor did friendship with the drawing room prevent camaraderie with the hut. The men might call him "a young torf", but never "Lord Muck." He might read poetry, but then he talked slang, and the Australian is keenly alive to the occasions and use of the vernacular. Most can be grammatical when they wish; the difference comes out in the degree of ~~it~~ ^{it} vernacular used. It is more one of refinement and perception than of rank and knowledge. Brothers from the same bush school will often vary widely in intonation and accent. One will be merely slangy, with half humorous solecisms like the dropping of aitches and gees, the other will show all the slovenliness of "gorn" and "orf," and will prefix "bleedin'" and worse to every other noun. Reputable English is used for social life, to women, and between people conscious of a difference in position, slang is for working times, for camaraderie, and for the conveyance of deep feeling when the speaker is fearful of having sentiment mistaken for sentimentality.

Circling round the cattle at night, or riding along the fences, Tom began vaguely to perceive that scenes and people he had known, bright sunrises, windswept bush, wide reaches of bright flowers, fantastic dust-storms, drovers, squatters, "Binghis", qualities of women, strong or sweet or cow-like, "mills" and

the fence

all as vernacular sometimes

stampedes and dances, camp-fires and round-ups, life of station and of town, were weaving themselves into patterns in his mind. It was as though brightly coloured beads were gravitating to a centre, blue rolling across to match with blue, or contrast with pink, two merging into an opalescent one; and sometimes he took thought and moved one from a casual to a significant position; and many, greatest delight of all, he added, beads that he had blown and rounded and polished entirely anew for the place that was blank without them. It was the creation from out his old memories of a new life shot with meaning, rounded to completeness; no stray ends, or protuberances unsymmetrical; dulness and irrelevances gone.

He was shy over the stirring of this new life within his mind, shy as a woman at the stirring of her first-borne. There are things too intimate for the most expressive to tell forth. We cannot say them to a world that cannot feel them as we do, may be indifferent, or smile indulgently, may make of them too little, or too much. They are too tender for the winds of the world, at first.

But while the story grew, while he invested old memories with significance, distilled qualities from here and thereto form new combinations, new friends, his own creations, in a new world, he was preparing the medium for making others see them as he saw, training himself by sketches, as it were, by paragraphs and short stories, to get the effects he wanted, to make a day yield up its brightness, brutality its laughter, silence, humdrum, and labour, their deep meaning.

And it was over his work on these fragments, hilarious happenings, notes of phenomena observed, that indirectly he got the sympathy he craved, the pleasure of communicating. He could talk thus indirectly of what absorbed him, revealing nothing. Very few papers would look at what he sent, "regretted," by return of post or after months, that "they had no space." The Bulletin was better, it could always be relied on for an opinion, even if unflattering, but here Tom was puzzled about accepting the standard it set.

"The Bulletin method," he wrote, "is to imagine yourself it, and the other fellow a damned fool; and then to say so, and put it as unpleasantly as possible. If you have no arguments, call names; call names anyway, it emphasises your superiority. I've been unloading a lot of stuff onto the Bulletin lately, and when I do this, they take it; but when I want to express awe or humility, the great things and the simple things, they cast me out with contumely. Of course it may be my inadequacy when I get out of the vernacular, but I fancy they have the notion that a coarse brush and an appearance of haste and intolerance and acid, are essentials of Australian style. They are so anxious for us to be Australian that they won't look at anything that could have been written equally

well by an Englishman. Yet if people are of the same race they must have some of the same things to say, even require some of the same methods to say them, and it is bad luck to be debarred from doing it just because one is in Australia. Australian style will differentiate itself soon enough, and all the better for not being forced. It is no good squeezing us into Chinese shoes - no, that isn't fair; what they seem to expect is that we shall all spread out to fill stockmen's boots, and sometimes they draw the feet. But there is no doubt that the Bulletin is the paper of the out-back and of the Never-Never; it does stand for the real Australia more than any other. It caricatures "Sassiety", and ignores thousands of respectable working people, like our class at Bowden. I'm not sure that it actually despises them, but what it does like is some one with a grouch or a hump or a nose for scandal. Heaven knows, of course, that enough of our dailies cater for the complacent - except that they forget that even contented people sometimes have brains. Ye gods! Think of the Records notions of patriotism! I really believe the old Grandmamma expects us to feel a pious thrill at the bare sight of the Union Jack."

And then came a period when letters were short and exhaled an excitement for which no reason was given. He was reading Romeo and Juliet again. What silly things he could remember saying about it! Did they remember the orchard scene?

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops...

(He chuckled as he thought how oblique his quotation was, how misleading as to his real interest in the play!) Juliet's interruption of that description, of what Romeo might possibly have gone on to say, used to exasperate him; now of course he understood. She no longer seemed to him like one of those pert and self-conscious American heroines. And he quoted Burns and Byron, and said he had never realised the resources of the English language for expressing tenderness and passion. The Bulletin, he feared, was on the wrong track.

John read all this with pawky insight. He had come to accept the limitations of finite being; he knew now that a father cannot be his son's contemporary as well, and had found the preciousness as well as the pathos of that. He followed politics, and took office in the Station Masters' Association. In the expansion of long-dormant parts of himself he realised that man is not only a father, though his paternity may be the source and root of all the rest. He read all the books Tom wrote about, and was at last finding common ground, his unforced interest twisting through the

fetters of official diction. He smiled as he wrote that he had been learning one of the poem's mentioned by Tom, "John Anderson my jo, John," and that he wished that he had known "Bonnie Lesley", and "My luv's like a Red, Red, Rose," "when I was courting your mother."

Tom hoped uneasily that the family was not speculating, bluntly wondering...his father's dexterous naïvete was delightful...if it was dexterous, and not just naïvete...as he hoped. Finally youth was graciously pleased to act the ostrich.

The next news was definite, satisfying. Tom had engaged to spend two years at Milla Mulla, a station inland from Geraldton. He had stipulated that he was to work and learn with the definite object of qualifying to manage a station himself somewhen in the future. Milla Mulla was delightful; the house was large, well-appointed, ("electric light, no less!") with good Chinese servants. They had the latest books, dressed for dinner, gave dances, rode miles to dances, and altogether Tom declared himself in love with "purple and fine linen and the fleshpots." They went well, he thought, as a setting for the vigorous adventure of the days.

He was aware that there is no glamour about the anxious routine that falls to the lot of such a station as the owner prefers to put another man on, but would not the responsibility compensate, and the full mental and emotional life, weaving Patterns, with Stella?

And perceiving some idea of a settlement at last, the family heart of the Sextons was at rest.

And then August came, and it was the August of 1914.

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CHAPTER 3.

The possibility of war, real world-wide war, in their time, had been unthinkable to these humble people, occupied with their bread and their families and their future. They were shocked and disturbed - and ecstatic by gasps, as they realised that they were members of this decisive, this dramatic Empire. Mr. Fisher's "last man and last shilling" speech thrilled them. They lay awake at night and wondered, what would it be like if the Empire were beaten? What a foundation to one's very being was the fact British citizenship! Their thought and their feelings, their songs and aspirations and ideals, all were grounded in that.

Joe was restless, and spent a good deal of time at the railway station with John, for stations are well in the way of news - and rumours. Polly was restless, too, but the "last man" announcement, far from thrilling her, made her heart stand still.

"Tom shan't go," she said at once.

"Or if he does, he must be the last man, eh, Pol?"

John looked as if he disagreed with his mother, and Hannah said plainly:

"Tom has not got a wife, Mother."

"He's got a grandmother," snapped the old lady grimly. She condescended to laugh with the others, though it was no laughing matter. No one but Polly doubted what Tom would do, and Polly only doubted because she willed that the hopes of her old age should not be further disappointed. Besides, she meant to use her powers to prevent it. She took down the picture of Nelson bidding farewell to his grandmother, and the almanac with the children playing at soldiers. She wished they had never been up.

