

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



—(By courtesy, The Sydney Mail.)

LEAVING KOSCIUSKO.

See "A Perfect Week," p. 15.

Principal—Miss CRUISE, B.A.
Magazine Editor—Miss MORLEY, M.A.

Magazine Sub-Editor—Miss BUCKLEY, B.A.
Magazine Business Manager—Miss BIRD.

AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE.

Still! still! the mighty mystery has
stirr'd.
The lagging vapours of the night have
flown,
And in the east, ah dim! how dim, has
grown
The morning star. Now upward soars a
bird;
And far away the dawn's strange voice is
heard
In troubled whispers of the Great Un-
known;
The east grows bright, as though to us
were shown

At last, the face of Him who breathed
the word
That caused the very heavens to unfold
Their latent splendour, for the east has
gleamed
A hazy beauty, draped in mists of gold;
And lo! the Monarch of the Day has
beamed.
Now does the Truth unfold? But no,—
instead,
The Mystery still unexplained, has fled.

THELMA MITCHELL, 3C.

ROUND THE SCHOOL.

NEWS OF THE STAFF.—We regret greatly the removal from our school of Misses Gombert and Smith, both of whom have endeared themselves to every mistress and pupil by their interest in the work and play of the school. Fort Street welcomes Dr. Murray and Miss Nichol, who are now members of the staff.

The school congratulates Miss Cohen on her appointment as head mistress at Maitland and wishes her all happiness in the new position.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE AWARD OF SPORTS BADGES.—1. Championship Badges will be awarded to winners of all championship events. In addition the winner of the School Championship and Junior Championship will be entitled to have "Athletics" placed on her blazer pocket at the expense of the School Sports Fund. Any girl winning more than one championship badge, will receive one championship badge inscribed with the races won.

2 Any girl winning three novelty badges will be awarded a championship badge inscribed with the races won.

3. Novelty badges inscribed with the year will be given to each girl in winning overhead and tunnel-ball teams.

4. In the Old Girls' race a novelty badge will be given for first and for second place.

THE ANNUAL FIELD SPORTS were, this year, held at Birchgrove Oval, instead of Ruscutter's Bay. The afternoon, despite the threatening condition of the weather in the early part of the day, turned out gloriously fine. The girls were all in high spirits, each class intent on winning the shield.

This year, since Jean Brown, Dorothy

Starr and Katie Williams were no longer present to monopolise all the races, many lesser lights, whom we did not know we possessed, had an opportunity to shine. The school championship, as was expected went to Annie Voss, with Bina Singleton a good second. The year relay was very close, second year coming first, fifth year second, and fourth year third. The Sports Relay was won by tennis with basket ball second and nockey third.

In Ailsa Burdon, the school has a runner showing great promise. She won the 13 years championship, and it was due to her splendid running that tennis won the sports relay. Iris Hill and Alma Green tied for the 16 years championship. Daphne Brake carried off the 12 years championship, Joyce Young the 14 years, Jessie Anderson the 15 years, and Annie Voss the 17 years. The senior three-legged was won by Edna Murphy and Bina Singleton, and the junior by Gwen Lascelles and Marion Stewart.

The tunnel ball proved perhaps the most exciting event of the day. The final between 5B and 4A, was won by 5B though they were in turn beaten by the old girls. The final of the overhead ball was also left to 4A and 5B, but this time 4A emerged the victors.

Of the novelty races the obstacle race proved the most amusing, the winners being Gwen Branch and Coral Evans. The walking championship was won by B. Trikojos and the Old Girls' race by Katie Williams with Miss Bird a close second.

The School Sports Shield for the class obtaining the greatest number of points was won by 5B (22 points.)

THELMA SUNDSTROM, 4A.

THE BASEBALL TEAM wishes to express its hearty thanks for the splendid coaching of Mr. Searle, to which the success of the team has been largely due. Though we began the season with rather an easy victory, each succeeding match has become a greater tussle, and the match with Parramatta was one of the most strenuous and exciting we have ever played. Much of the success of the team is due to Iris Hill, who is to be complimented on her fielding and batting. The play of the first year girls has been very promising, especially that of Beryl Green, Gwen Ward and Thelma Moore, who have earned a place in the team this year. Altogether the general standard of play has been very high in the different schools; which has raised the interest and excitement of the matches.

- Fort Street v. North Sydney, 34-5.
- Fort Street v. Sydney High, 6-4.
- Fort Street v. St. George, 8-3.
- Fort Street v. Parramatta, 12-10.
- Fort Street v. Cleveland Street, forfeit by Cleveland Street.

It will be observed that we take first place in the competition this year. We are looking forward to a friendly match with Parramatta to end the season.

HEATHER STARK (Capt.) 5B.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM have been very successful this season, and much enthusiasm has been displayed by all the players.

The A team is fortunate in having Jessie Anderson as goal-thrower. To Jessie much of the success of the team is due, Essie Cohen has also played very well in the A team. Many of the first years have shown great promise, and several have gained positions in the B team. The standard of play this year has been very high, as is shown by the results:—

A Team.

- Fort Street v. North Sydney, 12-7.
- Fort Street v. St. George, 11-8.
- Fort Street v. Teachers' College, 11-9.
- Sydney High v. Fort Street, 8-6.

B Team.

- Fort Street v. North Sydney, 17-6.
- Fort Street v. St. George, 24-6.
- Sydney High v. Fort Street, 12-7.
- Fort Street v. Petersham, 12-6.

EVELYN GRAHAM (Captain), 5B.

HOCKEY has been marked by very keen enthusiasm, and in spite of a poor start, the A team hopes to end the season high up in the competition. We were fortun-

nate in finding a very able centre forward in Dorothy Pearson, and compliment also Marjorie Russell for her marked improvement as right inner. Ivy Westfallen as centre-half is an entirely indispensable and indefatigable member of the team, and the backs, Alma Murray and Vera Wearne, offer a very formidable defence. The B team also is not without its promising players, notably Wilga Moore (half-back) and Mary Gallagher and Muriel Nicholls (forwards). The two latter are to be congratulated on their play in the last three A matches, when they took the places of Dilys and Nancy Williams, who are ill.

We are sure that without Miss Bird's coaching we should not have done half so well, and here thank her for her interest; also Miss Willard and Dr. Murray, and the other members of the staff, who have suffered from the oft repeated question:

"Could you please come to the Domain on Friday?"

Among the matches yet to come we are looking forward with special interest to that against the Old Girls, and our trip to Wollongong on the 15th September.

The results of the A matches are:—

- Fort Street v. M.L.C., 0-1.
- Fort Street v. Parramatta 1-0.
- Fort Street v. Sydney, 1-0.
- Fort Street v. North Sydney, 1-1.
- Fort Street v. P.L.C., 2-1.
- Fort Street v. M.L.C., 1-3.
- Fort Street v. Parramatta, 2-0.
- Fort Street v. Sydney, 3-2.

And of the B:—

- Fort Street v. North Sydney, 1-0.
- Fort Street v. Sydney, 1-2.
- Fort Street v. Petersham, 4-1.
- Fort Street v. St. George, 0-1.

M. THORNHILL (Capt.) 5A.

OUR LACROSSE TEAM this year has been very successful, having lost only one match which we played against Sydney High School. Our captain is Jennie Evans, who has shown herself very capable in the position.

We have still two matches to play against Cleveland Street and Parramatta, but, so far, the scores are as follows:—

- North Sydney v. Fort Street, 2-2.
- St. George v. Fort Street, 1-2.
- Fort Street v. Sydney High, 1-4.
- Petersham v. Fort Street, 2-3.

L. DUNN (Secretary), 5B.

TENNIS was this year unfortunate in losing practically all the experienced players, so that the teams are considerably weakened, and it is difficult to obtain sufficient practice. If Fort Street had its own tennis courts! We have played three matches, against North Sydney, Sydney and St. George, our only win being against St. George.

Mary Johnson and Thelma Sundstrom have been given free membership at the White City for 1923.

