

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
FORT STREET



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THE MAGAZINE

— OF —

Fort Street Girls' High School

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE



Captain and Prefects (1922)
 From left to right—M. Reed, M. Nicholls, A. Chicken, M. Evans, A. Tulloch (Captain), R. Green, K. Williams, L. Sims

PRINCIPAL	- - - -	MISS CRUISE, B.A.
MAGAZINE EDITOR	- - -	MISS MORLEY, M.A.
„	SUB-EDITOR	- - MISS BUCKLEY, B.A.
„	BUSINESS MANAGER	- MISS BOWIE

THE SPIRIT.

How many eager feet have passed through the old gate and up the avenue to enter upon a new life, full of possibilities, in the Old School! And how many eager voices have echoed and re-echoed along the corridors! The numbers are countless, but one and all the girls have loved and do love every corner of this great building. Wherever we turn the Spirit of the School is with us, the Spirit that is nourished and strengthened by each succeeding generation. For is not the Spirit of the School Love and Comradeship—Love for the Old School and Comradeship for one another? As we enter the front hall, the benefactors of the School look down upon us and the Spirit is in their faces. In the familiar rooms the Honour Boards breathe the Spirit, and the joy-

ous sounds that greet our ear from the playground below are the echoes of the Spirit. When we first enter the School we but dimly realise how great it is. The love of it grows on us unawares, and it is only when we near the end of our schooldays here that the feeling of mingled sorrow and pride floods our hearts and the Spirit envelops us. Then we forget the petty worries of school life and remember only that we have helped to strengthen the Spirit and that nothing can deprive us of the privilege of being a link in the chain of this great Old School.

And so we pass out into the world, but always the Spirit is with us, and the Old School lives in our hearts as a sacred memory to cherish through life.

FORTIAN, 5A.

TO THE SUN.

Hail, shining god! Hail, ruler of the day,
 Who bearest in thine hand a flaming torch
 To light the darkness of the heavens profound.
 In golden glory on a gleaming throne
 Thou guidest every movement of the stars
 Who cluster round thee, drinking in thy beams,
 Until thy mirror thee with fainter light.
 And even on this earth thou deign'st to pour
 Thy brilliance, filling us with strength and power
 To bear the burdens of this world of men,
 Who toil to harvest shining yellow gold,
 Base imitation of thy wondrous light!

All powerful art thou: at thy silent force,
 Great glaciers leave their icy mountain homes,
 And sweep exulting to the plains below.
 And from our tireless oceans, vast and deep,
 Thou drawest water as if from a well.
 Life-bearer! Thou who giv'st to us
 Our light, our heat, our power to grow,
 to breathe—
 Hide not thy countenance from us in wrath,
 When we forget thee for a little space.
 Blame not our weakness, but with gentle rays
 Fill every heart with pure and tender thoughts,
 Until at last, unto thy glitt'ring throne,
 Thou gath'rest us to rest from weary life.

"EMMAR," 5A.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

Changes in the Staff have occurred since our last issue. We have gladly welcomed the return of Miss Blume, our Science Mistress, after more than two years' absence, and we have bidden a regretful farewell to Miss Watkins, who was teaching Science here for the six

months prior to Miss Blume's return. Miss Beddie, whose fine work in sport and physical culture the School greatly appreciates, has been removed to Wagga High School; we wish her all happiness in her new sphere. Our new Physical Culture Mistress, Miss Bird, is an Old

Fort Street girl; we welcome her back to the School.

Our Shakespeare Festival.—With what burning expectancy we awaited the coming of our Shakespeare Day Celebrations this year! and how we threw ourselves into the preparations with all the ardour we could command, until scarcely a classroom could be found, where some would-be actress was not delivering majestic lines of Shakespeare or demonstrating his sparkling wit to an unappreciative audience of dusty desks and inkwells.

But soon the time for rehearsals was past, and the great day dawned, when we were to give our first performance to the Firsts and Seconds. Early, girls began to toil up our historic old avenue, almost hidden between masses of greenery for a miniature forest, or bearing parcels of divers sizes containing anything from the sceptre of a mighty Roman potentate to a rustic looking log, culled surely from a long-neglected wood heap. Then, when the School repaired to its daily grind, a variety of noises proceeding from the Gym., particularly the harmonious clatter of several hammers, told that the stage managers (Amy Chicken, Belle Pontey, Lorna Arter and Thelma Sundstrom) were at work in manufacturing the scenery, which task, it were well to add here, they accomplished with such skill and ingenuity that they won the everlasting gratitude of the actresses, who, for the most part, needed all the moral support which scenery could afford.

Meanwhile, the casts also were persuaded to renounce their studies and spend the time in dressing and, with Miss Purcell's aid, in making-up. Ah, me! what glorious visions! what delightful sensations! the word "make-up" conjures. In truth, as all who have experience know, the influences of make-up are as diverse as the elements, of which some of us have cause to know it is composed; unfortunately, we cannot pause to recount them here, for, as our old friend, Kipling, would say, "That is another story," but meseems having thus excessively tasted of its joys in our youth, we shall henceforth adhere strictly to the path of Nature.

Similar preparations for the performance were made on the second day, when

the Senior section of the School was entertained, and Mr. Allen, who had so kindly consented to adjudicate, was present, and gave his decisions.

The entertainment was opened by the delivery of the Shakespearian recitations, which were all thoroughly enjoyed, although I think that Mr. Allen's decision coincided with the popular opinion, when he proclaimed Dorothy Starr the winner in the Senior Section, with eighty-seven marks, and Aileen Madden with eighty-eight marks first in the Junior Section. The prizes consisted each of one guinea to be spent in books.

The next item on the programme was the Fifth Year production—the death scene of Julius Cæsar. To say that this was realistic and gripped and held the interest of every spectator were to appraise it mildly. Why! even we, who had seen it rehearsed many times before, felt an icy thrill of horror as we watched the death agonies of Cæsar, and—most wonderful of all, methinks—forgot to wonder whether, in the person of Jessie Perry, that mighty monarch felt the boards of the gymnasium stage very hard as he fell before the treacherous dagger thrusts. Among others who impressed us with their fine acting were Marjorie Evans and Ailsa Tulloch.

Not long, however, were we left to weep with Mark Anthony, for the Third Years claimed the stage for their scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and soon we were experiencing all the thrills of a lovers' quarrel, happily concluded, while Willa Rowohl, as a charming and vivacious Puck, quite bewitched us. The lovers in this case were represented by Vida Reay as Helena, Ruth Godden, Hermia; Jean Graham, Demetrius; and Mary Ebbs, Lysander.

Then came scenes from "As You Like It," staged by Fourth Year, and more lovers appeared. Freda Skinner, as Orlando, seemed to us quite desperately in love with Rosalind (Edna Smith), although Mr. Allen said that she might have been even more love-sick—perhaps, however, we are not sufficiently experienced in such matters. But undoubtedly the laurels of this play went to Nita Campbell, whom Mr. Allen himself complimented for her excellent acting as Touchstone. Netta Green, too, proved



JULIUS CÆSAR.

The Winning Group (Shakespeare Day, 1922).

From left to right: Trebonius (C. Dunphy), Antony (A. Tulloch), Publius (K. Williams), Popilius Lena (M. Reed), Metellus Cimber (B. Rose), Cinna (C. McRae), Julius Cæsar (J. Perry), Casca (M. Rothsey), Decius (M. Nicholls), Cassius (M. Evans), Brutus (R. Green), Servant (O. Boots).

a pretty and thoroughly coquettish Phebe.

Finally, the Second Years had their turn, presenting us the wooing of Henry V., and Catherine of France. Gwen Morgan, as the debonair prince, made a delightful lover, well worthy of the sweet little princess (Nina Rose), whom he won, while, as for Catherine's maid (Norah Rogerson), I can only say that she has my undying admiration for the way she handled—or should I say voiced?—her French.

Mr. Allen appeared pleased with all the performances—whose success, by the way, we owe largely to our English teachers—and after criticising them so kindly that we all forgot to be abashed, pronounced the following judgment:—"Julius Cæsar" (90 per cent.), first; "As You Like It" (86 per cent.), second; "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (84 per cent.), third; and "Henry V." (82 per cent.). Not only have we to thank Mr. Allen for this, but also for several recitations he gave us himself, to our own great enjoyment.

Regarding the proceeds, also, our Festival was successful. The total receipts were £10/10/11, and the expenditure, including the cost of make-up, curtains and prize-money, £5/8/3, leaving a profit of £4/2/8, which is being expended in books for the libraries.

Our first Shakespeare Festival having been so entirely successful, let us hope it will be followed by many more to celebrate the birthday of that gentleman, who has contributed so much to our language, our study, and our pleasure.

MOLLIE THORNHILL, 4A.

Literary and Debating Society.—Owing to the enthusiastic preparations for "Shakespeare Day," the Literary and Debating Society did not begin its meetings till second term this year.

The first meeting, which was held on May 15, took the form of set speeches by certain girls, the most amusing being on the subject, "Should Homework be Given on Wednesday Nights?" The meeting was well attended, and the speeches freely discussed by the members present.

Our next meeting, on June 12, was a debate on the subject, "That it Would be Advantageous to the Development of Australia that a New Division of States be Effected." The Fifth and Second Year girls formed the Government, and the Fourth and Third Year girls the Opposition, the Government winning by eight points.

The enterprise for which most enthusiasm was shown was the mock election, which took place on Monday, August 7. During the preceding week, the candidates for the three parties, "The Party of Ease," "The Party of Independence" and "The Party of School Spirit," held frequent meetings, which were largely attended by enthusiastic supporters of the various parties, and posters were to be seen on the walls, the trees and other places. Much interest was shown when the results of the voting appeared, and "The Party of School Spirit" secured a majority of one. A full explanation of the counting is given below.

We are planning for the future many more interesting meetings of the Society.

JEAN SHARPE, Secretary, 4A.

To be elected, 5. No. of votes, 273. Informal, 2. Formal, 271 ÷ 6 + 1 = 46.						
	First Count	Second Count	Third Count	Fourth Count	Fifth Count	Result
Campbell, A. ...	56—10	46	46	46	46	2nd
Chicken, A.	33 + 4	37 + 2	39 + 6 + 1	46	46	3rd
Ebbs, M.	27 + 2	29	29	29 + 2	31	4th
Gea, C.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Goldsmith, L. ...	7	7 + 2 + 1	10—10	—	—	—
Green, A.	3	3—3	—	—	—	—
Hackland, M. ...	5	5—5	—	—	—	—
Harold, M.	5	5—5	—	—	—	—
Morgan, G.	8 + 1	9	9—9	—	—	—
Oosterveen, K. ...	10 + 1	1 + 1	12	12—12	—	—
Rowlands, A. ...	5	5—5	—	—	—	—
Scurr, P.	23 + 3	26 + 2	28 + 1	29 + 6	35	5th
Skinner, F.	9	9 + 1 + 2 + 1	13	13—13	—	—
Sundstrom, T. ...	21 + 4	25	25	25—25	—	—
Thornhill, M. ...	60—14	46	46	46	46	1st

The quota was ascertained by dividing the total number of formal votes by one more than the number to be elected, and adding one to the result. It will be seen from the result sheet that M. Thornhill and A. Campbell had a surplus, which had to be distributed proportionally among the other candidates. To reduce them to the quota, the following method was adopted: M. Thornhill's surplus—14—was divided by the total number of her first preferences—60—and worked to three decimal places—.233. This is called the "transfer value." Then we re-examined her papers, and the number of second preferences to the credit of each of the other candidates was multiplied by the transfer value. The same plan was followed with regard to A. Campbell's papers. Then the ballot papers of the candidate lowest on the poll were taken and distributed among the other candidates according to second preference. The next lowest was afterwards taken, and the process was continued until the number of candidates was reduced to five. It will be seen from the report sheet that M. Ebbs and P. Scurr could not be brought up to the quota, so they had to stand, as all the other candidates were counted out.

