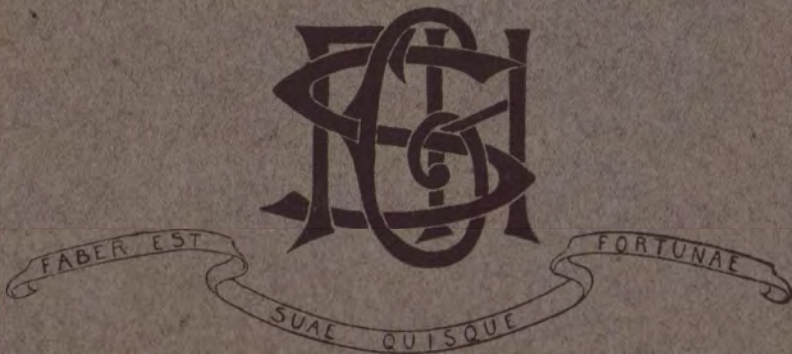


THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
Girls' High School, Fort Street



Vol. I. No. I.

September, 1919

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE Girls' High School, Fort Street



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EDITORIAL

FOUR years ago we were sharers with the boys of our High School in the publication of "The Fortian"—an historic record dating back to the year 1899—but our connection with that magazine was severed by the removal of the boys to Fort Street, Petersham. It was thought unwise to enter upon the publication of a new magazine owing to the unsettled state of things caused by the war. Our hearts were full, our minds and hands busy; but now that the dark night of war has passed, and peace, in one sense, has dawned upon the world, we are introducing what we hope may prove an ever-widening factor for good in the life of our School.

What, it may be asked, is the end we desire to attain by means of our magazine?

We want a keener appreciation of the best in our literature, and a greater power of correct and ready expression of thought. Who knows but what the literary efforts made merely to gratify our own taste and inclination may be but the precursors of greater ones, which will be to us a source of honourable independence! Some future journalist, poet, novelist, dramatist, essayist may have written in these pages. Then, again, we want to strengthen the corporate life of our School and so become better citizens of our own Australian land and of our dear Motherland. We want to learn what a close connection there is between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and to see how the former may be made to serve the latter.

It is then with some diffidence and yet with some assurance that their efforts will meet with approval that the contributors to this first number of our Magazine have made their venture. Here the varied emotions of a school find expression. Some write in serious, others in lighter vein; to some has come the inspiration which reveals itself in verse, and, maybe, like true poets, they write because they cannot help themselves; others, again, perhaps unstirred by poetic truth, rejoice in the facts of science. The aesthetic soul expresses its delight in things of beauty, and those in sportive mood tell of their games and play them over and over again as they recall the past.

But "we are born to trouble," and in these pages the little worries and vexations of school life find vent. But let us remember that after all the school of difficulty is the best school, and that, as every Fourth Year girl knows, "Adversity doth best discover virtue."

Yet, in a school-girl's life—

"O little clouds! How swift

Ye sail across the blue

To let the sunshine thro'."

In future days pleasant will be the memories of school-girl friendships hardly less pleasant the memories of school-girl worries. Here then is a booklet which tells of these. Let every girl make herself the possessor of it.

And so we speed our magazine on its way hoping that it will be an increasing source of pleasure and inspiration to all who, in following years, endeavour to uphold the best traditions of the Old School.

SONNET ON PEACE

THE flags are hung from every house and shop;
 The streets are thronged with joyous crowds, and all
 Are glad because their country heard the call
 And gave its help to keep our flag on top.
 The ships come here intent once more to trade;
 Our Austral land is better known throughout
 The world, and England sees without a doubt
 What part her children in this war have played.
 They left their homes and farms and went to fight
 Their country's foes in all parts of the earth,
 Because they felt their Empire's cause was right.
 Now pealing bells and echoing shouts of mirth
 And sparkling lights undimmed by war's dark night
 Proclaim the joyous news to all the earth.

ALICE CLARK, III.B Form.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY

OUR School is fortunate in the possession of a number of beautiful pictorial copies of famous paintings, buildings and statuary. I purpose in a series of articles in this magazine to give a brief account of these pictures as they occur in the various rooms.

We shall commence with the description of the four well-known copies belonging to the Greek Period, which are in the precincts of the Principal's office.

We find the most prominent position on the walls of the office occupied by a very fine pictorial illustration of the Acropolis as it now appears.

The Acropolis is the famous hill on which is the group of temples, clustering on the sacred heights overlooking Athens. The buildings upon which the ancient Greeks lavished their genius, were the temples. These were comparatively small, not being required for the accommodation of crowds of worshippers, they were especially designed for external effect. The principal columns were therefore on the outside of the buildings. The temples occupied conspicuous positions, as may be seen in this illustration, and prayers were offered outside the sanctuary to the deity whose image was enshrined in the temple.

The ruins of the Acropolis are "a priceless heritage from the most accomplished period of ancient Grecian civilisation." The most famous temple is the Parthenon. It was ordered by Pericles, and was completed at the time "when the artistic genius of Athens had reached its prime," so that the Parthenon represents "Ancient Greek taste and skill in architecture and decorative work at their highest."

It was constructed of carefully chosen marble, and was a perfect specimen of the Doric order. A famous frieze, sculptured in low relief, was carved all round the building. The temple contained the famous statue of Athene, carved by Phidias, in gold and ivory, but this priceless treasure is lost to the world. For many centuries the Parthenon remained almost intact.

It is very distressing when we realise how recently these wonderful relics of former magnificence have been reduced to utter ruin. In 1687 the Venetians, under Morosini, bombarded Athens, a shell burst in the midst of a quantity of gunpowder which had been stored in the Parthenon by the Turks. The whole centre of the building was blown out, and later clumsy workmen employed by Morosini completed the destruction of some of the best sculptures. We must think of the Parthenon as composed of creamy-yellow marble, "richly decked with blue, gold and scarlet, standing proudly in the wonderfully clear air, and cut clean against the cloudless sky of Greece."

The Erechtheum, another group of beautifully ornamented temples, stands on the Acropolis. It is smaller than the Parthenon, and of the Ionic order. The most interesting of the ruins is the Porch of the Maidens. "Six graceful maiden figures are used as architectural supports, taking the place of the Ionic pillars employed elsewhere in the structure."

On the landing leading to the Principal's office is a picture representing the best of the six maidens. Such draped female figures supporting an entablature are called Caryatids. "Although there is a general uniformity in grace and pose of figure, no two of the maidens are precisely alike, and these slight, but easily perceptible differences are among the chief charms of the Caryatid Porch." The statue represented here was removed by Lord Elgin from its original position, and is now in the British Museum. The Erechtheum itself was dedicated to the worship of Erechtheus, a mythical king of Athens.

Forming the gateway at the west end of the Acropolis was the Propylæa. It is one of the noblest remnants of Classic Greek Architecture. On the other side, at the entrance to the office, is Aphrodite of Melos. The statue here represented is sometimes called the Venus of Milo. The gardens and galleries of the world mostly possess casts of this famous statue, but the French nation are happy in the possession of the original, which is the chief glory of the Louvre.

"The Aphrodite of Melos was found in 1820, on Melos, an island of the Grecian Archipelago. It was discovered by a peasant who was digging among some buried walls. The event created universal delight in the artistic world, which instantly saluted the statue as a glorious addition to the treasures of classic sculpture."

"It is the figure of a calm splendid woman, who compels, but never asks our homage—amply self-sufficient in the majesty of her loveliness." The proper attitude of the missing arms has been discussed, but so far no definite conclusion has been arrived at.

B. TEARLE.

A Glasgow baillie, replying to the toast of the "Law," remarked: "All our greatest lawgivers are dead—Moses is dead, Solon is dead, Confucius and Justinian are dead—and I'm nae feelin' that verra weel myself."