But the days went by and Tom made no sign. The minutes dragged from mail to mail and Hannah's heart contracted, for clearly the boy had not enlisted, and expanded again, for he was not yet committed to danger and death.

And the days seemed weeks.

Even Mickey had tried to enlist, Mickey the radical. He had been out of work, so that the material motive had reinforced the spiritual, but these were the early days when fervour overbore all doubts. The chivalry and justice of the British intervention swept along the most captious. Old grievances, the problems of perplexed reformers, were set aside. Squint-eyed distrust had not had time to resume its habit, to assign routine motives, to find relevances between the irrelevant. But if Mickey did not yet see the war as one more device to "suck the blood of the working classes", on the other hand the recruiting offices were only taking the very fittest men. Stunted Mickey could not fulfil requirements, and the rejected volunteer betook himself to Broken Hill in search of work.

Martha failed to see how any man who lived under the British flag could stay out of camp. To her, vigorous, protesting, a hang-dog Ernst made clear that he could not fight the Fatherland. His mind was torn between what seemed plain facts, and trust in the home of his parents. He had cousins there, and had always felt a pride in German strength and courage, had almost learned, despite his Sexton home, to think of thrift an honest worth as purely German. His father's careless contempt for Australian search for pleasure, its out-of-door amusements, Yandilla lack of cultivation, had given him Germany as the standard from which all this fell short. And now a black calamity had enveloped him. The impulse of valour surged in him too when he saw men going to enlist, and yet it was part of no system in his mind, and remained thwarted. His thoughts, grave, thronging, puzzled, gravitated to neither side, he could make no judgments. Sometimes he felt all the pride of the press and the crowd in what Australia meant to do, and then a dumb fury of resentment at some murmur against Germany. But, again, these were early days before race-hatred arose even in the extremists, the days when the Junkers and not the nation got the blame, days when all men felt a great pity for citizens with German names, and when Adelaide students, in a Town Hall packed to honour the British Science Association, thrilled with the chivalry of the mighty applause that followed the bestowal of academic honours on distinguished German visitors. Ernst, in the Sexton household, was the object of a delicate solicitude.

It was September when Tom came home, unannounced, morose, uncommunicative. John felt that he must have come home to enlist from his own state, but why did he make no move? He spent part of every day at Melksham, and said nothing of going into camp, hardly mentioned the war at all. The uncertainty nearly goaded Polly to distraction. No one liked to

ask what he meant to do. After a ghastly ten days that might have been a year she was convinced that her boy was in a state of miserable indecision, "Hence 'e is dull when 'e isn't laughing", and she was restlessly anxious to end it - in her own favour.

"See, son, isn't it about time you began to look for some fresh work," she began. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"Wish he'd hurry up, then, Grandma." Tom cracked the old chestnut drearily, but she was not to be put off.

"You get a nice place in a shop, Tom. I should be real proud to come in and be waited on by my grandson."

"You would be prouder if I could defend you in a murder case, or get you a divorce, wouldn't you, Grandma?"

This reference to old ambitions was treading on thin ice, but he did it with confidence and success, skating over embarrassment by drawing a fancy picture, exquisitely funny to himself, but quite practical and sensible to the old lady, (as an alternative to what she dreaded) of approaching the Congregationalist owner of a well-known drapery business in the city.

"My grandmother," "I should begin, "is a Cong. You, sir, are a Cong. I want a job." "God bless you, my boy," he would say, folding me to his bosom, "take charge of the glove counter." "

Martha and Joe spluttered (always with that ache of suspense) at the thought of the muscular Thomas emerging from the embrace of the bald and corpulent draper to fit gloves with his clumsy hands. Tom defended himself from a playful assault of his grandmother.

"Oh, well," she said, "youth'll find..."

"What will youth find, Grandma?" enquired Tom, wondering miserably whether youth would live long enough to find anything.

"Youth will find as your old grandmother knows better than you."

Tom was flagging. If only she would let him alone!

"Oh, but Meredith says "No man ever did brave work who held council with his family." "

"Ah, Tom, all your reading has done you no good. Some of your books is fair immoral."

"Keep your eyes skinned for the immoral passages in Beauchamp's Career, Martha, and try not to be contaminated."

"Tom, I don't like to hear you use that expression. You wouldn't 'ave done it when you was a little boy."

"What expression, Grandma?"

"Keep your eyes skinned."

"Why, that's nothing. Even Milton says "ears pealed."

".....ears pealed with trumpets."

It's in Paradise Lost. You wouldn't say Milton was no gentleman, would you?"

"Oh, go along with you, you naughty boy. You are always teasing your old grandmother."

Of course he was, and she adored him for it; she loved him to quote Shakespeare and Milton, and those grand folk.

Yet fifteen minutes after the laughter Tom was slouching round the garden, hands in pocket, head down, pipe out, gloomily contemplating - what? Hannah began to think he must have got into some kind of trouble. Martha was quite certain that he was wondering how to approach his grandmother about enlistment. Of course he could not give in to her, but his love would feel her hurt.

That Tom himself might not want to enlist occurred to no one. It is so easy to see other people's duty with the edges clear, and even though that duty rend us, we may not see the wound to them. These people were thinking of the decision as it would affect them, rather than as it would affect the boy - except perhaps John and Hannah, and they thought of the future rather than the present, thought of their boy dead or wounded or cold, rather than of Tom now making up his mind to these things, and to giving up whatever he might have come to regard as the content of life, Tom disengaging his present from the joyous longed-for future of strenuous days, of love, of imagination, Tom cutting down the unfinished cloth of his loom.

Thousands of young men all over Australia, in a turmoil intensified by the imaginative power of our age, were struggling to decision. And the decisions reached so deviously were complacently awaited by the bystanders, who applauded courage and duty assumed, whose hearts-exalted tears started at the thought of mangled khaki bodies, whose hearts exalted at the soul triumphant, yet not witting over what. To the onlooker the knowledge of the pathos and the glory - and of the inevitability; to the recruit the agony of the wrestle up to sacrifice, the bitterness of the world's blithe praise.

We taste all the bitter savour of our own pottage, we but see our neighbours' mess. But that is the condition of a tolerable world. Too complete a bearing of one another's burdens means collapse; the isolation of each soul is the necessary economy for the progress of mankind. The world is borne on many backs, and to each the joy, despite or through the sweat, of the sharing and the labour of the burden.

That night at Bowden brother and sister walked out into the dark and rain. Night and rain are always kindly, and the air was fresh and sweet and soft. The corner lamps gleamed on the pools in the footpaths, narrow roads, cottage-bordered, stretched off dimly into the distance, thorn-bushes loomed up on vacant blocks, cloaked figures hurried by for trains or lighted homes.

They passed on to Tom's old haunt, the Torren's Road; past the empty paddocks, the vast, bare, vague outline of the darkened school, the hollow depth of the great pug-hole, past the kiln-fire, lighting with its glow the bricks inside, throwing into deeper mystery the piled masses without; on to the dairies and the gardened houses, watching the road before them as it reached away in narrowing dimness to the gap of light it made on the dark smudge of the horizon. The moon showed fitfully.

"When are you going into camp?" asked Martha suddenly, out of the thoughts both were thinking.

"Who said anything about going into camp?"

"Oh, I know; you are the last one to stay at home."

"Well, I have enlisted. I'm only trying to have a few days of home as it used to be before I go into camp. All the same, I don't see why you should be so jolly sure. There's a lot to think of before one goes to the war."

"Is there? I thought there was nothing but the need."