T. SUNDSTROM, 4A.

VIGORO.—At the opening of the season the girls showed promise of good play, and were very enthusiastic to begin the matches. The A team was considerably weakened by the loss of several good players, but it is again up to the standard. We find in Heather Macpherson (vice-captain) a splendid all-round player, while our bowlers and backstops, especially Connie Walker and Grace Powell, play a good game. Brilliant playing has also been displayed by Myra Whiting and Alice Harvey.

ETHEL GORDON-SMITH (Capt.), 3A.

GWEN BRANCH distinguished herself in the recent life-saving examination. She was awarded the silver medallion gaining excellent marks. Gwen passed with honours every section of the examination.

I. HILL, 4A.

The third Annual Sports Meeting of the Girls' Secondary Sports Association was held at the Sports Ground on the 12th September, and was well attended by girls from the various high schools. Fort Street was well represented in the various races and several girls succeeded in securing places in the semi-finals. In the finals M. Hopman gained second place in the sack race, and J. Balmain third place in the obstacle race. The Fort Street team was successful in the tunnel ball. St. George, by gaining 22 points, won the Cup, North Sydney being half a point behind.

A CHOIR OF A THOUSAND VOICES drew a huge audience to the Sydney Town Hall on the evening of September 6. The performance, in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital was given by pupils from eight different schools, Fort Street Girls' High supplying over a hundred voices.

An organ solo, "Pomp and Circumstance March," was first given by Mr. L. C. Mote, followed by community singing, "Advance Australia Fair." Now the audience sank

lack luxuriously in their seats and drifted into the delightful land of song. Children's voices rich and sweet filled the air. Greeting was given to all Knights of Song in Wagner's "Tannhauser," while the audience were reminded of their own returning spring by "Spring Delights."

Alma Murray and Elva Merriman, two Fort Street High School girls, clearly charmed the audience by their delightful singing of Schubert's "Cradle Song."

A variety of programme in the first part was afforded by the wonderful violin solos of Master H. Klass, a clog dance by the Stanmore girls, and the performance of Harry North, the Concertina Swaggy.

In the second part of the programme many in the audience were reminded of their own young days by "Men of Harlech," "The Mill" and "Marching Song." Piano solos and recitations were given by Miss Nellie McCartney; and Audrey Knight, the English comedienne, also afforded much amusement. The programme ended by the "Soldiers' Chorus," heartily sung by the school choirs.

The concert was a great success, and its repetition on Tuesday, 18th September, should be hailed with delight by all music-lovers.

K.T., 5A.

THE SPECIAL CHOIR has been specially augmented since June for the Hospital Concert on September 4 and 6, so members now number 160. Many of the temporary members have expressed their intention of becoming permanent. Besides the many songs for the Hospital Concert, the Choir has also learned Schubert's setting of "The Lord is my Shepherd," on the singing of which it was highly complimented by Mr. Treharne (Director of Music, State Education Department) and other distinguished visitors. There are some promising solo voices in the Choir at present, some of which will be heard at school concerts later during the year. A former member of the Choir, Heather Kinnaird, sang the second contralto solo part in "Elijah" with the Philharmonic Society last July.

A.C., 5A.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.—This year has proved a very prosperous one for the newly-formed School Orchestra, which has increased in members, and has now a wide range of musical selections. Its weekly practice has been slightly hampered lately through the examinations, but it is to

be hoped that once these troubles are over practice will be resumed. All new members will then be cordially welcomed.

THE LIBRARIES.

MODERN LANGUAGE LIBRARY.—When Miss Evans returned from France last year she brought with her many interesting novels by popular French authors, and these, together with the books already in the library, form an attractive collection of 370 books. Among these I am sure every girl will find something to her liking. This may be easily seen by the large number of borrowers enrolled this year; there are not only Fifths and Fourths, but even Second year girls find that their vocabulary is not too limited to obtain pleasure from their reading. The library is open at any time; you have only to come to me in the Prefects' Room and I shall be very pleased to help you to become acquainted with French literature.

THELMA NILSSON, Librarian.

THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR REFERENCE LIBRARIES have been recently remodelled. The senior now includes works other than fiction; in view of this change, any donations will be highly appreciated, and a chat with the librarians will reveal the needs of this library. Fourth Year has made a more frequent use of the books, whilst the reading sessions are still continuing. Librarians: H. Brewster, L. Pearlman.

2C'S SHAKESPEARIAN AFTERNOON.

At half-past three on 13th April, 1923, in the Trinity Church of Stratford-on-Avon, the bones of William Shakespeare turned over and groaned!

The reason?

You shall hear!

The members of 2C were trying to their utmost ability, on the resources of a mere two shillings, to represent Shakespeare's immortal characters.

No wonder he groaned! for within a few minutes our wondrous dressing had commenced.

Above the tumult a calm voice arose, "Hush, not so much noise, girls!" "But oh! I'm sure that if you had lost your beard, and put on somebody's stocking that had been dyed with cochineal (two shillings not being sufficient to provide a packet of dye), and left its mark on your leg, you would never say 'Be quiet.'"

Soon the gym. was filled with excited Romeos, Juliets, Titanias, Bottoms, Shylocks, Macbeths, and even the Ghost in Hamlet.

The nobility in our audience must now be mentioned. Unfortunately, Miss Cruise was not able to attend our entertainment, but we gladly welcomed Miss Evans, Miss Morley, Miss Buckley, who had so kindly proposed this afternoon's entertainment, and our class mistress, Miss Nichol.

Among the characters, three stood out above the rest. These were Bottom (Betsy Rose), Shylock (Connie Berry), and one of the weird sisters of "Macbeth," played by Mary Little, the "Lion" of the afternoon, who carried off first prize. The winner of the prize for the best model theatre was Betsy Rose.

Afternoon tea was provided for the "Nobility," and our entertainment was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

B.R., C.B., 2C.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY was this year very late in starting, and in its first meeting instead of the usual debate, several girls read some interesting magazine matter, which had not been printed.

The only debate held to date, on the subject "Whether the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb was justifiable," was neither very enthusiastic nor very good. The meeting was poorly attended, good proof of the waning interest taken in the society.

To remedy this a new plan was proposed by Miss Morley, namely, that a Debating Club should be formed. Its members should consist only of girls willing to take their turn to speak, and in this way the trouble experienced in finding speakers would be eliminated.

With this plan in view, a meeting was held, and a new and energetic committee was elected. It was proposed that, for the first time, the first year girls should be allowed to join the Debating Club, a privilege of which it is to be hoped they will take full advantage.

The committee of the new society includes J. Sharpe (President), T. Sundstrom (Secretary), Misses Evans, Mouldale, Buckley and Morley, W. Rowohl, J. Archer, E. Elphinstone. The subject of the next debate, to be held on October 8, will be "That the advantages of town life

outweigh those of life in the country.'

New members wishing to be enrolled should give their names to

THELMA SUNDSTROM (Sec.), 4A.

THE CAMERA CLUB is a new feature in school activities this half-year. It was thought that since so many girls are interested in photography, the formation of such a club would be greatly welcomed.

The meetings are conducted by Miss Tearle, who has given some very interesting lectures, one on the taking and developing of photographs and another on printing and toning.

Some beautiful enlargements lent by Miss Bowie, showed to what an art photography can be raised. The editor of the "Sydney Mail" also lent some beautiful prints taken by the "Mail" photographer at Kosciusko.

Since the front gates of our school and the old fountain may soon be removed, the Camera Club has given a prize for the best snap of same.

The club has a large membership, but owing to special lessons and sports practices, the attendance often leaves much to be desired.

We hope that members will endeavour to be present at the meetings which are now held during lunch recess, for, when the attendance is better lectures will be given by photographers from the leading city firms. Membership fee is sixpence. All who are interested in photography are invited to join; members need not possess cameras.

THELMA SUNDSTROM (President), 4A.

A VISIT TO THE OBSERVATORY.—It is not often that a schoolgirl has an opportunity to visit the Observatory, consequently there was a good many eager to accept the invitation which was so kindly tendered for a party of Fort Street Girls to go to the State Meteorological Bureau one Wednesday afternoon.

Whilst some of the girls, with Mr. Ward inspected the various instruments out on the lawn, the others in the care of Mr. Stevens were shown the other types of apparatus for weather forecasting, which were inside the building.