A soldier reported sick on active service with swollen knees; the medical officer, on examining them said: "Oh, you can't go to the trenches, my man. How long have you had those knees?"

"Thirty-five years, sir," was the unexpected reply.

Teacher: "If the nymphs of the woods are called Dryads, what is the name given to the nymphs of sea?"

Bright Pupil: "Wetads."

THE PEACE LOAN

THE Peace Loan has been launched, and it is the wish of every loyal subject of the British Empire that it may be even a greater success than the loans launched during the war.

It is every person's duty to subscribe to this loan. To do this only means a little thrift—a few less gloves and blouses, less expensive dresses, fewer silk stockings—and the money will have been saved.

All thrifty savers and sturdy workers are building up the greatness of the future—the coming nation of this golden land.

You are no longer putting your money on a venture which might fail. To-day your defence is sure—militarism has been staggered, aye, crushed. But to maintain this freedom and peace, money is urgently needed to set the industries going which were so sorely injured during the great struggle for right among the nations.

During the war, many brave men died to keep you safe and free. Honour their memory and subscribe to the Peace Loan.

Every man who puts his money into the loan will have the personal satisfaction of knowing that he did his best in the interests of his country at a time when money was sorely needed.

No man has a right to take pride in the glory that has been made for the name of Australia unless he himself has done his part, if eligible, by enlisting, if not, then by seizing such an opportunity as now offers, of helping his country to the utmost.

We won the war through our gallant fighting men, and they were backed up by the sinews of war—money. Now that peace has come, let us achieve far more and make our country one of golden prosperity. Buy peace bonds and help materially to that end.

ELAINE WOOTTEN, I.B Form.

THE RED AND WHITE

(With Apologies to the "Blue and Gold.")

Sing me a song to the colours we love,
With a love that will ever be bright,
Sing to the flag that is floating above
In a glory of crimson and white.

White is her history, white is her past,
White it will ever be right to the last;
And crimson is true love that all Fortians bear
To the colours of schooldays, which all of us wear.

Young are the hearts which are singing to-day,
Hearts which will ever be bright;
For theirs is the love that endureth for aye,
The love of the Crimson and White.

STELLA EDWARDS, I.I.B Form.

A GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION TO KIAMA AND GERRINGONG

KIAMA! Kiama! At last the day arrived which was to see the 1919 Fort Street geology students set out for their long-looked-for excursion.

The weather was all that could be desired and the spirits of the girls were buoyed up accordingly. There was a gathering of "would-be-geologists" under the railway station clock which indicated that in five minutes' time the 8.20 a.m. train would carry these eager school girls to their long-desired destination, but, alas! one precious chick had not yet arrived. The mistresses were, to say the least, disturbed. Questions, answers, doubts, and suggestions flashed about, in the midst of which arrived the culprit, who, in answer to the queries of twenty-one voices calmly replied that her sandwiches had not been ready.

The excursionists then took possession of the two engaged compartments and settled down with a little more than the usual fluster which seems to be a necessary part of every train journey of considerable length.

Then commenced the real business of enjoying themselves. Every song that has been known to a schoolgirl was sung, or, in reality, roared, as each tried to drown her neighbour. Naturally, throats could not endure the awful strain throughout the journey, so comb and tissue paper bands were organised, which proved to be far more exciting than a chorus, since each player commenced on the note which best suited herself and often several tunes in several keys would be in progress at the same time.

Thus it would seem that the object of the excursion, viz., the study of Triassic and Permo Carboniferous Strata, had for the time being completely sunk into oblivion. But no! Rather was the fun forgotten in the interest taken in viewing the Wianamatta Shales which were well seen in the brick and pottery pits to the left at St. Peters and Hurstville. Farther south, the railway line passes over the Hawkesbury sandstones, while at Otford the outcrop of the Narrabeen shales was seen.

On entering, the first of a series of tunnels, "black as Egypt's night," the light was suddenly extinguished. But let it be said in passing that there was one thoughtful girl who deemed it necessary to hold the teacher's hand until once again there was light.

Approaching Clifton, the Upper Coal Measures of Permo Carboniferous are seen near the sea, but farther south they bend back and are worked in the mountains on the right. These coal measures which come to the surface at Clifton are three thousand feet below surface at Sydney. Followed southwards from Clifton the strata continues to rise till at Cambewarra they reach a height of sixteen hundred feet.

One very interesting feature of this district is the coastal plain bordered by the Illawarra Range. It is extremely narrow at Clifton, but widens out towards Kiama, forming pleasant tracts of green undulating country. At Kiama it is about five miles wide, and is most fertile, the soil having been formed from the decomposition of volcanic rock. Several other coastal features proved most interesting to the geologists. Among these was Lake Illawarra—a large coastal lagoon. Originally it was a drowned river valley, but by the action of wind and waves, a bar has been formed across its mouth, thus converting it into a lagoon. The Five Islands, Cathedral Rocks, and Slack Island, which originally belonged to the mainland are now sea-cut islands, and furnish further proof of subsidence.

The remaining part of the journey was passed in various kinds of amusement. However, all things come to an end, and this journey proved no exception. Arriving at the hotel, the girls quickly disposed of their goods and chattels, and, fully equipped with hammers and chisels, and with minds bent on geology, they made their way to the Blow Hole.

Having waited in vain for it to "blow," they then proceeded to investigate. They found the Blow Hole itself to be a sea cave and tunnel with an opening on the landward side through which a column of spray of considerable height is supposed to shoot with a noise like thunder. The dyke which intruded the surrounding rock is of softer material, and is worn by the sea, while the main mass of basalt offers more resistance to the action of the waves.

To console themselves for the loss of the "blow," the girls took snaps of the Blow Hole from various aspects. The Quarry was next visited. Here the columns of basalt aroused much interest. They were being extensively quarried for ballast and for road making. Cameras were again in evidence, as also was "Thirst," judging from the way in which one insignificant little street tap was besieged.

Then began the long walk to Friar's Cave, but, as the top of the last hill was reached an ecstatic shout was heard, "Puffing Billy" was puffing. Some venturesome maidens became so eager to inspect the formation and working of the miniature blow hole that they were obliged to stand at the edge of it, in a few cases, with drastic results.

The return to "the town," as the inhabitants proudly designate it, took quite a martial turn. They marched in step two deep to the singing of war songs, affording the onlookers much amusement. Their teachers suddenly realising that two lines of silent girls were marching in step behind them, cleverly escaped.

Having enjoyed dinner as only schoolgirls can, the rest of the evening was spent in music. The surprises of the evening, however, culminated at 10.30 p.m., when it was found that night apparel had completely disappeared, or had been most carefully sewn up; that candles refused to be lit; that various tortuous articles were in the beds, and numerous other tricks had been played from which the teachers were by no means exempt. After a period of indescribable excitement, the garments were found to be reposing under the respective pillows of their guardians.

The "midnight feast" was held in a back bedroom. It will always remain a mystery as to how the food and drinks are procured for a feast of this description, but nevertheless, they are there, and of the most sickly type imaginable. The "waitresses" at such feasts find it necessary to have an inexhaustible supply of ingenuity to fill this office, e.g., using tooth brushes for cork screws, and devising means for not spilling fizzy ginger beer. But it is useless to attempt to describe all the incidents which make the feast a remembrance for all time.

Next morning dawned bright and fair, finding them ready for the trip to Gerringong. This trip proved even more interesting than that of the day before. The morning was spent in collecting fossils. The interest here was very keen, each student vying with the other, yet only too ready to assist her and rejoice with her when an extremely good specimen was found. This was often the case, for Black Head proved to be very rich in Upper Marine fossils. This is no doubt due to the fact that the outflows of lava and tuff rapidly killed off the life of the period at that locality. In this vicinity, too, were many good examples of dykes, but they proved to be of softer rock than that which they had intruded and already deep fissures were formed.