The result was then, that Molly Thornhill came first, Anita Campbell second, Amy Chicken third, Mary Ebbs fourth, and Phyllis Scurr fifth. This order was arranged in accordance with the first preference votes.

E. DUTTON, 5A.,
for the Electoral Officers.

Music.—There has been much musical activity in Fort Street during the year, much more than ever before in the School, and the progress both in appreciation of music and in enthusiasm is noted amongst all years. Special Choir has given Sydney the pleasure of two public performances in the Town Hall. The first took place on March 2, the occasion being the annual gathering of the S.P.C.A., at which our girls sang two part-songs, "The Parting of Summer" (Bendall), and "Song on May Morning" (Mona McBurney), both well known to the School, and on an encore being requested, gave Brahms' charming "Lullaby."

At the opening of the Junior Red Cross Exhibition, Special Choir was asked to repeat these numbers, which we did, adding Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." Miss Watts and the Choir were highly complimented by Sir Walter Davidson and Dame Margaret Davidson, who were present. The audience was delighted with the high standard of the singing.

The Choir now consists of eighty-five girls, but new members will be welcomed, particularly contraltos.

Since the winter holidays, an orchestra has been formed, comprising six violins, one violoncello and piano. A very creditable performance of their first number was given to Special Choir at a private concert, which all enjoyed. This was a gavotte, "To My Lady Pamela," and since then two new numbers have been added to the orchestra's repertoire, "Valse Papillonne" and "Conte D'Amour." Miss Watts conducts the girls at present, but it is hoped that some day a conductor will be found amongst the girls. We must not forget to mention Miss Gombert, our chief patron and godmother, who has kindly consented to remain at School on practice days, and has also given a subscription to funds.

A. CHICKEN, 5A.

French Debates.—French, to the 5A. girl is no burden—far from it! Instead, we all look forward to the lessons, especially to the Friday lesson, when three girls give a short discourse in French for five minutes on diverse subjects. Every girl in the class derives much pleasure from these speeches, except, perhaps, the unfortunate one to whose unhappy lot it has fallen to make the speech. Generally speaking, the subjects appertain to the French people. Sometimes a girl speaks of her favourite French author, of a sculptor, and Amy Chicken gave a very interesting sketch of the most eminent French musicians. "Maggie" (enquire at the Prefects' Room for the owner of this name) gave a very amusing speech on "Sleep." Thinking that a fairy prince was kissing her hand, she awoke to find it was only the cat, giving her a gentle reminder that it was time to stop day-dreaming. A very interesting debate in French was held one afternoon, on "Is France a Colonising

Power?" The Government consisted of Amy Chicken, Mavis Rothsey, Margaret Reed, while on the Opposition were Marjorie Evans, Olive Boots and Muriel Nicholls. Both sides put up very good arguments, but, unfortunately, the bell rang before the class could decide who won. The Government was considerably weakened by the absence of one speaker, otherwise they would have easily beaten the Opposition.

After these speeches, Miss Gombert generally tells us of her life in France, and thus we gain an insight into the lives and mode of living of the French.

To show that our girls are really being benefited by this method, some weeks ago five of the 5A. girls went to the Alliance Française to compete for certificates in recitation of poetry, reading and conversation. These girls were: Mavis Rothsey, Olive Boots, Catherine Farrell, Margaret Reed and Gladys Fuller. In spite of the fact that three of the girls had to compete against University graduates, all of them met with success.

Mavis Rothsey did exceptionally well, while Margaret Reed won a prize in her section, for conversation, equal with a girl from Sydney High School, Moore Park.

Renee Green (III.A.) was also a successful candidate.

In Grade (2), Peggie Clarke, B.A., one of our Old Girls, came first. It was in this section that Mavis came fourth. Marjorie Evans was unable to present herself owing to illness, though we are sure she, too, would have covered herself with glory.

MARTHE, 5A.

A Correction must be made in the Intermediate list published last issue, and an apology tendered to the girls concerned. To the list must be added:—

	English	History	Geog.	Maths. I.	Maths. II.	Latin	French	German	Science
Hazel Brewster	A	A	A	B	B	B	B	—	A
Ebena Isles	A	A	—	A	B	A	A	A	—

An Afternoon with Dickens.—One afternoon a few weeks ago, the girls of 4A. and 2A. combined in an effort to impersonate the characters created by the famous Charles Dickens. The event proved to be a great success, which fact

was shown by the happy faces of all present.

Each girl, dressed as some well-known character, mounted the stage, and, with suitable gesticulations, recited a verse of her own composition. As Miss Buckley had kindly promised a prize for the best impersonation both in 4A. and 2A., much enthusiasm and excitement were displayed. Miss Cruise acted as judge for the seniors, Miss Morley for the juniors.

Almost every renowned personage was there—the Fat Boy, Miss Mowcher, Dolly Varden and her parents, Mr. Pickwick, and many others of note. Some of these were particularly amusing. The Fat Boy looked very much as if he wanted to sleep, but the thoughts of meat pie ultimately dispelled all such inclinations. Miss Mowcher's "Oh, ain't I volatile!" was very much appreciated, whilst the performance of Miss Tilly Slowboy created a great deal of amusement. In this section, the prize was won by Mr. Pickwick. The girls of 2A. also presented clever impersonations. Harry and Norah proved to be a very charming pair of lovers, whilst little Jenny Wren, with her clever performance, carried off the prize for her section.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Macartney, who was present, sang one of her many humorous songs. This item was greatly appreciated by all. A trio, which greatly added to the pleasure of the afternoon, was also rendered by three 2A. girls.

Among the guests were Miss Cohen, Mrs. Macartney and Mrs. Waite, who, although they have now left Fort Street, will always be remembered and welcomed by its members.

L. ARTER, 4A.

The Senior Reference Library.—The following books have, during the year, been added to the library:—

- Pinero—"The Magistrate."
- "The Schoolmistress."
- Barrie—"The Admirable Crichton."

Morris—"The Story of Glittering Plain."
 Raleigh—"The Novel."
 "Anthology of Modern Verse."
 Brereton—"The Landlopers."
 Shelley—"Poetical Works."
 Keats—"Poetical Works."
 Wordsworth—"Poetical Works."
 Thackeray—"Vanity Fair."
 Hudson—"Introduction to Literature"

(2).

Forster—"Life of Dickens."
 Dickens—"Bleak House."
 "Dombey & Son."
 Merejkowski—"The Forerunner."
 Creighton—"Famous Women."
 Tout—"The Empire and Papacy."
 Green—"Short History."
 Robinson—"Readings in History."
 "Treasure Trove."
 "The Life of Milton."
 Bradley—"Shakespeare."

M. HAROLD, 5A.

The Junior Library was opened in Room 9 on July 31, and now a good number of books are in circulation. The books are returned at 10.30 a.m. on Mondays and Fridays, and new ones are issued at 12.30.

L. GOLDSMITH, 2D.

A Periodicals Section of the Library has been established in Room 2. Annual subscriptions to "The National Geographic" and "My Magazine" have been paid. Copies of "The People of All Nations," "Popular Science," "The Outline of Science," "The British Nation," "The Forum," "The Photographic Manual," "Popular Botany," and magazines of the High Schools are available.

The School acknowledges donations to the libraries from Misses Cruise, Blume, Morley, Jean Turner, Christine Fraser. The Librarians would welcome gifts to their departments, and suggest that girls leaving School may thus perpetuate their memory.

The School Lantern is being repaired, and it will now be possible to present views of scientific, historical and geographical interest in Room 9. Our warm thanks are due to Mr. Gooch for the great assistance he has rendered us. Girls who can procure interesting slides should inform one of the mistresses.

A Picture Press has been mounted in the passage to the Gymnasium. Pictures are shown to illustrate lessons as well as topics of general interest, and constant changes make it necessary for girls to visit the press very frequently. Contributions, signed to facilitate return, may be handed to

S. ROSENBLUM, 5A.

Empire Day, May 24, is a long time ago now, but though we have probably forgotten by this time a great many of the details of our celebrations that day, yet most of us, I expect, remember some outstanding feature. One thing I do not think we shall readily forget, and that is, that it was on Empire Day we saw all our Girl Guides in uniform, and were entertained by their "Guide Song."

Instead of listening once more to a general account of Empire Day (for we have heard such many times before), we decided to take each portion of that Empire "on which the sun never sets," with the object of learning more of the sister countries of that great union, so each of the four classes chose a special part of the Empire, and all the interesting information that the class could collect was organised into essays, written by one or two representatives of each class. After the National Anthem had been sung, Marion Gowan, representing 3D., had the honour (or shall I say bad luck) of being the first to read her essay—an account of India—"India, the land of mystery, of temples, the land of teeming millions of superstitious people, who has not heard of the marvellous land of spices, silks, shawls and carved ivory? One of Britain's most important dominions, this land that fascinates all English-born people."

A short geographical description of India and the types of her vast population, those people of strange, cruel creeds, was followed by a reference to the way in which India has proved herself a true daughter of England. These are the people who regard white elephants, white bull monkeys, and many other animals as sacred, but for all these superstitions, Indian people showed the world the "mettle of their pasture" during the past 1914-1918 War.

The fine spirit of the Ghurkas was an example to look to and follow. The Sikhs and Pathans are well known throughout the world for their fighting and loyalty to the Mother Country. Making a contrast to this loyalty is the recent disloyalty of one, Ghandi, who tried his best to stir India up against British rule and sever its connection with England. The essay was concluded by a sketch of the rapid growth of education in India, during the last twenty years.

Willa Rowohl, our 3A. representative, read an interesting account of our sister country, New Zealand. Willa, too, reminded us of the loyalty which that little part of the Empire exhibited during the great war. "We are not only closely allied to New Zealand by the 'crimson tide of kinship' and loyalty to the Motherland, but even more so by the fact that the letters 'N.Z.' form part of that sacred word, 'Anzac,' and that the gallant sons of our own younger sister dominion shared equally in the deeds of heroism and suffering which opened the eyes of the world to the outlying parts of the Empire in the Pacific." After summarising New Zealand's comparatively short history, Willa went on to tell a little of the population and climate of our closest ally. New Zealand is the possessor of the lowest death rate in the world, a record chiefly due to the fact that the mass of the people are workers. When the Prince of Wales visited New Zealand, he remarked that it was the "Land of Opportunity," not for some people, but for all. A number of pictures and a New Zealand flag made this essay exceptionally interesting.

A description of South Africa was offered by Jessie Eyre, representing 3C. First, she showed how England had acquired that part of the Empire, and this story was followed by a very interesting account of the lives and occupations of the natives.

Edith Robinson and Maisie Lee, both representing 3B., read very interesting essays on Canada, Maisie concluding hers with a word of admiration for the loyalty of Canada's sons.

