

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
Girls' High School, Fort Street



Volume II. No. 1.

SEPTEMBER, 1921

I Stopped ! I Looked ! I Listened !

Surely from the region of the pantry came the words, "I excel," and, peering in, I saw the jam tin whisper to the sauce bottle, "I excel," and there on the labels were the letters—

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Miss Buckley, B.A.	Mrs. Herbert, B.A., B.Ec.
Miss Dunicliff, B.A.	Miss Turner, B.A.

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Miss M. Harders	Mrs. Ryan (Dip. Univ. Besancon)
Miss A. G. Long (Dip. Univ. de Paris)	Miss Latreille, B.A.

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Miss Mouldsdale	Miss Murray

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Modern Language Library: Madge Bones, Amy Chicken.
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The Magazine:

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Sub-Editors: Miss Marks, B.A., Miss Turner, B.A.

Literary and Debating Society:

President: Miss Morley, M.A.

Secretary: Zara Levy.

FOREWORD.

Who is not proud of being a Fortian, a living unit of this great school with its splendid traditions? All of us, even from the youngest First Year to the Fourth Year who is about to pass on, realise how goodly is our heritage—Our privileges are many, let us not forget our responsibilities.

Our school, even in this new country, can lay some claim to age, and to historical association. Our predecessors have made the name of Fortian known in the sphere of scholarship and on the field of sport. The conduct of past generations of scholars has been beyond reproach.

What is our responsibility? We can not all play a leading part in the realm of knowledge or on the field of sport—even there, it is the effort and not the result that counts. But each individual can see to it that her conduct tends to maintain the high moral tone of our beloved school, so that succeeding generations of Fortians may find the glorious traditions still further enhanced.

“THE COMING OF SPRING.”

“The day is breaking,
And Spring’s awaking
From her long, long sleep.
The dew is falling,
'Goburras calling,
Babbling streams run deep.

“The leaves are sighing,
The frost is dying,
Winter says farewell,
And softly passes
Through fresh green grasses
Waving in the dell.

“Old Winter sadly
Departs. But gladly
Wattle gilds her flow’r.
The bees are humming,
For Spring is coming,
Coming any hour!

“The birds are mating,
The flow’rs are waiting,
Spring is drawing near.
Green things are springing,
The birds are singing
“Welcome, Spring is here!”

“ARCADIA.”

THE STAFF.

Miss S. Evans, B.A., our Deputy-Principal, sailed last May for England, having been granted twelve months' leave of absence by the Department of Education. The purpose of Miss Evans' trip is to examine at first hand the most recent developments of education—especially in France and England.

Miss Latreille, B.A., of Parramatta High School, was transferred to our staff, on the departure of Miss Evans on leave.

Miss Doubleday, B.A. (English Staff) came to us in July as substitute for Miss Dunningliffe, whose continued ill-health prevented her return immediately after the Mid-winter Vacation. We are very glad to report that Miss Dunningliffe is progressing towards recovery, and we hope to welcome her again soon.

With much regret we farewelled Mrs. Herbert, B.A., B.Ec., consequent on her departure for Queensland, where she intends to make her home. In initiating the Commercial Course for Third Year students here, she did very valuable work. We wish her and little Joan all happiness.

The most recent news received of Miss Blume, B.Sc., was that she was lecturing in America.

Miss Gombert, B.A., is acting this year as Lecturer on the Modern Language Staff of the Teachers' Training College at the University.

We congratulate cordially Miss F. Campbell, B.A. (Principal), the Staff and the Pupils of the Sydney High School on their occupation of their beautiful new building at Moore Park.

Mr. Henry, headmaster of the Junior Technical and Primary Boys' Schools at Fort Street, was transferred during this term to the Hurstville, First Class School. Mr. Henry was always most kindly and helpful to the Girls' High School whenever occasion offered. We congratulate him on his new position, and wish him every success and happiness.

SUNRISE.

The moon no longer sheds her light,
 Slowly the stars begin to fade,
 Although the morning star is bright,
 The sun comes peeping through the glade.

We see a faint hue in the sky
 And hear the singing of the rill,
 And watch the snow white sheep come by
 For dawn is breaking o'er the hill.

The bird comes flying from its nest,
 The earth is decked in splendour gay.
 The world is stirring from its rest,
 For now begins another day.

PHYLLIS SCURR.

OLD GIRLS' COLUMN.

The Second Annual Dinner of the Fort Street High School Old Girls' Union was held at the Burlington Cafe on 11th May. Despite the fact that it was a very stormy night there was an attendance of 102 guests. A delightful spirit of "camaraderie" prevailed, and everyone did justice to the good things provided. The toasts of "The King," "The School" and "The Patron" (Miss Partridge) were enthusiastically honoured, and the accompanying speeches were much appreciated by the girls, who never tire of hearing sung the praises of all things "Fortian." A delightful interlude during the evening was the spontaneous singing of "For She's A Jolly Good Fellow," when Miss Evans—the Deputy-Principal—rose to leave, as she was to sail for England a few days later. It expressed the good wishes of the assembly to her for a pleasant and successful voyage. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Marks and Doris York for their fine musical contributions to the programme, which were greatly appreciated by all present.

One of our members, Helene Esserman, recently made her debut in the musical world. Lena was always prominently identified with sport in her school days, but we now find that she has developed in quite a new direction. She is the lucky possessor of a remarkably fine voice, and great musical ability. She has our best wishes for a most successful career. Her debut—professional—at a concert in the King's Hall, on June 22nd, was a marked success. The hall was crowded to its capacity, and the masses of beautiful flowers received by the singer testified to the appreciation of the audience and their enjoyment.

Mrs. Rogers (Ray Furness that was) recently sailed for the wilds of Africa with her missionary husband, who is returning to continue his work there.

As this edition goes to press the Council of the Union is working strenuously to make a success of the approaching annual ball. The Fort Street Old Boys' Union are co-operating this year, and the function promises to be a brilliant success. It is to take place at the Paddington Town Hall on Tuesday, August the thirtieth, under Vice-regal patronage, and as a result of the efforts of the energetic committee, it is anticipated that the two objects of the funds—the Ada Partridge Prize, and the Fort Street Boys' War Memorial—will benefit considerably.

The Jones Memorial Medals awarded annually at the Teachers' Training College to the two students who come top of the lists, were awarded in May last. Alice Sandon, B.A., B.Sc., was the successful recipient among the women students.