A characteristic feature of this part of the coast is the flat rock platform which occurs above sea level—an evidence of elevation. The sand of Seven Mile Beach is very firm—due, no doubt, to the sand being derived from the volcanic rock, the clayey material from the decomposition of the basalt helping to bind it together. Having worked vigorously until lunch time, the rest of the day was given up to pleasure. Some few afforded a little excitement by being stung by the leaves of a very harmless looking tree which necessitated the affected parts being painted with iodine. Another fair member of the party contrived to sit down gracefully in Crooked River, but fortunately no mishap proved serious. At length, they wended their way back to the station joyously content that a geology excursion is by no means all work, nor all play, but a delightful mixture of both.

Everyone of those 1919 Fort Street geology girls unanimously agreed with the one who said, "We are going home to-night; but girls, we've not had half enough."

N.F.

"CHUMMIE"

CHUMMIE was a little silky terrier with friendly brown eyes, and a stump of a tail which he had a habit of wagging when pleased. He belonged to a French girl named Marcelle, who loved him very much.

When the war broke out, Marcelle's brother, Pierre, enlisted, Chummie being given as a mascot to the regiment. He was always with the soldiers when they were fighting, and was a general favourite from the Colonel down to the privates.

One day the soldiers had been fighting bravely against tremendous odds, and at last won a glorious victory, though at a great cost.

Pierre lay wounded very badly with no one near him, half buried in a shrapnel hole, and had been passed over by the hasty glances of the stretcher bearers.

Now Chummie, who had not been near him, missed his master, and guessed correctly what had happened. He immediately searched for him among the soldiers, but could not find him there, so began sniffing foot-prints, till he found the right ones, and then set out to follow them.

He kept his nose on the ground and was running quickly, when suddenly they stopped, and the dog was puzzled. He looked about him, and soon a faint voice called, "Chummie." It was the voice of his loved master. It did not take him long to find Pierre, but how was he to help him? He could not drag him, and, if he went to bring help he might be leaving his master to die. But it was the only thing to do.

So he set off quickly and finding one of the stretcher bearers, went up to him and pulled his trousers. "Why! its Chummie," said the man. "Leave off, old boy; what's the matter?" for the dog pulled at him and then ran forward, as if in a hurry to be off. At last he succeeded in making the man understand that he wanted him to follow him.

So Pierre was found at last almost dead. He was taken to a hospital, where, under the skilful nursing of the French Sisters, he was, after a long illness, brought back to strength and health.

His life he owes to Chummie, who is more spoilt than ever.

MARY RILEY, I.C. Form.

A PRIZE ESSAY

TO the High School pupils who attended the special performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in June last, a proposal was made that they should send competition essays on the play to the Editor of the Conservatorium Magazine.

"This proposal elicited a very gratifying response, and, after careful reading of all the essays, we have awarded the prize of one guinea to Dora Shewan, of the Fort Street Girls' High School. The chief fault in nearly all the essays was a disposition to be "journalistic"—to give a mere report of the proceedings. As a consequence, it was very refreshing to come upon Dora Shewan's delightfully original conception."

The above is an extract from "The Conservatorium Magazine" of August, 1919. The names of ten others were given whose essays were regarded as worthy of mention and among them were Nellie Boutcher, Gladys Burns, and Cora Dunphy.

We reprint the essay from "The Conservatorium Magazine."

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Is romance dead? Have people ceased to believe in fairies and Fairyland? It seems as if they had, and by doing so, they are helping to destroy the delightful fancies which make life cheerful, the wicked old world young, and little children happy.

Perhaps some unbelievers in fairies and such like beings attended the Conservatorium the other night, where Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced, who, when it was all over, wondered why they felt so absurdly young and gay. The answer to their wondering is that they had journeyed to the realms of joy and laughter, which is Fairyland.

Sitting in perfect silence, with shaded lights throwing a mystic glow on everything around, one heard slowly and softly the strains of beautiful hidden music rising as from out of the earth. So beautiful was it that one seemed transported to a different land, a land where dreams come true, a land such as poets dream of, a land of mystery and enchantment.

And back from where the music seemed to rise was a draped setting of green, with lights throwing lurking shadows in the deep recesses; and as the strains of music died away one waited breathlessly for the spirits of the play to appear.

As if by magic the green folds parted and the players entered.

The story commenced in the palace of Theseus at Athens, where he hears of the refusal of Hermia to obey her father's will, who wishes her to marry Demetrius. The rule of the city concerning a father's will was very stern, and to the distressed young lovers it was more than stern, it was cruel. The words which Lysander used to comfort Hermia, "The course of true love never did run smooth," are often quoted now, and the same old story is repeated and the same plan is devised to outwit guardians.

And then there entered into the story Helena. I wonder how many Helenas there have been since the world began, sighing and pining for a love they cannot obtain. In this maiden's case, however, the fairies led her to happiness; perhaps they help the distracted Helenas of to-day. Who knows?

The rehearsal of the play by the six workmen caused young and old to laugh heartily, and Bottom, boastful, conceited, pompous Bottom, brought tears of merriment to many eyes.

And then there came tripping into the wood Puck, who is the most

lovable character of the play—Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a mischief-maker and a tease.

Perhaps on a hot day you have been lying on your back in a leafy dell, and suddenly there appeared before your drowsy eyes, dressed in a brown suit trimmed with green, a little form with laughing eyes, rosy cheeks, and tumbled black curls. You didn't know it, but the little sprite was Robin Goodfellow just paying you a visit to let you poor, weary, mortal know he existed.

The quarrel of the dainty little fairy queen, Titania with her lord, Oberon, over the little negro boy affords a chance for Puck to get to work, and he set out to seek the enchanted flower which Oberon described in such beautiful language.

Titania was sung to sleep by a sweet lullaby, and her fairy attendants hovered round to keep away harm, but one by one they disappeared into the silence of the forest; then it was that Oberon took the opportunity to use the charm.

Puck, at the command of Oberon, was in search of an Athenian youth, and he came upon Lysander sleeping on the ground. Thinking that this must be the man, he placed the charm on his eyes, and, unaware of his mistake, flitted back to Oberon.

Again came poor Helena, sad and out of breath from following Demetrius, who was in pursuit of Hermia, through the woods. Here she found Lysander, who wakes and straightway falls in love with her. Thus was the mischief begun.

The next to fall under the influence of the charm was Titania, who awakened on hearing Bottom (upon whom Puck had bestowed an ass's head), singing a country song in a none-too-sweet voice.

Titania, however, thought he was divine and to see the light little fairy queen petting a big, hairy monster like Bottom, who wagged his ears in quite a knowing manner, reminded one of a delicate little flower growing beside a big cabbage.

The wrangling of the lovers still continued, and by the magic of the charm both Demetrius and Lysander loved Helena, so that Hermia became furiously jealous, and the two girls quarrelled, and the men departed to fight a duel, but Puck came to the rescue by throwing a deep mist over the forest, and, tired out, they sank to sleep, while Puck summed it all up by saying:—

"Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad."

It is said that the darkest hour comes before the dawn; in this little history it was so, for with its coming amends were made.

The forest was in darkness; no noise disturbed the silence, only the sounds of the hidden music, now soft, now loud, and sometimes like all small songbirds singing and chirping to each other. Louder and louder grew the music and light slowly began to show in the wood. Lighter and lighter it became, and with its coming the music swelled; then the whole scene was suffused with a rosy glow, lighting on the sleeping forms of the glittering fairies, and the curtains appeared like tall green trees which looked majestically and solemnly down on them. Then there was one loud burst of melody, the rosy glow disappeared. It was day!