"Oh, did you? You stick to your girl's job of making puddings and minding kids, my girl." Some of the pent-up emotion of the past weeks, intensified by the silent conflict of Melksham, broke from Tom. He apostrophised Martha, but it was a wider audience he had in mind. "Don't you imagine, because women and sentimental writers and the Jingo gloss it over, that a man doesn't count the cost and think about it before he offers his life to his country." Sillyfools may not, and simple, straightforward chaps like Jim Stanley, but the ordinary man like me does. He doesn't fight any the worse because he's fond of a whole skin and knows what stock he's leavin' in the country, people, goods, and pleasures. A man may know he ought to go, and very likely when he was a kid, and before there was a war, he thought, like you silly girls, "How nice to go to the war, with the flags a-flyin' and the bands a-playin', and all in your pretty uniform." And he may have thought he'd like to do and dare like the heroes of old; but when the time comes he thinks "Send peace in our time" a very useful prayer. A chap goes and doesn't whine, but the gilt is off the gingerbread, you can take it from me. Duty may look like a matter of course to other people, and when it's done, but I can tell you it takes a lot of thinking about."

"But you have always...England...and history and Kipling... and experiences..You always wanted.." faltered Martha.

"Good old Martha." She was one of the people he was going to leave. He put his arm round her shoulders. "I guess in these years I've been going up and down the earth, *earth* and wandering about it, like Satan, I've learned a thing or two about patriotism, and a thing or two about life. When I was a kid I was always wantin' experiences, wantin' to read about 'em and wanting to have 'em. I'm a Romantic, I guess, and ordinary life looked humdrum to me. Well, I'm still not

the sort to settle down, but I - I - met Stella. Aha! I din't tell you about Stella, did I?" (He squeezed her triumphantly; she smiled to the darkness.) "Well, I fell in love, you see, and it makes a wonderful difference to the amount of steady graft a fellow is willing to do. There's something about love that brings all the future into the present and makes it easy. And it makes things plain to a chap, too. Bringing up kids, and saving and planning, isn't so dull when it's your kids your doing it for, and not some one else's that you watch bein' washed and spanked and sent to school. And parents are only doin' what the wise old world has learnt is best when they try to keep their children in the well-worn track. When a track's well-tried you can be sure it is a good one, and that it will suit most folk. Not to force a kid's inclination is all very well within limits, but a boy is going to grow up, and what he don't like now he may need then. And anyway it isn't only the boy that matters, it's the whole bally show, it's the race. And if he doesn't work at one thing he must be made to work at another. Oh, I'm not grumbling; got nothing to grumble at. The Dad did his duty by me, but we all made a mistake. In his balmy old way he was trying to make me fit for a captain, but he did it because he thought I'd like being a captain better than a private, and not because he thought I'd make a better one. That's what parents have got to learn, to make duty and not happiness the aim, and to teach the doctrine to the kids, and make 'em practise it. Most parents preach duty, and practise it themselves, but they are too bloomin' careful of their precious darling's feelings. They do all the sacrificin', and he does all the enjoyin' - and grumblin'. A little wholesome selfishness in parents is a good practising ground for children. That was the Dad's only mistake. I made a lot, but I reckon I did right when I lit out. There are lots of useful ways of making a living besides squabbling over wills, and there are lots of useful ways that don't appeal to a mind that likes a settled job and no risks, like Dad's. And they are my ways. And just when I'd met Stella, and learnt all this, along comes the War...

"Patriotism is a funny thing," he continued unsteadily, "They're shouting it out so loud that it's a word I'm afraid to use. I guess I'm a patriot, but patriotism isn't all fife and drum and hip-hurrah. It isn't a feeling or a mood, it's you. La Patrie is the place you've lived and worked in, the land you've travelled over, on your legs or in your head, it's the place that grows the people and the morals and the thoughts that are yours; and it's the country where you are going to have your wife and kids. It isn't only Australia and it isn't only England; it's all over the world where the people and the ideas and the ways are. It's the British Empire for me, and just because I've found out exactly what it

is doesn't make it so very easy to leave my country for my country's good, don't you see?"

It was like him to come out of emotion with a joke, and to sandpaper smooth sentiment with rough speech. They were back at the bridge over the railway lines now, and stopped with one accord to look over the railing towards the outspread city. The rain had stopped, and the moon shone on glistening trees and housetops. The bright lights of a train outlined the bottom of North Adelaide hill, on which lay such culture and elegance as a raw new land may have. It crossed the level Park Lands into the central station where the blocks of Parliament House and city buildings stood black against the glow of the lights. Below the bridge the rails glittered along the track under the steady electric globes, and behind, Portwards, lay thousands of workers' tiny houses, with here and there a factory chimney like a tall pencil against the sky. Tom thought of what he was leaving, of all that this represented and symbolised. It was the other side, and the result, of that free wide life and labour of the outback; it was one little corner, a nascent epitome, of the result of two thousand years of British history, of slow life and struggling emergent ideals. And some of the ideals had passed into commonplaces so complacent as to be almost unfelt, on others, the masses, these huddling, herded people, had no slightest grasp. England was the work of her great men passing on ideals and achievements, themselves slowly prepared by the many, to the many. Had full consciousness of that partnership been achieved by enough of those who participated? Had they faith and knowledge enough, were the principles sufficiently the organizing factors of their minds, to clamour for defence? And would they be willing to die physically that the spiritual ~~truths~~ ^{achievements} of their race might live on?

All that blur of physical objects below them was, amazing thought, the work, of thinking, suffering, aspiring minds. It embodied systems economic and spiritual and political, yet those systems were only created in the service of something that was more than their framework, that could not be abstracted from; it was life, the urge to live and love and propagate. And now one thing yet higher and more mysterious still appeared, for those who most saw and prized this living and loving must kill and be killed, must die that they might live, live, not their own little, bounded lives, but merged in the life of the nation. The nation was past, present, and future, and every separate unit of it got his value from the great whole, this Infinite, stretching backwards and forwards in time; its life and thoughts were above and included his, conditioned ~~them~~ and transcended them, required his whole devotion. He thus became greater than himself, just as, if he withdrew himself from the life of the whole, from the

present call, shrank to the dimensions of his own skin, he became less than himself.

The moon gleamed out brilliant on the jagged edges of a parting cloud, riding in the purple void that stretched on to the Infinity of space. Below, on the puny bridge, man's structure, overlooking the lights of a man-made city, a mere roughness on the surface of Nature, was a man gazing into a moral realm, facing a moral problem, living a moment of shining insight. And at his side a human sister watched, silent and loving, ^{was} shut out from the vision, born at the same birth, but senses trained by other sights, ^{by lesser duties.} Man makes, as well as finds, in one realm as in the other. The realm of nature is immeasurable, not less immeasurable the mind and soul, those lamps thrown on it by man alone. We are apt to complain that man makes little impression on nature; but his greatest achievements and greatest efforts are not directed at the physical. The ~~epoch~~ ^{epoch}-making events, the real history, are entirely within the mind. Not the mines blasting the tops off hills, not the guns blowing rivers of blood and fragments of arms and legs, but the minds to which are organic those little bodies creeping in the trench or hurtling over the top, and the minds of those who plan, or only wait and love, are the real makers of events, and it is in them, too, that the most significant events occur.

And so Tom became a man at last. He had passed from puzzle and protest to understanding, and from understanding must now go on to sacrifice. He had been a child, had imbibed the traditions of country and class; he had been a youth, and had felt the strain of the stretching of the garments of the old to fit themselves to growth. He had learned that the young carry on the past, but that ^{they} cannot be wholly bound or guided by it. And he had ^{taken up} ~~assumed~~ the responsibility of a man for his race. The very process and incidents of the pilgrimage had given him a living sympathy, an identity, with it, and a fulness of insight into the working of the present, into the inner, fuller life of which "economic conditions," "social systems", are only abstractions, or outlines, descriptions, useful, but as different from life itself as a definition is different from the thing defined. Tom had lived himself into the essential life of humanity, - but he was to be a stay to the building, not a new stone. War makes wasteful uses of its learned men.

