

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
Girls' High School, Fort Street.



Volume 1. No. 4.

MARCH, 1921

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CONTENTS:

The Staff	4
To the School	5
The Pride of the Fortians	5
The Annual Speech Day	6
Prize Winners for 1920	6
Our Picture Gallery	8
The Staff	11
Round the School	12
The Newman College Ghost	14
Correspondence	16
Old Girls' Column	17
From a Window	18
A Saturday Morning Dialogue	18
Youthful Australian Artists	20
The Return of the Vikings	21
My First Day at Fort Street High School	21
The Letter "H"	21
The Hydrogen Balloon	22
Sport	23
Examination Results	24
Acknowledgements	26

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Literary and Debating Society:

President: Miss Morley, M.A.

Secretary: Zara Levy.

TO THE SCHOOL.

Now that our term of office is commencing, we, the prefects of 1921, Kathleen Waddington (captain), Nellie Boutcher, Dorothy Dey, Rosa Fishman, Alma Hamilton, Isabel Lamb, Edith Sims and Nancy Stobo desire to thank you for the honour conferred upon us. We greatly appreciate it, but at the same time fully realise the responsibilities our office entails. However, as Fortians we shall do our best to imitate our predecessors, Nellie Boutcher and her colleagues, and so make the year 1921 a successful one. The latter, however, can scarcely be accomplished without the co-operation of all the girls in the School; so we ask you to help us to the best of your ability during the coming year, and thus maintain the reputation our School has held in the past—a reputation not only for scholastic and athletic attainments, but also for the general moral character of our girls. Thus all have an equal chance of bringing fame to the School. We tender a hearty welcome to all new girls, and sincerely hope that they will have as enjoyable a time here as we have had.

KATHLEEN WADDINGTON.

THE PRIDE OF THE FORTIANS.

There is a pride in the heart of a soldier,
 As he marches off to war;
 For he fights for the glory of England,
 And he thinks of the soldiers of yore.
 But the pride in the hearts of the Fortians,
 As they fight for the red and the white,
 Is a pride in the dear old school they love
 And in keeping her honour bright.

They think of those gone before them,
 Who won for her laurels of fame;
 And they make a firm resolution
 To honour her glorious name.
 So they rally round her banner,
 To keep it forever on high,
 And more reinforcements still advance
 As our old friends say good-bye.

—"Aryan."

"How did Daniel get into the lions' den?" was asked by an infant mistress. "I suppose he hopped over the fence," suggested a small pupil.

THE ANNUAL SPEECH DAY.

The Conservatorium of Music was filled on the occasion of the annual Speech Day (December 15th, 1920. Mr. Board, Director of Education, presided; on his right was Dame Margaret Davidson, who was accompanied by Mrs. Lamb. Miss Partridge, our ex-Principal, was warmly welcomed; and among others on the platform were Professor and Mrs. MacCallum, Professor and Mrs. Mackie, Mr. Connell, M.L.A., and Inspector Elliott and Mrs. Elliott.

The Principal, Miss Cruise, read her report of the School's activities and successes, which maintained the high standard of the previous years. Dame Margaret Davidson addressed the girls at length on the subject of their wonderful opportunities to-day, in contrast with those afforded girls in any previous generation. Mr. Board and Professor MacCallum gave inspiring addresses. Several beautiful songs were rendered by the School choir, under the direction of Miss Watts. Amy Chicken (2A.) ably accompanied the singing.

The certificates were presented to the various successful candidates by Dame Margaret Davidson, who congratulated each girl individually. Dorothy Starr (2C.) received the Sports' Shield, on behalf of her class, which had gained the highest aggregate number of points at the Winter Athletic Carnival.

The certificate list is as follows:—

Prize Winners, 1920.

YEAR IV.

Dux of the School—U. Lewis.
 History—W. Howard.
 Latin—U. Lewis.
 Mechanics—N. Torr.
 French—U. Lewis.
 Mathematics—N. Torr.
 Music—E. Perry.
 Needlework—I. Edwards.
 Geography—U. Madgwick.
 German—N. Carruthers.
 Art—M. Clemesha.
 Botany—N. Torr.
 Geology—D. Colyer.

YEAR III.

Dux of the Year—K. Waddington.
 English—E. Sims, E. Holt.
 History—D. Dey.
 Latin—G. Santos.
 French—N. Stobo.
 Mathematics—K. Waddington.
 Botany—E. Holt.
 Chemistry—G. Santos.
 Geography—E. Holt.
 Art—E. Holt.
 Needlework—C. Field.
 Music—C. Field.

YEAR II.

Dux of the Year—M. Evans.
English—A. Chicken.
History—D. Hancock, E. Bolton.
Latin—M. Evans, A. Chicken.
Mathematics I.—K. McRae, O. Boots.
Mathematics II.—K. McRae.
Chemistry and Physics—M. Buddle.
Geography—F. Russell.
French—A. Chicken.
German—Z. Levy, O. Boots, M. Evans.
Art—Erna Anderson.
Music—F. Jesson.
Needlework—E. Anderson, F. Russell.

REMOVES.

Dux of the Year—D. Bellingham.
English—D. Bellingham.
History—M. Thornhill.
Latin—M. Thornhill, E. Isles.
Mathematics I—D. Bellingham.
Mathematics II—V. Wearne.
Chemistry and Physics—D. Bellingham, V. Wearne.
Geography—H. Brewster.
French—D. Bellingham.
German—M. Thornhill.
Art—V. Wearne.
Music—D. Pound.
Needlework—V. Wearne.

YEAR I.

Dux—J. Mackenzie.
English—B. Paine, R. Card.
History—W. Rowohl.
Latin—D. Dewis, I. Green, H. Masson.
Mathematics I.—G. Bilby.
Mathematics II—A. Breckenridge.
French—W. Rowohl.
Chemistry and Physics—T. Sunstrom.
Geography—R. Godden.
Art—S. White.
Music—R. Godden, M. Brookes.
Needlework—F. Turner, A. Isaacs.

QUOTATIONS.

“This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway upon a wall,
Our shadow selves, our influence may fall
Where we can never be.”

Mind your pronunciation! A story is told of an Aussie soldier in a French restaurant who wished for “du lait” but who mispronounced it as “de l’ail.” Judge of his surprise when the waitress brought him a helping of “garlic.”

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Renascence Artists of the Fifteenth Century.

ROOM I.