As a conclusion to the morning's celebrations, two of our Girl Guides told us a little of the great sisterhood of guides.

R.G., 3A.

A Fancy Dress Lacrosse Match.—One day last August great excitement prevailed throughout the whole School. What was it? Ignorant one, who did not know that this was the day of days—for Lacrosse girls, at any rate. A fancy dress match had been arranged with the girls of Sydney High School, to be held at Birchgrove, and great was the excitement, but greater still were the boxes and parcels carried by certain young ladies. Numerous questions elicited the fact that these packages contained the costumes, but they were carefully guarded, and no one succeeded in obtaining "just a little peep," as many asked. One young lady coyly admitted that she was to be "a moon fairy," which provoked shrieks of laughter, as the aforesaid damsel could never resemble anything fairylike (her weight, in confidence, being somewhere about twelve stone). "The match" was the main topic of conversation, and one of our beloved mistresses, trying to expound German grammar to girls, whose thoughts were occupied with the problem whether rouge and powder would go well with a cowboy costume, or not, wearily remarked: "Thank goodness a fancy dress match comes but once a year," a sentiment with which the aforesaid young ladies did **not** agree.

But the dressing was really worse than answering the questions of the inquisitive Seniors (for Seniors **are** inquisitive). The transformation of a member of the white race into a black gin was particularly trying, as vaseline, burnt cork and rouge had to be liberally applied, and what of the hair? The hair had to be "frizzed," and received such a doing that, on reliable authority, it was unmanageable for at least a week. A number of the younger members assisted the players to dress, and these young maids received their first lesson in the art of "rouging" one's lips, for these unfortunates had to hold the mirrors for their vain confrères.

At last the dressing was complete, and we all sallied out. By this time the other team had arrived, and whilst they dressed, we paraded. The costumes were excellent, considering the short notice we had had, and our team was represented as: A black gin, a cowgirl, a moon fairy, a folly, a devil, a cricketer, a sailor.

a young French mademoiselle, a milkmaid, Tintex (a very ingenious costume), a maid, Kinkara Tea, and grandma (who quite filled up the goal to the exclusion of the goals of the opposing team).

At last, after having been duly admired, and our photographs taken, the match commenced. It is useless to try and describe it, for my remembrance is a confused muddle of Japanese ladies tumbling over, grandma chasing a ball down the field, and a poor black gin who lost her piccaninny in the scramble.

But afterwards—Oh! I know one person who did not shed her make-up very easily, and that one, needless to say, vowed never to be anything but white for evermore. But with all the unpleasantness and bother, I, for one, am looking forward to the fancy match again this year. I have kindly received many suggestions from the resourceful Seniors, and one love-lorn young lady suggested the "Sheik," but only the future can tell whether the "Sheik" will condescend to appear at Birchgrove or not, and even if he does not, I am sure the coming match will be quite as enjoyable as that of last year.

M.S., 5A.

One of the Walking Club Outings.—

We alighted from the tram at the convent, and continued by a winding path to Vacluse House—our destination. All along the route we were afforded a delightful view of the harbour, where the still, glistening waters reflected the sapphire blue of the sky and fleecy, hurrying clouds.

On either side of the path, and clinging to fences, were trailing vines of false sarsaparilla, and between the trees we could look down on the waters of the bay, bounded on every side by thickly wooded headlands, sparkling under the afternoon sun. On the peaceful surface were boats and launches anchored near the numerous islands. The scene was one of absolute peace, the stillness being broken only by the screech of a seagull or the lapping of the water.

Continuing, we reached a small gate, and, passing through, found ourselves in the extensive grounds of that historical old building, Vacluse House. All around stretched a garden which had

been allowed to run wild, and, through it, a narrow path led to a well-kept lawn and orderly flower beds. Here Nature and Art combined, for, over a winding stream, small bridges had been constructed. Following the path, we passed through shadowy wistaria arches, and came upon the house. Most impressive was the silence, and a strange atmosphere of decay prevailed, the garden walks being covered with fallen, withered leaves, as though to indicate the autumn of life. The place seemed peopled with phantoms of the past; one could almost see old-fashioned, happy couples strolling among the trees, their ghostly laughter echoing round the old house. We viewed the front of the edifice through a large iron gate in the ivy-covered stone walls, and saw a courtyard paved with tiles brought from Pompeii, said to be over a thousand years old. We were unable to enter, as our time was limited, but had we done so, we should have seen the Constitution Room, in which that famous document was signed.

Reluctantly we continued our way out, and silence once more reigned over the house of echoes. We passed the coach house, where stood an old vehicle, on which the words "Royal Mail" were almost obliterated. Nearby were the crumbling structures of the tannery and bakery, evidence of a bygone age.

We were suddenly recalled from our dreams of the past by the very unromantic clatter of a modern tram, which we boarded, and thus our day ended.

THELMA MITCHELL, 2D.

A meeting of the Spectator Club was held at "The Fort Street Coffee House" on Wednesday, August 30. Sir Roger de Coverley, Mr. Spectator, and his circle met and exchanged their views in language suitable to their eighteenth century costumes. The guests of honour—Misses Morley and Buckley—were entertained with much gallantry by Sir Roger, Will Honeycomb and Sir Andrew Freeport, and though frowned upon by Dean Swift and a little alarmed by the appearance of Moll White, they spent a most enjoyable and instructive hour at the Coffee House.

THE OLD GIRLS' UNION.

The Old Girls' Union held its Annual Meeting on May 3 in the Assembly Room, Education Department. About sixty of the girls attended, and after the business of the meeting was finished, music and refreshments were provided by the Committee. A novel competition, "Hidden Authors," was won by Marie Bentivoglio.

The Annual Dinner at the Burlington on May 10 proved a great success, and the Committee was pleased to see so many of the teachers present. The speeches and toasts were much appreciated, and everyone spent an enjoyable evening.

Arrangements have now been made for a holiday to Mulgoa during Eight Hour Week-end, at which it is hoped there will be a good muster of ex-Fortians, as it will be a splendid opportunity for renewing old acquaintances, and bringing new members of the Union together.

The Annual Ball, held in Paddington Town Hall on August 15, in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union, was a brilliant success, and it is hoped that a substantial sum will be realised for the Ada

Partridge Prize Fund. The hall was beautifully decorated with the School colours, and the programmes bore a fort, likewise printed in the School colours. This function always proves a great success, but, beyond doubt, this year's function eclipsed all previous ones.

Everyone will be sorry to hear that our Treasurer, Marie Bentivoglio, has resigned. She sailed for England by the "Ceramic" on August 15, and will be taking up her studies at Oxford. Marie is the present holder of the 1851 Travelling Research Scholarship. She was given a send-off by the members of the Committee, and an acceptable little gift, a folding manicure set, was given her as a token of the goodwill of her fellow Fortians.

Fortians will be glad to hear of the success of yet another of our girls—in the musical world this time. Dame Nellie Melba has discovered a voice amongst us—Helène Esserman—whom we all remember as a shining light in the world of sport. Helène is to give a concert in the Town Hall on September 18, prior to sailing for Europe, where she hopes to continue her musical education.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The University,
Friday, August 18.

Dear Editor,—

You ask me for University news, and you shall have it. Our interests here are numerous and varied.

We have the Public Questions Society, which periodically supplies us with speeches from well-known persons of the day, and also with information on subjects which the ordinary curriculum does not include, e.g., Art and Sociology.

Community singing, lately begun, is a great favourite amongst us. The spectacle of a hall full of men and women lustily yelling to the sweet strains of "Waltzing Matilda" is truly an edifying one. It becomes more so when it is punctuated by yells, cat-calls and stamp-

ing from the men. The "singing" would make Miss Watts writhe, but we enjoy ourselves, and that is the chief consideration, isn't it?

The Sydney University Dramatic Society lately gave a performance of Houghton's "Marriages in the Making." Addie Taylor, an Old Fortian, had a leading part, and, in my opinion, she gave the best bit of character acting of the night. An Old Fort Street man, Kenneth Buchanan, also had a leading part, so Fort Street was well represented here.

Many of us are trying to recover from the Old Fortians' Ball. If I stay to dilate on this, I shall never finish. Suffice to say we University girls unanimously voted it the best dance of the season—and University girls go to many dances.

The Sports Fête on Saturday, September 23, is the next interesting event. We are already preparing for it. We should like to see many Fort Street girls at this event. We can promise them a good day's fun. Remember, then, September 23.

Let me now relate some of the particular triumphs of Old Fortians.

First, there is Marie Bentivoglio (to First Years and others who do not know of her, I would recommend the Honour Board in Room 5). Marie has won a Science Travelling Scholarship — first woman to win this particular one—and sailed for Oxford on Tuesday, 15th August. She was immensely popular, and many were the dainty gifts showered on her, prior to her departure. Her place on the Social and Sports Committee of the Science Society, of which she was President, has been filled by Lallie Lambourne, and Lallie's place as Secretary has been taken by Zelig Bristow. When I add that Kathleen Waddington and Alma Hamilton are also on this Committee, you will realise that Fort Street (to use an Irishism) "is not backward in coming forward."

As regards exams., Winnie Howard (Arts II.) had her name very high in the English Honour list at the beginning of this year, while Edna Holt (Science I.) distinguished herself by coming second top in the Botany term exam. These are merely a few instances, of which enough could be cited to fill up pages.

As regards Sport, Fort Street keeps up its end. Fort Street girls are well represented in "A" and "A Reserve"

hockey teams. In fact, Kathleen Waddington is soon to go to Melbourne with the A team to play there. Lucky Kathleen! We could, however, do with a few more tennis geniuses; so buck up, girls, and practise and there is an opening for you in "A" tennis team.

Just now Science people are groaning under the burden of term exams., but University people are given to groaning before they are hurt, so I don't take much notice of this. Arts bewail a vac. which must be spent in the preparation of next term's essays.

In the midst of this variety of interests, I am afraid I have neglected to mention what an Arts II. girl calls our "overwhelming enthusiasm for lectures."

I hope, dear Editor, this account gives you some idea of the complex life we live, with its social, sporting and business aspects.

Yours, etc.,

E.W.

The Editor,

Dear Madam,—

Kindly find a very small space for the following notice:—"Lost, Stolen or Strayed! One dog of variegated breed, answering to the name of Towser or Fairy. Very fond of male ankles and pigeons. May also be recognised by his peculiarly melodious bark. Finder, on returning the above animal to Fort Street Girls' High School will be amply rewarded."

Yours sincerely,

"DOGLOVER."

AN ARITHMETICAL NIGHTMARE.

If 7 men can dig a well
In 20 days, how long
Would $\frac{3}{6}$ take to sail
From London to Hong-Kong?

If 80 monkeys made a plan
12 coconuts to fry,
How many pigs would be required
To fill a 10-ton sty?

If John and Thomas own a field
In size 3 pints I pole,
Take 5 from 4 and what is then
The square-root of the whole?

This is the kind of sums I'm set
When I'm asleep at night;
The Head herself, I'll dare to say,
Could never get them right.

G.W., 3B.

A MIDNIGHT REVEL.

The sinking sun proclaims the close of
day,
And all the world is decked in mystic
light;
All who would wish to see a dance by
night
Come! follow me some moonlight night
in May,
Down to the woods that lie beyond the
bay,
To watch the fairies dressed in glit-
tering white
Creep from their hiding-place, filled
with delight,

Humming light fairy music as they play;
The tinkling water of the rippling
stream
Seems to accompany their fairy tune;
This wondrous picture seems to be a
dream
That like all blissful moments fades
too soon;
The cock reminds them that they must
away,
For o'er the hill is seen the breaking
day.