Everything was explained very clearly to us, and our guides kindly volunteered to answer any questions we liked to ask. We spent a very profitable and interest-

ing hour, and we all appreciated the kindness of the gentlemen who made it possible for us to know something of the way in which our country's weather is recorded.

From the Observatory we went to Argyle Cut—every schoolgirl is familiar with its history. We walked on and finally reached Dawes Point. Here we saw a beautiful model of the "Endeavour" complete with masts.

Some time later we repeated our interesting visit to the Observatory, at the kind invitation of Mr. Mares, who made us welcome and gave to us much interesting information in connection with the making of the weather-charts. With a clever flourish Mr. Mares illustrated the causes and effects of high and low pressures, north-easters and cyclones, and showed us the originals of the maps which had appeared in the daily papers a few days previously.

M. CORRINGHAM, 3C.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE.—In the annual oral examinations in French, conducted jointly by the Alliance Francaise and the Teachers' College, the following girls were successful in obtaining certificates:—

Grade III.

Sarah Rosenblum, Conversation, Reading and Recitation.

Audrey Rowlands, Reading and Recitation.

Grade IV.

Thelma Nilsson, Conversation, Reading, and Recitation.

Ebena Isles, Conversation, Reading, and Recitation.

Muriel Nicholls, Conversation, Reading and Recitation.

Amy Chicken, Conversation, Reading, and Recitation.

This year we were limited to three entries for each grade, but next year we hope to have a much larger percentage of entries owing to fresh arrangements on the part of the Alliance Francaise.

The examiners were Monsieur Campana (Consul-General for France), Mademoiselle Soubeiran, Mons. Andraud (Sydney University), Miss Hope Mitchell and Mr. E. G. Waterhouse.

We congratulate our girls very heartily on the successful result of their efforts. It is interesting to note that in these examinations, marked superiority was shown

by candidates from girls' schools over those from boys' schools.

SCIENCE EXCURSIONS.—On Wednesday, 3rd May, the fourth year Chemistry class accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Sundstrom to visit the Federal Match Works, Alexandria. The girls desire to show their appreciation of the generous invitation and attention they received. Mr. Sundstrom gave them an insight into every phase of the manufacture of both the boxes and matches, and in addition a very interesting and useful account of the chemical processes. RUTH GODDEN, 4A.

"Variety is the spice of life," so we are told, and during the last Midwinter Vacation we fifth year Science girls had an excellent opportunity to decide for ourselves the truth of this statement. On the Wednesday morning we returned from cold, snow-covered Kosciusko, and the following Friday saw us prepared for an excursion to Newcastle, whence we were conveyed to the Broken Hill Proprietary Company's Steel Works at Port Waratah. Here, by the courtesy of the management, we were shown the whole of the processes from the unloading of the oxide ore, which is brought from South Australia, to the cutting of the steel into lengths called "blooms," which are then rolled into rails and various other shapes suitable for commerce.

Later in the term we went on another interesting excursion to Berger's Lead Works at Rhodes, where we also spent a profitable time.

IN THE DAYS OF DICKENS.—On the morning of July 20, many inquiring glances were bestowed on certain damsels as they made their way up the avenue laden with many bundles and boxes of various shapes and sizes. If those inquisitive—or shall we say wondering—young ladies, had adjourned to the Gymnasium at 3.30, they would have been informed that "2C was degenerating—actually going back to Dickens' days!"

Yet a very enjoyable time we spent with Dickens. Practically every well known character was represented, and the dressing room provided a scene funny in the extreme. In one corner, Fagin the Jew was endeavouring to cause a really monstrous brown paper nose to remain firmly in position, while the calls of a fat, comfortable Mrs. Jarley could be heard, imploring someone to "get this hoop to stay up my skirt!" Nancy Sykes was arranging a large bunch

of keys in position—several of them no doubt belonging to her own house—while her husband Bill Sykes was deliberately rubbing dust on his wicked countenance. When all was ready, everyone managed to reach the top of the stairs, and enter Room 4, where Misses Cruise, Evans, Morley, Nichol and Buckley were already waiting. Miss Morley kindly consented to act as judge.

Each girl then said with suitable gesticulations, a sentence which her chosen character spoke in the book from which it was taken.

Nothing could have been more pathetic than Noreen Garden as Oliver Twist—in fact, someone was heard to say that the young lady had never been seen so serious before—while Marjorie Foskett, as Betsy Trotwood, was much appreciated. Nancy Kerr as Bill Sykes was really terrifying, while Betsy Rose as The Artful Dodger, provided a great deal of fun. An excellent Scrooge was provided in Connie Berry who imitated that gentleman's habitual "Bah!" to perfection. Sam Weller was all that such a wag would suggest, while Mr. Bumble caused all to wonder whether his three-cornered hat was in any way related to Napoleon's. It was a hard task to judge but at length Bill Sykes, The Artful Dodger, and Fagin the Jew were adjudged equal.

Refreshments were then partaken of, and everyone once more adjourned to the Gymnasium, where musical items were provided by several girls. Then, after a delightfully funny waltz, twenty characters of Dickens changed back once more into twenty damsels of Fort Street. Thus ended an afternoon which will live long in everyone's memory.

S. BASTIAN } 2C.
I JONES }

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY STILL LIVE IN 2A.—One Friday afternoon the girls of 2A were taken from 1923, back to the Stuart days; the days of cavaliers and puritans, the days of chivalry.

Many historic men and women of the Stuart period were present, for each girl had dressed a peg to represent a person of the time. The solemn puritan with his coat and trousers of dullest brown relieved by white linen cuffs and collar stood in a conspicuous place with his wife and child. No bright sash bound his waist, but his sword hung from a plain leather belt, from which also his Bible depended. A tall brown hat came down over his short crop-

ped hair. His wife and child were dressed in a similar fashion, with bonnets instead of hats.

The puritan's dress had perhaps been made from a small piece of mother's material, his belt was one of father's boot-laces, his hat a piece of brown paper and fashioned upon grandpa's oldest, his sword a pin and his boots made from the tongues of brother's boots. But in spite of the sources of the clothes, the puritan presented a very grave figure such as one might have seen in 1620.

Nearby the puritans stood the gay cavalier and the lovely court lady. The cavalier with his long curls, his bright cape and coat, his dainty trousers fastening below the knee with a becoming garter, his patent leather bow shoes and his beautiful hat and plume, proved to be a picture in himself. The puritans scornfully watched this gay fellow and prevented him from dancing with his court lady.

Again Mother's little pieces of silk and velvet had come in very handy to dress the cavalier, and what a good job baby's hair

had been cut so that he could have her curls!

The court ladies came arrayed in their very best silks and satins, with long trains and frills and ruffles; and many a pocket forfeited a handkerchief to serve as trains for these very particular ladies, and many girls did not wear their peals on Sunday as they were decorating these ladies' heads.

Their Majesties Charles I, and Henrietta Maria were present, and if the queen did not exceed the other court ladies in beauty, Charles made up for her among the cavaliers. He was the most pompous, the best dressed; his clothes were perfect, his shoes were the best shape, his hair the longest and his moustache the blackest; he was a perfect king. Among many honoured guests were the Duke of Buckingham in his gay clothes, and Archbishop Laud in his beautiful gown.

Miss Cruise and Miss Buckley presided at the party and the girls had a glorious time back in 1620.

A DANDIE } 2A.
C. EVANS }

THREE JOLLY HORSEMEN.

As I was a-gathering firewood, on a merry summer day,
I saw three jolly horsemen, with steeds black, white and grey.
And tho' none will believe me, but say I tell a lie—
Each one doffed his hat to me, as he rode by.

In courtesy I curtsied, and bade them all good-day,
Then each one threw his ring to me, and quickly rode away.
I keep them in my treasure box, and have shown no one yet—
For they are three priceless jewels, in gold and silver set,
Three priceless jewels, three priceless jewels—grey, white and jet.

IRENE PACKARD, 2B.