A week later found him, amid the dust of Morphetville, working at some of the more disgusting details of camp sanitation. He thought with grim amusement of his exaltation in the pure

air on the bridge with Martha, when he had felt himself a thought in the soul of the universe.

"Tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through days of gloom fulfilled."

We cannot always see the squalid in its eternal guise, but blessed are they who have ~~that~~ had that insight, for theirs is a deathless energy. But think not that the high heart is a gift of nature; the grain in the storehouse is garnered with toil.

CHAPTER 4.

No, moments on the mountain-tops are rare, and Tom seldom climbed to that pure air in camp. He knew discomfort, and fatigue, and amusement, and cynicism, and revolt and rage, but very little enthusiasm. He had embarked on practical patriotism, and was busy damning its details.

Camp life was almost nothing that he had anticipated. Certainly Australia possessed a military organisation before the war, and the Administrative and Instructional Staff was doubtless of immense service. At the same time, it was not composed entirely of geniuses and super-men, it was confronted with a scale and urgency of operations outside all experience and expectation, its members could not be ubiquitous; and the men who flocked to it to be turned into soldiers were, except the very youngest, who had had some perfunctory drill in the Citizen Forces, and a few Volunteers, utterly raw. The recruits had an exaggerated consciousness of themselves that was fostered by public applause, yet they had put themselves into a position where they must be willing to sink personality. They had initiative and high spirits and love of adventure, and took hardly to precise and (to them) meaningless points of discipline, especially when not re-inforced by respect-compelling management. All very well to tell them, for instance, that it was the uniform they saluted and not the man inside it; but they saluted, and obeyed, much more easily when they respected that man. And officers chosen according to the first hap-hazard methods often had not the personlaity, and seldom the knowledge, to make themselves felt. Tom, with ideas of army-discipline imbibed from sources as various as Kipling and Mr. Neumann, went helpless with laughter when a tent-mate, after two days absence without leave, remarked that he had had a cold, and thought that home was the best place for him. When it was borne into his incredulous mind that this excuse had actually been accepted, he was startled. Surely we weren't going to play at being soldiers? Other amazing latitudes were allowed or taken, muddles and bungles and laxness of every kind confronted the least observant. Despite his chagrin, Tom took

advantage of it to outstay his week-end leave occasionally, finding that it was actually unknown. When you join an army, he reflected, you do not expect to discipline yourself altogether; discipline, in short, ought to make it easier for you to do your duty, by giving you the stimulus of a "must." ~~At present discipline seemed to be confined to etiquette.~~ The fellows could not, he thought, take a pride in a corps like this, and what would happen? It seemed to impotent youth that, with war declared for quite two months, and with a division actually expected to leave in November, there was no excuse for anything short of the most beautiful precision - amongst the officers. He was angry and miserable enough to believe that one might have to go into battle one of a mere mob, to be mown down by an efficient enemy, or slaughtered by the carelessness of one's own side.

At the week-ends he came home weary of the dust and noise and confusion, anxious to bath and eat and sleep. If Ernst were away he gave biting, amusing vignettes of the week's incidents, or vented his young scorn and indignation. With Ernst present he had not a word to say against Camp. Ernst would hear enough to sneer about from other sources. It did not occur to him that Ernst had as much pride of the Australian as he, that Ernst longed to be in camp, to learn and teach the drill, to put his strong young energy into reform. When one is outside a muddle, one feels like that; one has to be inside, in the ranks, to know the hopelessness of doing anything save to the immediate few through the inspiration of one's personal earnestness.

Tom was unduly intolerant and impatient, of course, despite much just criticism, but men like him find it hard to believe that if they were in control their inexperience, and the multitude of things to be done and learned at once, in co-operation with unknown colleagues, would disconcert them too. And then some of the officers, pitchforked into positions by influence or chance, were tenacious of the petty forms and dignities that are easiest to learn; their idea of discipline was etiquette. Even Tom, who had gone into camp with a fairly good idea of the hateful subordination he must expect, and accepted the principle cheerfully, found some of the particular occasions hard to brook. When you heard your fool of a sergeant give the order that would miss contact with the other party...and you had to stand immobile... And of course it is the private who feels the fullest discomfort (though not the humiliation) of mistakes, of trains just missed, of rations sent astray, of hour-long, senseless waits. Such things are gall to active men, however necessary to be learned, and then the lack of explanation, the apparent ac-

quiescence of the powers that be...He controlled himself by "making phrases", thumbnail sketches, of the glaringly incompetent, writing articles with a bite to them that he might publish - after the war.

And by the time he sailed he was a sergeant himself, with a better understanding of the harrassments of office and of inexperience, but still with a consuming zeal for having things done properly, and the fixed conviction, which experience upheld, that men like to know that theirs is a school or a firm or an army that admits few excuses, that exacts perfection.

Military contempts apart, camp life was "not bad fun." The dust and the food and the crowded tents were worse than any station experience, but then the men...! Circus acrobats and bank clerks, aborigines and dandies, rouseabouts and Varsity men, farmers and townsmen, fitted together in strange mosaics. Spirits were high (sometimes natural and sometimes acquired); there was larking and "prigging" and fending for your squad or your tent or yourself against all comers; there was dodging the regulations just for the fun of it. It was boarding-school over again.

Jim Stanley and Bill Lea had joined up before Tom. They were old and welcome guests at Bowden and Melksham, and when they left with the first division in November astute Polly, full, too, of motherly desire to be kind to some other mother's boy, urged him to bring down any other friends for fishing and high tea. Tom gave the first invitations with an eye to mischief.

"Bli' me," said James Allen, ex-jockey, as they fished in the hot sun, "Bli' me if this game is any good to me." He sat out a pleasant hour in the Kiosk with Walkerville Ale, and a waitress who looked pleasant and did not expect him to talk.

Dennis Meagan, stockman, was excellently entertained in drawing the long bow to Joe Sexton and Tom, who roared at his yarns, lies and all, while they baited and cast and disentangled his line. But when Joe was summoned to the bedside of a crony Tom did begin to wish that he had not to manage these men single-handed with Polly and Martha. He took his guests in bathing before the long stroll home.

James, small, wiry, depressed, sat furtively on a frail blue and gold chair, silently damning his spurs and feeling unworthy before the conscious elegance of the politely disapproving Polly. "A poor tool, a tongue-tied muff", was her summing up of him. This was scarcely the sort of roving son she had contemplated playing revered mother to, and she feared for the morals of Tom, and the polish of the chair-legs. Even Dennis almost hushed his booming voice and lost his jollity in the confined space of Polly's pretty drawing-room. He sat large and perspiring, arms akimbo, as he tried to adjust

his accent and conversation to Martha, a kind of "tart" completely "off his track." Tom tried to talk of what they knew, to draw them out, to show what good fellows they really were, but the half hour before tea was one of some gloom. Martha was portentous in her efforts to suit her interests to theirs. The concentration drew her to a silence broad-browed and broodingly intent as her mother's - or as Sandra Belloni's!

"Do you find it very dull in camp?"

"No..no..no."

"Of course you have the Entertainers to brighten things up."

Tom grinned. How frightfully silly even sisters could be! As if the discomforts were social!

"The Entertainers, Miss? Oh yes, they come at times and play and sing and hand round cake."

"And you are there to see and hear and handle, arn't you, Denny?"

"Well, yes, Serj, I am, generally speaking." Trooper Meagan's social instincts were flickering up again. "Can't say as much for you, Serj."

"What!" joked Martha heavily. "Doesn't my naughty brother go, after all the trouble the ladies take?"

"Are they amusing us, or we them?" muttered Tom; "Plenty like it, let them go."

"It's this way, Miss. They're such depressin' beggars. They arst your brother, Miss, if he had had his photo. took. "No," says he, "nor shan't," or words to that effect. "Oh," says she, shaking her fat finger at him (a stout woman, with a head like a furze bush), "If you was never to come back you'd be sorry for it then."