Connie Roberts, B.A., and Jean Arnot have joined the Staff of the Reference Branch of the Free Public Library.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

ANZAC DAY, 1921.

Memories of the long war-years filled our thoughts with the glory of Australia's birth to nationhood on 25th April, 1915. We lived again in those days of 1915, during which the Allies occupied Gallipoli, by means of the address given us by Brigadier-General Lamrock of the Fifth Brigade.

At dawn of 25th April, 1915, the Australians, aided by boats of the British Navy, landed at Anzac Cove, under heavy shellfire from the Turkish trenches. Many of our men never reached the shore, but were shot or drowned in the attempt to land, and many were killed on the beach. It was the signal of Australia's entry into the Great War of Might against Right.

Our troops landed and stormed the heights of Gallipoli. "On that first day," said General Lamrock, "we held more ground than we did at the evacuation. Our soldiers, who were inexperienced to war, carried all before them.—But there were no reinforcements." And those last words contained the tragedy of Gallipoli,—we could have done so much, if the reinforcements had come.

After the first few days of offensive measures, our soldiers proceeded to "dig in." It was then that they got acquainted with "Johnny Turk," who was a cleaner fighter than his ally and overseer, the Hun. In the years to come, tourists, armed with guides and histories, will visit Gallipoli, and pay homage to the men who fought at Russell Top, Quinn's, Hope's, and Courtney's. They will gaze at the lone pine where their countrymen fought, wander through the old trenches and collect what souvenirs they can find, and wonder how those men fought in the past and if there should ever be another war and if the Australians would fight again at Gallipoli. But to us, the proud contemporaries of the Great War, Gallipoli will remain a living battle-field, where the men we know fought for a scrap of paper and the freedom of the world. But can we ever understand the curious liking our men formed for their enemies, the Turks? We think of them as enemies, hate them with a deeper hatred than we ourselves realise, and the future tourists may regard them as defenders of their own territory, trying to prevent invasion of Constantinople by the enemy. Yet one hears those who fought against him, say, "Oh, Johnny Turk was a decent little chap, a good, clean fighter." Strange comradeships are made in war-time.

And so we held on determinedly to the rugged desert country captured from the enemy until evacuation was ordered. Then we learned something of the science of war. The general vividly described the strategy employed by our men. Shortly before the date fixed for evacuation, orders were issued to the effect that no shots were to be fired for the next forty-eight hours unless the enemy attacked in great numbers. These orders were faithfully carried out. The Turks ever suspicious of new measures used hundreds of periscopes, trying to find out what was happening in the Australian trenches. They were puzzled but did nothing. At the end of forty-eight hours, fresh orders were received to carry on as

before for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time, the Turks became convinced that this was some huge joke, and our men received orders to return fire, as before. Thus we prepared the wily Turk for an affectionate farewell.

General Lamrock read us the orders issued for evacuation, and told us the story of his mine at Russell Top.

"It seemed a pity to abandon the mine," he said, "when we were ready to blow it up, but some of the men volunteered to stay behind, and we had the satisfaction of seeing eight hundred Turks blown up, a last good-bye."

Under cover of darkness, the trenches one by one were evacuated. Every movement had been calculated so that not one minute was lost. The Navy, which had acted as a shield to the Army right through the campaign, was the most important factor of the evacuation. General Lamrock's last picture of our men was of the Army back in Egypt. Delayed Christmas parcels had arrived at Tel-El-Kebir, the old battle-field where our men were encamped, and that night there were a thousand plum-puddings in the camp. "The Comforts Fund Ladies," concluded General Lamrock, "did invaluable work for our soldiers. No one can estimate the gratitude of the soldier for those parcels which came so regularly. A parcel from home is a bright spot in a soldier's life."

The rosemary in the vases and draped round Charles Dixon's painting of "The Landing at Anzac," said "Remember," but was it only that, or was there a prophecy of future war? Who can tell? Perhaps we shall never see war again, and perhaps we shall watch our soldiers marching again to the front. It is in the hands of the people living now, whether peace or war waits in the future.

But History, proud of the world's deeds, **will never forget Anzac Day.**

SPECIAL CHOIR NOTES.

The sixty girls, who comprise the Special Choir conducted by Miss Watts, look forward eagerly to their practices every Tuesday afternoon in the Libraries. Although a very high standard was set by last year's members the present girls have equalled, if not surpassed it. The Choir wish to express their appreciation of the work done by their accompanist, Amy Chicken, who never fails them. The attendance is regular, and several new songs, including "La Carita" (Rossini), "Song on a May Morning" (Mona MacBurnie), and "I Know A Bank" (Morn), have been learnt. On the occasion of the celebration of Bird Day in the King's Hall, the Choir rendered "The Spinning Chorus," "I Know A Bank," Brahm's "Lullaby," and "Oft In The Stilly Night," the solo parts in "The Spinning Chorus" being taken by Heather Kinnaird.

SPECIAL CHOIR CONCERT.

"No coppers allowed!—only a silver coin admission!" and slowly the girls wended their way into Miss St. Julian's rooms where, on the last day of the term, a concert was to be given by the special choir.

Many enjoyable items were contributed—violin, piano and vocal solos, not forgetting several recitations. Miss Bruce specially favoured the audience by singing "Peggy" and "Katie's Letter," which were enthusiastically appreciated by the girls. Miss Watts sang "Down in the Forest," which was very much enjoyed. The choir then rendered "La Carita," the solo being taken by Astrid Packard. Later the "Spinning Chorus" was sung, the soloist being Heather Kinnaird. "Oft In The Stilly Night" was another pleasing choir item.

To all these Amy Chicken ably acted as accompaniste.

After the National Anthem was sung each girl cheerfully bade "au revoir" to her chums and the dear old school for a fortnight.

JUNIOR CONSERVATORIUM CHOIR.

On Monday evening, the eighth of August, the Junior Conservatorium Choir (Girls)—of which the Fort Street Representatives form a large proportion—took part in a concert organised by the Conservatorium Students. Its object was to secure the sum of one hundred pounds towards the Guarantee Fund of the Conservatorium Orchestra.

The young singers (and some seemed very tiny) pleased the audience in the three songs with which they opened the concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Steele. The items rendered were: "Come, Ever Smiling Liberty" (Handel), "The Angelus is Ringing" (H. T. Smart), "Under The Greenwood Tree" (A. Steele), and perhaps the last one—locally composed—was the most successful.