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

The Old Girls' Union expects to have a very successful year. Already the membership is over a hundred. The Annual Ball our "chef d'oeuvre" was held on 16th August. There was an attendance of about 430 and we expect to realise a substantial amount, half of which is to be devoted to the Ada Partridge Prize Fund.

The Tennis Club is now in full swing. A court has been secured at Haberfield and there is already a full membership, and a waiting list as well. The club members are at much pains to distinguish themselves socially as well as in the world of sport. Dances have been held monthly, the first on 19th June, being held in the Women Painters' Club Room. The second held on 31st July

in the I.O.O.F. Hall was very successful. There were 140 people present. Jazz caps were sold, and chocolates competed for. A delightful little supper was served and altogether everyone had such a charming time that it has been resolved to make the July Dance an Annual event. The next dance is to be held on 15th September and gives every indication of being quite successful.

Arrangements have already been made for a gipsy tea to Rodd Island when the weather gets warmer and the party is being pleasantly anticipated by all the club.

It is proposed to play matches with the present girls if they can be arranged, and

also with outside clubs. Miss Vera Waterstone is secretary of the club and is to be congratulated on the success she is making of it.

Nothing definite has yet been fixed but there is a proposal to go before our next committee meeting that we join with the O.B. Union in drawing up a joint programme of functions for the year.

Another means of strengthening our Union has been instituted this year—an Old Girls' Physical Culture Class. All thanks are due to Miss Bird for thinking of and organising this class; the Union is very grateful to her. It is held on Tuesday nights from seven till eight o'clock in the school gymnasium. Nancy Kerr one of the present girls is the pianist.

This is the middle of the second quarter; in October we shall end our year. We all look forward to Tuesday nights with the

utmost keenness and sincerely hope that the class will be continued next year.

Most of us arrive at school between five and six o'clock and buy our tea at Mr. Rockwell's—who, by the way, seems to remember us all individually. Until seven o'clock we discuss everything that happened at Fort Street in our time—and before and after. As any Fortian can guess, this is quite part of our evening's enjoyment.

When we start again next year we can well do with more members. I am sure the girls just leaving will be eager to join as they know how enjoyable physical culture is. I can confidently assure anyone who joins that she will never regret it and will be as enthusiastic as we all are. So Fortians roll up!

A. HAMILTON.
E. LANG.

A LETTER FROM THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Dear Editor,—

Would you like a brief glance into the college that has become the new abode of so many old Fortians? Here is one taken during the lunch hour.

Along the corridor come the inspiring strains of "Look for the Silver Lining." Having the spirit of an explorer, you turn the corner and narrowly avoid a collision with a girl bowed down under a weight of plates, cups and saucers, following her is a faithful old retainer armed with a teapot; the uninitiated gaze in awe but let me explain; she is a Table Representative and Fortians are unfortunately for them, prominent on this committee.

By this time you have reached the Common Room and immediately you recognise old friends. Faith Fitzgerald, the enthusiastic Basketball Secretary, may be heard dilating on the glories of the last match; Dorothy Starr, the Dramatic Representative for Long Course Students exhorts all to join the Society, in vain Katie Williams, Dorrit Bristowe and Jessie Perry, section prefects, try to persuade their respective sections to behave as becomes young ladies. In truth the Common Room becomes a Reunion Club at lunch time, and the gentle murmur of conversation crescendos to a melodious buzzing.

Our Dramatic Society is very enthusiastically working on a play, "Rococo" in which Dorothy Starr and Katie Williams are appearing; we hope to produce the play early in September.

The Debating Society's present motto is: "Silence is golden," but it is going to do wonders next term.

The event of the week is Assembly. On Friday afternoon all the college students gather together in the Union Hall and carol cheerfully, enjoying themselves heartily, so why worry if we do not all sing exactly the same tune?

Thus Assembly commences. Sometimes it takes the form of a pianoforte recital; one of the most pleasant afternoons we spent listening to Dr. Cole's impressions gathered during his trip abroad.

Each section in college is asked to contribute at least twenty minutes entertainment one Friday afternoon during their stay in college, and the entertainments so far have proved excellent.

I believe I have mentioned notice boards once or twice. They are a very important part of college and one of the many duties of a student is to read the notices for five minutes each day. You find notices relating to everything from examination results to lost fountain pens, and dutifully must read them all. It is here you spend excruciating moments, holding tightly your chum's hand and wait and wait and wait—until a lecturer comes out of the office, walks majestically and slowly to the notice board and slowly takes out his bundle of keys, methodically tries everyone, finally finds the right one, fits it carefully into the lock, wickedly turns round to the waiting crowd of students, cruelly exclaims:

"What are you waiting for"? With awe struck eyes we gaze fixedly at the papers in his hands, our voices have gone; then he turns to the board, takes down an old notice, relocks the case and with a mocking laugh returns to the office. When finally examination results are put up we are miles away at Undercliffe playing tennis or in the midst of a hockey match or a basketball match. We spend every Wednesday afternoon at sport, and Fortians are prominent in every branch.

But, incidentally, amidst our fun we have a few lectures.

Primary people accuse girls doing infants' work, of doing nothing but listen to stories or sing, but I assure you there is plenty of good hard work for both Primary and Infants' Sections. But the work is interesting and so it is not hard to conquer.

Every Wednesday morning we visit the schools. I have been among the little ones, and this work is very interesting. From the walls of the school rooms you see peeping at you, Jack and Jill, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty and the heroes and heroines of a thousand other rhymes and stories; flowers stand on every table and press and sunlight fills the rooms; thirty or forty and sometimes fifty smiling faces greet us for the children are always pleased to see visitors.

Joyfully they bid us good morning and then go on with their work undisturbed.

But there is a terror unknown to school-girls who, alas! usually add considerably to it. Practice teaching!! You stand before the class mentally and physically shaking, and a vision of all the torments you have inflicted on students dances before the eyes. In vain you try to speak. Your class dizzily jumps about before your eyes. The supervisor sits always straight up, waiting. At last your voice returns, dimly you wonder what lesson you have prepared, your class seethes with free fights and, gracefully collapsing, you know no more. . . . Alas! Not always do you reach that blissful state of "know no more," you usually *know* to the bitter end; particularly supervisor's remarks on "power of control." But practice teaching is over until next May, so we breathe a sigh of relief and gaily wave aloft A's and B's, (our marks for teaching).

There is but one more word to say. All Fortians at the Teachers' College send greetings to the lucky Fortians still at school and wish all fifths and thirds the very best of luck in their examinations.

Yours sincerely,

MARY HAROLD.

AN UNIVERSITY LETTER

Dear Editor,—

The "last term—must work" feeling is stealing upon us here now—for you know, during the year we live a kind of delightful intellectual hash in which actual lecture work forms a very small ingredient.

But in last term the prospect of yearly exams, posts in March with accompanying work in the long vacation stings us into activity along legitimate lines. And really we get quite an enthusiasm for our proper work, and wish we had worked better during the year, and make good resolutions for next year.

This is quite a yearly occurrence, however, and I am afraid by the beginning of the next year all the good resolutions have evaporated.

There has been the usual influx of Fortians into the University this year—mostly doing Arts and Science.

Perhaps an even greater number are doing the Teachers' College Course and entering the Public Service. Any Fortian contemplating one of these three courses after she has finished school, may rest assured that she will be passing into the midst

of old friends—Greater Fort Street.

Just at present every one is frightfully interested in the Pan-Pacific Science Congress and quite a number of enthusiastic Fortians are attending. These demure blue stockings quite intelligently listen to heated discussion about Permo-Carb, rocks, woolly wogs, Funafuti atolls and Hawaiian volcanoes.

During the early part of this vacation, Brisbane, Melbourne and Adelaide Universities sent over hockey teams to play the women of Sydney University. After various exciting matches, Sydney won the Cup. Hilda Jamieson represented Fort Street's contribution to the team—she played splendidly, despite a somewhat weak ankle. Hilda is now, not only an intervarsity, but also an interstate player.

Old Fortians will be pleased to offer their congratulations to Mrs. Leland Parsons of Summer Hill, whom they will remember as Olive Reay.

As for the rest of us here at the University, we are going our ways with varying success, never forgetting our old school.

E.W.

OUR GUIDES.