Here Titania awakened and was horrified when she found that she had fallen in love with an ass. But as the day dawned, she hastened away with Oberon to hide from the eyes of mortals.

The lovers were discovered later by Theseus and his train, and, all loving rightly, they hied back to Athens for the wedding feast.

But poor Bottom! He was relieved of the ass's head, but was so bewildered that he did not know what to think, and, believing that he had been dreaming, he declared in his foolish manner: "I will get Peter Quince to write me a ballad of this dream; it shall be called 'Bottom's Dream,' because it hath no bottom."

Thus the scenes in the beautiful wood ended and the "Wedding March" crashed joyfully out as the wedded couples entered, all happy and contented. The play, "Pyramus and Thisbe," was played by the eager workmen before the Duke. Many mistakes were made and the acting was anything but good to the minds of the Athenians, but, as Theseus kindly said:

"Never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Then, again, when all was still, came our friends the fairies to bless the house and its inmates. And dear little Puck wished all mortals farewell and disappeared into the deep shadows, which swallowed him up.

The memory of the play seems to hover round one, and when asked next day where I had been the night before, I answered, smiling dreamily: "I have been to Fairyland."

DORA SHEWAN, Remove C. Form. (Aged 14).

THE STAFF

ALL the school rejoiced at the news that a Travelling Scholarship had been awarded by the Education Department to Miss Gombert, B.A., a teacher on our French Staff for the past seven years. The award entitles Miss Gombert to a year's travel and study abroad. She has elected to attend courses at the Sorbonne University of Paris, and to visit both French and English colleges. While congratulating her sincerely on her good fortune, we shall miss her very much. Many presentations were made to Miss Gombert, and a representative gathering assembled at the Quay on Saturday morning, August 23rd, to wish her Bon Voyage and God Speed.

Miss Bruce's appointment as Mistress of Classics, is a most popular one. Our warmest congratulations to her.

The appointment of Miss Watts as Mistress of Music to the two metropolitan High Schools for Girls—Fort Street and Elizabeth Street—exclusively is welcomed by us, as we now have the opportunity of more extensive use of her services. One immediate outcome has been the establishment of a special school choir which assembles on Friday afternoons, and from which splendid results are anticipated.

The absence of Miss Rourke, Miss Morley and Miss Broome through ill-health has been a source of great regret. We wish them a speedy recovery, and hope to welcome them back soon.

Little Mabel's father had denied her a pleasure which she had confidently expected to enjoy. That night, when she said her prayers at her mother's side, she concluded with this petition: "And please don't give my papa any more children! He don't know how to treat those he's got now!"

THE CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC

ABOUT ninety girls have become members of the Junior Choir established at the Conservatorium, and conducted by Mr. Steel. The practices are much enjoyed and are well attended each Monday afternoon. It is indeed a privilege to have such an opportunity of preliminary training with the ultimate aim of becoming members of the splendid Conservatorium Choir conducted by Mr. Verbrugghen.

On Friday afternoon, August 22nd, a group of senior students from the Conservatorium of Music gave an enjoyable recital in the Main Hall of the Boys' School, kindly lent us by Mr. Henry. The performers, accompanied by Mr. Steel, were received and welcomed by Miss Partridge and the Staff. The programme included a lecturette by Miss Muriel Buchanan, Haydn's Trio for Violin, 'Cello, and Piano, Gounod's Serenade, and Hill's Waiata Poi (sung by Miss Ewbank), and Piano Solo, Brahms's Waltzes, and a Chopin study.

Mr. Steel, Director of High School Studies at the Conservatorium, presented Dora Shewan—Remove C.—with the prize of one guinea won by her in the open competition essay on the recent performance of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our Captain—Nellie Farms—on behalf of the school, in a neat speech, thanked the visitors for the great pleasure afforded us.

Subsequently Miss Partridge entertained at afternoon tea Mr. Steel and his talented associates.

THE WOOLLEY SCHOLARSHIP

ONE of our old girls, Doris May Rivett, has just been awarded a Post Graduate Scholarship—The Woolley—after a very distinguished course at the University of Sydney. This entitles her to receive £200 a year for two years and, in addition, one of the free First-Class passages awarded annually by the Orient Company to graduates intending to proceed to Europe for further research at the various Universities.

May will take up a course of study in Psychology, Philosophy, and Economics at the University of Cambridge and at the London School of Economics.

MODERN LANGUAGE SECTION

THE Modern Language Association of New South Wales has decided to offer two prizes annually for free compositions written in French by school pupils.

The senior prize of the value of two guineas is open for competition to such candidates as have not completed their 18th year at the date of examination, while the one-guinea prize will be competed for by pupils who have not attained sixteen years by the same date. The conditions attached are:—

- (1) Prizes are open to all pupils of all schools within the metropolitan area.
- (2) Only three competitors may be sent from any one school for each section.
- (3) Pupils whose father or mother speaks French as the mother tongue are excluded as candidates.

The examination will be held at the University, and candidates will be allowed the use of a French-French dictionary during the examination.

School prizes for modern languages will be awarded by Miss Evans for the best free compositions written in French by pupils of the Third Year and Removes at the forthcoming Half-Yearly Examinations.

During the period of the war, much correspondence has passed between pupils here and French folk. We received several letters from orphan children in grateful recognition of the parcels of clothing forwarded to them from school through the French-Australian League. Several French soldiers also have written. Then, too, we have received many pleasant letters from young pupils of the Lycées. We print a letter of interest:—

Y Dorne, Rue Diderot,

Villevieille Eugénie. Beziers (Hérault).

le 19 Août, 1918.

Ma Chère Edna,—

Ce fut avec beaucoup de plaisir que je reçus votre lettre datée du 22 avril? Vous m'excuserez d'être un peu en retard pour vous répondre; mais nous avons pris nos vacances vers la fin juillet et j'ai attendu plus longtemps pour pouvoir vous écrire un peu plus long. J'ai trouvé très jolies les gravures que représente votre lettre; moi-même je vous joins à ma lettre une vue générale de la ville où j'habite, qui vous montrera notre pays. J'ai aussi admiré vos jolis timbres que mon père s'est empressé de détacher, car il fait collection de timbres—pôste et, à son grand bonheur il ne les possédait pas. Je ne suis âgée que de treize ans, et n'apprendrai l'anglais que dans deux ans environ, mais les élèves qui l'apprennent, trouvent votre langue pas très difficile, mais très belle.

Les vacances viennent de commencer car nous les avons prises le seize juillet et elles se termineront le premier octobre—Je pense aller passer le mois de septembre dans le Carn et dans les Montagnes des Cévenne, les connaissez-vous?

Je ne connais pas les montagnes bleues dont vous me parlez; mais j'espère que vous aurez passé de bonnes vacances de Pâques, et que de le temps aura été assez beau. En France, la neige n'est pas très abondante, mais malgré cela, nous restons rarement plusieurs années sans qu'elle fasse son apparition; pour nous aussi c'est un vrai plaisir de voir tomber les gros flocons, et de pouvoir organiser des batailles de boules de neige. Je pense que ce jeu est aussi très commun en Australie?

Le tennis, le croquet, la crosse sont aussi des jeux pratiques en France et surtout les pensionnaires du collège affectionnent ces jeux. J'ai été heureuse de voir que c'est votre classe qui avait réussi à procurer plus que les autres classes dans le Carnaval qui eut lieu au profit de "La Croix Rouge Australienne Les fillettes du Collège s'occupent aussi d'écrire à un prisonnier et j'ai eu le bonheur d'être nommée pour lui écrire pendant les vacances.