No one laughed except Tom, and Dennis mopped his brow and felt dashed.

"She was doing her best," said Polly reprovingly. "I dare say she was a mother herself. If you was a mother, you'd understand her feelings."

"Spinster," corrected Tom; "Spry old party, and well-meaning, and all that, but you should see her bustling about when the concert's getting a bit late and she thinks they'll miss the train, or when some one doesn't turn up to time. I was at the back of the marquee the other night, and there she was, buzzin' about like a hen in a hedge when the fowls are bein' fed on the other side. "The great thing", says she, dashing up and down, "the great thing is to keep perfectly calm." She was so funny that I went in to that concert, just to enjoy her."

"I don't like to see you getting into the habit of making fun of people who take a lot of trouble to amuse you boys and keep you from harm," reproved Polly.

"No, Grandma," replied Tom meekly. "Of course a lot of

the chaps like them no end, and it is awfully good of them to give up so much time. But don't you get thinking that it's all hard work and no play for them; some of them have the audience of their lives. Be jolly annoying for us if they didn't enjoy themselves. We don't want people to make martyrs of themselves on our account, nor yet to expect us to accept amusement just because they provide it, if we are happy by our little selves."

"Always like to see the ladies myself, ma'am," said Dennis conciliatingly; "most of them is pretty little dears, and if they like to have a bit of a chat, I'm agreeable, I'm sure."

Polly smiled Tom's own smile at him.

"Now you young folks come to tea," she said, trying to sound hospitable.

Tom had suggested fried eggs, stake, and bacon, as what the soldier longed for, and Polly had provided generously. Seated before a mighty plateful, grasping knife and fork as with fell intent, Dennis Meagan became himself again. He calculated how much of this tucker he and Allen could put away every morning in camp - if they had it. He told stories of his prowess in "mashing skirts" (speculation over Martha's supposed frame of mind about some of them set Tom spluttering into his napkin), and enjoyed himself thoroughly. He even tried to bring the dour James into the merriment, and related the visit to camp of that gentleman's cousin.

"James, Mum," he explained to Mrs. Sexton, "is a good enough chap in his way, but shy with the ladies. So he brings the donah over to me to trot her round. And what am I doing? I'm washing my trousers, I am; washin' of 'em 'ard, and holding of 'em up to see they're clean. Laugh! How she did laugh!"

James made his sole contribution to the conversation.

"She's easy made laugh, that one," is what he said.

There was not always much point about Dennis's stories, but that, as he explained, was due to having to leave out the best parts on account of the ladies. He was embarking on laudation and examples of Tom's earlier skill in priggish rations from the adjoining tent when that hero thrust Ernst's old concertina into his hands and begged him to give his grandmother a tune under the cool verandah. Polly had never taken so little part in a conversation in her own house in her life, but she sat watchful and silent. Two things she liked about Meagan, his strength, and his evident admiration for Tom. - Serj, as he called him. So she smiled, and listened, and subtly flattered, even when he chose tunes that wandered from "Tipperary" to "Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer", "Hark to the Kisses", and other classics of the camp, Tom supplying the words. What shocked her more than anything

was that in between these choice songs they sandwiched "Nearer my God to Thee," and "Onward Christian Soldiers." Despite Tom's attempted discouragement, Dennis put them in, too, because he thought they would please the old lady.

"That's the sort of little thing you never would have thought of, James," said he. "Now I see at once that she is the religious sort." Dennis was enchanted with Tom's grandmother. "A real tip-topper", he declared she was, carried away with the motherliness of the pat she gave his shoulder at parting, and her whisper to "look after my boy."

They left a little early, because the aerated drinks had given James such a thirst for real beer that his uneasiness was not to be restrained any longer, even by the swelling Dennis.

"If that's the sort of friends you make when you are away, Tom, I must say you would be better at 'ome."

"They're real good fellows, Grandma; I've been in more than one tight corner where those chaps showed up well. They're rough diamonds."

"Grandma likes her diamonds cut," interpreted Martha.

"And what about you?"

"Oh, I loved them, of course," replied Martha truthfully and loyally; "but I do think we should find it hard to live up to them often."

Tom ha-haed, and told his grandmother he was sure they had enjoyed the grub, anyway, and he thought it was jolly decent of her to have stood the racket. "It's given them a taste of home life that they will be grateful for", he said, well knowing that the way to Polly's heart was through her services.

In the train, after "a beer at the pub," James Allen stated his opinion of the taste of home life in pretty explicit terms. Dennis said he was surprised at him; for his part, he had had a slap-up feed, and considered that Tom had done them very well indeed. He wouldn't have minded being asked to stay the night.

That night Tom communed with his pillow and the wholesome, unaccustomed sheats. Kindly, quiet people all over Adelaide were trying to amuse "with buns and tea and hymns", uncomprehending men of freer rearing, boisterous souls let free from the week's chafed restraint and unnatural subordination. Prim applauders of recruiting were dashed in their admiration for whilom "heroes", and the burly fellows called these town-folk thin-blooded, namby-pamby. To each his own way of life, and its own incidents, though Tom suspected that the riotous, pelting through life full-tear, had the better of the pinched-refined who did not so much use the conventions as cramp themselves in them, mistaking repression for the admired repose of their ideal, and missing the joys of expansion for mere asphyxiation. At the same time they had an ideal, and ideals

were wings...metaphors were dangerous, and a nice judgment not to be arrived at by a sleepy head; he put conclusion by for future cogitation. Lord! How he loved drawing conclusions from life...Of course he knew the danger of mere animality... The gentleness loved of his grandmother was one of the good things in the life conventional, as large freedom was of the Outback; and if convention cramped the weakling to fear of nature, freedom indulged was licence, gross and vicious. The mean was hard to strike. Rabelais and Miss Mitford, Tom loved them both, but had either the ideal..? His mother set less store than Polly on small observances, was less sensitive to breaths of feeling, but wild talk of beer and horseplay would make blank her eyes in the way he knew. It was hard that mothers would see their sons coarsen, or worse, in the process of their duty, leave the mould and lose the texture they held admirable...

He devoted the rest of that week-end and the remaining leaves to talking sense in careful language, to intimate meditation, to "sweet hours of prayer" in church, to poetry and Ruskin and affection, to all that bathed him of the camp's rough grime. He had a natural instinct for the seemly, and liked its texture silken.

As the weeks went by suspense grew tense. Parades, route marches through the burning streets, past silent, pensive crowds, dates hinted at, then cancelled, made them conscious that any leave might be the last. Companionship could not be normal. Everyone talked of "when you come back," and no one showed emotion. Tom was deft in oblique solacing of his mother and Polly.

It was January when he finally sailed. The tar of the Outer Harbour smelt in the heat, and the blue sea and the ~~blue sea and the~~ white sandhills blazed with sunlight. Hundreds of people stood about for hours, happy if they had a fleeting glimpse, a chance to throw a parcel, or an occasional moment's talk with the boy they were farewelling. Acquaintances laughed and chattered, parents stood mute and anxious, or caught at jest thrown out for all to ease the strain. Sentries kept back the infringing crowd. Between the transport and the wharf the water, crystal-clear, showed the ribbed sand and the idly-moving sea-weed; an orange floated over the cool depths, bobbing against the black hull. By noon the undimpled water lay like oil, reflecting the paleness of a sky whitening for change. To the detached on-looker Tom was just like any other of those Australian Khaki figures that lined the deck and climbed the rigging, and hanging over the side of the boat was indistinguishable from ~~from~~

the hundred others who held ribbons from the land. To his own little group he stood out distinct and distinguished, every line and every gesture characteristic of the Tom they knew, and possible only to him. It was not uniform or frame they saw, but all that informed them, all they knew of his fun and his depth, his warring weakness and strength, his tenderness and adventure, all that made him Tom. And it was nothing to them that for four hundred and ninety nine other groups four hundred and ninety nine other figures occupied that distinct and unique position.