The last picture we described was a photograph of the Colosseum, whose construction belonged to the first century; and you may wonder why we have, in our collection, no representations of artistic work accomplished in the period intervening between those early days and the fifteenth century. The answer to this question lies in the fact that, throughout the Middle Ages, Europe knew no sculptor or painter of merit, nor were the figurative arts in any way cultivated, for the barbarian peoples who over-ran Europe in the fifteenth century were too primitive to understand Greek ideas of beauty, or to feel the impulse of creative art. The masterpieces of the ancients were regarded by the early Christians with suspicion and fear. Did they not represent the gods of a pagan faith? Mediaeval Christians could not quite rid themselves of a lurking terror of these gods or "daemons," and, to safeguard themselves, they destroyed or hid from sight beautiful figures—the greatest work of the greatest sculptors whom the world has known.

Religion taught that it was wicked to let the mind dwell on the beauties of the natural world, or of the human form—it was the flesh which held man to earth and divided him from the joys of heaven, and so artists must not glorify the flesh by painting it in a beauty which might prove a snare to the soul. The mediaeval artist (generally a monk) used his skill to depict scenes from the lives of the saints and martyrs, and did so for a purely didactic purpose. In his poem, "Fra Lippo Lippi," Browning makes the prior of his convent give to the painter this advice:—

"Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men . . .
Give us no more of body than shows soul."

Lippo Lippi did not follow these instructions, but the true mediaeval painter did, and so the pictures of the Middle Ages form a gallery of angular saints in whom we can see neither soul nor human body. Grotesque attitudes express devotion or penitence, and haloes like dinner plates are balanced at awkward angles on heads belonging to the stiff figures representing the heroes of the Church. These pictures were really only symbols of religious ideas, and it remained for the Italian Renaissance to give these ideas expression in beautiful human forms—forms so beautiful that they are still dear to many who do not cherish the same faith as that which was held by their Italian creators.

This new humane spirit began to show itself during the thirteenth century, at a time when Italians were beginning to look proudly back upon the great days of ancient Rome, and when the native Italian love of beauty was kindled afresh by study of antique

masterpieces. This was the beginning of the Renaissance or new birth of the human spirit, which, freeing men from the fears of the Middle ages, taught them to love the strange and beautiful things which fill the world, and, like Browning's Lippo Lippi, to think—

“This world's no blot or blank—
It means intensely and means good.
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.”

Many critics date the new work in art from the time of Cimabue, who, in the thirteenth century, painted a Madonna and Child, surrounded by adoring angels. To us the group seems cold and lifeless, poor in drawing and grotesque in attitude, but legend tells us that Cimabue's contemporaries recognised in it a new power and a beauty unknown in any previous picture, and so great was their joy that they made a city festival at its completion, casting flowers upon the cart which bore it to its destination, and renaming the street through which it passed “The Street Glad.”

During the two centuries which followed, many fine artists learned to draw, not only the human figure, but birds and beasts and flowers, as well as the strangely beautiful landscapes which they loved to set behind the chief figures of their pictures. By the middle of the fifteenth century, many of these lessons were already learnt, and though the complete skill of the greatest Italian masters was not yet acquired, there is about the pictures of this period a charm and interest peculiarly their own.

The Praying Madonna (Lippo Lippi).

Lippo Lippi, or to use his full name, Fra Filippo Lippi, was an early fifteenth century artist and the painter of that praying Virgin whose delicate profile and beautiful folded hands are familiar to girls who have been members of 3A Class. His was a strange story. An orphan at the age of two, he was, six years later, placed in a Florentine convent, and here, despite his manifest unfitness for the religious life, he continued, in later years, to execute works of art for his order—decorating choirs and painting altar pieces in a dull routine, which he mischievously varied by using street urchins as the models for impish angels, and by treating religious subjects in a manner almost frivolously secular. The Madonna of our print is typical of many pictures which Lippo Lippi painted after peasant girls in whose beauty there is little of the dignity which we expect in such religious studies. J. A. Symonds says of these Madonnas, “Their grace is earthly, and the spirit breathed upon the picture is the loveliness of colour, quiet and yet glowing, blending delicate blues and green with whiteness purged of glare.” This richness of colour is lost for us in our photograph, but we can still delight in the delicately beautiful lines of the figure and trace the strange landscape which stretched to the distant horizon.

The Angel of the Annunciation (Luca della Robbia)

The spiritual beauty of Luca della Robbia's “Angel” forms a contrast to Lippo Lippi's work. Luca was a worker in marble, and

in terra cotta, whose pure blue and white colouring suited the simple sweetness of his figures, and his plaques of angels or of babies were once to be seen over many Florentine doorways. Children's figures formed his special province, for he caught so easily the innocent gaiety of their movement, and with rare skill he expressed it in marble or in earthenware. "Movement," says Symonds, "has never been suggested in stone with less exaggeration, nor have marble lips been made to utter sweeter and more varied music." He worked for the most part, in low relief—the figure raised, as in the case of our "Angel," only slightly above the flat surface—and this was perhaps his own way of avoiding the heaviness and hard completeness which is a frequent fault in sculpture. "The whole essence of his work," says Pater, "is **expression**, the passing of a smile over the face of a child, the ripple of the air on a still day over the curtain of a window ajar."

The Madonna of the Magnificat (Sandro Botticelli)

The sad and thoughtful genius of Botticelli is expressed in this picture, with whose outlines a photograph makes us familiar. A pupil of Lippo Lippi, he shows little of his master's influence, save in a certain delicacy of form and a tendency to depart from ordinary methods of treating religious subjects. At first his work may not attract you, for he makes little effort after conventional beauty and the faces of his Madonnas, and even his studies of Venus are often sad and wan. Yet he presents a fascinating problem which may often lure you away from more completely beautiful pictures—Venus rising from the sea in the cold light of dawn, a strange sadness upon her face, the pensive Madonna whose hand drops the pen at the moment of her glorification. "What does Botticelli mean?" we ask ourselves. It is almost as if the honour which has come to the Virgin is too great for her to bear: as if some sad foreknowledge of the sorrows of the future were already in her mind: as if she dreaded the greatness of her fate. Or does her face express a resignation and a calm which places her beyond such human thoughts? Never does she bend in motherly love to the Baby on her knee. The drawing of the Baby may trouble you, but can you not forgive that fault for the look of sweet and serious devotion already upon His face?

Botticelli delighted in the painting of flowers and quaint devices. Roses sprinkle the sea over which his Venus floats on her delicate shell, and it has been suggested that the circular shape adopted in so many of his pictures, was copied from the form of the full blown rose whose incurving petals were represented by the gracefully bending figures of the groups.