A PRIZE FOR SPORT.

An offer of an annual prize—valued at five guineas—has been received from Fort St. Boys' High School. The girl who has distinguished herself most in sport and leadership on the field will be the fortunate recipient. The thanks of the School are due to the boys for their generous gift.

A DRAWING OF 1879.—The school has received a present of a picture which must have for us all a historical and sentimental value. It is a crayon drawing of the Juniper Forest at Fontainebleau (Paris), done by a pupil of this school over forty years ago. It is signed "Octavia Fariola," Model Public School, 1879. The circumstances under which it was offered to Miss Cruise were unusual. The picture, framed as when made, was recently discovered stored away in a building (in William St.) which is over ninety years old. It hangs now in the corridor outside Room 5, and in viewing it one cannot but meditate on the changes that have occurred since the days when this pupil of the "Model School" daily climbed our hill.

THE ALLIANCE FRANCAISE OF SYDNEY has decided to revive those excellent competitions which were such a stimulus to young students of French in schools and colleges some years ago. Prizes in each section will be awarded, and the grade for which our girls may compete is number four. Open to school pupils.

Any school of an enrolment exceeding one hundred pupils may present not more than three competitors for any one test. The sections are:—

- (a) Reading (at sight) of a short passage of French prose.
- (b) Recitation of a passage of French verse or prose: Set Test, La Fontaine's Fable, Le Rat de ville et le rat des champs.
- (c) A three minutes' test in French conversation.

An entrance fee of one shilling will be charged in each section, and entries are due by September, the 19th. Here is an opportunity for Fortians to distinguish themselves.

A MOCK TRIAL.—On Thursday, May 15th, the Gymnasium was approached by many of the girls more eagerly than usual. The cause of such an unusual occurrence was the presentation of a mock trial by the Literary and Debating Society. The trial took the form of a Breach of Promise case, and caused a great deal of merriment.

At 3.15 p.m. the stentorian tones of the policeman commanded "Silence!" and the judge (Nancy Stobo) in severe wig and gown entered followed by her associate (Ailsa Tulloch) likewise in legal costume. Cora Dunphy as the disillusioned plaintiff, gave a very humorous interpretation of her part, the bizarre colours of her costume and her heartwrenching sobs and interjections of "So he did!" and "Wasn't I a mug?" calling forth shrieks of laughter from an unsympathetic audience. Her barrister (Amy Chicken) stated her case with great conciseness and an eloquence worthy of a member of the bar.

The Defendant, portrayed by Dorothy Dey, did his best to convince the court of his unsullied virtue, and of the fact that the plaintiff was a "designing female." His barrister (Rosa Fishman) very ably supported her client and cross examined the poor witnesses with relentless vigour. The two solicitors though not having any "speaking parts" were responsible for the most important work of drawing up the affidavits. These two parts were taken by Molly Thornhill and Lulu Richards.

There were six witnesses, viz., Mary Harold, Grace Santos, May Matthews, Eunice Wyse, Lena Pearlman and Bell Pontey, who recounted credible and incredible episodes which either marred or made the reputation of the person concerned. Love letters purporting to have been sent by the defendant to the plaintiff, contained the orthodox melodrama together with many wicked fabrications which caused the plaintiff to believe in the existence of his sheep runs called "Melbourne on the Yarra," and "Perth on the Swan." The defendant denied the allegation that he had a habit of winking at respectable young ladies on the grounds that he was afflicted with St. Vitus Dance in the eye.

Every time the mirth waxed too furious, the associate, solemnly flourishing a heavy mallet shaped object, commanded "Silence!" and the audience somewhat abashed obeyed.

Meanwhile the jury with strict impartiality had listened to the facts, and at the close of the case withdrew, returning after a heated discussion, a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Debating Society has also conducted two interesting debates, considering on June 13th, whether the introduction of machinery has done more harm than good and deciding on August 1st that women should not take an active part in public life.

DRAMATIC WORK.—During last term some of the third year girls gave a performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe." It was at first intended that the audience should consist of only the girls of third year, but the play achieved such success that it was repeated, and our spacious gymnasium was almost filled to overflowing at the second performance.

The role of Thisbe was taken by Cora Dunphy, whose dramatic powers were excellently displayed. She was well supported by Rhoda Green as Pyramus, "sweet youth and tall," and Amy Chicken as Lion. Dorothy Starr took the part of prologue, Margaret Reed of Moonshine and Edna Dutton of Wall.

The girls of third year hope, in the near future, is to give another performance for the benefit of school funds.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

(An Exercise in Rhyme Royal).

Eurydice was dead, O earth bewail

The death of one who like a flower grew.

Love mourned while Orpheus over hill and dale

Sought his beloved and went onward through

The land of death, where Danaus' daughters drew

The water in a sieve, and Ixion's wheel

Turned on for ever with untiring zeal.

At last he saw Pluto and Proserpine

Then, kneeling at their feet, his lyre he took

And in such strains of melody divine,

That all who heard it ceased their work to look,

And Tantalus in spite of thirst forsook

His labour, he petitioned for his wife

Eurydice, to be returned to life.

King Pluto greatly moved could not deny

The pleadings of that wondrous melody

And so he fixed on Orpheus his cold eye

And said "From death thy love will now be free

To follow thee, but look not back, for she

Like to a cloud shall vanish from thy sight

And fly once more into the land of night.

They started for the land of light again

And safely reached the entrance to the cave

When Orpheus looked back and then, in vain

He called Eurydice to leave the grave

For, where she once had stood, a sombre wave

Of darkness fell and from the veil she cried

"Beloved! life is now to me denied."

RHODA GREEN.

THE EVOLUTION OF A FORTIAN.

It is five years since we entered Fort Street. For five years we have been Fort Street. Let us see what we have done.

Who can recall the spirit of First Year? School life had opened before us. We were bursting with enthusiasm. What friendship did we not make; in what awe did we not hold the mighty seniors?

Remember our first speech day? How proudly we explained to our mothers just how everything was done?

And then Remove—Oh! the pride of being in the highest Remove. What marvels of learning would we not perform! And this is the year, too, when we made our debut at sports. We played—yes actually played in a B team for the school.

Then came second year. The Intermediate frowned upon us, but did not daunt us. We would show the world what we could do in an examination.