The little cluster who loved him stood together to watch the boat move out. Amid the cheering and the hoarse roar of messages a last distinguishable voice reached Hannah only.

"Good-bye, Mum."

It was a choked and broken cry wrenched from the throat of a soldier of the Empire on his way to meet death, who felt little and insignificant and lonely and homesick, who suddenly wanted his mother more than he wanted any one else in the universe.

CHAPTER 5.

The dismal train took the tired people over the dismal flats to the Port and between the dingy houses back to the daily round once more. Each was occupied with his own thoughts, though the mere acquaintances of those who had left cheered up again and talked of other things, like the mourners in the last coach after a funeral. Emotion was worn out. Hannah thought of a baby, and Polly of a boy wearing a college hat-band. John knew again that we cannot live our children's lives. Today it was the children who were bearing the brunt of the future, while the fathers who would so gladly have spared them or shared in the duty must keep the safe fireside.

Joe and Polly got out at Melksham, and at Bowden John was due for duty, ^{at home} peace-work in war-time.

For Martha the war had at first been a distraction that made all study seem futile, all planning for one's self contemptible. Red Cross, First Aid, knitting for the soldiers, took all free time. But as the months went by the new duties fell into place, and mental re-adjustment was made. Tom's twin could not be entirely unintrospective, and Martha was distressed to find that she was no longer entirely absorbed by the world's affairs. She took it for a sign of shallowness, and tried to whip herself into what she thought a proper state of apprehension and deep feeling by dwelling on the economic waste, the blow to civilisation, the agony of men and women, of dying millions. She pictured a world empty of great men, a generation of great thinkers and poets gone, inventions uninvented for ever, thoughts unthought. But her mood was not permanently darkened, even when Tom left. She thought that she must be deficient in imagination and sympathy. Many people were clearly obsessed by the war, by its wider or its personal significance. Parents whose hopes had long been centering in their sons thought of it or them continually. Even folk

who had no near friends there or eligible professed themselves racked at memory of the carnage when they woke in the night. Yet Martha began to notice that the remark "What a terrible war! When will it end?" so glibly and inevitably made when friends met was often a clearing of the field for less weighty yet more eager conversation. People came to dispose of the war as of the weather, and then, unless there was a spy rumour, passed on to prices, pictures, or the Red Cross Pageant; topics, not entirely disconnected from the war, it is true, in a world where everything was focussed newly, but certainly not the war in its most significant aspects. She came to understand that for most people, ordinary people occupied with livlihoods and and plans and interests that must be carried on despite the crisis, the war was a shadow rather than a burden, whatever effects on themselves they might describe and honestly believe. We are all apt to profess the sentiments we think ought to be ours, the depths we attribute to our models, rather than those which our limited selves do actually experience. Continuous absorption even in the most dramatic and far-reaching crisis of world-history is possible only to minds grandly planned and grandly trained, of wide knowledge as well as deep feeling, unless the midgets are whirled into the action inescapably themselves; and then their pre-occupation is not with the play but with their own part in it. It gradually dawned on Martha that even Armageddon, on the other side of the world, cannot take the most conscious place in the minds of those whose material future draws them on almost undeflected; and that this limitation is not so much a defect as an economy of life, that trains the sincere soul to all strength, scourging from it the sickly sentimental, had yet to teach her.

Martha had graduated at the end of the year, and even Hannah had felt that it would be thriftless not to make financial use of a degree. She was, therefore, now teaching in a suburban high-school, actually embarked on that course of earning and saving which was to lead to a medical career. Five years, she thought, would do it. And she revolved a plan for starting next year, only it seemed too wildly Utopian to mention. She did not want to be ridiculous, but a passage in Marshall's Economics of Industry was certainly very striking:

"...bankers would promptly lend to anyone of whose business ability and honesty they were convinced... Capital required for a start is no very serious obstacle in the way of a person who has once got over the initial difficulty of earning a reputation for being likely to use it well."

So far as her own family was concerned, even Hannah was now

almost convinced that her daughter was capable of doing anything she might wish. Believing that she had a reasonable offer to make Martha would have asked to borrow the savings that had not been used for Tom, but the war had too much depreciated the shares in which they were invested. To sell would mean loss.

Polly, of course, had much to say against the distant project.

"As long as Martha doesn't marry, 'er place is with 'er mother. You've lost Tom - as good as," she hastily corrected; "boys never stay at home. But you ought to have your daughter till she marries. If teaching isn't good enough for Martha, why doesn't she make a book? I'm sure her writing is beautiful, and with her education she ought to be able to get the grammar right. If I could spell, I believe I could write a book myself", went on Polly gaily, enamoured with her plan. "I would begin with being tossed by the bull, and then tell about our garden, and about coming out on the ship, and then go on to meeting your grandfather on the merry-go-round at Glenelg."

Polly's eager interest in things that interest every woman, and her art of seeing things in the limelight, and like an artist, made it highly probable that, in another generation, she would have been as good as her belief.

"I'm sure you would write a good book, Grandma, and we would all like to read it, but you see nothing interesting has ever happened to me. I've never been tossed by a bull, nor met a husband."

"And it's my belief you never will. You take an old woman's word for it, men don't like girls as goes messing about with other people's bodies. It'd give a man the creeps to think his wife knew what his inside was made of."

"I might revise Clara Neumann's spelling-book," chuckled Martha. "No, Grandma, Tom is the writer. He gets it from you, along with his hair. There's nothing imaginative or artistic about me. I'm just an industrious, commonplace sort of person. Perhaps I'll be useful, too; I'm like Mother, you know."

"Your mother got married."

"So would I, if any one I liked as much as she likes Father asked me."

"Lots of girls won't be able to marry at all, after this war," Hannah pointed out, with placid common-sense.

Meanwhile Ernst took a certain amount of Martha's attention. He was determined not to speak about love while other men fought. For him the war was a very real thing. Daily he felt he should be fighting; but on which side? And even if he had felt Germany to be right and not England, decency as

well as necessity would have kept him loyal to Australia. No, unless it was right to fight with the Allies, it was right, though against all instinct aroused by the times, to remain civilian - and safe, curse it. If only the right thing could be the dangerous thing, a man would not feel such a cad. Martha agreed, but urged the cause of Britain and the Allies. Neither she nor Ernst knew much of world-politics, but both had to think that there was more behind the war than broken treaties, only Martha was prepared to trust England. But if it came to trusting, what was Ernst to do?

"Surely you know that England would be on the honourable side?"

"As for that, there was the Crimea, and the Opium War, and South Africa."

"But there were two sides to all of those, and a long record of endeavour and achievement to set off mistakes and lapses. And Prussia's reputation..there was Silesia..."

"Yes, I know," the miserable youth would groan. "Where we know so little, either side may be right. But how would you feel if you were in Germany, and heard ~~nothing~~ only knew the German side, and heard nothing but senseless boasts and praise of Germany? Wouldn't you be English, and despite your reason?"

"You have read the White Paper," Martha would protest; "you must know that Germany precipitated the war."

"How do we know what it suppresses? And in any case, Germany is pot-bound, she had to break through."

"Expansion needn't be theft," said Martha sharply.

Then they wrangled about colonies and jealousy and Free-trade and justice and ideals, and Martha nearly wept because you could make such a good case for Germany - if you thought that what you were not allowed to know in Australia would fill all gaps. To be ignorant, and to know that you are ignorant, makes all argument inconclusive, and a mind that is open, even if only illusionarily, when it should be closed, is a torment. Ernst felt that all he had to go on in his defence was inherited prejudice and the general belief in Germany's superior mental efficiency. Did that include the moral? Of course. Was not Germany the home of spirituality? England's case seemed good - but then England presented it herself.

Sometimes he grew defiantly German. He jeered at the spy-rumours.