Saint John the Baptist (Andrea del Sarto).

Of all the pictures of "the faultless painter," as the Italians called Andrea, this study of Saint John is the most poetic and the most beautiful. It is a little hard to explain the adjective "faultless," as applied to this artist, for in many pictures he falls short of the rarer beauties of other painters of this period,

sometimes drawing commonplace figures, and generally lacking suggestive power. It is probably to his perfect technique that he owes his title, and, indeed, it is always a deep delight to study the just proportions and lithe grace of his drawing. The beautiful lines of Saint John's shoulder, arm, and hand form an excellent example of Andrea's work, but in this picture there is more than faultless drawing, for pose and face alike express the spirit of radiant and poetic youth. It is the masterpiece of "il pittore senza errori." Little suggestion is given, however, of the stern, ascetic side of Saint John the Baptist, save in the conventional reed cross and bowl, or in the coarse scanty clothing of skins, but this fact is characteristic of the Renaissance painters. Their chief employment was found in the decoration of their churches, and so they were bound to religious subjects, for which many, like Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto had no real aptitude

(To be continued.)

THE STAFF.

On December 1st, Miss Gombert returned to her position on our Modern Language staff, after her very successful tour to Europe. We all gladly welcomed her back.

Congratulations to Miss Slattery of the Modern Language staff on her marriage to Mr. Phil Ryan. We wish them both every happiness.

Miss B. E. Blume, our Science Mistress, sailed on the s.s. "Sonoma," on February 23rd, for America, where she intends to examine the latest methods in educational establishments. "Bon voyage" and a safe and happy return is the wish of the whole School to her.

The only change on the staff this term has been the transfer of Miss Boulston, B.A., of our English staff to the Elizabeth Street School. Her place has been taken by Miss Duncliffe, whom we welcome and trust she will have a happy sojourn in our midst.

In letters received about Xmas time from Miss Collings, B.A., ex-Mistress of English, and now resident in Gloucestershire, England, we learn that she and her father have become quite acclimatized there, and are settled among their English relatives.

All were pleased to learn that Miss Morley, M.A., our History Mistress, had been appointed to succeed Miss Collings as Mistress of English. Our warmest congratulations to her.

Miss Partridge visited the School on the 16th of February—the day of the publication of the Intermediate results. She addressed the assembled girls, warmly congratulating the successful candidates. At Miss Cruise's request, Miss Partridge presented some extra prizes won on the sports' field, and invested Nellie Bouteher with her prefect's badge. All were pleased to see our ex-Principal looking so well.

The following day Mrs. Leslie Howell (nee Miss Elma Broome) lunched with the staff. She is on a visit to town from Collarenebri, and looked very well indeed.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

A Farewell to Fourth Year.

A warm November afternoon, the heat of early summer tempered by a soft breeze, a big square looking building, a wide sloping playground, two great fig-trees spreading their welcome shade over the leaf-strewn ground, warm sunshine enveloping all. Surely a pleasing setting for a scene staged but once a year, and dear to all Fortians. This twelfth of November, with examination three days away, the whole school had gathered—as in previous years—to wish success to the candidates for either the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate Examinations.

Fortians take life somewhat seriously, for faithful work is demanded, and though often exacting, our "Alma Mater" is dear to every one of us. The well-known songs in her honour brightened the quiet summer afternoon, and a sea of smiling faces greeted Miss Cruise as she commenced her address. For all the outward gaiety there was an undercurrent of sadness in her audience, for were not we "fourth years" leaving the kindest friend we had? Were not our headmistress and our comrades wishing us every success in life as well as in the coming test? About to leave the cocoon for full sunlight, we were finding the gentle warmth within more desirable than the fiercer heat without. Yet, if allowed to develop slowly, how beautiful might finally be the iridescent wings!

At the close of Miss Cruise's all too short speech, the 1920 captain and her seven prefects unpinned their brooches of office, and, led by Nellie Bouteher, supported her in greeting the new captain for 1921 and her seven sister prefects. The time-honoured custom of exchanging brooches concluded, the Glee Club played its part, and the curtain fell to the melody of "Old Lang Syne."

A second scene, gayer than the first, followed. Two lines of laughing girls, after having formed a guard of honour for the staff to the very door of the "green room," suddenly broke and gradually, by twos and threes arrived at the door of the gymnasium, where the "third years" invited the fourths to drown their worries in tea and banish care in one last mad frolic. How different it looks! was one of the frequent exclamations. A few trailing branches of fern, interspersed with deftly placed posies, had certainly been a charming addition, and met with strong approval for our "gym." does not lend itself to decoration. Goodies to eat, fun to enjoy! We found both, and required no guidance in making the most of them. Then, a little out of breath from laughing, all trooped once again to the primary school where Miss Bruce's singing helped to increase the merriment.

"Sure, macushla, when Miss Bruce starts a-singing of 'Peggy,' ye niver could kape yourself from laughin' at all, at all."

One last little flicker before the lights went out. Hands clasped, we sang. The leaves of the grand old fig-tree, guardian of our School stirred restlessly and trembled a little, but not so our voices as they sang, "Should old acquaintance be forgot." Yet again the curtain fell. In the dawn sky of the New Year there floated a little grey cloud of regret with a golden lining of happy memories.

Downhearted? Oh, no!

Miss Watts' special choir, which meets after school in the Libraries on Tuesday afternoons for an hour's practice, has begun this term with 60 members. The extremely high standard of the songs learned last year, and the beauty of the singing have set the present girls something big to aim at.

Dame Margaret Davidson expressed her appreciation of the choruses rendered by the choir on Speech Day and personally congratulated Miss Watts on her successful teaching.

On the retirement of Miss Maude Crowe, Principal of the Fort Street Kindergarten on February 28, the combined staffs tendered her a farewell afternoon tea-party. It was held in the Kindergarten building, and Miss Crowe was presented with a porcelain and silver afternoon tea service.

The Christian Union.

At the general meeting held after school on Monday, February 14, the officers for the year were elected. They are as follows:—President, Miss Mouldsdales; Vice-Presidents, Misses Buckley and Smith; Corresponding Secretary, Rosa Fishman; Recording Secretary, Alison Fabian; Treasurer, Grace Santos. The membership of the Union has risen to thirty-five, making three Bible circles necessary. The books chosen for study are "A Challenge to Girls," "According to St. Luke," and "Studies on St. John's Gospel." Four of the girls belonging to the circles of last year went to the school-girls' camps, which were held at Mt. Victoria and Newport during the last week of the Christmas vacation.