Our old, old fig trees have surely witnessed strange scenes and felt the atmosphere about them fraught with mystery and excitement many times as they stand year in, year out the grim yet kindly guardians of our school. Just such a day of suppressed excitement was June 22, when our Girl Guides banded together for the first time to show their fellow Fortians the aims, the work and the joys of guiding.

First of all in the morning Miss Levy, the Organising Commissioner of Girl Guides in New South Wales was received by Miss Cruise and after saluting the Guard of Honour was escorted to the gymnasium, which by the way, had been given quite a festive air with the aid of much bunting. There, Miss Levy talked to the assembled school—to use her own words, “laying bare the soul of a Guide,” and explaining the true significance of each of the ten Guide Laws. To say that Miss Levy’s talk was appreciated is not enough—surely there was no Guide present who did not tingle afresh with the pure joy of being a Guide, no girl who wavered on the border line who did not burn with eagerness to join and no girl, once a scoffer who did not feel inwardly ashamed. If the Guide Movement spreads in our school and our girls become more efficient citizens of the Empire thereby, we must not then forget to thank Miss Levy for her first address to the school, and Miss Cruise and Miss Evans who made that possible.

In the afternoon the usual breaking up concert was supplanted by an entertainment managed wholly by the Guides who tried to give their audience an idea of both the serious and playful aspects of Guide meetings. Hence between displays of First Aid and Morse Signalling were songs given by the Guides en masse and other more or less amusing items. Perhaps one of the most important features of the afternoon was the illustration of the Guide Laws in practice, while the tragic fate of “Ten Little Guider Girls” caused more laughter than sorrow, and the Spiral Staircase—that most thrilling of love stories—proved at least that romance is not dead.

The entertainment was a success if the roars of laughter which frequently threatened the walls of our antiquated gymnasium are of any account and moreover it gained five pounds for our Hospital Fund. But the Guides in preparing for the day hoped for a greater reward than that of amusing the school for an afternoon or

even raising a few pounds; every Guide felt that the concert was more than a mere entertainment, it was a first exhibition of Guiding to a kindly but critical audience and upon the impression made upon that audience depended the future influence of the Guide Movement in Fort Street. If, as the result of this breaking-up day, a few more Fortians become Girl Guides, the day will have been worth while—if Miss Evans’ ambitious scheme, that the whole school should be in uniform by next Empire Day, is realised it will have been successful beyond our wildest expectations. Whether it will be so the future will show, but girls! we ask you to remember that a uniform does not make a Guide and if you have no real sympathy with the movement—leave it alone! yet, how gladly we shall welcome you, who are truly anxious to join, to our glorious band of sisters!

MOLLIE THORNHILL, 5 A

As far as numbers go, Fort Street can hold its own in the world of Guides, for we have seventy girls who are actually Guides and a very large number waiting for companies to be formed in their various suburbs. Of these, many have made up their minds to become one of the “sisters in blue” since Miss Levy addressed the assembled school before the June holidays, and as a consequence of their awakened enthusiasm, Fort Street girls are starting, or endeavouring to start, companies in a number of suburbs. Requests for companies have come from girls at Ashfield, Annandale, Balmain, Beecroft, Cheltenham, Concord, Gladesville, Hurstville, Homebush, Narrabeen, North Ryde and Double Bay. The Annandale girls have been especially enterprising; there are about fifteen of them from Fort Street and their company has actually started.

There is difficulty, however, in finding enough trained officers for the companies which are springing up like mushrooms all over the metropolis. Here is a chance for our Old Girls to help; some of them are already attending the officers’ training corps, but we need many more big sisters for our ever-growing family. So roll up, Old Girls, and find out all the details by calling at Guide Headquarters, Commonwealth Bank Chambers, Pitt St.

Soon Guides will be more in evidence than ever at school, because we are starting Patrols for Recruits and Tenderfoots (not “Tenderfeet”), which will meet in the

playground at recess or lunch time. All Guide Companies work on the Patrol System, which means that the Company is divided into groups of eight—the Patrol—under a Leader and Second. The members work together for the various proficiency tests, and the different Patrols vie with each other for superiority in work and games.

A few weeks ago, eighteen hundred metropolitan Guides assembled for a Field day and sports meeting at Cheltenham, to bid au-revoir to Miss Prior, an English

Guider. Fort Street was, as usual, in evidence. Every few minutes we would hear a cry of "Oh, hullo!" from some Fortian friends, either past or present, and members of our illustrious school were well to the fore in the sports.

We are not going to let other schools beat us as far as Guiding is concerned, and by the end of the year we hope to have quite half the school in uniform, when perhaps we may have some extra interesting event for Fortian Guides.

WILLA ROWOHL, 4A.

THE GOBLINS' HAUNT.

Hidden in a dell
So green and deep and cool,
Sways the Christmas bell
Beside a mystic pool.

Here the goblins sing
Upon the starry nights,
Dance thy in a ring
And frisk in their dehghts.

Rocks have towered high
To hide a silvery spray,
Here no human eye
Has ever chanced to stray.

How could one behold
A more entrancing scene,
Than this goblin haunt
Among the hills so green?

M. DARCY, 1A.

WIRELESS v. HOMEWORK.

"1757 the Battle of Plassey—great victory of Clive; 1760 the Battle of Wandewash, which led to the capture of Pondicherry and other French settlements—let me see, what comes next? A Treaty I suppose, all wars seem to consist of Treaties with a jumble of terms. Ugh! I'd better get on!"

"Here I say! Arabella be quick! He won't be going as well as this *all* night. Hurry up, if you want to listen!"

Down went my long-suffering book, down came my feet from the chair and off rushed little Arabella to her brother's sacred stronghold, where for the past fortnight strange, unknown proceedings had been carried on.

"Now then, don't upset everything! Here, mind those amplifiers and don't sit on that tuning coil," was my brother's fond greeting as I carefully picked my way between the scattered remnants of bygone inventions, and gingerly adjusted the 'phones to my ears,

"Sweet Hawaiian moonlight,
Tell her of my love,"

came faintly over the wires, the concluding word slightly marred by a loud ear-splitting screech.

"That last noise was someone's valve oscillating, there's nothing wrong with this set," I was told, so patiently, and with great faith, I sat in this most comfortable (?) room, holding the 'phones to my expectant ears and waiting for the glorious concert which would begin in "half a sec."

"I say, shouldn't it commence now?" I ventured for the fourth time, after ten minutes had slowly ticked by, with no concert.

"I suppose so, the paper said at half-past eight, but you know one can't rely on a daily paper for the truth."

I agreed. "But all the same hadn't you better see if something is wrong. It's a quarter to nine."

"Oh, very well, anything to please you." Then there followed three minutes of fumbling, during which time I sat dreaming, scarcely listening now, for the inaudible concert. — — — — — I jumped, surprised and strained my ears once more, but only to be greeted with loud dots and dashes, and shrill whistles from some badly behaved valve.

"What's this, the title or the item itself?" I asked.

"This, my dear infant, is the weather re-

port which is sent out every night. The concert will come after this."

"And what made this go suddenly? what did you do?"

"Oh — 'er — the crystal had slipped at the end of that last item, that's all."

"Oh is *that* all!" I reiterated bitterly thinking of the wasted quarter of an hour. "now we have probably missed the best . . ."

"Sh — sh — the morse has stopped. Now you will hear something decent." I sincerely hoped I would, to make up for my cramped position and pinched ears, but wisely held my peace and soon was rewarded when "Hulloa, hulloa, hulloa," droned a voice. "2 SZ here, the first item is a song, "O Sole Mio," by Caruso.

Then, over the wires, floated the grand master's voice and for five minutes I listened, entranced, to this record. The song ended, this time without any mishap to the crystal and once again came the voice,

"Hulloa, hulloa, 2 S.Z. Charles Harrison.

Strathfield speaking. The next . . ." Screech-z-z! and then a deadly silence.

"Oh, it's that crystal again! and just when I wanted to hear the title," I groaned.

"Here, hold on to my 'phones and I'll fix it" from the sympathetic brother, so I obediently "held on" and then gradually, as proceedings with the crystal grew more successful, the lilting strains of a popular waltz floated clearly through the 'phones.