En ce moment le temps est magnifique et même un peu chaud aussi c'est avec plaisir que le soir l'on se repose à l'ombre des arbres de mon jardin, car après la chaude après-midi de soleil l'on est content d'avoir un peu d'ombre et de fraîcheur. J'ai moi-même un frère âgé de quinze ans qui suit les cours d'une Ecole industrielle et commerciale. Je suis donc la plus jeune. En France on voit beaucoup d'Anglais, d'Américains, et d'Australiens qui ont pris part à la victorieuse offensive, et qui se sont battus si courageusement; pour nous aider à triompher du droit et de la justice.

Je trouve comme vous que c'est une merveilleuse idée de se correspondre de pays étranger malgré la distance qui nous sépare l'une de l'autre.

Je suis aussi très contente que mon nom soit le même que le vôtre en Français. Je vais donc terminer ma lettre en vous envoyant une petite fleur de France. C'est une fleur d'hortensia que je viens de cueillir à l'instant dans mon jardin.

En espérant vous avoir bien intéressée, et en vous envoyant de nombreux baisers de France. Votre petite amie Française,

YVONNE DORNE.

LETTERS FROM OUR AMERICAN COUSINS

A REGULAR budget of letters has arrived from our American cousins of the Evander Child's High School, New York. For several years past many of our girls have frequently corresponded with girls of their own age living in that wonderful city of New York; but these letters to hand are all introductory and, for the most part, very interesting, and typical of the school girl.

Although the writers are in their Third Year, they have not a very intimate knowledge of Australia—in fact, a very misleading one. They seem to consider that it is inhabited solely by miners, bushrangers, and strange wild animals. To prove this is no exaggeration, listen to Phyllis Taylor's conception of Australia:—

"I always think of Australia as being inhabited by kangaroos and wild dogs, and abounding in gold nuggets and wild-eyed prospectors."

Evidently they think that we have made no advancement during these last fifty years. Why! one seems to think that up-to-date sport is an unheard-of thing here. (I suppose she thinks we amuse ourselves by throwing boomerangs), and she actually describes the game of baseball; but, what is worse, gives the definition of an umpire, as if we had never met one!

Many of us in Australia have not very accurate ideas of New York. One girl who had only recently entered the school writes that she expected to see a dusty, discoloured city with grey, grimy skyscrapers, cloudy atmosphere and noise everywhere. But New York is no such city. It has its beautiful residences and gardens, and plenty of trees, especially in the Bronx Borough—the up-town section of the city.

Gabrielle Healy says that in this section "there are no skyscrapers, or great white ways, or enormous hotels. These are to be found in Greater New York, which is the heart of the city. New York consists of four boroughs. The Bronx Borough has subways, elevators, rather tall buildings and a large population, but it is nothing like Manchester, which is spoken of as 'Greater New York.'"

Another Evanderite gives a description of a sea-side resort—Ocean Beach and Fire Island.

Ocean Beach is one of the colonies on a narrow strip of land sixty miles long, called Fire Island. "Here as you may recall," she continues "the great transport Northern Pacific, with its many wounded men aboard, ran aground.

"The famous Fire Island Light is about five miles distant from Ocean Beach on the edge of another but smaller colony—Saltaire. Here ocean-going vessels just sight land when intending to dock in north-eastern ports. Who knows? Perhaps you someday may see America just in this strip of land!"

Just as all Fortians love their school and its traditions, so these Evanderites are exceedingly proud of their school, and, indeed, not

without cause. The Evander Childs' High School is a most modern building, situated in a pleasant and healthy locality from which can be seen the beautiful Palisades—a long range of hills stretched out along the Hudson River.

Here is Grace Borchert's description of the building:—

"The building itself is beautiful, with all the latest improvements. On the first and second floor is the auditorium, which is the pride of the school. It is a very large room, the balcony of which is on the second floor. There are several large gymnasiums in which the students have physical training and dancing, and, in addition, there is a large swimming pool which, alas! is not quite completed. This school has about sixty large airy class-rooms."

Phyllis Taylor throws a sidelight on the pastimes of the school. She says:—

"We have a fine gymnasium fitted out with equipment of the best quality, but instead of using the rope ladders for climbing, we use them for swings (of course only when the instructor is out of sight). The school offers either a commercial course (including typewriting and stenography), or a general course, in which a great variety of subjects is offered. There are several clubs in the school—dramatic clubs, craft clubs, rifle clubs, mandolin clubs, and so on—over which the general organisation of the school holds sway. Our rifle team has won many laurels and our baseball team a fine reputation all over the city. We also have a school magazine which is famous for its "pep," and well-told stories. (Fortians, please imitate!)

Having introduced themselves and given a description of either their school or city, many of the girls proceeded to deal with the subject in the minds of all, namely, the return of our boys. New York is welcoming back its heroes with cheering crowds. Many speak highly of the Australians who fought side by side with the Sammies in the Argonne Forest, and who proved their valor there.

On the twenty-fifth of April we honour our brave Anzacs, not only the living, but also those who will return no more. In America a special day—25th March—was set apart in honor of the 27th Division, "New York's Own."

All speak of the enormous crowds and the rejoicings.

"To-day," writes Ruth Gorman, "we had a welcome home parade of our troops of the 27th Division. It took place on one of the principal streets of the city, Fifth Avenue. The decorations were beautiful, and very costly. There was a Victory Arch, an Arch of Jewels, and a Roll of Honor on which were written the names of all those who died on the battlefields of France. Two and a half miles of grandstands were reserved for the relatives of the boys of the Twenty-seventh.

"Some of your soldiers led the parade, and they were greatly cheered. Following these was a caisson heaped up with flowers in honor of the dead.

"Next came the wounded soldiers riding in automobiles, and, although some were very severely wounded, they all looked very happy. After this all the other troops followed led by their respective commanders."

It is estimated that three million people watched this procession, which took three hours to pass.

So we see that although America is far away, yet the same spirit of rejoicing is present in the minds of all, and only one thing occupies their thoughts, namely, the welcoming home of their boys.

NITA TORR (IV.A.)

Subjoined is one of the letters received from the students of the Evander Childs' High School, New York:—

2381 Grand Avenue,

New York, March 29, 1919.

Dear Unknown Friend,—

I call you "unknown," but I am certain it will be for only a very short time. For, indeed, it is but the distance which separates us and I am sure that our lives must have a great deal in common.

I know that you would like to hear something about California, so I shall tell you a little about the place, as I went there during a vacation. After consulting time tables of every description, and discussing the matter for many days, we decided to go by way of New Orleans. This meant five glorious days from New York along the coast. When the great day came we rode to the boat and had our baggage checked. Then, after many good-byes to our friends we went abroad. The boat is called "The Momus." It is one of the most interesting boats I have ever seen. There is so much room, and everything is so homelike and comfortable. The rooms are beautifully clean, and have every convenience necessary to make a voyage pleasant. There is no end to the comforts and joys of living that are provided on these ships. Every night we danced on deck. A wireless news was published daily, and we watched it eagerly to read the "up to the minute" war news. We travelled south with wonderful rapidity, and on the fourth day we rounded the Florida coast. The morning after we reached the Delta of the Mississippi, our ship ascended the river to New Orleans. Of all the quaint, charming, picturesque, foreign-looking cities in the world, New Orleans seems to be in the lead. We stayed in New Orleans three days during which we visited the Old French Quarters, the odd looking cemeteries, and the various parks.

After our stay in New Orleans, we boarded a Sunset Limited Train, and pulled out towards the west. We made some interesting side trips—one from Houston to Galveston, Texas, and we stopped at San Antonio and saw the Alama city. We also took in El Paso, the border city between Mexico and U.S. My camera is full of the beauty of these places.