ALISON FABIAN, Recording Secretary.

Miss Partridge frequently assures us by word and by deed that her thoughts still linger with the School. It is a pleasing reminder of her sympathy to look at the fine photograph which Miss Cruise has hung in the entrance hall among the portraits of other builders of the School's fortunes. Our old Headmistress is portrayed in happy mood, and it is with pleasure and affection that we salute her as we pass.

The Sydney School of Arts confers upon us the privilege of yearly tickets entitling eight girls to the use of its fine library. The library contains a large collection of books of reference, travel and biography, as well as poetry, drama and fiction, standard and modern. The fortunate girls who holds these tickets for the year 1921 are: N. Boutcher, W. Connor, D. Dey, A. Hamilton, G. Santos, B. Smith, N. Stobo and E. Wyse.

The Fiction Library in Room IX is still in the care of Rosa Fishman and Lena Lea, who distribute books on Monday, at 10.30. The charge for use of the Library is threepence every term.

The Debating Society held its first meeting for 1921 on March 7th. Speeches were made upon set subjects by representatives of the four senior years. Suggestions regarding topics for debates may be given to Zara Levy, who is secretary of the Society for the current year.

THE NEWMAN COLLEGE GHOST.

It was last Christmas when I first met Sybil Kent, and we have been firm friends ever since; but it was not until yesterday that she told me the reason of those marks on her arms and face, which, faint and almost imperceptible though they be, suggest the effects of fire.

I remember noticing them a week after our first meeting, and asking her how they came to be there, but she flushed painfully and changed the conversation as if it hurt her to be reminded of them, and I refrained from further inquiries. Yesterday, however, in a sudden burst of confidence, Sybil told me all.

It happened when I was at Newman College—a boarding School for girls in England. I was Captain of the Remove, and a very lively form it was, I can tell you.

It was our custom to put every new girl through what we termed "the ordeal," to try her mettle. We imagined it to be a first-class method of forming an opinion of a new-comer's character, so on the afternoon of the day when Lucy Wentworth came to the school, and was made a "Removeite," my form mates gathered round me in the Remove Common Room to discuss what form "the ordeal" was to take in this case. Many methods were suggested and rejected as unsuitable, but at last Nora Tremaine, who was the niece of a real live earl, and incidentally an unbearable prig, said: "Suppose we try a ghost? A sheet, a little make-up from the Newman College Theatrical Society, a lamp from the caretaker's tool-shed, and there you are. I heard," she went on, with a hateful sneer, "That the poor child's parents are wool-combers, or something of that kind, and she's bound to be superstitious as most of her class."

Nora's abominable priggishness made me feel like doing something violent, but still the idea of a ghost appealed to me, and apparently to most of my class mates, for murmurs of approval rose on all sides, and Gladys Melford chimed in:

"You'd make a lovely ghost, Sybil!"

And so it was agreed. At eight o'clock, as soon as "prep" was over, as many of my friends as could do so, squeezed into my tiny study, and amidst a subdued hum of whispering (for we did not want the teachers to hear, you may be sure), I was clad in a sheet taken from my bed in the dormitory, and my face was made to appear cadaverous and deathly white per medium of the Theatrical Society's make-up box.

Gladys Melford tip-toed into the room as soon as my disguise was complete and produced a lamp from beneath her coat.

"The tool-shed was not locked, fortunately," she remarked; "so I quietly borrowed this for our use to-night."

But now one of the girls pointed out that we were facing a problem. A ghost carrying a naked white light would never pass muster; it must be made blue by some means.

For a few minutes we were completely baffled, but at length the resourceful Gladys cried, "I have it," and left the room to return a moment later with a large piece of thin, blue material.

"If two or three thicknesses of this are fastened around the lamp, it will make the light beautifully blue and dim," she announced triumphantly.

"Good idea," I replied, and after a few attempts the cloth was attached to the lamp. The result was excellent. A thin stream of blue light struggled painfully through the material, just strong enough to accentuate my ghastly appearance without giving me away.

Everything was now in readiness. We all trooped into the Remove dormitory, and the girls concealed themselves behind the beds to watch the fun. I retired behind a screen near the door, and placed a thick blanket over the light till it should be needed. The trap being set, I sent Eva Glenfield to call our victim. We heard Eva walk along the passage, tap on the door of Lucy's study, and call out softly:

"Lucy Wentworth, Miss Lawrence wishes to see you at once in the Remove dormitory."

Doubtless, Lucy thought the dormitory a strange place for the Principal to interview a girl, but she lost no time in obeying the summons, for scarcely had Eva raced back to her place in the dormitory than we heard Lucy's door open, and her footsteps approaching our hiding place. A moment later a tap sounded at the dormitory door.

"Come in," said one of the girls in a voice as much like Miss Lawrence's as possible, and Lucy entered the dark room and advanced a few paces uncertainly. Before she had time to speak, I whipped the blanket off the lamp and stepped out from behind the screen with sepulchral groan. Turning quickly, Lucy caught sight of me, shrieked twice, and ran cowering into a corner of the room. I then began my prepared speech to the terrified girl:

"I, the Ghost of Newman College, command thee, Lucy Wentworth——" But then the catastrophe occurred.

Suddenly a blaze leapt up from the lamp. The blue material had caught fire, and before I had time to fling the lamp away, the hungry flames had seized on my sheet, and I was enveloped in fire.

It was now my turn to scream in terror, and, completely losing my presence of mind, I turned and dashed for the door only to find myself locked in a pair of strong arms and dragged back. Frantic with fear and pain I fought like a wild-cat for freedom, but the clinging arms held me firmly, and in a few seconds I was flung across one of the beds and wrapped tightly in the coverlet. The confused cries of my mates died away and I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying between cool sheets in the infirmary. My whole body seemed to be one mass of fire. By the bedside were Gladys Melford and Eva Glenfield. It was they who told me how Lucy Wentworth had darted across the room and saved my life—holding me back from rushing headlong into the open air and certain death.

It transpired that she was even more badly burned than I was, and was lying unconscious in the bed at my side at that moment.

Nobody knows with what agonies of remorse I was tortured when I heard this news. To think that I had been amusing myself tormenting a girl noble enough to save my life at such a cost to herself!

I was removed to the convalescent ward a few days after, but I was not allowed to speak to my preserver, for her condition was still serious. In about ten days, however, I was permitted to see her. Never shall I forget the moment when I looked into her eyes, my own swimming with tears, and begged her forgiveness.