"Oh! how lovely, it's "Three O'clock in the Morning," I exclaimed.

"Indeed, it's half-past nine in the night time!" broke coldly on my enthusiastic spirits, "and by the state of your books, you have *not* finished your lessons. How do you expect to pass your Intermediate, if you waste a whole evening listening-in on a crystal set?"

So very reluctantly I pulled off the 'phones and leaving my brother and the crystal to their troubles, wandered back to my history books and began again to drone loudly, particularly now for the family's benefit,

"1763 the Treaty of Paris ended the Seven Year's War. England received . . ."

ARABELLA, 3A.

HARBOUR LIGHTS.

The lights that glitter on the hills around;
The lights that glow where ships at anchor ride;

The dancing lights, where mirrored fitfully,
And, ruling all, the flashing lights that swing

In circling rays, from outward 'cross the deep,

To silver-line, in passing, clouds and cliff
And wooded slopes, and hidden estuaries:
Such are the lights, the harbour lights that pay

A city's homage to majestic night,

Beneath the wondrous splendour of the stars,

Of worlds untold, the jewelled tracery;
So shine they on, in beauty and in pride
While ever from the darkness, comes the boom

Of 'prisoned billows clashing 'gainst the shore,

And clearer still, to listening ears, the sound
(Like sweetest notes of some great orchestra)

Of ripples murmuring their lullabies

For restful slumber, to the day outworn.

MARJORIE BROOKS, 4A.

A PERFECT WEEK.

"Oh, isn't it gorgeous!"—"How wonderful it all is!" "Oh to think that we're really at Kosciusko, the land of our dreams!" These were some of the excited exclamations which issued from the cars as we Fortians first sighted snow and that Hotel nestled among the snow clad peaks. Our doings during the ensuing five days proved that Kosciusko was truly a "gorgeous" place, the ideal of our dreams. At the mere mention of school one was threatened with a cold bath which did promise to be cold in a frozen creek.

Most of us found it rather difficult to get

along on the skis at first, our "getting along" consisted mostly of sitting down. But in a short time we were complimenting ourselves on being experts. Why we even endeavoured to instruct visitors in the art of skiing,—who by the way seemed to imagine they were doing gymnastics, or playing statutes, attaining even to such elegant and graceful poses, at times, as standing on their heads.

Although the "nightly skating on the ice under electric lights" consisted of dancing and small concerts in the ballroom, we enjoyed ourselves then too—especially in

secretly creeping off to short-sheet the beds of our unfortunate companions. We were entertained on one occasion by a recitation in French, most of us were in the dark as to what it was all about, but we looked interested and the visitors possibly imagined us very wise. Two Fortians made an attempt at entertainment by rendering "Romeo and Juliet" a well known fourth year duet which went near to bringing tears to the eyes of the sympathetic listeners at the sad crisis, where the youthful lovers died. The fancy dress ball too was a great success. A very lively snowball

rolled around the ballroom in the person of one of our Wollongong friends. She, Agnes Breckenridge, and Lily Hawes were awarded well earned prizes. It was the days however, and not the nights to which we looked forward.

All too soon the time passed and we started on our homeward journey amid cheers and a hail of snowballs. It was a perfect ending to a perfect week. And now we're asked if we'd like to go back again—Would we girls?

L. ARMSTRONG, W. LEE, 4A.

DEEP, DEEP DOWN.

Crying birds are flying high,
Thistledown is floating by,
While the little breezes sigh
By the sea,
Every speck of seaweed green
Glinting with a silken sheen
Of a wondrous unknown scene
Is the key.

Little tints of pearly hue,
Touched with mauve, and pink and blue,
Glimmer like the fragile dew
In the deep.

While the terpid rock cod dream,
While the billows curl and cream,
In their pools the shell fish gleam,
Fast asleep.

Mermaids comb their em'rald hair
In a carven coral lair,
Rich with costly treasures rare,
Far below;
And the gloomy caves resound,
With the waves that leap and bound,
And the shrieking of those drowned,
Long ago.

JOAN MACKANESS, 4A.

EARLY MORNING INCIDENTS.

Slowly the procession of business men, office girls, and school children files on; down the hill it winds and moves on to where the boat lies calmly waiting at the wharf.

Why hurry? We're in the land of plenty of time; the boat will wait—

But what is that—is not that the whistle? A sudden gathering of skirts, a grasping of hats and a wild, wild rush down hill. Soon the gang plank will be taken in; never mind we can do it—one, two, three and with a rush we reach the deck. But slowly and surely the boat slips out of the wharf. Alas! about twenty people are left behind. And yet another one comes racing down—he has to get that boat, he must get it—he jumps; but—no dull thud follows; only a heavy "plonk, plonk splash, splash" and we see the man struggling about in the icy water.

A ripple of laughter mixed with sighs passes along the boat.

"That poor, poor man!" sighs dolefully an old lady. "Been expecting that for a

long time," grins a man next to her; a group of schoolboys raise a shriek of delight: "Hullo Mister, enjoying your early morning swim? Oh! I say, Mister, isn't it freezing!" So we pass on to the next wharf. The last passenger is a girl; again and again she looks behind her, then seeing our schoolbags she exclaims—"Oh, I say Bruce, Jack is still coming!" Instantly the mocking shout goes up—"Jacky, Jacky, come on Jacky!"

The gang-plank is taken in; then right at the top of the little lane we hear the pattering of swift feet; presently the boy comes racing, racing down at full speed.

"Jacky, Jacky, go it Jacky!"

On and on he comes; "Gee whizz, this is exciting!" Everywhere people get up and look on anxiously; already the boat is drawing out; but now the boy has reached the wharf; one second he hesitates, then a mighty leap!—there follows a sigh of relief and satisfaction and the jubilant chorus of, "Hooray Jacky, Jacky, good boy Jacky!"

K. OASTERAEEN 4A.

BUSHLAND MEMORIES

Many beautiful holidays have I spent, but somehow the one brought back to me to-day, stands out above them all. I had learned to love the bush long ago, but not until I had to part from it once more did I fully realise how dear it was to me.

From Sydney I travelled all night in the Western mail, and in the early morning came to the little country siding, which I had so often thought of and pictured during the previous half year at school.

The bush has a wonderful magnetic influence over those whose hearts are really amongst the trees and flowers; a magnetism felt only by those who understand the life one must lead in the open spaces of the West; only by those who have experienced her sorrows and her trials, as well as her bounty and generosity.

During the whole of that holiday I do not remember one lonely or unhappy hour; just a peaceful solitude in the home I had learned to love. Riding perhaps all day on my pony—amongst the sheep or in the

wheat fields; watching the branding of the cattle or horses, and then when the sun began to sink, galloping home with my favourite companion—my big sheep dog and racing the fading light—such were my pleasures.

The bush carries all my memories. Away in her lonely solitudes I have spent the happiest hours of my life.

How I did hate to leave this little home when my holidays came to an end! For surely none who have ever really learned to love the hidden corners of the bush and her strange, infatuating attractions can ever wish to leave her. Though the bush had long been my friend, this time above all others it had taken such a grip on my heart that I could not leave it without tears and a heavy heart.

I left it one early morning, and as the train rolled on through the green wheat fields to the Mountains again, I realised how strangely beautiful is this dear brown land of ours.

A.S., 1B.

DAWN.

From out the mystic land of night

A rosy nymph is stealing,
And when the darkness meets the light
She paints the earth's blue ceiling.

She drops a silver curtain down,
To soften rugged edges,
And plucks the diamonds from her crown
To deck the trees and hedges.

The fluffy clouds she paints with rose
The eastern sky with yellow,
The birds awakened from repose,
Sing songs so sweet and mellow.

She runs to wake the lazy sun
And whispers words of warning.
And with his round face full of fun,
He greets the bright new morning.

WINNIE SCRIVEN, 1A.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE," BUT NOT EVERY ONE A STAGE MANAGER.

"Oh! how nice to be a stage manager," some say, but little they realise the cares that hang on the shoulders of one who becomes stage manager to a group of school girls.