In Second Year, too, we discovered that our teachers could also be our friends.

Third Year opened promisingly.

We have proved our mettle at the Intermediate. Now for a little rest—but alas, we find rest is a phantom. There is more work than ever. This year we sport a badge on our blazer pocket. Oh! A team don't you know.

But oh, the chastened spirit of Fourth Year.

Gone is the enthusiasm of Second Year. We set our teeth, but hope is lost. We shall be lucky if we get four B's at the Leaving.

But, girls we have been Fortians. It is enough.

4A.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

Pictures of the Italian Renaissance (Continued).

LA GIOCONDA (LEONARDO DA VINCI)—Too little of the subtle work of the "Wizard of the Renaissance" survives from the labours of his strenuous life-time. The works upon which his fame immediately rested, such pictures as The Last Supper and The Battle of the Standard have, unfortunately, been lost or ruined by the renovation of meaner men, yet there remains of Leonardo, a "legend," which tells of marvellous accomplishment, of audacious attempts and of a passionate desire to penetrate the secrets of man and of nature. Leonardo's training in the workshop of the goldsmith Verrocchio, developed his innate love of the curious, of intricate tracery, of jewels, of delicate drapery and all these things find their way into those pictures which remain to tell us something of the master's mind.

On our walls, Leonardo's art is only represented by the print in Room IV.—the portrait of the haunting Lady Lisa. Fantastic rocks and winding waters form a background for the figure of the woman who sits so demurely and yet smiles so strangely beneath her shaven brows. Tradition says that Leonardo prolonged that

smiling intentness by the employment of musicians while critics sometimes say that he transferred to Monna Lisa his own characteristic expression. However, this may be, it is true that this same expression lurks about most faces of his creating, and to look at them is to be curiously puzzled at what Symonds calls, "This smile, this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality."

It is only partly to this element of the mysterious in his art that Leonardo owes his title of "Wizard" for, in his own day, he was famous as mathematician, scientist and inventor, contriving steamboats and experimenting patiently with models for a flying machine.

DAVID (MICHELANGELO). The head of this colossal statue, photographed for us in Room I., provides a fine type of Michelangelo's work for its strength and sweetness are characteristic of the energy and poetry of his nature. Able, like most Italian artists, to express himself with equal ease, in terms of paint, of bronze, or of marble, it was in the latter that Buonarroti wrought most readily, working with much speed and accuracy that it was said he seemed simply to peel away the extraneous material and to reveal a complete form, already hidden in the marble. He was, the Florentines would have said, "a master of live stone." This certainty and skill are revealed in the statue of David fashioned, as it was, from a vast piece of marble, long contemplated by artists but discarded because of the difficulty entailed by its shape which was such that a false stroke might ruin alike marble and design. So nearly did Michelangelo work to the limits of his material that, upon the crown of David's head, remains one piece of uncut stone.

We can, in our photograph, see nothing of the heroic pose of the figure as David stands in act of filling his sling, but we can see the knit brows and far away gaze of one who takes his aim and says Merejkowski, "The curls upon his low forehead seem already the garland of victory."

THE PIETA (MICHELANGELO). In this beautiful group, "the purest of all his statues," is shewn the sadness as well as the energy and grace of the art of Michelangelo. The pathetic beauty of the relaxed limbs of the Christ, the drooping grief of the Virgin's form, are the work of a sculptor supreme in his art, but the two features which make the character of the group are beyond the scope of any save Michelangelo. The Mother's form is planned in proportions of majesty. Without effort, she supports the body of her son upon a bosom great enough to shelter the sorrows of the world—a conception representative of the artist's vigour. The second feature which distinguishes this Pieta from all other groups of its kind is the audacity with which the sculptor has shewn a passion of protest in the Madonna's face and gesture—contracted lips and outflung hand appealing against the cruelty of such a sacrifice.

MADONNA DELLA SEGGIOLA (RAPHAEL). Raphael, a younger contemporary of Leonardo and Michelangelo differs from both of these masters in the ease and calm content which he has breathed into his graceful figures. "I have noticed," he is reported to have said, "that while one is painting one should not think. Everything then turns out better." The words point the contrast

between his easy achievement and the passionate effort of Michelangelo or the deep brooding of Leonardo, both of whom chose difficult and stern subjects shunned by Raphael. The Madonna of our print is one of the artist's many studies of motherhood. The circular form of the picture, into which the group of faces presses so sweetly, reminds one of Botticelli but, in comparing it with his Madonna Magnificat, we observe at once the new tenderness of the Mother's embrace and the riper art with which Raphael draws the baby whose sweetly serious eyes look far away from his earthly mother to "the need of a world of men."

MADONNA DI S. SISTO (RAPHAEL). This picture, painted for the Sistine Chapel in Rome, but now to be seen in Dresden, is the most widely known of all Raphael's works. In freedom and in grace, it is a miracle of genius. Look at the central figures and observe how they seem to be approaching, stepping against the wind, which, filling the draperies, imparts to the whole a sense of freshness and of vigour. Look closely at those clouds upon which the Madonna and child are so gently borne and you will find them composed of hosts of cherubs singing the praise of the Christ Child.

In the work of Leonardo "the wizard," of Michelangelo "the seer" and of Raphael "the melodist," Italy saw the perfection of her figurative art while the Renaissance saw the expression of its many moods of wonder, of passion and of joy.

A DAY IN OXYGEN.

On awaking one morning I felt fit for a great deal of work, my spirits were very high, and instead of feeling lazy, I felt fresh.

The fire in the grate crackled noisily, thus drawing my attention to the fact, that it was burning brightly, whereas the night before, only the glowing coals, were in the grate. On entering the kitchen, I was amazed to find the gas stove flames were brighter and hotter than usual. We could do no cooking on the gas stove on account of the extra heat it gave forth, so we resolved to try the fuel-stove. Here we met with no better success, sparks flew about in all directions, even the cat had to move from its usual position on the hearth, for already its fur had been singed.

On my way to town I saw a crowd of people round a building which was on fire. I watched the fiery tongues of flame spread quickly over the building, eating up every particle of woodwork and soon all that remained was the blackened ruins. In the florists' shops, the flowers were beginning to droop and die, not a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees, they hung motionless.

On arriving at school I was told that the science classes would not be able to use yellow phosphorus and many other chemicals, because as soon as they were exposed to the air they burst into flame.