The rest of that scene is sacred to Lucy and myself, but I may as well tell you that from that day to this, Lucy Wentworth has been my dearest friend.

—"Ginger."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Madam,

I am in a most heartrending predicament, and humbly solicit your advice. The situation is briefly this: Upon quitting my class room one day last week, I inadvertently left upon my desk a halfpenny. Some half hour later I discovered my loss and hastily searched for the missing coin. Imagine my surprise and chagrin to find it "non est." I immediately interviewed Miss Long and discovered, to my infinite joy, that it had been given to her only a few moments before.

I joyfully pocketed the coin and was confronted with the demand for the sum of one penny—fine for lost property. This is the seat of the trouble. If I leave that halfpenny with Miss Long, I lose it. If I pay a penny to redeem it, I am still a halfpenny out of pocket. What shall I do?

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

I am,

Yours etc.,

"Infelix."

Dear Madam,

I labour under a sense of injustice. Some days ago we had a mathematics test, and were informed that if we did not pin the papers together we would lose five marks. Not being able to beg, borrow or steal a pin, I twisted the corners of my papers together and handed them in, hoping that it would be overlooked.

My hopes were doomed to disappointment. Upon receiving the corrected tests back again, I beheld the cryptic remark:

5

— less 5 marks for having no pin.

20

Is this fair, I ask you?

I am,

Yours gloomily,

"Irata."

Dear Editor,

I would like to suggest that girls who leave the school in groups—as do the Leaving Certificate students and many Intermediate candidates—should keep their memory green by donating books to one or other of our three school libraries. The books might be inscribed as from the donors, for example: "The gift of 4A., 1920." I thought it opportune to suggest now, as the girls of last year will be coming up soon to get their certificates. It was the custom in a school I attended some years ago, and quite a large number of books remained (as mementoes of former pupils) in the Fiction Library. But we have also a Reference and a Modern Language Library, so there is ample room for choice.

"Ex Libris."

OLD GIRLS' COLUMN.

A very successful concert was organised by "The Ramblers" at the King's Hall, in Hunter Street, on Friday evening, December 17, 1920. The object of the concert was to enlarge the Ada Partridge Prize Fund. A splendid programme was presented and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. Special mention should be made of Doris York's musical monologues. (Doris will be remembered as the first Captain of the High School.)

The annual General Meeting of the Fort Street Old Girls' Union will be held at the School during March. As the membership of the Union has been increased very considerably during the last half-year, a very large attendance is expected.

As numbers of our ex-students gain their University Degree and Teaching Diploma each December, they pass to their chosen avocations in widely apart localities of our land. Enid Mawson, B.Sc., and Muriel Nowell, B.Sc., are now on the staff of the District School at Lithgow. Frieda Friederich, B.Sc., Annie Weston, B.A., and Maud Jensen, B.A., are at Gosford, while Inverell has received Eleanor Crawford, B.Sc. Alice Sandon, B.A., B.Sc., is at Albury High School; Newcastle High School includes on its staff Ella Martin, B.A., Elsie Segaert, B.Sc.; Mary Cowie, B.Sc., is at Lismore, and Olive Storey, B.Sc., is teaching at Murrurundi. Ena Withers is teaching kindergarden at Marrickville, and Chrissie McRae is at Cobar; while Dorothy Oldman and Ida Crook maintain the Fort Street prestige at Broken Hill. It will be remembered that Dorothy used to contribute attractive literary sketches to the Teachers' College Magazine; she now finds a wider field for her efforts. Kathleen Bradsworth has completed her Pharmacy course, and is now practising her profession.

We congratulate Hilda Butler, who has won Professor Lawson's Prize for Botany (Science I) at the University. Hilda's exceptional work in this subject as a schoolgirl will recall itself to the mind of her contemporaries.

We congratulate Grace Pendered, Aurie Lane, Vera Norris on their marriage.

FROM A WINDOW.

Room I. is still new to me, but already I am fascinated by its charm and many attractions, chief of which are its windows. To me, these windows look, not on fairyland, but on a very real land of dreams, where I may wander at my will. From where I sit I can overlook the Harbour, catching glimpses of the Botanical Gardens and Government House, which, from this distance, looks like an ancient feudal castle. Essex Street has become an old English village, very quiet and peaceful, and quaintly pretty. Fort Street (our School) is a great castle secluded from the rest of the world, and impregnable. Below the castle gates are the gardens in Essex Street, now filled with flowers of a gorgeous colour, contrasting with the sombre old houses nearby.

From another window I can see the courtyard with its out-houses and sheds, but once I look beyond these, my dream of mediæval castles is dispelled. I come back to the twentieth century of industry and the awful race for gold, which obliterates any beauty lent by the kindly distance. The ships become ugly, the long lines of wharves and the factories around them become monuments of the god of money, who demands everything and pays nothing in return. There is the clang of iron upon iron, and the chimney stacks belch forth black smoke which twists around as though it were an evil spirit dancing in the sky.

I turn back to my own window and once more see the village, the old feudal castle, and the haven beyond. Away to the east is the city of money and noise, but here is peace and quiet in which all find the strength to live and conquer.

—"Arcadia."

A SATURDAY MORNING DIALOGUE.

One Saturday morning a short time ago, about midday, I was interrupted in my work of cutting the front lawn by a voice which demanded:

"D'ye know you're doin' my work?"

I started. Have you ever been interrupted in the midst of weaving pleasant day-dreams by a rough, raucous voice ringing in your ears? It sent a strange, creepy feeling down my spine. I turned and confronted the stranger. He was a middle-aged man of the hard-working type. He had a few weeks' untrimmed growth upon his face, which was menacing enough. His garments were much the worse for wear, and a bag was slung over his left shoulder. I looked at his hands—all knotted and gnarled. They spoke volumes!

My first impulse was to ignore his presence, but one gets so used to answering the remarks of passers-by when one is working on one's lawn, that it did not take long to banish that idea. Per-

haps, after all, he was only joking. So I favoured him with the most refined of schoolgirl sniggers, but his next sentence caused me to regret my laugh. He looked at me accusingly.

"Yes," he said, "you're the sort of person I'm up against."

I stared at the man, wondering how, during my brief sixteen years, I could have caused this stranger to declare he was "up against" me.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "If it wasn't for you I'd be living on the fat of the land now!"

With this threatening remark he licked his lips viciously, and I began to wonder how long I was going to remain intact. The only sound I was capable of emitting was, "Oh."

"Do you know, young woman, that if it wasn't for your sort I would have left home this morning after a good breakfast?"