It is, of course, necessary that each girl learn her part, and strangely, to this she objects, as a general principle. Authors' words are sometimes difficult to learn and it would be so much easier to put in a few of your own.

Then there is that trial; the girl who giggles. Oh! to obtain a cast without one giggler. She makes the serious scenes ridiculous and the humorous ones devoid of humour. But worst of all is she who moans, "But I can't do it. I feel so foolish." She is a poor unfortunate, who is so painfully self-conscious that she won't even try, and when the critical time arrives she carries it off splendidly, and behind the

scenes gasps, "Oh, I don't know how I did it!"

But to leave the cast now. Where is the hall where you can rehearse without a small and select audience who pass audible remarks at the wrong minute? Wouldn't it be wonderful to find a gymnasium stage such that when six people were on it, there was no danger of their pushing each other off?

The awful day arrives and the finished article is to be presented to the world at large. One girl reads her part until the very last and is sure she will forget it, and she who takes a boy's part is certain her hair will fall down. However all goes well; the play is over, and you heave a sigh of relief to think that your stage managing is at an end, when a voice says: "My dear, that was lovely. Will you help us with the tableaux at Maude's evening?"

C.F. }
E.E. } 3A.

A FORTIAN'S ALPHABET.

A stands for Algebra, "x" plus "z";
 B are our Blazers of navy blue and red;
 C is our Captain who does her very best;
 D is for Detention, a place we all detest;
 E stands for Essex Street, a very tiring hill;
 F are the Fortians, who work with right good-will;
 G is the Gymnasium, our one and only hall;
 H is for the Homework, which must be done by all;
 I is for the "Inter," which is drawing very near;
 J is for Justice, which we have no need to fear;
 K is the Knowledge, which we gain at Fort Street School;
 L is for the "Leaving," much dreaded as a rule;
 M are our Mistresses, the backbone of the school;

N are the New Rooms, delightfully cool;
 O is the Orchestra, established quite of late;
 P are the Prefects, a hard-working eight;
 Q is our Quality, hard work our creed;
 R the Reports, which our parents do read;
 S stands for Sports, at which we all excel;
 T is for the Tuck Shop, where everything's pell-mell;
 U are our Uniforms, so free and so cool;
 V are the Victories of Fort Street School;
 W is our Work of which the Mistresses must tell;
 X is "Xury," whom Third Years know so well;
 Y are the Youths, who shout outside Room Ten;
 Z is the Zeal, when holidays begin;
 And so full of girls, short, fat, slim and tall;
 The Fort Street Girls' High School's the best school of all.

JAGS, 3 A

A FIRST VISIT TO JENOLAN.

"Mt. Victoria-a-a! Mt. Victoria!" shouted a guard, and at the welcome words thirty-one noisy school girls tumbled out of the western-bound train. We were on the way to Jenolan Caves, where we were to spend a few days of our Midwinter vacation.

After lunching at the station, we set out in speedy mountain cars on the most beautiful drive, which most of us had taken. For the most part, to our right, were high cliffs, but stretching away to the horizon on the left, were valleys and heights of superb magnificence. Bursting upon us at various points, these wonderful views of green-clad mountain-peaks and far-spreading gullies, affected us in a most unusual way. We became silent and remained so for the greater part of the journey.

Suddenly, we became aware of a great cavity in the mountain-side, through which we flew and we were soon deposited on the porch of far-famed "Caves House."

We dined at six o'clock and the evening was spent in dancing, until at ten o'clock we retired and played leap-frog in the top hall, whose walls re-echoed with our shouts till midnight and our sudden flight to bed, with the switching off of all lights.

At fifteen minutes past five we were suddenly awakened by the magic cry of "Snow! Snow!" and throwing up our windows we found the surrounding hill clothed in thick, glistening garments, and viewed,

most of us for the first time, that wonderful substance—snow!

The morning till ten was spent in the snow; we were soon called together to view our first cave which was to be the "Left Imperial." Soon hanging and standing about us were the wondrous formations of which we had heard so much. Glittering, white, pink and buff-coloured formations dazzled our eyes and made us think of fairyland. I think no one would have been surprised if Titania and her fairy train had suddenly run from behind the huge pillars, and danced for us on a crystal pavement.

Perhaps the most admired of all, however, were the wonderful "blanket-stitched shawls," lighted brilliantly with artificial light, which was reflected in the tiny particles of crystal which coated the walls.

After lunch we viewed the Lucas Cave, in which are the "Cathedral Windows," wonderfully lighted by master hands. A feeling of awe stole over us as we viewed the wonderful work of nature, which no artisan could hope to surpass, nor any artist's hand to reproduce.

After dinner and a short respite in the music-room, we were dragged away from the delights of dancing for—oh! yet another inspection—the "Nettle" and "Arch" Caves. We climbed long flights of stairs and shouted to our less adventurous sight-

seers who remained on "terra firma," while we enjoyed a tête à tête with the mountain tops. They did not try as we "to learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the valleys that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us."

On Wednesday morning we inspected our fourth and our last cave, the "Right Imperial," which is one of the most beautiful of all. In it we saw formations called by curious names which nevertheless fitted well with their shapes. Some of these were—"The Crown Jewels," "A Butcher's Shop," "Meringues," "A Fir-forest," and last but not the least, by all means, "Mary's Legs." Here also we saw parts of the river into which are thrown many coins which are collected from time to time for the benefit

of local hospitals.

Early on Thursday morning we left "Caves House" and the mountain-sides re-echoed with cheers and war-cries. By the time the "Half-way House was reached and we had greeted every wayfarer with a renewal of our war-cries, drinks were in great demand.

After lingering by the way we arrived at the Central Station at half-past six, very tired but also very happy and only too pleased with our exciting trip. Here we bade farewell to our comrades, at least those who had not deserted us at various stations on the route, and sped homeward to sleep off the effects of our exciting holiday.

M. CATHELS, 2D.

SPRING.

Spring is a maiden fair,
With shining golden hair;
A wreath of flow'rs is on her head.
She has a light and airy tread.

The lambkins frisk and play,
When e'er she comes this way;
The corn and maize and waving wheat,
And flow'rs spring up about her feet.

The skies of azure blue,
Reflect with tinted hue;
The upturned face of ev'ry flow'r,
And undiscovered fairy bower.

The birds on airy wing,
All hop and chirp and sing;
The elms and oaks so strong and tall,
Shelter these birdies one and all.

Children in happy throngs,
All day sing sweet spring songs;
The great gold sun sends down to earth
Thousands of sunbeams of spring birth.

So now methinks 'tis time,
To end this little rhyme;
Because it comes but once a year,
We all rejoice when spring is here.

D.J., 1B.

THE SPIRITS OF THE PLAYGROUND.

When we come to school in the morning we find the playground clean and tidy—the flagged avenue very clean and white, the asphalt well swept, the garbage tins empty and in their right places, and no orange peel lurking under seats or among tree trunks. Who has done all this? Who has so changed the playground overnight?

"The school cleaners, of course," you say. Not at all—the spirits of the playground.

After we leave school for the day, they hurry about and make things right for the next day, for who but they, who are part of ourselves, know just exactly where we like our garbage tins placed, or our pet hiding places for stray bits of peeling? Then, the next day we find it thus and begin to do all over again what we did the day before.

When we're asleep or at play, the playground spirits work, and while we work, they play. While we are ploughing our way through some hard problem, they are enjoying themselves in the trees and on the playground outside and now and again they peep through the windows to tell us to hurry out. They play on the leaves of the old Moreton Bay as it sways with the wind towards the windows tilting them up or down to look for their fellows and then dancingly trip down its rugged old boughs to play hide and seek about its trunk. They make the leaves glisten and beckon towards us as we turn our eyes upon them for a moment's delight. And in the drowsy afternoon, they are drowsy too and after a time, they leave their leafy abode, and hasten slowly to exchange a few greetings with the

old school spirit before they finally seek the night's rest, in which they indulge before commencing their work. The lengthening shadows take their place and ornament the playground in rings and patches of sunshine and shade, pervading it with an air of contented peacefulness.