PHYLLIS SCURR, 5B.

A PEEP INTO THE PREFECTS' ROOM.

What bold spirit of the lower School dares to invade those sacred precincts—that spacious apartment set aside for those girls, who, after years of toil and hardship have attained the dignified (?) position of Fifth Years?

One day last term, hearing shouts of merriment proceeding from the Prefects' room, curiosity led me to peep through the window.

The room, as most people know, is not large, nor is it well ventilated; nevertheless, this did not prevent some eighteen or twenty healthy girls from finding seating accommodation. In the back seat, reclining comfortably in the angle of the wall, sits one young lady holding in her hand a sandwich, and engrossed in perusing the latest news of foreign pianists. Her companion appears to be doing some long delayed task, for she writes feverishly, with frequent reference to a book, which looks suspiciously like a French dictionary, only desisting from her task occasionally to swallow a mouthful of cake. The tranquillity of the studious occupants of the room appears to be quite undisturbed, in spite of the fact that two lively spirits, who are neither graceful nor slim, jazz up and down the narrow passage between the desks, to the lively tune of "Abe." The two occupants of the front seat seem to be enjoying a joke, for both their heads are down on the desk and they shake all over, only

lifting their heads now and again to wipe the tears from their eyes, look pitifully at one another, and then burst out laughing again. They make no attempt to enlighten their companions as to the cause of their merriment, in spite of the repeated cries of, "Tell us the joke."

There are pretty girls, plain girls, studious girls, lazy girls, vain girls who spend nearly all the lunch hour in combing their hair, and the only girls absent are the unhappy ones. Here are two friends telling each other secrets as they eat their lunch. They appear to be unconcerned with their surroundings, though the clamour forces them to raise their voices above a whisper, as they gaze into each other's eyes, and one says: "No-o-o, really?" with a long-drawn sigh, and the other: "Ye-e-es, truly."

But all at once comes a diversion, in the form of a Prefect loaded with brown paper bags. At her appearance there is a rush and a yell and cries of, "Where's my pie?"—"My chocolate cake?"—"I want two napoleons and a mandarin," and amidst general confusion the eatables are distributed and the unlucky Prefect makes frantic attempts to reckon the right change to give each one—. But now suddenly the bell rings. There is a scramble for bags and a last lingering look at some notebook, and in a minute the girls are all gone, and I find myself looking at the empty

seats, until a class of younger girls comes along and takes their places. And so I smile to myself as I recall their happy faces, and think, too—how soon, alas! must they bid good-bye to this old room which has been the scene of so many friendships. And after they have said farewell to the old room, they will recall the happy times they have spent

there. The old room is a link in the chain of friendship which unites them, but always there are new girls to take the old places.

But as I muse I hear a voice sternly asking, "What are you doing out of your class?" and, horrified, without looking at the owner of the voice, I pick up my books and flee.

L.A.T., 5A.

A DAY OF EVENTS.

One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!! chimed, or rather wheezed, our ancient kitchen clock in asthmatic tones. A grunt from beneath the bed-clothes beside me announced that my nearest neighbour was awake. I essayed a similar utterance in sympathy, and relapsed into contented silence.

Blissful peace for about five minutes, and then a voice from the far corner of the room—

"S'pose we'd better get up."

Pause—"Ugh! It's too cold!" (frantically clutching the eiderdown). "We can't catch the half-past seven train, anyway, so why worry?" Silence again, and then the relentless voice continued reasoning: "But we really ought, you know, we're only wasting time in bed."

"Oh, dear! Well, if we must, we must! Now, all together, one, two, three, out!" and in a second the stillness of the night was banished completely, as four figures scrambled noisily out of bed and, hastily dressing, ran to rouse the other members of our party, with more force than persuasion, utterly forgetful, of course, of ever having had personal inclinations to "sleep in."

"What's the time?" called someone, and I looked at the clock.

"Quarter past six! Why, I'm sure it struck seven!"

"Of course it did; I heard it too"

And then we recollected a peculiar characteristic of that very worthy clock—it always struck an hour more than its hands indicated, a fact which on that morning, at any rate, we openly blessed.

"Oh, do let's hurry, and we might catch the train." Someone voiced the common desire, and so we all tried our hardest, but the fire—I might well call

it the perverse fire—was out of sorts, a not unusual condition, by the way, and though we coaxed and coaxed and puffed and puffed (like the little pig in the legend of our infancy), it absolutely refused to behave properly. Thus, by the time we had all breakfasted and everything was packed for the day and, in short, when our little band of eight Fortians, with its chaperone and escort of one male, was completely ready to venture forth, the 7.30 train for Blackheath was already leaving Katoomba.

However, determined to picnic somewhere, we set out undaunted for this day of exploration amid scenery, new to most of us, our equipment consisting of two billies of curry, one loaf bread, one damper, butter, various jam tarts, tea, sugar, milk, one knife to cut the bread, cups and spoons to eat the curry, and later to be used for the tea; plates and such like accessories of civilisation we disdained as encumbrances unworthy of such seasoned mountaineers—as we deemed ourselves, after a whole glorious week of picnics in the mountains.

However, let us not wander from the point. On the way to the station, we encountered a weatherbeaten sign, "Coaches for Hire." We peered over the fence, and suddenly—"A light broke in upon my brain." Yes, those antique and doubtful looking vehicles, which might have been valuable as specimens of the chariots of, say, our grandmothers' days, were the "Coaches for Hire." While yet we watched with ever increasing admiration (?) a man, with the same doubtful and antique air as that of the vehicles, emerged from the neighbouring house and approached us. There followed a brief argument with our

"escort," and we were apprised of the cost of conveying us to Blackheath. Hurriedly we held a consultation with ourselves and our purses (not being ladies of unlimited means), and finding it within our resources, the deal was made, and Mr. Coachman retired to finish his breakfast, leaving us on the pavement to warm our toes as best we might.

Soon, however, our party of ten and the driver were somehow squeezed into a vehicle "licensed to carry seven," and joyfully we were bowled along Katoomba Street and towards Blackheath. The driver proved to be very communicative, and pointed out objects of interest, as the Explorers' Tree, among much irrelevant matter which he obligingly imparted, as, for example, the story of the Sunday school teacher and his class who went down Govett's Leap, where we purposed going, and were lost in the valley for a day and a night—a pleasing prospect, n'est ce pas? Naturally we were not sorry to descend to terra firma at the frequent hills and forget gruesome details in the absorbing task of restoring life to our frozen "Trilbies," while the horses leisurely ascended.

At Blackheath station, suffering from pangs of hunger, we paused to make some purchases, and then followed a practical use of our mathematics, as, for example, in dividing one cake of chocolate into ten equal parts. As a diversion, we formed a new Theorem, which, as far as I can remember, runs somehow like this:—

"To prove to whomever may be offered a choice of a number of sweetmeats, that it does not matter which he takes," and, in the particular enunciation, continues: "It is required to show that this piece of chocolate is to this caramel as that toffee is to that peanut," and so on.

Thus the time passed, and soon we alighted above Govett's Leap. Of all the Falls we saw during our fortnight, I think those of Govett's Leap are among the most impressive, not only for the rugged grandeur of the sheer cliff face beneath its shimmering veil of water, but on account of the visions it conjures

of Govett the bushranger, leaping to his death. The realisation, however, that we also should leap to our death unless we were very careful, was forcibly brought to our notice by one or two involuntary slips on the ice-covered steps, and henceforth, when we wished to express our wonder in words, we stood still to do so. We did this rather frequently. I may say, for the snow fall and frost of the previous day had left the mountain side hung with icicles and, in places, whole trees were encased in ice, translucent, radiant, with a thousand rainbow lights, sparkling like a myriad diamonds beneath the rays of the morning sun.

At the foot of Govett's Leap we halted to build a fire and soon, surrounded by the indescribable wonders of Nature, we sat—and ate curry. I wonder if the mountains ever deign to think how ludicrous and small we mortals are, and laugh at us!

Continuing, we wended our way from Govett's Leap through Rodriguez Pass to the Fernery, where, in perfect harmony, gigantic tree ferns grow side by side with dainty maidenhair, and, finally, having paused only for afternoon tea, we reached the summit at Evans' Look-out, just after sunset.

Of course, some of us felt somewhat tired after a tramp of so many miles, but we rejoiced in the prospect of a whole hour to catch the train home, and so commenced a leisured progress on the road to Blackheath. But though we walked on and on, and still on, the road likewise went on and on with no sign of turning, and at last our anxiety was aroused, as well as our hunger, so that we beguiled the tedium of the journey by imagining what we should most like for tea—a pastime which in calm reflection we may condemn, but, ah me! how it helped us. I have since decided that a fertile imagination wins half the battle of life.

But, as everything has an end, so had this pleasant (?) walk, and, thoroughly weary, we arrived at Blackheath—to find that the only train back to Katoomba was a goods train at ten o'clock. At least, we reflected, this allowed plenty of time for tea, and, under so pleasing a

prospect, our spirits revived until we began to think what a gloriously exciting adventure it was—home on a goods train at ten o'clock! This was life indeed!

However, in the meantime, we strolled into a shop and, arranging ourselves in a double layer round a small table, we awaited an attendant. Quite how astounded the shopkeeper was to receive an order to cater for ten starving people at a moment's notice I cannot tell, suffice to say that she rose to the occasion like a Briton or a Fortian, and

soon we were enjoying a repast of sandwiches and coffee.

At its close, our escort slipped away and, while we were still discussing the goods train, returned to tell us that a car was waiting to convey us home. We enjoyed immensely the motor trip home in the starlight, and though we were a wee bit disappointed at missing the still greater novelty, perhaps it was just as well, for goodness only knows, and certainly we never shall know now, what might have happened on the goods train.

MOLLIE THORNHILL, 4A.

"TO MY CANARY."

"Light-hearted songster, with the throat
of gold,
Singing of love divine, by what great
art
Enchantest thou my soul? Is it thy
heart
With magic song o'er flowing? Joy at
cold
Grim Winter's flight? Is't love that
makes thee bold?
Sorrows by such light means do not
depart
From out their kingdom! But the
brown bees dart
From tree to flow'r and Winter's death
is tolled.

Sing on, proclaim thy joy, my golden
bird!
Thy soul still soars in ecstasy divine.
Mount, mount in song! How vain is
man's desire
To reach the glory of the song I've
heard!
Sweet bird, sing on! what golden joy
is thine
That can express in song such heav'nly
fire!"

"LA SOMNAMBULA," 5A.

THE PURSUING PHANTOM.

There are some mornings in early Spring when it seems to me that the beauty of things wakes me and calls to me. I make a hasty toilet and go gently downstairs before any of the family is up, and take possession of the garden. The new washed aspect of the earth and the long inverted shadows of early morning and the crystal freshness give the world a legendary appearance. Every time I see life from the vantage of dawn, I vow never again to miss the first morning rapture of things—and then I do not waken early for a month of Sundays.