"I have it on the best authority that Mr. Schmidt, of Schmidt & Co., was shot in the sandhills at dawn on Friday for smuggling rifles in a piano-case. He was at church this morning," he would report, with an implied sneer at English idiocy. He took Stead's Review and revelled in its

rigorous analysis of Allied news. He said that Mr. Sexton called it pro-German because it was not hysterically British, because it asked for its facts unadorned. No one pointed out to him that he took every journalistic decoration torn from England's case as spoil for Germany.

They were all willing to agree that the Belgian horrors were doubtless much exaggerated. Were not the German soldiers men like Ernst's father and the kindly, domestic Germans whom they knew? Was it thinkable that they would do such things? The reports were part of the usual propaganda of war.

It was impossible to discuss the war freely when Ernst was at home, yet impossible to keep off the absorbing topic. His scornful reception of some of the news brought home by simple John was sometimes hard to bear, even by that understanding friend, and Martha read the papers with a shivering apprehension of all the scope their blatancy gave for German scorn. Doubtless German papers were just as bad, but then they were not at hand to be brandished against Ernst.

Life was becoming very difficult in the little cottage, yet no one wanted Ernst to go; he was like their own boy, their own boy very unhappy. It was in the dark days, the days of retreats and losses, that the silent strain was worst, for it seemed as though Ernst must be rejoicing in what was pain to them. And Ernst found nothing to rejoice in; the sorrows of both sides were sorrows to him.

And what effect would all this have on Martha's feeling? Was it possible that she could love a German?

Youth could not stand the strain for ever. To have two nations is to have none, and to be without roots when all men are strongly conscious of their social setting is to dwindle to insignificance. This youth may not, and find life livable. Any added motive, relevant or not, would make him range himself, and relief could only come from plunging to the active side...with what effect on family ties?

CHAPTER 6.

Letters came from Tom; genial grumbling, of course, and the usual things of Albany and Egypt. He had always meant to go to England some day, but there were more comfortable ways of travelling than as a soldier of the king...The vigorous training in Egypt was much to his mind, it was business at last. But Tom was a critic still, and a pessimist about the war. If the present muddle went on at the actual front, then Heaven help them! And the English officers - oh lor! Funny, of course, but exasperating and antagonizing. Looked very military, and seemed to think the private a different order of being, dontcher know, and the Australian private in particular a noxious kind of worm. "An officer isn't such a blinkin' tin god to us as he is to the Tommies, and it seems to rile him. And he's so jolly stiff. We've got a regular little beauty ourselves. We must seem a pretty tough lot to him. He had the neck to say we haven't given up as much as Tommy Atkins, "not being used to the same standard of life." Tactful, what? And I doubt its truth. Tommy, to judge by the specimens, has given up little more than the historic past; we are giving up a personal future. Of course it doesn't make any difference to the fact that we are here to learn and fight, but the men don't feel it easy to keep their private feeling to him after hours, and their duty in the ranks, in water-tight compartments, and it doesn't help the precious discipline they're always moanin' about. Some people seem to think the salute and discipline the same thing. Well, the men don't like saluting a man like that. Of course it's not him but the uniform, but he represents the king so jolly badly. Told us today he "aspired to break the hearts of you Colonials." The chaps were pretty wild, and I guess the little remark won't tone 'em down any. Really I suppose we are childish not to sink all feeling, and that what the over-seas men are ruffled by is ordinary barrack-room method. I can't help thinking we would insist on different method in Australia! Some of the officers are all right, but the W.O. must have sent us the very pick of its

unadaptable ramrods. It won't help on the federation of Empire."

They gathered at Bowden that settling down to military conditions was a sorish business. Privately Hannah thought it all came of Australian education making Jack think himself as good as his master. John held that Australians and English, and officers and men, would come to understand one another better in time, and would come to admire one another. Martha said hotly that it was all very well to take that detached view, but what about the meantime? And what right had the officers to take that superior attitude? Getting orders obeyed promptly was quite right, but to think that men would only obey people to whom they kow-towed was effete and silly. Martha boiled with wrath - not against England, of course, only against the Ramrods. She had never felt so Australian in her life, and almost refused to laugh when in the next letter Tom had seen the fun of himself. He to object to the signs of class differences, when he used to approve the results of "the centuries of differentiation" that had gone to the production of the English governing classes! And of course the - the - ritual probably raised a spurious sort of respect in the weaker minds that made it easier for an officer not exactly heaven-born to exact obedience, and to feel confidence in himself. All the same, hang it! it was one thing to approve class differences in general, quite another to find them applied against oneself, and some of the prohibitions against various ranks dining or travelling together... Tom was surprised to find how democratic he was, considering his views! It was in the Australian air, of course,...and it did not spoil a man's fighting powers to have a good opinion of himself...made him resent an injury to him and his...be a mistake to insist on too much subordination. In learning to think well of his officers, a man must not learn to think less well of himself. Tom remembered what Kipling had prophesied of an educated army, when it had found itself.

Then came Gallipoli, and the ecstasy of his first fighting. "Old Corfuans died gloriously." Weeks of trench life quenched the enthusiasm, but an abiding faith in man remained. "We used to wonder if men of this age have degenerated, if they would be less hardy than the men who followed Drake and Cromwell. Some of them have. But then again, others haven't. Some of the chaps who seemed ordinary enough are heroes, all right, only living with them one doesn't see the halo that we put round the old knights. And when a fellow at home has a face like a cow or a hooligan, it's hard to imagine what he might be capable of at a pinch."

Reticence grew as time went on, and the letters were more taken up with thoughts of home. The Tom they knew walked

remote. What manner of life he lived they could not even guess. But he talked of home and Stella...much of Stella. Stella was a brick; he and she were saving to take a farm as soon as he got back, unless he found a station straight away. Stella was working on a farm to learn...Stella, you know! And what Stella liked was lace and softness and easy chairs! Had they gathered that from her letters? Oh, there was stuff in Stella. "Whatever happens, I'm glad I've been in love. It gives the key to life, makes one thank God for living."

On a Saturday in December Martha launched her third campaign. She dressed very carefully. She had an idea that trimness had an effect on men, especially in business. At twenty-three her healthy olive face and large, buoyant figure looked "not amiss", she thought, quoting Polly. She hoped, as she pinned on her Loyal League badge, that Tom wouldn't see anything disloyal to him, or unfeeling, in this taking thought for her own future. But of course Tom had sense. Besides, women would be needed to take the places of men who could never enter the profession now. Still, the same reasoning applied to teaching, and she must not pretend that there was any feeling of duty about her choice. As far as usefulness went, it was doubtful whether it was any better to help people to live, that to help them to live well. But to her personally medicine, and the life it brought, made more appeal, and she was not quick and easy in speech, as a teacher should be. She longed for the time when she would be a competent operating surgeon, living the life of a professional woman among her professional contemporaries, in contact with people whom she was helping, and people whom she liked, busy, effective, "worth while", in a way no teacher was ever allowed by the public to feel herself to be.

Arrived in King William Street, she contemplated the Early Tudor building that was her destination. She had chosen this bank for her enterprise simply because (ever since Tom pointed it out to her) she had admired its pleasant air of homely dignity, its satisfying completeness. Today it seemed to raise surprised eyelids at her. The sunlight poured into the street, and she could see the air shimmering in front of Victoria Square. She felt nervous. Not so nervous as on that day of the second campaign when she enquired about the scholarship at the University, but more nervous than on the first, when she asked Mr. Neumann about the bursary. She had not confided her enterprise to any one at all. The graduate in Arts, the student of economics, the mistress of a form in a high school, not only suspected but knew that

she was a child in the affairs of the world, as she marshalled the documents of her case. If her ideas were a foolish dream - and it might so well be! the sort of thing successfully brought off in books, and no where else, by jubilant American heroines - no one but herself and the manager of the bank should know of her disappointment, her mortification... It would make her feel an awful fool, of course.. But Martha was not the woman to refrain from shooting simply because she might miss, nor even because her method of firing might not be according to the strict canons of the Rifle Club. She had already made an appointment by post, "On business." Time was up! She advanced upon the bank.