This trouble I learned much later was caused through the atmosphere consisting wholly of oxygen.

N. HEYDON.

"MY GARDEN."

I am sitting in the garden enjoying the early morning sunshine and being one of those fortunate persons who know how to spend a few spare hours in solitude, I reflect upon the beauties around me. A placid calm pervades everywhere. I have not a worry in the world unless it be that my eyes persist in becoming blurred and my vision almost obscured owing to a severe cold in my head, which I am trusting will be speedily removed by the warm sunshine and a day of rest away from the bustle and noise of the city.

Before me the lawn stretches, a veritable carpet of green, for the huge distance of fifteen feet and on either side for about thirty feet, but—what a host of beauties are enclosed within that limited space. This bed is filled with tall chrysanthemums, varying from the purest white to the softest brown, the bright yellow contrasting vividly with the deep red. A butterfly, only one of those common brown ones which frequent every garden, a common butterfly, but yet how magnificently marked and how far superior in coloring to anything ever made by man's hand, is sipping honey from one of the largest flowers. His long thin tongue moves incessantly, sipping honey and dew for his breakfast. A butterfly always appears to me to belong to the fairy world rather than to the world of mortals. He is so delicate in form and color, so fairy-like as he flutters through the garden; moreover, what mortal would be satisfied with a breakfast of honey and dew?—surely this is food for the fairies.

A few roses still may be seen in that rose bed as if they are loth to leave their companions in the garden and fade away with the summer.

The dark green privet hedge separates the garden from the tree-bordered street and gives it a privacy which no fence would obtain for it.

The narrow gravel path winds between the flower beds and a walk of fully thirty yards may be taken, so a veritable estate is enclosed in this little garden—so dear to me.

A tiny mound of gravel on the path indicates the home of our little friends the ants. Hundreds of these little creatures hurry along the path, each carrying out his particular duty.

A buzzing sound among the honey-suckle attracts my attention and there I see the busy bees like the butterfly searching for sweet honey.

The bees and ants do not seem fairy like to me, they seem rather to teach a lesson of industry to us mortals. They do not spend a whole morning in admiring the garden as I like to do, neither do they quarrel with each other with regard to their duties, but each has his allotted task to perform which he carries out faithfully each day. How happy would the world be if we human beings could so live, each doing our work honestly and faithfully and not thinking about ourselves all the time. But I wander from my subject—begin to feel drowsy—my head falls on to the cushion—my pen slips from my fingers—and I sink into oblivion.

THE CONVERSION OF CLOVIS.

King Clovis paced the spacious room,
His noble face was dark with ire.
"Perhaps the morrow brings your doom,
Why wilt not trust the Lord, my sire?"

Thus spake the chieftain's lady fair,
A Christian, right devout, was she,
Had spent long hours in earnest prayer
That Clovis might converted be.

"Speak not to me of Christ or God,"
He cried in passion, "They are nought.
My first-born child, now 'neath the sod,
Could not be saved by them, when sought."

King Clovis saw his many men
Drawn up against the hostile band,
And said, "I doubt not they're worth ten
That ever fought in any land."

But hard and fierce those men did fight
Against King Clovis' great array.
Till Clovis' men, in sudden fright,
Did break, did weaken in the fray.

"O, thou from whom I've turned away
Thou see'st my men possessed with fright
And if Thou help me win the day
I vow I'll worship Thee aright."

Thus spake the king with earnest tone,
Then turned toward the battle scene.
"If vict'ry comes, for God alone
I'll fight," he cried, "and work, I ween."

Then were his men with ardour new
Inspired, and boldly they advanced
Their spears were strong their aim was true,
Strange lights about their helmets glanced.

In one fierce rush they drove the foe
Like leaves before the boist'rous wind.
How far they drove them none did know,
The battlefield was far behind.

At even they returned once more,
And Clovis mindful of his vow,
The God, Whom he despised before,
Did praise, and to Him humbly bow.

MARGARET REED.

THE MYSTIC HOUR.

It was the mouse that started it all!

Having tossed and turned in bed for what seemed to be an eternity, in a vain effort to get to sleep, I was just falling off into a pleasant dose, when—"Cr—runch! Cr—runch!"

I came back to this mundane sphere with a bump!

"Cr—runch! Cr—unch!"

This torment continued for some minutes, whilst I suffered in wrathful silence. In vain I stuffed my fingers in my ears, and buried my head beneath the clothes. Still that annoying sound grated through the silence, and, in spite of myself, I found I was actually **listening** for it.

All peace now forsook me. Black and murderous thoughts crowded into my brain! I poked my head out, and in a few carefully-chosen words, told Mousey all about his prospects in the here-after.

Mousey maintained a respectful silence until I had quite finished, and then—

"Cr—runch, Cr—unch!!"

This was too much! I sat bolt upright, and groped in the darkness for a suitable missile. Finding a box of matches on the table, I took a deadly aim at the likeliest of the ten thousand places from which the sounds seemed to come, and fired. I heard the box strike the wall, and its contents scatter in all directions! Then silence.

Possibly Mousey was treating me to a brief character-sketch of myself, in choice Mousese; possibly he was merely remarking, "Where-did-that-one-go-to?" Anyway, to my human ears he was silent for a moment, then—

"Cr—runch. Cr—runch!!"

Oh, how I longed to assassinate that one mouse! Hurling dire anathema at small rodents in general, and my slipper at this one in particular, I waited! A slight scuffle! My slipper had evidently come too close for Mousey's liking, and he had decided that discretion was the better part of valour.

Absolute stillness! How refreshing! I might with relief—. But alas, the damage was done! I was painfully wide awake again. I never felt less like sleeping than at that moment. I felt hot and feverish,—the night air coming through the window was temptingly cool and fresh, so I slipped out of bed, and hopped round the room in search of the missing slipper. Having found it, I wriggled through the window, and stood on the verandah beneath the stars.

I had chosen a beautiful moment, for my entrance into Night's temple. The stars overhead sparkled with a frosty brilliance, like diamonds on dark purple velvet. The waters below, smooth as a sheet of polished glass, reflected their images so perfectly that one hardly knew whether the heavens were above or beneath, except when a passing sigh from brooding Nature, shivered across the waters, and broke the false stars into golden atoms.