When we reached Arizona we took another motor trip over the wonderful Government highway. We saw the cliff dwellings and the Roosevelt dam.

We arrived in California all too soon. The place we stopped at was San Diego, where the climate, flowers, and fruits are wonderful. We visited the charming city of Los Angeles, where there are wonderful orange groves. We hired a bungalow at Ocean Parkway which is one of the fine beaches in California. At night we slept out of doors on screened porches. We spent most of the day in the surf.

After playing round Los Angeles for a month, we resumed our travels and in a day we found ourselves in San Francisco. This city is very much like any other city, except that it is surrounded by hills. The climate during August when I was there, was rather cool. The air was foggy most of the time. During our stay we visited the Golden Park, the largest one of its kind out there. The Cliff House with the seal, was another attraction. While in San Francisco we took ride trips to Berkely and Oakland. In Berkely there is the University which has a Greek theatre which is wonderful. Hoping to hear from you soon.—I am

Sincerely Yours, OLGA FERRERA.

YEAR NOTES

FOURTH YEAR.

THE members of the Fourth Year might join very appropriately in the wail of Byron's distressed maiden.

Oh! save me! oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me!
For he grasps me now by the hair"

the "he" in question being the dread Leaving Certificate Examination. Tossed hither and thither on an unending sea of work, even our sleep is haunted by grey spectres labelled "Tests."

A new member joined our suffering band last month, Isabel McKenzie, from Orange High School. While welcoming her, we are sorry to have had to say good-bye to Edith Hole, who left earlier in the year.

Fourth year is just beginning to recover from the palpitations which were the result of the visit of those pillars of learning—the inspectors. Little they realise the joy they left behind them as they disappeared down the historic avenue for the last time.

Although our school year has been so much broken, we all feel that we are as far on in our work as possible, thanks to the untiring efforts of our teachers. Many of us, those who belong to the Geology Class, and a few of their chums, went to Kiama with Miss Blume and Miss Mouldale a few weeks ago, and had a glorious time. Fourth year wishes to thank Miss Blume and Miss Mouldale for taking them on this jolly excursion.

We are well represented in sport. Such illustrious stars as Hilda Jamieson and Bessie Halliday shine in the Fourth Year Firmament, and there are representatives of all branches of sport amongst us. Though we are inclined to agree with Mr. Mantalini that "Life is one damned horrid grind," and though we consider that school minus so much home work, plus more sport would be an improvement on the present system, still our feelings are rather mixed, and we agree that, although the Utopian High School is not yet in existence, schooldays come but once and Fortians once, Fortians ever.

THIRD YEAR.

We are still struggling along without Miss Morley, the 3A Class Mistress, who has been away ill for some time. Third year hopes for her speedy and full recovery. We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Gombert, for, although this year we have not been with her, many of us were her pupils in earlier years. Also we regret the departure of Norah Ankersen for Melbourne. She will be missed greatly, especially on the sports field, where she has played a prominent part in the lacrosse team.

SECOND YEAR.

As members of that happy-go-lucky crew—the Second Years—we send our greetings to this, the first issue, of our School Magazine. As in everything else, 2A and 2B take first place on the sporting field. With a walker like Muriel Taylor and a jumper like Phyllis Wilson, who dares to deny this? Cissie Field can run "some," too, and she is always a representative of the school in relay races. All these girls belong to 2A. Of course 2B is not among the back numbers. Catherine Farrell is still exulting over the rare old beating she gave a rival baseball team. Nellie Clark and Bessie Grainger are our star performers on the

tennis court, and our versatile friends, Freda Palazzi and Elsie Bolton keep up the old traditions of 2B in hockey.

In scholastic attainments, well, we will merely touch upon our greatness, for surely Second Year is renowned all the (school) world over for its brains. 2B is a small class which does not necessarily mean that it is not brilliant (?) In the words of a 2B rhymster:—

“We belong to a class called 2B.

If its brains you are wanting to see,

Just come to our door,

There's no need to do more.

We simply deliver brains free.”

Subscriptions are wanted for a chain for 2B blackboard duster which has a happy knack of disappearing from 2B class-room. It is essential that it should be there as many things are written and drawn on the board which, although heartily appreciated by us, might not receive the same commendation from other quarters. 2A counts among its members several budding musicians. Cissie Field has lately distinguished herself by gaining the A.L.C.M. Diploma while Gussie Johnstone, not content with one nerve-racking examination this year, will shortly sit for the Conservatorium theory examination. May good luck go with her.

Second Year has lately received an addition to its numbers in the person of Edie Sims, who hails from Melbourne. We hope she finds Sydney more captivating than the Victorian capital.

Three little months! just three little months! and then—that dragon, the Intermediate. We fairly shiver when we think of the weeks ahead—the learning—the burning of the midnight oil—likewise the candle at both ends, which are invariably associated with examinations. “Ah! Why should life all labour be?”

REMOVE YEAR.

The Remove classes feel themselves badly in need of one or two suffragettes, or a few bottles of Clement's Tonic to liven things up. This has been an exceedingly uneventful year for the school, owing mainly to the outbreak of influenza.

Remove A regretfully said good-bye to their class mates, Nora Huxtable, Claire Snow and Freda Linow. Nora is needed at home, but Claire has been transferred to Wollongong High School, and Freda intends pursuing her studies at one of the business colleges. Whilst this class is regretting the leaving of their companions, Remove D welcomes Nell Coleman from Goulburn High School, and Florence Allsworth from Wagga. The latter has been made goalkeeper in the First Eleven Hockey team.

In the realm of sport the interests of Remove are many and varied. Remove A is mainly interested in tennis, whilst the other forms are represented in tennis, hockey, lacrosse, baseball, basket ball and vigoro. In the gymnasium great enthusiasm is shown for tunnel ball. Hilda Boyton and Sarah Rosenblum, of R.C., playing in the winning team at the recent sports.

Remove B regrets very much the departure for France of their class teacher, Miss Gombert, while congratulating her on the gaining of her scholarship. We all hope she will have a most enjoyable year.

Several girls from Remove A entered as candidates for the annual examinations of the Methodist Union. We wish them all success. A number of Remove girls are included in Miss Watts' Glee Club. We wonder if they believe in the maxim or “howler” that we heard one day in school—“A soul without music has no soul at all.”

Remove D rejoices with its class mates, Una Derrin, Lettie Penhaligon, Cicely Card, Mabel Brown and Kathleen Daley, who have recently had the pleasure of welcoming near relations home from the front.

Remove C is very proud of possessing the winner of many prizes for English composition, the latest being an essay on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as played at the Conservatorium. This youthful essayist is our well-known friend, Dora Shewan. We understand the essay is to be published in this issue of our Magazine.

FIRST YEAR.

Now that all interruptions are passed we have settled down to hard work once more. We are progressing steadily in most of our subjects, although in an English lesson, "Pippy" told us that a small duck is a "ducklet." We all love our "Gym," especially the Grecian exercises at which "Clack" excels.

IA are seriously thinking of forming a debating society, as it is agreed that it is the most talkative First Year class. Its members have discovered with surprise that they have among them a very youthful member, "Kewpie," who carelessly disclosed the other day the hitherto carefully guarded secret of her tender age.

Nearly all the girls are keen on their sport. In the basket ball match against Petersham, Laura Fleming and Eily Burke (Captain) proved good defenders. In baseball Linda Salter and Margaret Blair excel, while our best vigoro players are Rita Phelps and Grace Macguire, Rita having been appointed Captain.

There has been much rejoicing in nearly all First Year classes lately, as many of the girls have been welcoming home fathers, brothers and friends returning from the Front.