The Manager was an elderly man, with a thin, calm, feminine face. Any hair he had was probably sandy. From the front he was simply bald and pink.

Martha produced her sheaf. There was the parchment of her Arts degree, a signed statement of her "class" in each subject, the guarantees of character provided when she went into the Teaching Department, a letter stating her success in that occupation, a Savings Bank Pass book with small entries covering several years, and amounting to over £100, and Life Insurance papers, including the medical certificate, complete as far as they could be until the first instalment was paid. On top was placed the inspiring cause of all her plans, the extract from Marshall:-

"Bankers...who have no class prejudices...and would promptly lend.. to anyone of whose ability and honesty they were convinced..."

I have brought certificates to prove ability and health," she said, "and I want to know if I can borrow up to three hundred pounds on the security of the Life Insurance that I can take up. My purpose is to become a doctor."

The Manager held the top paper with one hand while the other pulled his chin so hard that it was impossible to tell whether the wrinkles of his face were due to that or smiles.

"Um," he said, reading the extract.

"Ah," he observed, looking through the documents.

Martha walked out of the manager's room and through the bank and into the street, with shining eyes. What a glory of sunlight! What freshness in the wake of the silver jets squirted from the water-carts!

"Hullo, Martha, you look happy!"

Her vision withdrew from broad impressions to a thin dark stunted man with a red tie, and grimey nails on the hand he offered.

"Mickey!" She forgot to be surprised to see him, took him straight into her secret. "Yes, of course I'm happy."

I believe bankers are the best and kindest men in the whole world."

"Garn! Parasites! Bloodsuckers!" growled Mickey, grinding.

"Mr. MacPherson", said Martha importantly, waving a hand towards the bank as she moved into the shade of the sweet-shop, "Mr. MacPherson is going to lend me money for the medical course, on the strength of what I've done, and my health."

Mickey's sallow face glowed with generous pleasure.

"Cripes! You must feel proud!"

"I do! I do! I wish I were a peacock, I want to spread its tail!"

As Mickey left her to turn up his side-street she called to him softly:

"Australia is the place for us workers, eh, Mickey?"

Perhaps he heard; he jerked a shoulder.

Mickey fell at Villers-Bretonneux. Martha only saw him once again. It was just before the referendum about conscription, and she was standing on Yandilla platform to see the train go through from Broken Hill with the trainees on board, called up to be ready in camp when the "Yes" vote should win. Mickey leapt out carrying a red flag and yelling with the excited, defiant, weedy lads from the mines.

"Raise the scarlet standard high,
Neath its folds we'll live and die.."

The lads sung it with the fervour and the feeling of those who fight for a principle. They were young, and may or may not have been mistaken, may or may not have had what Martha called "no right to their opinion," but they were not ridiculous, naive as their self-absorption was. They were of the same spirit as the men who went away, but had reacted to other stimuli....The train moved out, and the refrain

"Solidarity for ever,
Solidarity for ever",

faded into the distance.

And then these boys and the "noes" won. "Billy Hughes" might have "seen the light", but he had been unable to show it to all his followers; and Billy's "coop dee ~~grace~~" had gone for nothing, or worse than nothing. And then Mickey, exultant still, and breathing out invective against "Billy" and "the light he saw", enlisted of his own free will, from motives mixed, as motives have a way of being, and fell, as I said, at Villers-Bretonneux.

By running Martha was just able to jump onto the moving backboard of the 12.20.

"Get yourself killed someday," growled Ernst, steadying her.

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"Hullo, Ernst! You back? I'm going to start Medicine in March!"

"Rot!" ejaculated Ernst after a pained and startled pause.

"It isn't rot. I've made a business arrangement, and I can borrow the money in small quantities as I need it. Unless you mean that you don't think I can get through the exams?"

"Of course you can get through...But I want to marry you, after the war."

They were swaying out of the goods' yard past the dry creek. Boys splashed in the water on the placid reach above the weir on the other side.

"Ernst! Do you really mean it?" gasped an entirely startled Martha.

Oh, blow children playing cricket in the Park Lands! Blow the carriage crowded to its glass doors at their back!

"Of course I mean it. I've meant it for years, though it wasn't time to speak. And now you'll just do something to fill in time till after the war, won't you? We won't marry till after the war."

"But Ernst, I didn't...I can't...I'm so sorry, I'm a pig. Of course I sounded pleased. I never thought any one would ever propose to me!"

"Well, now they have", observed Ernst with great satisfaction.

"But I can't possibly." She was annoyed and dismayed. People ought not to spring impossible ideas like this upon one just as a train was pulling into a station.

"Do you mean you won't marry me? Is it because..because I'm German?"

"Of course it isn't; though all the same I've often thought that these mixed marriages must be very awkward for the children. You see...You're blushing! It isn't really I, you love, Ernst," deduced Martha with sudden insight; "I'm just a habit. You want a feminine girl, some one less matter-of-fact. Anyway, I'm perfectly sure I'm not in love with you or any one else. And you're just a brother."

Martha thought it must be very unusual to arrange a career, and receive a proposal on the rear platform of a train, and definitely refuse it behind a withered palm in a railway tub while a porter grabbed the tickets of the passing crowd, all in one day. They stood aside for the rush to pass. It was very exciting, of course, and doubtless a nice girl would feel upset for Ernst's sake and not just be amused and - and inflated about it. How tickled Tom would be..but of course she couldn't tell Tom. Ernst was looking so very German, with that sulky face...sort of man you would call "the blond beast", if he weren't so nice - and sensitive! Tiresome of him not to make up his mind about the war. Of course it wasn't

selfish business interests..? No, she knew it wasn't, but people ought to make up their minds, and probably by now Gallipoli had been evacuated...

"Now we can get by. I just want to see what time Father will be home to dinner."

They walked to the office door. John was staring at a piece of paper.

"Tom is dead," he said dully. "Tom is dead." Feeling and spontaneity were numbed, but mechanism suggested a sort of thing to say. "Go and tell your mother. I can be relieved in half an hour."

Ernst took Martha's elbow. "I'll take you home."

She shook him off. "No, you go back to town. Go back by the next train. Go to your Mullers, and stay there till Monday."

Ernst went straight back to the Town Hall and enlisted.

Hannah saw the pink envelope.

"My boy?" she said quietly.

"Your boy."

For the mother had awaited daily what the sister only thought of as happening to other families.

Tom fell at Gallipoli, huddled on the bullet-riddled earth. He died, not "babbling of green fields," nor weaving Patterns, nor thinking of home or Stella, but intent on a point of earth ahead. And the rush swept past and left him there.

Tom fell at Gallipoli, and never knew our finished army, our army not only gallant but achieving, hard trained, hard worked, efficient, storm-troops or stand-bys, an army among the armies.

He fell at Gallipoli, and never saw the England he had dreamed of, missed the fruits of peace. But only to the weak is their pathos in effort unrewarded, in life's stakes claimed. Men do not say "I had such virtues, did such deeds, expect reward." Virtues are but the tools we forge for handling life, grinding them in the using. In peace or war to be a man, responsible, grown-up, to claim identity in the infinity of time and mind and number, is all we ask. This is to live, come death itself. To will the chance of death in willing action acclaims the cause, weights decision, stamps man man. Death gives dignity to life; to refuse to stake mere living is to withdraw like children to a garden, for whom the game must stop when fists are up; it is to rate death above life, confound Life with lives, to see it bounded by our little selves; it is to ignore the deathlessness of men while Man endures to forward purpose, utilise achievement, use and transcend the efforts of each individual past.

THE END.