But most beautiful of all was the moon, hanging low in the Western sky, a huge sphere of softly-glowing crimson loveliness, One edge just touched the horizon, so that she seemed like a

mighty ball, poised for one moment on the edge of the world, ready to plunge into infinite space. I watched her slowly gliding behind the Earth's dark rim, until just a tiny crescent remained.

Suddenly, from behind me, the silence was shattered! A clock began to strike. Mechanically I counted the strokes.

Twelve—midnight! Mystic hour of ghosts and romance!

As the last vibrating stroke died away, a change seemed to creep over Nature. I noticed that the last rosy tip of the moon had disappeared—the only light now was the faint gleam of the stars. The silence grew intense, oppressive—almost painful. It became an expectant hush. Nature seemed to be waiting for something. I, as part of Nature, waited too. I felt that even to breathe amid that awful stillness was sacrilege. Gradually the expectancy increased—became a dread—an intangible fear—. Of what?

Suddenly I felt an indescribable sensation of panic! I **knew** that out of the darkness behind me eyes, cold, accusing eyes were watching me steadily,—the thing Nature awaited had arrived! The sensation of being looked through and through by the Unknown was intolerable. I felt that I **must** turn round and face the terror. Slowly, I forced my numbed body to turn. A gasp of horror broke from my lips! There stood a white figure, its dim outlines wavering in the uncertain light. I wanted to scream, but I could not—my voice was gone. The figure remained quite still, but I could still feel the cold accusation in its eyes. For the moment that seemed an age I stood there, rooted to the spot, then, at last, I sensed that it was about to speak! If possible, I was now more frightened than before! My senses reeled—a mist swam before my eyes! What words of doom would fall from those lips? I raised my hand in speechless terror, as if to implore it to spare me,—but I knew that nothing human could persuade it to keep its peace.

It spoke—

“Whatever on earth are you doing out here at this time of night! What do you mean by it! No dressing gown on, I notice. Look at the way you're shivering! Have you **no** sense at all? You'll catch your death of cold. Now go back to bed at once—I'll deal with you in the morning!”

Romance fled—so did I!

ANON.

HAY.

The town of Hay is not, as some people think who derive their knowledge of it from the libellous lines of A. B. Paterson, “A hot dusty village in an arid plain.” but a well appointed modern town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River.

When you reach it after a long dusty journey you are agreeably surprised to see the pretty streets with shade trees on each side.

Hay is situated in the centre of a large number of sheep stations and the wool is brought to the town to be dispatched either by boat or rail to market. The Murrumbidgee is only navigable for a few months in the year, but is always flowing. There is an irrigation area occupied by dairymen and farmers who supply the town

with milk butter and fruit, and the town has every convenience, including a splendid water supply for garden and domestic use.

According to English law, Hay is a city, as it is the seat of the Bishop of Riverina. There are five banks and many well equipped stores in the town besides a splendid High School. This is the best endowed High School in the State, having at present five scholarships tenable at the Sydney University, including one for girls. A new well equipped High School is about to be erected at a cost of £12,000 (half of which was raised by local subscription) as a district memorial to those who served their King and country in the Great War. The Methodist Church provides a hostel for girls attending the High School while the Government supplies one for boys.

The climate is bracing in the winter, and on account of the dryness and clearness it is not trying in the summer, although hot days are experienced as in any inland town. Cool changes are frequent in the summer and hot spells never last longer than about two days at a time.

R.M.G.

ONE UNLUCKY DAY.

Superstition says that Friday is an unlucky day. If that is so, then there are two unlucky days in my week; for Thursday is certainly unlucky. I will just give you an illustration of what happens nearly every Thursday.

I feel tired after sport, and of course I do not get up when called. I am aroused again by the sound of the 7.30 a.m. bell, and rush into my clothes. I am just disappearing out of the front door when mother calls out, "Pyram! have you had any breakfast?" "Oh, mum! I really have not time, I shall miss my train," I hurriedly reply. But I might as well save my breath for the run I am soon to have. Having swallowed down a little food, I rush out again, only to come back for my English book. Finally I get away and fly down to the station. The train is in, and my legs almost refuse to run, but I fall into it panting like a tired sheep-dog.

When I have recovered by breath I open my purse, but alas! my ticket-case is missing, and my search proves fruitless.

I reach the top of Essex Street without further mishap, but I have an uneasy feeling that I should have written a French composition during the week. Anyhow, I hope for the best. I am doomed to disappointment on reaching Room II. Maram says to me, "How many pages did you write?" A question quite easy to answer.

Mademoiselle enters almost immediately, and takes up our attempts—she inquires where mine is, and I bravely reply, "I forgot it." "Forgot it! What next will you say! If you girls had as much work to do as the French girls have, there might be an excuse!" I look very sorry and take my punishment. Being a double lesson the time drags on until I sometimes wish I could ring that bell. At last we hear its welcome sound and we hurry out.

I am eating my lunch in peace when I remember I have forgotten my preparation of "Lee's Essays." I am just reading through "The Man in Black," when the bell rings. Whatever for? Oh, it is Scripture. I am undecided what to do. If I absent myself

from the lesson I feel sure I shall be missed, so I push my book into my bag, and off I go praying that the Scripture teacher will be away, but she is there, and always is there. I feel glad I came, but I cannot help thinking of that unfortunate "man."

When I am going up the stairs I ask Maram if she has her notes written in her book, but before she can answer I hear a voice, "That girl talking on the stairs come to me!" I go, wondering if my worries will never cease.

The English Mistress comes into Room I. with her mark book in her hand and says, "You have prepared 'The Man in Black' for to-day, haven't you? Well, let me see—Pyram, will you explain the first part?" My legs shake underneath me—it is an easy piece and I manage quite successfully. Everything goes well until after our first lesson in the afternoon. I begin to think my misfortunes are over. But trouble never comes alone, and during the mechanics lesson I have to go to the board and perhaps I should be there still, only happily for me the bell rings and I am released from the clutches. But alas! I reach the Science Room to hear the Mistress say, "Take out a piece of paper." What misery do those words convey? The little I did know fades from my mind. I have a pin to fasten my papers together, but I do not need it. My reward will come when the papers are given back. At last the day is over and we are free to do as we please.

People say that "school days are the best days." I hope I shall not meet too many of the worst days during my life. But how many are there in the whole school who in spite of all will not be sorry to leave the dear old school.

PYRAM.

FAIRY TIME.

The world is bathed in pale and misty light,

That casts its radiance softly over all;

With glitt'ring train the Princess of the Night

Passes along the sky, and seems to call
All mortals to her radiant, gem-set hall.