No, I didn't know. In fact I was too scared to have any views on the matter at all. I felt as if I were being brought upon a charge of murder. I was dumbfounded. But I was convinced there was a mistake somewhere. Yes, of course, he was making a mistake. I was just going to tell him to try next door, when he continued:

"What are you cutting that grass for?"

I looked up guiltily and said very feebly: "I like doing it."

If he had been a bull and my last sentence a red rag, it couldn't have better served the purpose of irritating him. He turned his cold grey eyes upon me.

I like doing it too," he muttered; "with just a trifle as recompense. But **you** ought to be inside doing some housework." (At this juncture he had quite convinced me that I had done him a terrible injury.)

Oh, there's nothing for me to do inside," I answered lamely.

Then the storm-cloud burst. "Oh, I meet your kind too often. You can't sew on a button, **and yet you can do a man's work!** Bah! I left home this morning a hungry man. I've walked for hours looking for some work to do, but they all 'do their own!' **Your** father, **your** brothers go to work. Your husband (I was wearing my hair on top) goes to work." Here I sat up and gasped. Molly, the mischievous, black-eyed child who lives with me, sent up an explosive peal of laughter. Meanwhile the melancholy stranger walked off mumbling the rest of his sentence: "And yet you won't let **me** do **my** work!"

I sat thoughtfully gazing after him. There was real pathos in his story. In preoccupied state of mind I toyed with a huge brown spider, who had taken advantage of my momentary unconsciousness to attach himself to my person.

"Yes," I murmured, collecting my sugar-bag and shears, and wending my way bathroomwards in order to rid myself of the morning's grime: "Life is certainly very hard to understand at times."

YOUTHFUL AUSTRALIAN ARTISTS.

The average person, who imagines that the painting and drawing taught in our public schools consists of nothing more than a few distorted and grotesque imitations of flowers and trees in very questionable colours, would experience an extremely pleasant surprise in gazing on the result of the labours of art classes of many prominent New South Wales schools, exhibited at the Education Department. Each school, though presenting quite a variety of work, expresses a distinctive quality in its art. For instance, Paramatta High School showed some intricate and unique designs in stencilling, carried out in very effective colour schemes; one pair of curtains done by a boy attracting much admiration. Hamilton showed a taste for beautifully worked table centres and china painting that did the young artists great credit.

One's eyes were dazzled with the riot of colour of the many water-colour designs which formed an attractive background on the walls. Pale, delicate pastel shades vied with bright bold colours for the admiration of a critical but pleased public. Fort Street High School easily held her own, a special feature of her exhibits being the work of May Clemesha, who has culled her art from the land of fairies and hobgoblins.

A water colour painting by Maud Dawson, which was photographed by the "Sun" was the cause of a few smiles by those "in the know." A motherly person admiring the original, said, "Just fancy, isn't it lovely; and to think it was taken from that small copy in the paper!"

A design for a plate by a Maitland High School girl was unique. Fish swimming in water tinted with every conceivable colour formed the central part. Surrounding them were wonderful blends of gold, mossgreen, mauve, mother-of-pearl, coral, and all the gorgeous colours one associates with the beauties and mysteries of the deep. An unusual exhibit was an exquisite piece of embroidery worked by a native girl of the Philippines. It was really wonderful. The minute stitches, the perfect workmanship, and the spotless colour of the work were enough to make one gasp.

The infants' work was just as efficient as that of the secondary schools, the modelling in particular of the Leichhardt infants receiving much admiration. These children, ranging in age from five to eight years, are taught to paint and draw from imagination, which is much better than copying, as it improves their imaginative powers and makes them more self-reliant.

According to a report in the "Mail," the authorities declare this exhibition to be one of the best of its kind in the world. By this we may infer that in the near future Australia will be recognised among the nations for her art.

THE RETURN OF THE VIKINGS.

An Essay in Blank Verse.

How fast the Vikings' ship is nearing home,
 The cliffs and narrow, sandy bay become
 So clear, that each can almost recognise
 His kinsmen's faces in that motley crowd
 That, eager, sees its heroes once again,
 And now the noble ship hath reached the shore,
 And shouts of welcome echo far and wide,
 While loud and clear the joyous cry rings out:
 "Skoal to the Vikings! To the heroes, skoal!"

And now the spoils of war unfolden are,
 And tales are told of battles fought and won,
 While many a loving mother's heart doth swell,
 And many a maiden's eye with joy doth gleam,
 Some Viking's valourous deeds in war to hear.
 This night the heroes brave shall gaily feast
 In good old Hargar's ancient, spacious hall,
 And while the mead is drunk the bards shall sing,
 "Skoal to the Vikings! To the heroes Skoal!"

3A.

MY FIRST DAY AT FORT STREET HIGH SCHOOL.

Pleasant memories will always be associated with Monday, February 21st, as that was my first experience of High School life. With bright spirits, and buoyed up with hopes for the future, and with my curiosity whetted to the highest degree, I left home accompanied by my mother. On arrival my spirits gradually sank until I felt quite shy—really like a fish out of water. Then came our interview with the Principal, whose friendly chat soon dispelled my bashfulness. Miss Cruise explained the courses open to pupils, and on my deciding which course I desired to follow, I was placed in ID. Class. The girls were very sociable, and we soon became friends. These were my experiences on my first day at dear old Fort Street.

Olga Phelps.

THE LETTER "H"—ELUSIVE OR SUPERFLUOUS.

Perhaps the most common, and I might say most amusing fault in speech is the misuse of the letter "h." Some people have a great weakness for leaving "h's" out where they are needed, and adding them where they are not needed. I have read that this practice is very common among the people in the south of England, and among

Cockneys. Whether this is true or not, I am not in a position to state, but I know for a fact that many Australians are subject to this weakness.

The misuse of the letter "h" has given rise to many humorous mistakes of which some are as follows:—

A member of the London County Council was regretting the lack of art sense displayed by his fellows in a new park. He pleaded for fountains, emerald green seats and lions and unicorns in stucco.

"Why," said he, in a splendid peroration, "we want something homely and country-like—a little arbour here and there. We have none worth showing at present."

Then up and spake a retired sailor man: "Oh, we 'aven't, 'ave-n't we? And wot about Portsmouth 'Arbour?"

A member of a country schoolboard one day visited a school with the intention of questioning Standard V on geography. Unhappily for himself he began, "What is the capital of 'Olland?"

"Capital 'H,'" was the reply of the head boy.