One such morning, I went down into our old-fashioned garden to enjoy the

early sunshine. It was a typical Australian Spring morning. The sky was blue, the air was fresh, the breeze gently wafted the leaves and flowers to and fro, and I was determined to enjoy it to the utmost. The air was heavy with scent. All around the house, wattle trees were in bloom, and the bees were working busily among the mignonette and roses near my window. A few dainty birds, evidently busy with the cares of nesting, just settled occasionally on the hedge to snatch a hasty meal and then hurried off, chirping gaily as they went, back to their little ones.

The milkman in the next street was giving vent, in his joy, to a song, but

some small boys, who were whistling so energetically near my gate, distracted my attention from its words, which would have interested me at the time.

I turned my head and a riotous mass of colour, interspersed with patches of a daintier hue, greeted me—the buds of yesterday had bloomed, unknown to me. "Spring has donned a wondrous dress to-day," I thought. Fortunately there are trees in my garden, for I love them as well as flowers. Their whisperings and rustlings seem almost human; their branches beckon to me, and there always seems a fascinating sense of mystery about them.

Some time longer I sat and reflected on the beauty around me, and by this time I had forgotten the world, for when one is alone with Nature and her infinite loveliness, one is apt to forget. I felt happy and contented, I had the spirit of Spring, the most glorious season, and I thought the world could not be more fresh and fair, or Nature more lovely. In pure joy I actually leapt in

the air and began to dance to the tune of the milkman.

Then suddenly appeared the Phantom. I stopped dancing and stood stock still. Its bony finger pointed at me accusingly; its sorrowful eyes reproached me. Its compelling gaze held me and I followed it in mute astonishment. By this time I felt quite guilty. The Phantom led me silently upstairs, into my room. My heart sank, but I continued to follow it, slowly and sullenly. Then in a voice in which anger and sorrow were mingled the Phantom spoke, chilling my heart and curdling my blood: "I am the Ghost of Homework. Until your work is finished, I shall haunt you."

With trembling hands I removed a weighty Geometry book from a shelf and began to learn. For hours I pondered over the mysteries of angles, triangles, parallelograms, rectangles, etc., etc., completely forgetting the Phantom.

Suddenly a thought struck me: "Where is my fearful visitor?" I looked round the room in terror, but lo and behold! the Ghost had vanished.

REBE PEARLMAN, 2A.

PROSERPINE.

O'er hill and dale, by brook and mountain stream,

Pale Ceres, her fair daughter vainly sought,

Nor yet her sorrowing heart relieved by gleam

Of hope. The land, though innocent of aught,

Received the blame; the fertile soil, though wrought

By rustic plough, no fruitful crops did yield,

And cattle died on plain and barren field.

At Pluto's side, on Tartarus' gloomy throne,

Proserpine reigned queen, against her will,

Of shadowy realms of darkness. She alone

Belonged to upper light, from Enna's still

And glittering lake conveyed with speed until,

Straight through the earth in Pluto's chariot borne,

She reigned in that dark kingdom, sad, forlorn.

At Jove's command, Proserpine fair returned,

And Ceres gladly welcomed her. Once more

The parched earth revived, which long had yearned

To yield its fruits. The maidens, as of yore,

By brook and mountain played, and meadows wore

Their gayest robes. Proserpine thus did bring,

When winter months were o'er, the welcome spring.

GWEN WILLIAMS, 5A.

MOCK ELECTION WEEK.

During the week ending 4th August, a vigorous campaign was pursued by several would-be politicians in our midst. There were three contesting parties, the Party of School Spirit, which indulged in much cheering, waving of banners, and sound commonsense; the Party of Ease, renowned for its eloquence and enthusiasm; and the Party of Independence, conspicuous for its reticence in the matter of public speaking. The Party of School Spirit was ably represented by Phyllis Scurr, Mollie Thornhill, Mary Ebbs, Thelma Sundstrom, and Alma Green; Ease, by Amy Chicken, Anita Campbell, Karla Oosterveen, Gwen Morgan and Lilian Goldsmith; Independence, by Mary Harold, Freda Skinner, Clarice Gee, Mary Hackland and Audrey Rowlands.

Party Politics being the order of the day, enthusiasm ran high throughout the School, and the motley array of posters and placards which adorned the building without and within, and also every accessible place in the immediate surroundings, was both convincing and enlightening. During the first days of the campaign, the candidates and their immediate followers seemed to rest their hopes of success mainly upon large volumes of noise, such as that produced by bells, gongs, tin-cans, and healthy girl voices. Under pressure, however, they were finally induced to rely on the strength of their eloquence for the necessary support to the Cause.

Towards the end of the week, and especially during two wet days, verbal wars became very frequent and very fierce, and hot-blooded enthusiasts of all parties hurled a great deal of sarcasm and ridicule at each other, to their mutual discomfiture and to the entertainment of all present. It was feared that bitterness of feeling would result from these conflicts, but the war was carried on in an admirable spirit by all concerned, and no animosity was harboured by anyone.

The following extracts from speeches will show to some extent the policy of each party:—

School Spirit.—"Why come to school at all if we don't come here to work and make the most of our opportunities? We shall be absolutely incompetent when we leave school if we waste our time now, and then what will be the use of all our ease, and all our leisure?"

"If our Anzacs had insisted upon a policy of Ease, what kind of position should we be in now? If they had wanted all pleasure and faced none of the serious things of life, why we'd be all learning German now instead of French."

"The social side of our School life is not developed half enough. We want a Dramatic Club, to provide for term entertainments such as other Schools have. We want a Camera Club, which brings the girls into more intimate relations. If we band together and work hard, we can raise money to furnish our Gymnasium, which is not all that we can wish."

The Party of Ease defined "ease" as being "comfort," and proceeded to promise innumerable comforts IF they were elected. One wonders why they could not give them without being Ms.P. Many wild schemes were formulated, but there were many plans that were quite feasible, such as better accommodation both for gymnastics and study, longer hours for sport, and better libraries, with a reading room. Several comments were made on the merits of Room 14. The fortunate occupants of this room are entertained either by the noise of the Gymnasium Class, the melodies of a singing class, or by the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of the boys' singing.

From the Independent Party we gathered that we were a crushed, down-trodden crowd, who strained under the load of homework and examinations.

The election was conducted in a strictly legal manner; there was no confusion, no hitch to mar the solemnity. It was a moving sight to see our Mistresses deeply pondering over their papers and deciding how to vote best for the party of their choice. The actual counting is to most of us a deep, dark

mystery which, though several kind people have already striven to explain, shall be made clear hereafter. The results showed a victory for School Spirit, which gained three out of the five positions, while the Party of Ease gained the other two.

Though the campaign was enjoyed by all, more than one speaker was heard to say, "I'm glad **that's** over," which is a direct blow at the theory that the "weaker sex" loves to speak unceasingly.

M.R. } 5A.
S.T. }

ELEGY WRITTEN ON SEEING A MOUNTAIN OF HOMEWORK.

Here rests, her head upon her Latin books,

A maid to jazz and dancing quite unknown;

She is a scholar, mark her weary looks,
For dreadful Homework's claimed her for his own.

Small is her head and large her heap of work.

Her teacher warned her that it **must** be done;

She does not, wittingly, her duty shirk,
But, ah! she sleeps e'er scarce she has begun.

Here let us leave her, wrapped in slumber deep,

While Euclid hovers round her weary head,

And "'croire" and "faire" a horrid vigil keep—

Deluded damsel! Not for **thee** thy bed.

"EMMAR," 5A.

A TRIP IN AN AEROPLANE.

Have you been up in an aeroplane? It is a really thrilling but rather awe-inspiring experience.

One windy day in August, my mother and sister took me out to the Mascot aerodrome. On the way out I was quite pleased with the thought that I was going up in an aeroplane, but, when we actually arrived I felt a little different.

My mother arranged with the pilot, Nigel Love, for the three of us to go up together. We were taken to a little wooden shed to get caps, which fitted right down over our ears, and goggles; then we were taken to the aeroplane. My sister sat in the front seat, just behind the pilot, and my mother and I in the back.

Then away we went, into the air. What a terrible roar! What a rush of air! The minute we left terra firma I found that both my goggles and cap were too big, so with one hand I had to hold on to them, and with the other I felt I must grip the side of the machine. What a queer feeling I had when I realised I was over two thousand feet above the earth!

It was bad enough to be flying over land, but when the pilot turned towards the ocean, I confess I was very frightened. As the machine turned to one side, it seemed as if we would fall out. In order to prevent this happening, each time it turned we both leaned in the opposite direction. This was really absurd, but it made us feel safer.

By looking round we could see a great part of the suburbs about Sydney, but we were directly over Redfern. A train, moving out of the station, looked like a tiny caterpillar crawling along.

Although it seemed hours, we were only up for about ten minutes, but I wished it had been longer, for coming down was the worst part. When we were still fairly high, the aeroplane went round and round, gradually getting lower, too. I had a terrible feeling then, which I am sure was related to seasickness. Nearly all the way we were going round, but, on landing, it seemed as if we were going straight into a fence. However, the aeroplane swerved upwards just in time. When at last it stopped, some men came to help us

out. It was good to feel perfectly safe again, and to be walking about. As soon as I took off my cap, I felt a queer buzzing noise in my ears. The pilot told me to hold my nose and blow hard. We all

did this, but it was not till I was nearly home it really disappeared.

Although it was a really exciting experience, I doubt whether I want another chance to "go up."

2A.

SPRING AND WATTLE.

A dainty vision went her way,
 The cold grey bushland through;
 She painted all the forest gay
 With gladsome green and blue.
 The flowers, at her soft command,
 Their brightest frocks did don.
 Word ran throughout the far bushland,
 "See! Spring is coming on!"
 The birds which, all the winter long,
 Had silent been and sad,
 Now sang one sweet and joyous song,
 Harmonious and glad.
 Before one tree she, stooping down,
 Said, "This your queen shall be!
 See, here I place her royal crown,
 For ev'ryone to see!"
 And, to this day, in field or town,
 A joy for young and old,
 One still can see that regal crown,
 The Spring's bright wattle gold.

BESSIE BANNAN, 2A.

'Twas in a florist shop it stood,
 In far-off London Town.
 It shone with golden brightness,
 Though all about was brown.
 Far from its own dear country,
 It brought a message there,
 And said to all who saw it,
 "Advance, Australia Fair!"

To those who gazed upon it,
 From its far-off native land,
 It brought a vision splendid,
 And stirred the spirit grand.
 It brought a vision golden
 Of that country far o'er there,
 And roused again that loyal cry,
 "Advance, Australia Fair!"

CHRISTINE FRASER, 1A.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE HISTORY EXAM.

After a few hours' fagging, I decided to go to bed, and lost no time in obtaining admission into the Kingdom of Sleep.

Suddenly an old man appeared before me with haggard face, bent shoulders, and wearing large spectacles.

I started, and for the time words failed me; but soon a mesmeric feeling came over me, and I realised I was being addressed in these words: "Tell me the history of Australia from the time of Bass and Flinders to the rule of Governor Macquarie."

Influenced by this old man's power, I immediately responded:—

"The first journey Bass and Flinders undertook was the crossing of the Blue Mountains in 1318. This having been accomplished successfully in the 'Tom Thumb,' Ptolemy was sent out to survey their track in 54 A.D.

"Next year Charles I. and his wife, Buckingham, drove over the new road, but, on their return, Charles discovered that Bass was engaged in a Gunpowder Plot against the Governor, so a Bill of Attainder was passed against Bass by the House of Lords, and he was exiled from Australia in 1641.