France's Day—the day when our thoughts carry us over leagues of turbulent ocean to poor, suffering France, and our hearts are filled with pity for that noblest of our Allies, whose country has been devastated, cities laid in ruins, and homes desolated, was celebrated this year on Friday, 25th July, and our School contributed £12 10s., 1E topping the class lists with £2 1s.

THE WELLS OF HEAVEN

The grace of the bending grasses,
 The flush of the dawn-lit sky,
 The scent that lingers and passes
 When the loitering wind goes by,
 Are gushes and hints of sweetness
 From the unseen depths afar—
 The foam-edge of heaven's completeness
 Swept outward through flower and star.

For the cloud and the leaf and the blossom,
 The shadow, the flickering beam
 Are waifs on the sea-like bosom
 Of beauty beyond our dream;
 Its glow to our earth is given,
 It freshens this lower air—
 Oh! the fathomless wells of heaven—
 The springs of the earth rise there.

JOAN LEMM, IV.A Form.

GIRLS AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

ALTHOUGH the first quarter of the twentieth century is not yet nearly ended, yet events have so upheaved all preconceived ideas that nothing appears now-a-days too marvellous. And not least among the marvels is the wonderful field of opportunity open to girls and women of all social ranks. Never before in the history of the world has there been such an "embarras de richesses" in the way of educational privileges for girls. Opportunities undreamt of by our grandmothers are now daily occurrences. How is the present day girl availing herself generally of her wonderful privileges? For it will depend on the use to which her intelligence is put, whether woman will maintain permanently a high place in the world's affairs, or sink back to the unprivileged status of by-gone days, when only an individual—here and there—or at most a mere handful stood out from the ruck and claimed attention by exigent capabilities.

It should be a matter of fascinating interest to us all to study the history of the progress of women. People used to like to speak of the "Good old times." Judging by our "extra good times" now, from an educational standpoint, it is extremely doubtful whether anyone would wish to revert to that by-gone period.

If we think of outstanding notabilities among the women of ancient days, we at once recall types like Sappho, the Greek poetess, and Cornelia, the Roman matron, whose influence was very extensive. The Roman law, with very few exceptions, treated women very much better as regards legal privileges than the laws of the later pagan times and the earlier Canonical period. And we may be sure that girls of those earlier classic times were educated in such a way as to prepare them for their later responsibilities. In fact, the kindergarten principle of "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," was practically applied.

Saint Katharine's learning and accomplishments are always dwelt upon with fervour, when reference is made to notable scholars among women of ancient times, so all girls named Katharine might look to her to become equal prodigies of learning by adopting her industry as their model.

When any strong moral impulse has arisen to stimulate a nation's conscience, a corresponding rise in the standard of female education has invariably been noticed. The education of daughters caused keen anxiety and experiment from early days. "What to do with our girls?" was a vexed question long before that renowned scholar and thinker, Erasmus, declared in the early sixteenth century that girls should receive as liberal an education as the world could furnish to their brothers. Most medieval writers had insisted on the cult of the primary virtues of silence, meekness and submission as the be-all and end-all of a woman's education.

Those who have read works like "The Household of Sir Thomas Moore" (so delightfully presented by Miss Florence Manning), or any other similar book, will realise that a keenly developed and well disciplined intelligence was essential for the post of supervisor of a household of the period, there being such a mass of detail and quite an army of individuals to govern generally.

Already a century previously there had appeared a book, still extant, written by a French gentleman, the Knight de la Tour Landry, dealing entirely with society in that century of chivalry and romance, with particular reference to the education of girls. The Knight himself possessed

several daughters, and informs us how exercised he was in his mind to train them adequately. We have the history of their education, the experiments and results clearly described. This book was translated by William Caxton, and enjoyed a wide vogue among the reading public of the day.

We know of many learned English ladies in the sixteenth century. Latin and Greek were deeply conned, and were taught side by side with the domestic accomplishments. One sees that already four centuries ago a wide curriculum was in fashion. One did not say, "What's the use" of learning any particular subject. It was already realised that the wider the scope the better the mental discipline, and therefore the consequent breadth of view and action.

Such a magnificent educationalist as Roger Ascham, who wrote the "Scholemaster," was entirely justified of his methods by the brilliance of attainment on the part of his pupils. The Princess Elizabeth, later good Queen Bess, was a learned classical scholar; likewise her sister Mary. The Lady Jane Grey we know had a very strenuous girlhood; her days were devoted to study; she was a great student of the works of the Greek philosopher—Plato. Not only the classical languages formed part of the mental equipment of many gentlewomen of the Tudor period, but numbers were equally at home in French, Spanish and Italian.

Think of Queen Christina, of Sweden. She was a marvellous daughter of a splendid father, who realised that the deeper the store of learning the wider the sphere of action possible. Shakespeare depicted typical ladies of his own times in his heroines, and there is a fine galaxy of clever women in his dramas—from Portia to Imogen. He did not satirise them for their learning, as Molière in *Les Femmes Savantes* treated his heroines. The Ladies of Lyly's *Euphues* are tedious characters, because they are insincere, merely posing, and that in any period is not admirable. If one wishes for examples of how girls overcame disadvantages of ill-health and disabilities of lack of opportunity in their environment, one has only to read Mrs. Gaskell's beautiful book, "The Lives of the Three Bronte Sisters," to realise what drawbacks one can overcome. It is a thrilling record.

Another inspiring family connected with the history of Bath is that of Dr. Burney, whose daughter, Fanny, afterwards Madame D'Arbly, together with her sisters, became so prominent in public life.

Jane Austen, the novelist, is another heroine in herself. She had no especially organised education, but by omnivorous reading, justified Bacon's dictum that "Reading maketh a full (in this case) woman."

In the "fin-de-siècle" period, as it was called, that is to say, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, an educational flood mounted like a springtide to unusual liberalities in the matter of education. The advocates for equal privileges of education for boys and girls, women as well as men, had much adverse activity as well as criticism to contend with. Some splendid old ladies of to-day could narrate the hardships they suffered through the possession of too active an intelligence. All the beautiful flowers in the educational world were not held out to them in profusion as they are to the lucky schoolgirl of to-day. Comic journal cartoonists made them the butt of their satiric pencil and brush. The wee modest violet hiding a shy head was the flower chosen as emblematical of the mid-Victorian girl. To be noticeable at all was to be considered eccentric. Opportunities have ever needed to be firmly grasped, and women have always secured education as soon as the tiniest opportunity presented itself, provided only that they have desired it ardently

enough and laboured sufficiently to secure it. They have almost invariably tended to apply it in a practical manner suitable to their environment. Some critics allege that women merely use instinct where men exert judgment, accompanied by a calm balancing of cause and effect. However, where one's instinct is a healthy one it is not a bad thing to follow its prompting. It is curiously noteworthy that statistics and facts always appeal to girls and women engaged in practical or public work. The educated ladies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were prominent in organising, like their sisters of to-day, all classes of social and philanthropic work. The old fetish that the opportunities of higher education caused ipso facto a corresponding lack of competence in what used to be considered the only woman's sphere, has disappeared.

Judging from results, one must conclude that it certainly is not the highly educated woman who proves incompetent or incapable in activities, public or domestic. The cleverer and more highly trained a woman is, the better can she adapt herself to emergency circumstances, and the more readily can she recognise that no occupation whatever which involves the use of brains and intelligence can be tedious.

Has this not manifested itself to the nth degree during the war years? The field of girls' education and woman's work is to-day almost unbounded. But specialised training and mental discipline are absolutely essential no matter the occupation or future vocation—serious, frivolous, novel writing, factory inspecting, teaching or clerking. There is hardly any limit to the useful spheres of work for women. In the field of municipal and political endeavour, more and more privileges and responsibilities are being extended to her. There is scarcely a faculty in any university now which excludes her from participating in the full benefits of the curriculum, though this often happened in the case of her elder sisters and her cousins and her aunts.