Then is the time when fairies come to play
From out the woods where they have been all day.

Their voices are like water's music sweet,

That all day dances up and down in glee,

And, as they glide along on fairy feet,

Their revels are a pretty sight to see,

'Tis in the dusk they dance so daintily,

While from above, the moon looks on their play,
And sends her baby stars to light their way.

Under the watchful eye of kindly night,

They flit from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree,

Whispering to them of Nature's rare delight;

Then on they dance with merry hearts care-free,

While Mother Earth is slumb'ring peacefully.

But when the eastern sky begins to glow,

Decking each flower, with dewdrops, they must go.

M. EVANS.

MY TRIP FROM BULAWAYO TO CAPE TOWN.

The sun was shining brightly as the train glided out of the station of Bulawayo, a town in the desert of Rhodesia, and I could see the surrounding hills, amongst them the Matoppa Hills where Cecil Rhodes is buried. Being wearied by the excitement of the departure, I sat dozing in my corner of the compartment, until lunch time.

On awakening, I glanced at the passing scenery, and was surprised to see, as far as the eye could reach, a vast desert, dotted here and there with thorny bushes. The heat was intense, and the dust suffocating, even blinding if one looked out of the window.

After two important stations, Mafeking,—noted for its famous siege,—and Vryburg were passed. I saw numerous Kaffir kralls near the railway-line, and the Kaffirs seemed very excited as the train thundered by. At some stations, the kaffirs barter the quaint carvings of birds and animals which they make.

The train reached Kimberley, which is famous for its diamond mines, on the afternoon of the second day. It was a very fine city, but on the outskirts were dusty mines. I could see, as we passed, several huge hills of sand over which crawled trucks, that, from afar, were not unlike insects.

What a contrast was the country in Cape Colony to the desert at the beginning of the journey! On all sides, was the rich and fertile veldt, with sheep grazing near a little pool of clear water, and the kopjes looming in the distance. Racing around over the grass were the native animals, the springboks.

I was contemplating this pretty picture, when I heard someone say, with natural pride in his native land, "It is a fine and beautiful country, isn't it?"

I agreed with him; but already the train was approaching Cape Town and my interesting journey was coming to an end.

Cape Town is a quiet old Dutch town with red-roofed houses, nestling at the foot of Table Mountain which towers majestically behind it. Far below, I could see the sparkling blue waters of Table Bay with many ships cruising about.

As the train steamed into the town, I saw that the clouds had enveloped the top of the mountain with a thick veil which made it appear as if a tablecloth were spread over a table. It was so natural and real that I could only gaze at it until the station was reached. After three days of travelling the train had arrived at the most important town of the south.

SARAH ROSENBLUM.

3B.

ALARUM CLOCKS.

Some people are awakened in the morning by the clanging of what sounds like a fire bell; some become conscious of "Seventhirty. Ten minutes late! Get up!" some scramble out at the gentle hint of a wet sponge; but I think mine is the best kind of alarm clock.

I use the singular, but as a matter of fact there is quite a crowd of them. They perch themselves on the tree outside my window, quite early—and the waking-up process begins.

Tooti, the starter, I imagine to be a meek, middle-aged sort of little fellow, with a small salary, a great many children, and a martinet of a wife. Wearily, and timidly, ever so early, he informs the world he is, "Tooti Brenn, Tooti Brenn, Tooti Brenn!" over and over again.

The Butter is of a very different character. He butts into everything, screaming, "Me too, me too, me too!" I am sure he must be an awful nuisance to his friends, for he apparently wants to have a finger in every pie.

But of all, the Cheerful Idiot appeals to me most strongly. That is the only way to describe him—the cheerful idiot.

He shouts in a loud pleased-with-himself-voice, "Silly me! Silly me! Silly me!" and makes one feel sure that he has just done the most idiotic thing imaginable, such as turning the nest containing the eggs upside down to keep it dry, or dropping the baby birds from the nest to teach them to fly. I pity his little wife, if he has one; he must be the most aggravating person to live with.

These three belong to the Peewee family. Isn't it queer how brothers differ?

Further down the branch, sit two more alarm clocks. Master Wagtail, even so early, preens his dress suit and calls (oh, vain, little imp that he is), "I'm a pretty little creature! **Such** a pretty little creature!" and pirouettes and admires himself, until his little chest swells with pride. His companion is a plain, drab, little soul, and is quite of his opinion. She looks on with wondering, admiring eyes, and acquiesces, "Pretty creature! **Sweet** pretty creature!" and gazes rapturously at the shining feathers, and gleaming shirt front.

By this time I am half awake and just lazily interested when, "oo, oo, ah, ah, oo, oo, ah, ah, oo, oo, oo, oo; oo; ah; ha; ha; ha; ha, ha!"

And somehow, I don't need any more alarms. That laugh makes me feel that the morning is just too lovely to waste lying in bed. God bless the kookaburra! Long may he reign!

MARY HUNT.

REMOVE D.

SPORT.

THE BASKET BALL B TEAM has had a very successful season, having only lost one match out of six. This was against Sydney High, the score being 23-6. Of the remaining five two were drawn and three won. Our most exciting game was against Petersham, the premiers, resulting in a draw (5 all). The other drawn match was with Cleveland Street (20 all), while we defeated Parramatta, St. George, and North Sydney.

BASEBALL.—Owing to the large number of girls who were desirous of playing baseball this season, it was found necessary to form three match teams. The A team regretted the loss of Thelma

Rawcliffe and their other old players, but still they have been able to keep up their reputation through the well appreciated coaching of Mr. Searle. Sarah Rosenblum is still a valuable member of the team in which she fills the position of pitcher, ably helped by Iris Hill on First Base. It has been pleasant to note not only the improvement in the actual play of the girls, but in the spirit with which they play, roused by the just and encouraging umpiring of Miss Bowie. The matches have been very close and exciting as the results will show.

May 18th—Fort St. 11, Sydney 3.	June 15th—Fort St. 11, North Sydney 3.
May 25th—Parramatta 11, Fort Street 10.	July 13th—Fort St. 13, Parramatta 11.
June 1st—St. George 19, Fort Street 9.	August 10th—St. George 14, Fort Street 12.