"Vasco da Gama then came upon the Great Southern Land, and, on returning to England, was knighted by Cromwell, who sent out the Rump Parliament to colonise the new country.

"When these men arrived in Australia they first impeached Flinders for having established the drink trade in the colony.

"The free settlers then rose in rebellion, and thus began the Civil War, the most important battle of which was Vinegar Hill, at which a large number of the Parliamentarians were killed.

"Macquarie was then sent out to create peace. His ship was wrecked on Wreck Reef Island, and after many other hardships he at length reached Port Jackson, but, to his disappointment, he found that the free settlers were——"

"Joan, it is time you were out of bed, as the clock has just struck eight."

What a relief to find it was but a dream, and that I had a few hours before the exam. in which to collect my thoughts again.

2A.

A DAY'S WALK.

At the end of a winding path, far from the haunts of men, lies a spot dear to nature lovers. Only those "of the brotherhood" know the way, and they will never reveal the secret: the haven is to them too sacred to be approached by profane feet.

Having left the dust and dirt of the restless city behind, the train bears us away to a little remote station "down south." Here we alight, sling our packs over our shoulders, knapsack-wise, and the journey begins. At first, as we go past the few houses and the signs of man's habitation, we laugh and talk, but soon our way leads into a deep gorge, where the thick foliage almost shuts out the light of the sun. Here the gay voices are stilled; in single file the company moves on; silence reigns, but it is the silence of complete comprehension and sympathetic understanding.

Through tree-ferns, shoulder high, the party moves down the valley to the river at its foot. Here is a picturesque scene. Deep shadow interspersed with flecks of sunlight now here, now there, lines each side; the sun shines on the centre like a glass in which are reflected the little fleecy clouds. Poised on the stepping stones, we stop and quench our thirst from the clear, ice-cold water. Then we travel on, but the walking has become more difficult. Up the side of the gully we toil, with many a perilous slip. At length the summit is reached. What a sight is revealed to our awestruck eyes! On one side the illimitable ocean, deep,

deep blue, marred by no speck, save where on the little beach below us the white horses of Neptune rush up to the gleaming golden sands. Behind us gullies lie in deep gloom, and, over all, circles the blue vault of heaven. For several minutes we stand awed, learning, like Longfellow, that "there may be worship without words."

Everywhere we see the hand of the Master-Artist and we become conscious of his all-pervading love and care.

At length we turn away, appetites are not satisfied even by magnificent scenery, and so we scramble down the hillside to the little beach. Just above, a fire is lit, and the meal cooked. We spend the afternoon in resting and talking, to fortify us for the return journey.

A little after the setting of the sun we sally forth again; it is a beautiful moonlight night, and so there is no need of the candles which each of the party carries. How different the bush is now! All kinds of queer sounds are heard by the uninitiated; the trees present rather a grim, leering appearance. But soon we become accustomed to the unfamiliar sounds and sights; the calm spirit of the great bush enfolds us, wraps us in her embrace. We walk on, immersed in our dreams till, "Here we are!" the station is reached.

Our journey is finished, but the traces remain. Never shall we be quite the same, for we are enrolled among the numbers of bush lovers; the peace of the bush is in our hearts.

M., 5A.

SPORTS DAY.

The Twelfth Annual Sports of the Fort Street Girls' High School were held at Rushcutters' Bay Oval, Thursday, 31st August, 1922. Many visitors were

present, amongst whom were:—Miss Partridge (ex-Principal), Miss F. Cohen, Mrs. Longmuir, Mrs. Tulloch, Major Connell, M.L.A. The programmes were

kindly donated by Messrs. Elliott Bros., and the afternoon tea supplied by the mothers. All proceeds from the Sports will go towards the School Prize Fund.

Messrs. Foot, Griffith, Hellings and Searle assisted in many events.

The following is the list of results:—

Orange Race.—1, K. Williams; 2, D. Starr; 3, H. Cook.

12 Years' Championship.—1, R. Hayes; 2, C. Berry; 3, K. McIlroy.

13 Years' Championship.—1, E. Mogg; 2, A. Butterworth and M. Brady.

14 Years' Championship.—1, P. Kirkby; 2, B. Singleton and D. Cohen.

15 Years' Championship.—1, A. Coombes; 2, K. Cruickshank; 3, A. Green.

16 Years' Championship.—1, J. Brown; 2, A. Voss; 3, D. Starr.

Crow Hop.—1, J. Golding; 2, A. Voss; 3, R. Hayes.



The Team That Won the Solomon Shield, 1922.

From left to right: M. Russell, K. Branch, G. Branch, E. May.

Championship of School.—1, J. Brown; 2, D. Starr; 3, A. Coombes.

Billy Race.—1, E. Murphy; 2, R. Higham; 3, R. Hayes.

Junior Championship.—1, P. Kirkby; 2, A. Green; 3, E. Murphy.

Sack Race.—1, H. Cook; 2, M. Hopman; 3, H. Stark.

Walking Championship.—1, G. Branch; 2, I. Hill; 3, B. Wallace.

Tunnel Ball.—1, 5A; 2, 3A; 3, 1A.

Three-legged.—1 (dead heat), K. Williams-A. Coombes and J. Brown-D. Starr.

Old Girls.—1, V. Madgwick; 2, R. Bird; 3, T. Rawcliffe.

Year Relay.—1, 3rd Year; 2, 5th Year; 3, 4th Year.

220 Yards Championship.—1, J. Brown; 2, A. Voss; 3, A. Coombes.

Sports Relay.—1, Tennis.

Obstacle.—1, L. Armstrong; 2, A. Voss; 3, M. Russell.

SPORT.

The Hockey Season.—This year has been fairly successful, and both A. and B. teams have greatly improved since the beginning of the season. K. McRae has been promoted to the A. team, and shows promise on the right wing. The forward line is well supported by our reliable half-backs, D. Bristow, M. Thornhill, and E. Isles. Much enthusiasm is displayed among the younger players, many of whom have already secured positions in the teams. We are glad to find among the First Year girls such a promising forward as I. Westfalon. The teams greatly appreciate the interest Miss Bird has taken in them this season.

At the Hockey Sports, Fort Street lost the match v. Sydney, the score being 1—0; but Fort Street's relay team carried off the prize for the All Schools' Relay Race, the four runners being: J. Brown, A. Voss, K. Williams, A. Coombes.

Results of A. Team Matches.

Sydney 1	Fort Street.. .. 1
North Sydney .. 3	Fort Street.. .. 3
Sydney 3	Fort Street.. .. 1
North Sydney .. 1	Fort Street.. .. 0
Fort Street.. .. 7	Sydney B. 0
P.L.C. (Pymble) 5	Fort Street.. .. 0
Fort Street.. .. 6	Guides 4

Results of B. Team Matches.

Sydney 3	Fort Street.. .. 2
North Sydney .. 1	Fort Street.. .. 0
Cleveland Street 3	Fort Street.. .. 0
St. George 1	Fort Street.. .. 0
Parramatta .. . 0	Fort Street.. .. 0

A. TULLOCH, 5A.

Lacrosse.—How eagerly the girls looked forward to the time when they could scamper wildly over the grass at Birchgrove, enjoying a race for the ball.

At the opening of the season, the girls showed promise of good play, and were very enthusiastic to begin the matches. Although the A. team was considerably weakened by the loss of several good players, including Nell Boutcher, it is again up to the standard. There are several girls now in Second Year entitled to a pocket badge, having been promoted to the A. team. This year the B. team was entered into the competition, as the "Under Five-footers." Two First Year girls, Agnes Brewster and Jean Archer, showed good form from the beginning, and consequently are already in the B. team. The A. team has met with great success so far, and has won every match. This success is mainly due to the fine play of Linda Goldstein, May Smith, Jean Brown, and Barbara Hersey. The matches have been very exciting, especially those against North Sydney and Sydney High. It was touch and go in these matches, but the combination of our girls won the day.

May Smith and Linda Goldstein were elected Captain and Vice-Captain, while Lily Dunn was appointed Captain of the B. team. May is a good Captain, and fills the position vacated by Nell Boutcher very ably. Although the Club regrets the loss of Miss Maloney, it extends a hearty welcome to its popular coach Miss Gombert, who has returned to this School after a couple of years' absence.

The following are the results of the matches:—

May 31—

Fort Street B., 4; St. George B., 1.

June 7—

Fort Street A., 3; St. George A., 0.

Fort Street B., 0; Sydney High, 10.

June 14—

Fort Street A., 13; Fort Street B., 0.

July 19—

Fort Street A., 2; North Sydney, 1.
Fort Street B., 1; Petersham, 4.

July 26—

Fort Street B., 2; Parramatta, 3.

August 2—

Fort Street A., 5; St. George B., 1.
Fort Street B., 1; St. George A., 4.

August 16—

Fort Street A., 2; Sydney High, 1.

E. DUTTON, 5A.

Our tennis this season seems to have been well up to the standard, and both teams have partaken in some very enjoyable matches, in which they have attained quite a fair measure of success.

The A. team was successful in reaching the semi-finals of their competition, but was then defeated by Sydney I., who undoubtedly put up a splendid game.

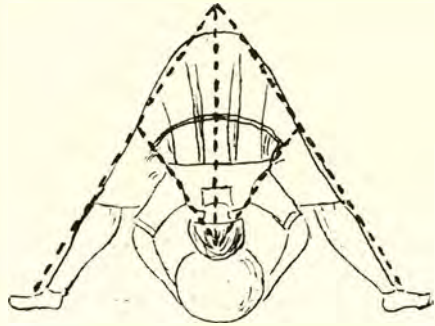
Two of the members of our team, E. O'Sullivan and M. Johnson, are to be congratulated on the splendid form they displayed throughout the season. We have good reason to hope that this pair will win the doubles in the approaching High Schools' Tournament. A number of Fortians have entered for this, and we should like to wish them the very best of luck.

The B. team has been extremely successful this season, and all its members have acquitted themselves well. As their competition now stands, our team has played all its matches, and has eleven points, with Petersham next with nine points, and one more match to play. If Petersham win this match, we shall have to play them again, but we have every reason to expect a win, thereby winning the B. Competition.

The season has altogether been very enjoyable, and the tennis enthusiasts would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Bayley for the interest she has taken both in the matches and in the ordinary play. We remember that it is to Miss Bayley's efforts we owe two interesting tournaments, which have afforded us a great deal of pleasure.

A. Grade Results.

	Games.	Games.
June 7—	Fort St. . . 16	North Sydney 12
„ 14—	Sydney II. 16	Fort St. 14



What is the connection between Mathematics and Sport?

K.T.

July 19—Sydney I.	21	Fort St.	16
" 26—Fort St. . .	20	St. George ..	13
Aug. 2—Fort St. . .	23	Parramatta ..	14

Semi-Final.

Games.

Games.

Aug. 16—Sydney I.	21	Fort St.	13
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B. Grade Results.

June 7—Sydney I.	21	Fort St.	16
" 14—Sydney II.	16	Fort St.	16
July 12—Fort St. . .	22	Parramatta ..	11
" 19—Fort St. . .	18	Cleveland St.	14
" 26—Fort St. . .	22	St. George ..	17
Aug. 2—Fort St. . .	24	Petersham ..	7
" 16—Fort St. . .	23	North Sydney	20

M. EVANS.

The **Vigoro** season so far has been fairly successful, as the A. team has been defeated only once.