The member did not pursue his geographical enquiries further. Someone asked a suburban doctor how his wife got on with the new cook from London.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied. "But they will do better when they understand one another. The other day my wife told her to 'heat' the remains of two boiled fowls for dinner. When I returned home at night, I sat down to cold boiled beef. Of course I growled. My wife then sent for the cook and asked for the fowl."

"We 'ad 'em in the kitchen has you told hus, mum."

"I told you! That I did not."

"Yes, mum; you told me to heat 'em, so we het 'em."

At a competitive examination held in London some years ago, a candidate inadvertently spelt "Venice" with two "n"s. "Sir," said the examiner sternly; "don't you know there is only one hen in 'Venice.'" "Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply.

—Grace Santos.

THE HYDROGEN BALLOON.

The girls of first year had been initiated into the mystery of preparing hydrogen, and to illustrate one of its properties—that of its lightness—the chemistry teachers had promised to send up a toy balloon filled with hydrogen. On the eventful day it was bright and the wind favourable, and the excitement of the girls knew no bounds when, during recess, the chemistry mistress came into the playground armed with the necessary apparatus, and even the dignified seniors appeared interested. The balloon was affixed to a glass delivery tube, and began to swell as the hydrogen entered it. In readiness was a card asking the finder to write to Fort Street and inform us of the landing place of our balloon. This message, wrapped in oiled silk, was tied to the balloon, which was then allowed to rise.

It seemed at first doubtful if it would rise; but at length after a series of contortions, it eventually disappeared from sight. Anxious girls waited for news of its descent, and three days afterwards they had news of it from the Kent Street Gas Works.

The Chemistry Mistress, not thinking this quite a success, repeated the experiment, this time with a larger balloon and a smaller card. This day was even more suited to the purpose than the previous one, and the balloon rose without hesitation, rising higher than the former, and gradually began to fade from sight. All eyes watched it until it was a mere speck and lost itself among the clouds. For days we awaited news of the finding of the balloon, but time wore and no message came. Had our balloon fallen to earth unnoticed, or had it vanished "into blue immensity"?

SPORT.

Since the holidays our interest has been centred mainly in swimming. Quite a number of our girls are taking part in the P.S.A.A. Carnival on March 3rd, and the School will be represented both in the junior and senior relay races.

Among the first year girls we have found some strong swimmers whose times compare favourably with those of the senior girls. Marjorie Russell and Josie Magee have perhaps the most finished strokes, while Gwen Morgan has a very neat breast stroke.

The date for our Carnival has been fixed for March 14th. The girls are keenly interested and are trying hard to secure the Pennant for their own class. Clare Honeyman, of second year, holds the cup for the 100 yards Championship of the School. The race this year should be a very close one, other competitors besides Clare being Lily Sims, Kathleen and Gwen Branch and Marjorie Russell. Among our best divers are Gladys Duthie, Heather Stark, and Kathleen Branch. With a little more practice Emily Chubb, Alma Murray and Doreen Cooke would improve. We are all looking forward to the "Follow-the-leader" event, with Miss Bishop as leader.

The second combined Girls' High School Carnival is to take place on 21st March. The Solomon Shield competition will take place this year at the Petersham Intermediate High School Carnival on the 11th March at the Domain Ladies' Baths, at the North Sydney Carnival, Lavender Bay Baths, on the 18th March, besides at the combined carnival. In all probability North Sydney will retain the shield, but our girls hope to put up a good struggle.

Our Life-saving Class has begun practice for the Bronze Medallion and Certificate examinations to be held later on in the season. Several girls who already hold the Bronze Medallion are preparing for the Award of Merit (Silver Medallion).

At Birchgrove, practice games in vigoro, croquet and tennis occupy the girls on Wednesday afternoons. The Ashfield Club has grown considerably. Although a few of our best players left last year, we have among the new girls a number who play well.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

DECEMBER, 1920.

	English.	Latin.	French	Maths I.	Maths. II	Mech.	Hist.	Botany	Geol.	Geog.	Art.	Music.	Dress Making.
Arnott, Jean	B	B	A	B	B		A	A					
Barnetson, Jean	A	B	B	B			A	A					
Chalmers, Constance	A		B	B	B		B	B					
Clemesha, May	B		B				A	H			A		
Cole, Margaret	B	B	A	B	B		A	A					
Colyer, Dorothy	A	B	A	B			B	A	A				
Dewis, Florence	A		B	B			A	A	A				
Dunning, Marie	A		B	B				B	A		B		
Edwards, Irene	B		B				B	A			B		A
Edwards, Stella	A		B	B			A	B					
Forrester, Grace	B		B	B			B	B			B		A
Freeborn, Bernice			B					B			B		A
Hanstock, Nellie	A		A	B	B		B	A				B	B
Hill, Betty	B	B	A	B	B		B	A					
Howard, Winifred	H	B	A	B	B		H	H					
Jamieson, Hilda	A		B	A	A			H	A				
Lackenby, Bella	B	B		A	A*	A		B					
Lewis, Una	A	H	H	B	A		A	H					
Lucas, Rita	B	B	A	B	B		A	B					
McKenzie, Isabel	H	B	A	A	B		B	A					
Madgwick, Vera	B			B	B		B	A		A			
Martin, Nina			B					B			B		A
Matthews, Barbara	B						B	B					B
McDowell, Jean	B	B	B	B	B		B	B			A		
Norman, Netta	B		B	B	B		B						
Nurthen, Jean	A		B	B			A	A					
Oliver, Ella.	B	B	B	B	B		A	H			B		
Owen, Elsie	B	B	B	B	B		B	B					
Perry, Edna	B			B			B					A	B
Reid, Tessie	A		B	B			B	A			A		B
Rice, Ena	H		A	B			H	B					
Sanderson, Eugenie	B	B	A	B			B	B					
Sanderson, Margaret	B	B	A	B	B		B	B					
Torr, Nita	H	B		A	A*	A	H						
Walker, Nellie	A		B	B	B		A	A		B			
Wane, Doreen	H	B	B	B			H						

*Signifies Honours in Mathematics.

Honours:

- ENGLISH: Class I.—W. Howard, E. Rice, I. McKenzie, D. Wane.
Class II.—N. Torr.
- LATIN: Class II.—U. Lewis.
- FRENCH: Class I.—U. Lewis.
- BOTANY: Class I.—N. Torr, H. Jamieson.
Class II.—M. Clemesha, U. Lewis, W. Howard, E. Oliver.
- MATHEMATICS: Class I.—N. Torr.
Class II.—B. Lackenby.
- HISTORY: Class I.—E. Rice, D. Wane.
Class II.—W. Howard.
- The C. J. Lowenthal Prize for Australian History: Ena Rice, Doreen Wane, equal.
- The Following secured an entrance into the State Public Service: Una Lewis, Isabel McKenzie.