The two B teams have not been very successful, but they have learned the game and their efforts, encouraged by their captains, Netta Green and Minnie Gibb to prepare themselves for a truly brilliant A team in a couple of years have been very successful and fully appreciated.

HEATHER STARK (Captain).

THE HOCKEY SEASON, 1921.—This season so far has been fairly successful, as the first eleven has been defeated only once. They won matches against:—North Sydney High School, 4 nil; North Sydney Grammar School, 8 nil; Wollongong High School, 1 nil; and lost to Pymble P.L.C., 4 nil.

The second eleven has not been so successful. They defeated:—Sydney High School, 1 nil; Parramatta High School 1 nil; played a draw with St. George's High School, 1 all; and lost to Petersham High School, 1 nil; and Cleveland High School, 1 nil.

There is much enthusiasm shown among the younger players, and some show great promise especially Ruth Higham, who plays in the 2nd eleven, Helen Cook, Molly Chapman and Annie Voss.

We congratulate our ex-captain, Hilda Jamieson, on having obtained a place in the University A team.

One of our most enjoyable matches was that played against Wollongong; and we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Byrne for coming with us and for the interest she has taken in hockey throughout the season.

LACROSSE.—This year has greatly improved, owing to the combined efforts of Miss Maloney, Miss Long, and our captain, Nellie Boutcher. Under their careful supervision, the A team has made much progress, and has won all the matches they have played. The successes of this team are mainly due to the good work done by Nellie Boutcher, Gussie Johnston, Jean Proctor, Dollie Benson, and Linda Goldstein. At the match between Cleveland Street and our A team, much amusement was caused when Bella Benjamin, Year I., was put in goal. The usual goal-keeper, Nellie Fane, was absent, so Bella was raised from the B team to be a goal-keeper. Bella is the life of the club, and no sooner had she taken up her new position than she began to advise the defence players about their play.

The B grade also entered the competition this year. Although they are not as strong as could be wished, many girls play a very good game. Marie Higgins plays a very good defence game, and after she has gained a little more confidence, she will become a very efficient player. Jean Brown proves a very fast wing player. Alma Green, Irene Lulham, and Marjorie Goud show promise of good play. Barbara Hersey has shown herself to be a good goal-keeper, and is to be congratulated on her fine defence. Linda Starke, captain of the B team, must be given credit for her untiring zeal in coaching her team.

A few years ago the lacrosse team under Annie Hatfield as captain, established a good record, holding the premiership for some years. It is the duty of the present girls to keep up that record. To do so it is necessary that all members attend the weekly practices in the Domain. These chances are not to be despised, for they give each girl an opportunity of showing her prowess. Edna Dutton, our modest centre player, has shown herself not only the best centre, but the best player in the team. Her absence on the Wednesday when we played against Parramatta caused us to be greatly alarmed—we felt like a ship without a sail!

THE CLUB.

- May 25th—Fort St. A—3; North Sydney —2.
Fort St. B—1. Parraratta —1.
- June 1st—Fort St. A—9; Cleveland St. —1.
Sydney —5; Fort St. B—0.
- June 8th—Petersham 4; Fort St. B—1.
- June 15th—Fort St. A—6; Sydney —3.
North Sydney —4; Fort St. B—0.
- July 13th—Fort St. A—5; Fort St. B—1.
- July 20th—Fort St. A—5; Parramatta —1.
Fort St. B—4; Cleveland St. —0.
- July 27th—Fort St. B—2; St. George —0.

TENNIS.—At last the tennis seems to be making more headway, a marked improvement being noticeable in several of the players. The three clubs—Double Bay, Ashfield, and Birchgrove are still flourishing, although some of the girls, particularly at Birchgrove, need a great deal more enthusiasm for their game.

In the tournament played recently at Double Bay, Muriel Godard and Mary Johnson showed splendid form, the former coming well to the fore in the singles.

The A grade team has, this year, met with a fair measure of success, and, with St. George, is leading in the competition. One more match against North Sydney remains to be played, and of the others, the team lost June 15th to Sydney I., and had a draw July 20th with St. George, the latter being a very exciting match. Their wins were as follows:—

- May 4th, Sydney II. July 13th, North Sydney .
- May 18th, Sydney I. July 27th, Sydney II.
- June 1st, St. George.

The results of the B grade matches were—

- May 11th, beat St. George. June 8th, lost to North Sydney.
- May 25th lost to Sydney. July 27th, lost to Cleveland St.
- June 1st, lost to Petersham.

It is to be hoped that the girls will endeavour to raise the standard of their tennis still higher and that they will remember it must be worthy of the name of Fort Street.

VIGORO.—This year, we have had a very successful season, winning four matches out of five, and drawing with Sydney for the competition.

The final match, between Fort Street and Sydney, was played on the 10th August, Sydney winning by 47 runs, making Sydney winner of the competition and Fort Street second.

We miss B. Shapiro from the "A" team, but appreciate the work done by L. Haves, D. Walbutton, B. Garrett and E. York. Eileen Richardson has proved a good captain of the "B" team.

A. McGregor, J. Mackaness, and R. Everett has shown improvement. We all appreciate the interest taken in us by Miss Mackintosh and Miss Buckley.

EXCHANGES.—We have to acknowledge the receipt since last issue of the following school magazines:—

"The Vidette,"	The High	"The Falcon."
Schools of Lancaster, Pa.		"The Chronicle."
Technical High School Journal.	"The Parramatta High School	
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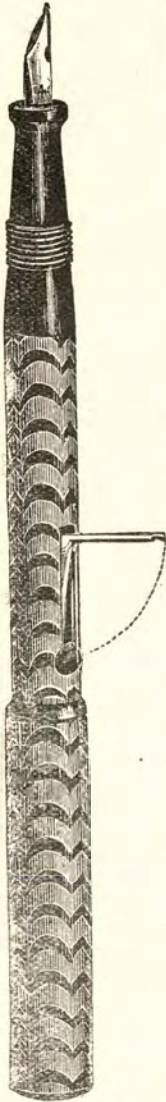
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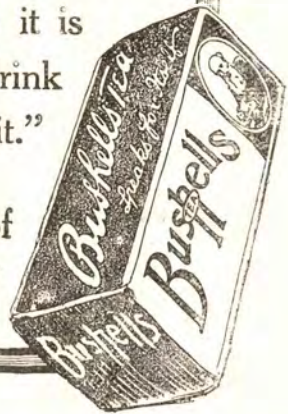
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