Petersham (72) v. Fort Street (71).

Parramatta (65) v. Fort Street (71).

North Sydney (51) v. Fort Street (99).

Sydney (42) v. Fort Street (60).

We find in Thelma Lloyd a very good backstop and batsman, and in Winnie Watts, Zillah Prior and Marjorie Hopman three splendid batsmen. Very good work has been done by our bowlers, Bertha Garrett and Ethel Gordon-Smith.

As a Club, we extend hearty thanks to Miss Smith and Miss Keeley for the interest they have taken in us.

D. WALBUTTON, 3C.

The **Basket Ball** season this year has been, on the whole, fairly satisfactory. The A. team, after defeating Sydney High in the semi-finals (14-9), was defeated in the finals by North Sydney High (10-6). Brilliant playing throughout the year has been displayed by Mary Ebbs (Vice-Captain) and Evelyn Graham. Towards the end of the season, Jessie Anderson was promoted from the B. to the A. team, being one of the best goal throwers we have ever had in the team.

The B. team won every match except those against Sydney High (draw, 16 all) and Petersham High (7-6). Gwen Branch performing her duties as Captain admirably.

Great enthusiasm has been shown throughout the year by all players, whether in the teams or not, and the close of the winter season is, I am sure, much regretted by all basket ball players.

FAITH FITZ GERALD, Captain, 5B.

A SCENE FROM THE "MOCK ELECTIONEERING CAMPAIGN.

"See this apple?" demanded one of the representatives of the Party of Ease. Everyone nodded—even the little First Years obliterated at the back of the gathering, who, though, to give them their due, really imagined that they could see it. ". . . well, that apple . . ." proceeded the candidate for Parliament who was making her maiden speech outside the Upper Porch. Everyone felt the tenseness of the silence. All wore grave, anxious faces; not a sound issued from that motley crowd; even the Party of School Spirit under the fig tree, arrested by the silence, stopped its haranguing and listened.

". . . this apple . . ." ("This suspense is awful," whimpered a 1B. child, who had had her nerves set on edge earlier in the day by being "hauled up" for talking on the stairs.) The speaker darted a furious look at her.

". . . this apple . . . cost **one penny and a ha'penny!**"

A low murmur of indignation shook the School's four walls. Louder, louder it rose on the morning air, until, at the interrogative, "Are we going to continue paying **one penny and a ha'penny** for our apples?" from the speaker fanned the smoking wrath into flame. "No!" roared the crowd. "No-o-o-o-o!" "How feeble!" remarked a School Spirit supporter. "Let's count them out! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine . . ."

"In!" yelled the Eases, grinning triumphantly.

"This apple . . ." continued the Easeman—but, alas! it's the bell! There is pell-mell and a scramble, and in a few minutes the girls have filed in an orderly fashion into their respective classrooms. It is the end of electioneering until next recess.

CORA DUNPHY, 5B.

"LA DERNIERE CLASSE."

Cette histoire, écrite par Alphonse Daudet, m'a profondément émue. Ce n'est pas une histoire qui ravit par son éclat, non, elle excite à la fois et notre sympathie et notre colère—la sympathie pour l'Alsace, la colère contre les Allemands. Je n'aimerais pas vivre dans un pays comme l'Alsace qui est rejeté ainsi, de la France à l'Allemagne. Ces deux pays ont combattu plusieurs fois pour ce petit bout de terre qui leur est si précieuse. Et les habitants, les pauvres Alsaciens, doivent être Français ou Allemands selon les ordres du pays qui les a pris.

Or dans cette histoire nous avons une scène touchante pendant un de ces changements. Voilà le petit Frantz, sans souci, qui aimerait mieux faire l'école buissonnière que d'aller apprendre le français. Bientôt le petit réalisa combien il voudrait la savoir, cette belle langue. Il y a quelque chose de triste dans les mots du forgeron. "Ne te dépêche pas tant petit, tu y arriveras toujours asscz tôt à ton école!" Vous direz, "Pourquoi les Alsaciens ont-ils tant souffert?" Mais, que faire? Ce n'était pas la première fois dans l'histoire du pays et peut-être qu'on peut s'accoutumer à ces sortes de troubles. Nous pouvons imaginer la surprise du garçon quand il entra dans la classe qui était incroyablement silencieuse! Pas de bruit! Aussi l'atmosphère était-elle pleine d'attente et d'étonnement, j'en suis sûre. J'aime les paroles du maître, elles sont pleines de simplicité et de force. Cinq petites

phrases expriment son émotion; la brièveté les rend plus émouvantes. C'était un coup de foudre, sans aucun doute, pour le pauvre petit écolier. Toutes ses fautes, toute la négligence des leçons qu'il trouvait ennuyeuses lui parurent soudainement des crimes énormes. Ce matin, surtout, il n'avait pas su la leçon, la fameuse règle des participes—la dernière classe et il ne l'avait pas préparée.

Encore une fois le maître parla. Ses paroles durent pénétrer le cœur du plus jeune de la classe, leur vérité perçait un homme de fer. Puis la leçon! Tout le monde travailla, même les vieux du village qui y étaient assemblés. Les règles étaient faciles à apprendre, mais c'était trop tard, le nouveau maître apporterait de nouvelles règles; il y aurait plus de travail et moins de bienveillance. Rien n'est plus émouvant que la dernière action de M. Hamel. Ne pouvant parler, il écrivit en grandes lettres, "Vive la France!" Puis il dit, "C'est fini . . . allez-vous-en."

Les larmes me remplissent les yeux en pensant au maître. Que ferait-il? Est-ce que les petits se souviendraient de ses paroles ou deviendraient-ils de bons petits allemands?

Alphonse Daudet a écrit beaucoup de contes amusants et tristes mais celui-ci me touche plus que les autres. Ses contes amusants sont remplis d'esprit, mais il y en a qui sont pleins d'un pathétique qui émeut tous les lecteurs.

M.R., 5A.

THE PASSING OF NIGHT.

The sun is sinking in the west,
The evening shadows fall;
The birds are flying home to nest,
And silence reigns o'er all.

The farmer rests upon his plough,
To gaze upon the sight;
The leaflets tremble on the bough
In the cool wind of night.

At last the splendid glory fades,
The sun has sunk to rest;
The inmates of the peaceful glades
Are now in slumber blest.

The moon sails o'er the deep blue sky,
The stars shine strangely bright;
The night birds wing their way so high,
Beneath the moon's cold light.

The night has passed, while yet reigns sleep,
The moon is seen no more;
For up the east, the grey shafts creep,
Beyond the distant shore.

Winged heralds of the coming day,
Pass o'er the wakening land;
And the sun sends each glittering ray
Down to the golden sand.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 2D.

"THE BITTER END."

Slowly the day advanced upon the sleeping world until, when at last the summer sun was well above the horizon, the vast city was throbbing with the busy activity of early morning traffic.

But, for one, the day held nought but the promise of agony and pain, and as the sun's rays, slanting softly through the drawn blind, fell in warm profusion upon the bed, the parched lips twitched and the white, haggard features of the girl relapsed into a look of woeful despair. Yes, this was the end, the bitter, bitter end! Why, oh why! had they been so cruel as to enlighten her? Why had she been roused from her previous state of ignorance?

The air outside resounded with the song of happy bird-life, and, realising for the first time the beauty of the day, the girl made an eager attempt to rise, as though to join the feathered creatures

in their happy revelling; then suddenly her eyes closed wearily as her head dropped listlessly back upon the pillow. Their joy did but mock her misfortune, that suggestion of life was but a contrast to her inactivity—inactivity which must culminate in—. But no! her thoughts must not be allowed to dwell on that.

After all, her life had been little else but a round of pleasure, and now that the end was at hand, what cause had she to regret the hasty departure of time? She must cast off this deadly lethargy, and, with this determination at heart, the girl made a supreme effort, and dragged her weary body upright. Agonised sobs racked her whole being as, with a convulsive shudder, she cast aside the bed clothes; but it must be so!

For this was the end, the bitter, bitter end—of her vacation!

MAISIE LEE, 3B.

DROUGHT.

The brazen wingèd monster soars
Across the golden sun,
And casts a shadow o'er the earth,
Where rippling rivers run,

Where flowers bloom on verdant soil,
And fruits upon the tree;
Alas! too soon they all must die,
As o'er them passes he.

The birds no longer chirp nor sing,
The stream no longer flows,
The Christmas bells no longer ring,
Nor blooms the native-rose.

The grass, once full of merry life,
Danced gaily to the breeze,
Now shrunk and shrivelled, lifeless, stark,
It dies, beneath the trees.

The monstrous bird flies on his course;
His road is almost done,
A scorched, brown land lies in his wake,
Beneath the glaring sun.

He has no pity on the earth,
His mission on the land
Is to destroy by drought and fire
At Nature's stern command.

ANNIE MOYES, 2A.

"CROWDED MOMENTS."

Béatrice Gwendoline Smith attended a High School. In her first year she decided to take up lacrosse as a form of recreation, to be indulged in during those hours which the education authorities, in their wisdom, have decided shall be devoted to sport. The sports teacher, with a view to the future proficiency of the team, advised the girls to take their racquets home and practise catching the ball during the afternoons after school. Béatrice, armed with a lacrosse racquet

and ball, hied herself to her home, and bribed her younger brother to toss the ball for her to catch with the racquet. The practice was proceeding merrily when Mr. Smith arrived on the scene. He eyed the proceedings with a puzzled air, as one who strives to solve the intricate mysteries of something that is strange and alien to him. After several minutes of puzzled inspection, he approached, and expressed his wish to "have a bat." He was duly handed the racquet, and

having taken his stand, like the celebrated McDougall, "he faced the bowling with a smile." Carlo (the dog of no particular breed) roused himself from his slumber, and took up a position immediately behind Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith did not know much about lacrosse. He had played rounders in his youth, and in some dim, far-away period he had seen two visiting baseball teams try conclusions on the Sydney Sports Ground. When the ball was tossed to him, he swung wildly at it, and missed it. The ball, continuing its course, hit Carlo sharply on the head. He had just opened his mouth to let out a terrified yelp when the racquet, which had been carried round by the force of Mr. Smith's swing, smote him hard in the ribs. Carlo emitted a whole series of yelps, and streaked away for the horizon. He had lost his interest in lacrosse. There was a pause, while Mr. Smith was informed that he must not try to drive the ball into the next municipality, but merely catch it with the racquet. He took his stand again, and when the ball was tossed to him, he made a mighty upward lunge at it. Fairly and squarely he caught the ball this time, and sent it spinning skywards. It went up in a slanting direction, until it struck the glass in the bathroom window of Mr. Brown, who lived next door. Mr. Brown was an amateur photographer, and the bathroom was his holy of holies, where he practised the rites of washing and fixing his films. Mr. Brown was naturally annoyed. He leaned out of the window and said some very rude things to Mr. Smith, while Mrs. Brown, who had been attracted to the scene by the crash, added a few remarks of her own. Only after Mr. Smith had promised to pay for damages was some semblance of peace restored. Mr. Smith had lost some of his confidence by this time, but he took the racquet for the third time, and waited for the ball to come again. He hit it with the side of the racquet this time, and it wobbled up into the air and fell into the yard of Mrs. Murphy, who lived on the opposite side to Mr. Brown. Mrs. Murphy's black cat, "Dooley," was busily engaged in stalking a sparrow when the ball came on top of him. "Dooley" turned six separate and distinct somersaults, and then raced for the house, a very tornado of fur and

fury. Mrs. Murphy was just coming out for the evening's milk when an agitated mass of black cat met her in the doorway, tangled himself up with her feet, and caused her to sit down heavily. Still pursuing his mad career, "Dooley" dashed into the parlour, upset a gipsy table, and smashed a priceless china vase (which had cost Mrs. Murphy tenpence half-penny at Grace Brothers' sale). He finally entrenched himself behind the piano, while Mrs. Murphy struggled to her feet and went out to conduct an argument. It was a one-sided argument, wherein Mrs. Murphy said everything, and Mr. Smith nothing. She gave her plain, unvarnished opinion of him in forcible language, then went all over it again, and added several things she had forgotten the first time. After endeavouring vainly to stem the tide of eloquence, Mr. Smith beat a hasty retreat, and smoked his pipe on the balcony for the remainder of the afternoon. Beatrice Gwendoline still practises in the afternoon, but Mr. Smith is conspicuous by his absence. He is still of the opinion that he could learn to play lacrosse, but the fun would not pay for the trouble. He intends to try surfing at Coogee during the shark season. As a pastime, this is just as enjoyable, and less dangerous than learning to play lacrosse.