Training College scholarships were won by M. Cole, D. Colyer, W. Howard, N. Hanstock, B. Hill, H. Jamieson, B. Lackenby, U. Lewis, I. McKenzie, E. Dlever, E. Rice, N. Torr and W. Wane.

University Exhibitions were gained in—

Arts: W. Howard, I. McKenzie.

Medicine: A. Lewis.

Science: B. Hill, H. Jamieson, B. Lackenby, N. Torr.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.

December, 1920.

	English.	History.	Geogy.	Maths. I.	Maths II.	Latin.	French	German.	Physics Chemistry.	Art.	Music.	Needlework.
Adler, Kitty	A	B		B	B	B	B		B			
Akhurst, Edith	B	B		A	A		B		A			
Anderson, Erna			B						B	A	B	A
Bardsley, Phyllis	A	B	B	B					A	B	A	A
Beardsmore, Edna	B			A	A	A	B		B			
Benson, Dolly	A	B	B	B	B		B	B		A	B	A
Bolton, Enid	B	A			B			B				
Bones, Madge	B	B		A	B	B	B					
Boots, Olive	A	B		A	A	A	A	B				
Boyton, Hilda	A	A		B	A	B	B		A			
Browne, Mabel	B	A	B	B	B				B	B	A	B
Buddle, Myrtle	A	B		B	A	B	B		A			
Caldwell, Ena	B			B	B		B		B			
Campbell, Florence	B	B		B	A	B	B		A			
Capp, Ruby	B	B		B	B		B					
Card, Cecily	B	B	B	B	B		B		B	B	B	B
Chapman, Daisy	A	B		B	B	B	B	B				
Chicken, Amy	A	A		A	B	A	A	A				
Cruikshank, Lexie	A	B				A	B		B			
Daley, Kathleen	B	B			B				A	A		A
Davis, Amy	B	B	B		B				B	A		A
Derrin, Doris	B			A	A				B			
Dunphy, Cora	A	B					B	B			A	
Dutton, Edna	A	A		B	A	B	B	B				
Edwards, Freda	A	B		A	B				A	B	B	B
Elley, Thea	A	A		B	B	B	B	B				
Evans, Elsie	B	B			B	B	B	B				
Evans, Marjorie	A	B		A	A	A	A	A				
Fisher, Annie	A	B	B	B	B				A	B		B
Fitzgerald, Faith	A	B		B	B		B		B			
Foreman, Dorothy	B			B	B	B	B		A			
Freyer, Joyce	A	B		B	B	B	B		A			
Fuller, Gladys	A	B		B	B	A	B	B				
Goldstein, Linda	B	B		B	A	B	B		A			
Gracie, Laura	B	B			A				B			
Green, Rhoda	A	B		A	B	B	B		B			
Gregg, Eunice	A	B			A				B			
Griffith, Gwen	B	B	B	B					B	A	B	A
Hancock, Doris	A	B		B		B	B		A			
Harold, Mary	A	B		B	B	B	B		A			
Harris, Emily	B	B	B		B					A		A
Hinchcliffe, Amy	B	B		B	A	A	A		A			
Hinton, Marjory	A	B		B	B		B		B			
Homburg, Olga	B	B		B	B		B		B			
Jesson, Trixie	A	B	B	A	A				A	A	A	B

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS (continued.).

	English.	History.	Geogy.	Maths. I.	Maths. II.	Latin.	French.	German.	Physics. Chemistry.	Art.	Music.	Needlework.
Kell, Daisy	B			B	B	B	B		A			
Kent, Edna	B	B		B	B	B	B		B			
Levy, Zara	A	B	B	B	A		A	A		A	B	A
Little, Ellen	A	B		B	B	B	B	B				
Madden, Florence	B	B		B	B	B	B					
Marshall, Mildred	B	B		B	B	B	B		B			
Martin, Violet	B	B		A	B	B	B		A	A		
McRae, Cathie	B	B		B	A	B	B		A			
Murray, Allison	B			B	B	B	B	B				
Nelson, Edna	A	B			B	B	B	B				
Nicholls, Muriel	A	B		B	B	B	B	A				
O'Donnell, Esme	B			B	B		B		B			
Parker, Annie	A	B		B	A	B	B		A			
Peet, Margaret	A	A		B	B	B	B	B				
Percival, Eileen	B	B		B	B	B				B	B	B
Perry, Jessie	B				B	B	B					
Pettigrew, Molly	B	B		B			B	B				
Phillips, Mary	B			A			B		B			
Reed, Margaret	A	B		A	A	A	A		A			
Richards, Rita	A	B		A	A	B	A		A			
Robbins, Ruth	B	B		B	B				A			
Rosenblum, Sarah	B	B		B		B	B		B			
Rothsey, Mavis	B	B		B	B	A	A	B				
Rubensohn, Rose	A			B	B	B	A	B				
Russell, Florence	A	B	B	A	A				A	B	A	B
Scurr, Phyllis	B	B		A	A	B	B					
Sims, Lily	B	B		A	A		B		B			
Smith, Lennie	A	B		B	B	B			B			
Smith, May	A	A		B	B	B	A	B				
Snow, Clare	B			B	B		B		B			
Stark, Linda	B	B		B					B			
Starr, Dorothy	A	B		B	B	B	B		B			
Taylor, Sadie	A	B		B	A	B			B			
Treseder, Doris	B	B			B	B	B	B				
Twemlow, Stella	A	B		A	A	A	B		A			
Tulloch, Ailsa	A	A		B	A	A	A	B				
Wade, Sylvia	B	B		B	B				A			
Ward, Marjorie	A	B		B	B	B	B	B				
White, Lexie	B	B		B	A	B	B		B			
Williams, Katie	B				B	B	B					
Williams, Gwen	B	B		A	B	B	B		A			
Wright, Thelma	A	B		B	A	B	B		B			

Attention is directed to the advertisements. We wish to thank the firms who have so generously supported the magazine.

All communications with regard to subscriptions, matters of business, etc., should be addressed to Miss Byrne and Miss Gombert.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: Technical High School "Journal," "Koala" (Tamworth), "The Clarion" (Mudgee), "St. Georgian," "The Goulburnian," "The Falcon."

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