Scientific positions as affecting community welfare, such, for example, as science and agriculture, science and food, science and commerce, science and child welfare, are some of the avenues which will use to the full the advantages gained by girls in the new society now building itself on the foundations of the past.

Then, girls, your pleasure and duty, as well as responsibility, must be to show appreciation of the splendid mental feast provided with so lavish a prodigality for you, to equip yourselves to take a worthy place among the best workers of the nation and for the nation.

"ELEMA."

SPORTS

"Sport that Wrinkled Care Derides."

OUR winter sports this year include hockey, baseball, basket ball, lacrosse, tennis and vigoro. We have taken part in the competition matches arranged by the Secondary Schools Girls' Sports Association. The Competitions are not yet completed, but so far our B Grade Hockey Team is holding its own, and our Lacrosse Team has not been beaten. The A Grade Hockey matches have been arranged by the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association.

On Children's Peace Day, the 18th July, 1919, Fort Street Girls' High School took part in the Combined High Schools' Sports, held at Rushcutter's Bay. Fort Street secured first place in the following events:—Junior Championship (50 yards), B. Suggate; Tunnel Ball Competition; High Jump (4ft. 2in.), S. Edwards; Walking Championship, M. Taylor.

The Honorable, the Minister for Education, was present, and at the conclusion of the sports, presented the prizes to successful candidates.

LACROSSE.

Since the beginning of the season the A team has met and defeated North Sydney, Cleveland Street, St. George and Sydney High. Two more matches have yet to be played before the competition closes. These are against Parramatta and Petersham respectively.

As last year's centre has left, Norah Ankerson came from 3rd home to take her place; Belle Suggate and Nellie Boutcher (Captain) have done good work on the wing defence. Perhaps our best game so far was that against Sydney High on 13th August; F. Hudson, N. Ankerson, E. Dutton and Nellie Boutcher did some splendid work.

The Lacrosse Club was sorry to say good-bye to Miss Gombert, who sailed on 23rd August. We are grateful to Miss Maloney for promising to take charge, and desire to thank her.

BASEBALL.

Our A team played its first match this season against St. George on the 16th July, at Birchgrove. The visiting team was too good for us, the score being 13-8, with an innings to spare. On 23rd July we played Cleveland Street at the Domain. Fort Street won 35-14. Sarah Rosenblum and Freda Messner (Captain) pitched well for our side, while Linda Salter, Ellen Gregg and Peggy Blair did good work with the bat. On 30th July North Sydney came to our ground and defeated our team. On 13th August we played Sydney High on their ground. Our team carried off the laurels, defeating the opposing team by 26 to 19.

Besides the competition matches we are holding a competition of our own. We have four teams, each of which has two emergencies. The four captains are: Catherine Farrell, Sarah Rosenblum, Freda Messner and Gladys Duthie. On Wednesday, August 6, the first team beat the fourth in a good game. We are grateful to Mr. Searle for all his help.

BASKET BALL.

Our first competition fixture was with Parramatta. The match, however, was not played. On 23rd July Cleveland Street forfeited to us, and on 30th July St. George defeated us at Birchgrove, 28-3. Individual players in the home team played well, but we were not sufficiently experienced in matches. On Wednesday, 13th August, we defeated Petersham at Birchgrove, 34-4. We were beaten by both the Sydney High and North Sydney teams. Next year, however, we hope to get a better team together.

TENNIS.

We have both an A and a B team playing in the High School Competition, but have not made a very brilliant beginning. Our first match (A Grade) resulted in a victory against St. George, 28-8. Although the next match showed a score 21-15 in Parramatta's favour, our girls played well. Our B team has played two matches, and we were defeated in both. The first was against Parramatta, the game being 9-27, and the second against Sydney High, when the score was 14-22.

SWIMMING.

Owing to the influenza epidemic our last swimming season was very short. After getting everything ready for the Carnival it had to be postponed at the last minute. The members of the Life Saving Club were not idle, and under Miss Beddie's instruction were recommended for First Class Honours in their examination. The following girls obtained both the Proficiency Certificate and the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society: Norah Ankerson, Vera Madgwick, Nellie Boutcher, while Gladys Duthie and Violet Adlide gained the Bronze Medallion.

We hope to have a number of girls ready for the Silver Medallion before the end of next season. Also we must put forth a special effort to make the Carnival, which will probably be held in October, a great success.

Our Relay team came third in North Sydney Carnival, and in the Brace Relay race at Sydney High Carnival we also secured third place. Clara Honeyman, one of our most promising swimmers and a first year girl, came fourth in the All High Schools' Championship held at the Sydney High Carnival. We hope to hear more of Violet Adlide and Lily Sims next season.

HOCKEY.

Owing to the influenza epidemic we were not able to start our season till rather late, but by extending the matches till the end of September, we shall be able to fill in all our fixtures.

So far we have been fairly successful, carrying off 2 wins, 2 draws and 2 defeats for the 1st Eleven, and 2 wins, 1 draw, 1 defeat for the 2nd.

The First Eleven matches were as follows:—

P.L.C., Pymble (1) v. Fort Street (2), at Pymble.

Fort Street (1) v. North Sydney (1), at Birchgrove.

M.L.C. (2) v. Fort Street (1), at Burwood.

Fort Street (2) v. Sydney High (0), at Birchgrove.

Sydney High (3) v. Fort Street (1), at Rushcutter's Bay.

And for the 2nd Eleven:—

Sydney High (2) v. Fort Street (5), at Rushcutter's Bay.

North Sydney (0) v. Fort Street (2), at Mosman.

Petersham (1) v. Fort Street (1), at Undercliffe.

Fort Street (0) v. St. George (2), at Birchgrove.

VIGORO.

A new game, Vigoro has not yet its place in the Secondary Schools Girls' Sports Association. We have taken the game up and have played practice matches on our own ground. We defeated Sydney High in our only match against another school. Rita Phelps, a first year girl, has been acting as captain.

EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE Editorial Staff wish to congratulate the girls on their ready response to the call for contributions. Three times the Editor's Box, crammed full, was unlocked. Some of the manuscript, through want of space, is being held over for probable inclusion in our next issue. Many contributions, though not of sufficient merit to warrant insertion, are yet not without promise. To all who have contributed we would say, "Try again." Perseverance is, in general, the only highroad to success. It is also a very old and true saying that failure is the only highroad to success.

Learn a lesson from some of our well-known authors. Far from despairing when her novel, "The Professor," was rejected (not by one but by many publishers), Charlotte Bronte sat down on the day of final rejection and commenced "Jane Eyre," the success of which was constant and remarkable. Robert Louis Stevenson is, too, a case in point. On three occasions articles sent by him to a certain magazine were returned.

It may be consoling to remember that sometimes mistaken judgment has led to rejection. A classic instance is that of "The Vicar of Wakefield," which was withheld by the publisher for about five years.

The following are commended:—

"An Appreciation of Music," "Dawn"—a poem (not written by "Dawn"), "The Public Library Exhibition," "The Signal," "The Bushland's Splendour," "The Revenge"—a drama, "At Wanderers' Plain"—an original story, "A Reverie of a Fountain Pen," "The Travels of a Young Colonial," "Memories"—a poem.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:—

"The Fortian," "The Babblor," "The Endeavour," "The Novocastrian," "The Northern Churinga," "The Goulburnian," "The Conservatorium Magazine."

All communications with regard to subscriptions, matters of business, etc., should be made to Miss Maloney.

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