MARIE HIGGINS, 2A.

THE THINGS THAT NE'ER CAN BE AGAIN.

In twilight's hush, when shadows fall,
And birds, their evening carols call,
With sunset's changing hues on all—
The thoughts are wafted on to me,
Of things that ne'er again can be.

Of things that ne'er can be again,
That dormant in the past remain,
We call them to return in vain—
The chances that in life we spurned,
And then, too late, their value learned.

We'd fain recall some doubtful deed,
Some sage advice we did not heed,
Some friend we thought we did not
need—

All these, and more, are known to me,
As things that ne'er again can be.

THELMA MITCHELL, 2D.

"LILY."

The house stood at attention, with its blinds drawn, awaiting the return of its master and mistress, who had gone away on a long journey of six months' duration. Five months had passed since the loving old couple had bidden farewell to the garden they had tended so carefully. Alas! that same garden, once filled with beautiful flowers, was now choked with ugly weeds that spread their sprawling limbs out in every direction.

The garden had been ruthlessly robbed of its flowers by the urchins of the neighbourhood, who had carried off the delicate treasures to die slowly in small boxes on the window-sills of the various houses. Weeds had quickly filled the plundered beds, and prevented any plant that had managed to escape the eyes of the small robbers from obtaining sufficient nourishment to live. Thus the Garden had become the Wilderness, in which the Weeds ruled supreme, till one day a discovery was made that caused a meeting of the Weeds to be held at midnight on the first of June.

As the village clock tolled the twelfth hour of that silent night, every weed in the garden unfolded its leaves, and from the centre of each crept a tiny gnome, clad in dull green and russet brown. In the middle of the garden stood an old twisted tree, whose gigantic roots protruded from the soil. The gnomes all hurried towards this tree, and were soon seated along one of the roots. Of a truth, it was a strange sight! The moon peered through the branches of the tree, and beheld dozens of ugly, misshapen gnomes seated in a row on one of the gnarled roots. They appeared to be discussing something of great importance, for they gesticulated wildly, and rocked their ugly heads from side to side. Indeed, one excited little gnome raised his voice to such a pitch that the curious moon, in leaning down, overheard him.

"A fine thing, I call it," he exclaimed, "to have that common plant with the big leaves impudently preparing to flower! Why, **she** is not one of us, yet she is coolly defying us, and is sending out fresh roots to gather her flower-food!"

A spiteful-looking gnome interrupted the speaker.

"Well, brother, she is but one, and we are many! We can easily send forth more roots and capture all her supply of food and moisture, and then—her courage will fail her and she must wither and die, and we shall be left the undisputed masters of the garden."

"Well spoken, brother!" cried another, and as all the gnomes seemed satisfied with this plan, the meeting dispersed, and the conspirators returned to their weeds.

All through that night the underworld was in a ferment of excitement. Strange noises crept through the soil, and everywhere were seen new white roots roaming in search of food.

The man in the moon, however, could not see the preparations the weeds were making for the destruction of their unsuspecting victim. But he had overheard their cruel plot, and was now peering in all corners of the garden in search of the mysterious plant that had so bravely dared to oppose the weeds.

At last, the moonlight reached a patch of earth where, in between the border stones and the weeds, grew a plant quite different from the other sprawling inhabitants of the garden. The moon recognised the neat folds of the young leaves and the broad, graceful curves of the older ones as belonging to the lily, which had formerly been the master's most cherished flower. Under the loving care of the master and mistress, it had borne lovely white flowers with golden stems. But, alas! since then many of its leaves had withered, and the plant had well-nigh died. Knowing, however, that the time for the return of the master was near at hand, it had bravely resolved to send forth a flower, no matter how great the cost, to greet the ones who loved it. And the man in the moon sighed as he remembered how jealous the weeds were of this sole survivor of the lovely host of flowers that had formerly filled the garden.

Meanwhile, the lily, never dreaming that the weeds would be so cruel as to encroach on her tiny patch of soil at such an important time, had sent forth new roots to gather the life-giving moisture, and select the necessary flower-foods. So, happy in her dreams of the

future, the lily plant slept, whilst all around her crept those strange pale roots, silently absorbing the moisture and plant-foods.

In vain the moon tried to wake the sleeping plant and warn her of the danger that threatened. All through the night the deadly, white network of weed roots grew, and it was not till the warm rays of the sun kissed the tips of her leaves that the lily awoke. Then her roots told her of their terrible discovery—how the weeds had conspired against her, and were at that moment securing all the nearby moisture and plant-foods that were meant to give life to the future flower of the lily. With undaunted courage, the lily proceeded to send out more roots, with instructions to explore still further, and to glean any food that the weed roots had overlooked. Her faith in the approaching return of the master, who, she knew, would immediately rid her of the weeds that were threatening to choke her, was unshaken.

Thus, for many days and nights the lily plant struggled for existence against great odds, for the weeds were many, and she, but one! The end of the third week of that bitter fight found the brave little plant happy in the possession of a long, pale green bud, which she proudly raised on a slender stem far above her head. As the days flew, the bud grew larger and whiter, and at last, one glorious morn, it opened its snowy folds to the sun, and behold! enthroned on the golden stem, and clothed in the purest white, was Lily herself! The ugly, misshapen gnomes instinctively shrank further into their weeds as they watched. The expression of faith and loyalty on the pale face of the tiny fairy made them feel ashamed of their own base designs. Her innocent blue eyes to shame them—her beautiful frail form to accuse them; so all day long the gnomes hid.

But at night, when the soft folds of the flower enclosed the faithful fairy, the gnomes forgot their feeling of repentance, and once more sallied forth to the twisted tree to hold a conference there. Thus again the old moon saw them, gravely sitting in a row along one of the roots. Their ugly bodies threw grotesque shadows on the ground, and their presence seemed to pollute the very air.

Again, the subject of their discussion was the lily. Her faith in the coming return of the master was so firm that some of the weeds were beginning to feel rather uncomfortable, and were now filled with vague fears.

"I wonder," said one, "if there is any truth in what she says."

"I heard her yesterday telling even the birds of the garden to take heart and prepare their new spring songs for the master," mentioned another.

"That's just it," interrupted a third; "she talks only of 'his return,' and of our punishment that will surely follow. Suppose that her words were true!"

"Tut, tut!" cried the gnome, who appeared to be the leader, and who was certainly the ugliest; "how ridiculous! As if, after all this time, we should be forced to resign our positions as rulers of the garden, all through the saying of a pale-faced ninny like **her**. According to **her**, our end may come to-morrow—it may come to-night—it might have come yesterday! And did it? Of course not! Besides, always we shall be the foremost, for remember our slogan—'**We are many, and she but one.**'"

This cry was taken up by all the gnomes, whose evil eyes began to glitter ominously in the moonlight.

"However," continued their leader, "since she causes us so much unrest, let us follow out our original design, and kill her while she is still so weak with the exertion of flowering.

A chorus of hoarse hurrahs greeted these spiteful words, and the gnomes, after agreeing to put their cowardly plot into operation the following night, crept back to their weeds, chuckling over the prospects of their cruel sport.

But the next morning came the event the gnomes had feared, and Lily had prayed for! The master and mistress returned, and that same day rooted out all the rank weeds that had filled their beloved garden, and alone remained Lily, happy in the admiring love of her master. Food and moisture abounded, and soon new plants with beautiful flowers grew side by side with Lily. Thus the Wilderness became the Garden once more, where only Beauty, Joy and Love lived the Life Eternal!

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- "Evening": May be printed next time.
- "Beauties of Nature," "Wattle": Good attempts. Try again.
- "Misunderstood": Dénouement improbable.
- "Thoughts": Try again, and write of your own experiences.
- "A Visit to Wills": We should like to know more of the organisation.
- "A Farewell to the Old School": The subject is already treated in "The Spirit." Do not think Fort Street will forget you—the School has a long memory.
- "Parting": Good verse, but it would be better if you wrote of your own experiences and of Australian scenes.
- "Dreamland": Rather too sad.
- "Mount Black-Jack": Lack of space; may be printed next issue.
- "For the Sake of a Life": A promising story—lack of space forbids publication.
- "A Holiday Escapade": Falls a little short of success. Try again.
- "Ghosts": Promising. Work up another sketch for our next issue.
- "Getting to School": The subject has been treated too often—see previous issues.
- "2A.": The metre is not as good as the class.
- "The Elections": Idea good; drawings bad.
- "Fame": Rhymes poor.
- N. Lee: Ask reason of the mistress concerned.
- "A Visit to a Coal Mine": Does not tell us enough.
- "Reminiscences": Lack of space this issue; we may print next time.
- "The Painters": Funny, but not very respectful.
- "The Elections": We have only space for the prose version.
- "How Rome was Saved": Excluded regretfully on account of lack of space. A very good play which we must use in another way.
- "The Prolonged Lesson": Too late for consideration.
- "The Dog": Too late for consideration.
- "The Charge of the Late Brigade": May reconsider.
- "Lost in the Wilds": Very amusing, but perhaps injudicious.

EXCHANGES.

"The Technical High School Journal,"
 "Our Girls," "The Chronicle," "The St.
 Georgian," "The Fortian," "The Magpie,"
 "The Gleam," "The Record," "Parramatta
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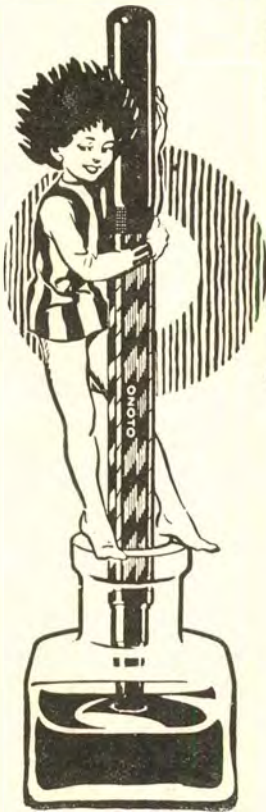
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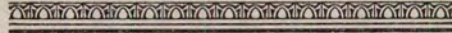
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