Sometimes the playground spirits take the form of imps—small boys escaped from

the tender care of their teachers, who play havoc in our ground, carrying off lids and putting on our seats comfortable (?) stones upon which we rest our weary limbs without first looking.

Cleaners, escaped small boys, stray dogs, the tuck shop cat and sunbeams constitute our playground spirits—all these, but mostly sunbeams. C.G., 4A.

TO THE BIRDS IN MACQUARIE PLACE.

Dear creatures! Little woodland sprites!

You sing from morn till eve

And little know the joy you bring

To those who mourn and grieve.

You sing of joys as yet unborn.

Not of those long gone by.

And straight into my heart, you send

Your one long joyous cry.

I thank you for your happy song.

And for the thoughts you bring;

Of fields, and trees, and lovely flowers,

Of youth, and joy, and spring.

C.F., 2A.

COMING HOME.

Every school girl knows the joy of setting off in the morning, rushing after books and blazer, hastily packing all the hundred and one little oddments necessary for the day into her already overflowing school-bag, giving a last dab at her hair, a last brush at her shoes—but that is another story. What I am concerned with at present is "coming home." Happy, peaceful words, think many people, but only a girl living in an out-lying suburb and travelling daily to a city high school can realise the true meaning of these words.

The afternoon had been a trying one, but all things come to an end, even the last lesson in the afternoon and, as soon as the bell rings, we become hilarious again.

Those unfortunate enough to possess a locker on the bottom row, know the pleasant sensation of crouching down to it among half a dozen pairs of legs, whose owners are shouting, "Oh do tell me what the homework is!" "Can anyone lend me a North and Hillard?" Flop! Someone's history book lands on your head and you quickly jump up, only to bang the injured part against one of the lids of an upper storey.

"Who has my sandshoes?" someone calls and immediately footwear which you narrowly escape may be seen flying across the room. At last you stagger downstairs, keeping carefully to the left, and eventually find the mangled remains of your panama hanging up on the floor.

Soon, however, the Quay is reached, and although the boat is maliciously gliding away from the wharf without you, yet you begin to regain your composure. But no! Fate has further jolts in store for you. Someone speaks your name. It is a girl-friend, now left school, who smiles in a rather patronising way at her little friend. She is looking very dainty and cool and you immediately become conscious of your own grubbiness, inky fingers (but your gloves repose in your bag), dusty shoes and the corner of your blazer pocket where the cord is coming undone. After a miserable half hour you board the tram on the other side, stand during the journey and have the usual hunt for purse and tram pass while balancing your school bag on one knee.

Home at last! You climb up the front path thinking happily of the hot dinner

mother will have waiting, and how nice it is to be home. "Hullo, mum!" you cry, and dash into the kitchen. Empty! And a note on the kitchen table which tells you that Auntie is ill and Mum must go over for the night. Would you mind getting some tea for Dad and the boys? Sighs and groans. But after all. "A Guide smiles—"

Towards eight o'clock you are finished at last; tea over, washing up done, boys off to the Junior Football Club meeting, and Dad settled down behind the newspaper. Now for that Virgil! You open your bag, only to find that the book you need most is still in your locker!

WILLA ROWOHL, 4A.

REVERIE.

The nightingale pauses in her trill
Of melody and delight;
The sounds of the day are hushed and still
In the calm of the summer night.
The sun goes down, and across the sky
The shadows swiftly roll;
The stars come out, and alone am I,
With nature and my soul.

Then my soul is heard as the night descends,
Tenderly, still and deep.
And says: "What shall be when Life's day ends,
Just Death and a dreamless sleep?"
Not alone; for as morn with her glory wakes
The earth back to life and light,
So the dawn of an after-life gently breaks
On the slumber of Death's dark night.

MARY CORRINGHAM, 3C.

THE EASTER HOUSE PARTY.

No, of course, we didn't worry about extra blankets and fine clothes! Why should we? A house-party is,—well, it's a house-party, if you are fortunate enough to know what that means.

The last week at school had dragged interminably, and yet it was hard to realise, when at last Saturday did actually arrive, that ere another day dawned we should have sampled the first of the many experiences we managed to cram into that one short week of unabated bliss. Yes! I do believe the angels wept that very first morning, but surely, with mirth! For what with suitcases, blazers, overcoats and sundry small packages, not to mention the dazed expression of wondering incredulity which adorned the features of each and every girl, we, no doubt presented a spectacle for the gods to behold.

I pass, after due reflection, over the intervening hours, until I am now confronted with a mental vision of three little Fortians all in a row, all three doing their very best to attain that unenviable condition which constitutes the after effects of a moon-bath, and all three most emphatically resenting the inclusion of mosquitoes in this complex plan of existence. But hush! what sound disturbs the peaceful serenity of this wondrous night, unless it be the fairy footsteps of fellow-Fortians? Hasty recollection reveals the reason for this nocturnal visit, for was it not the first morn in April?—Ah, need I say more?

Strange that one girl should expect another to rest in the arms of Morpheus; while she executes various dark deeds of torture! Strange but true that, while one girl listens expectantly for the prelimin-

ary snore of her neighbour, that neighbour should be likewise employed! But retribution was meted out to the two adventurous spirits who confiscated several pairs of absolutely indispensable garments, when, mistaking an empty bed frame for the real thing, they sat them down to divide the spoils.

Moon-lit nights and sunlit days, boating, fishing, swimming, not to mention ping-pong, singing and pillow fights, and surely I have not already forgotten that gorgeous spectacle, the Fancy Dress Ball, when every article, practically, in both houses, even to tooth-brushes, soap boxes and table cloths was commandeered for some mysterious purpose. Nor have I forgotten that midnight supper, the morning after which dawned upon beds littered with fruit peels, paper bags, pea-nut shells and sweets in various stages of mastication, nor even the Great Combined High Swimming Carnival, when Fortians must needs forsake their school.

'Tis hard, indeed, to decide which were the more enjoyable, the days or the nights. The choice, perhaps, falls with the nights, for the day found many diversions and we were in consequence, seldom all together, but when peace reigned over Woy

Woy, a house-party of Fortians was doing its best in the way of calculating how many more than eight girls could fit into a double bed, how many hours of continued washing would be necessary to reduce the sheets once more to some semblance of cleanliness and how long it would take the occupants of the bed farthest from the door, to retire to safety in the event of a sudden downpour.

But alas! Each day became a night, each night another day, until at last a band of happy sunburnt Fortians wended its way into a sundae shop somewhere in Woy Woy town, proved that the ice-cream contained therein was worth the eating and that pianos were constructed to create a disturbance of atmospheric conditions, and ultimately encoined itself in a train bound for home, sweet home. Then, indeed, was the night filled with music—of a kind! For did not the carriage echo and re-echo with the Fortian war-cry? Did not every nook and corner resound to the praises of the dear old school?

Ah, happy halcyon days! Carefree, halcyon days! Would that I could do you justice with this false pen of mine! I can but repeat:—A house-party is—a house-party!
S.O.B. 4A.

TO YOU.

When earth was young, ere Spring could fade,
You came with joy to this green earth,
Awhile in love with us you stayed
And brought to all your joy and mirth.

Along Life's primrose way you danced,
Scarce dreaming yet of sorrow's blast,
And with your smile our way enhanced,
And gave sweet help to all you passed.

Then Autumn came and brought to you,
Her weight of care, the which you bore
Without a tear, or moan, and grew
To love the smile your sorrow wore.

Time called through winter's icy breath,
To you, who toiled, and bade you rest
At last, and so you welcomed death,
And went with joy, at his behest.

EVE, 5A.

AN IDEAL SCHOOL.

I had been for a quiet stroll, and accidentally taking a wrong turn, I was faced with a high brick wall, so high that in ordinary circumstances I should not have been able to satisfy an inquisitive longing to see what it enclosed. Towering above this wall, however, I fortunately spied a notice, "People interested are invited to inspect."

At length, I found myself inside this mysterious wall and there a most unexpected scene greeted my eyes. A large airy brick building was situated in the midst of an astounding number of tennis courts, hockey-fields and every other field where the modern school-girl would like to spend all her leisure hours. There were no well-laid-out garden beds or grassy lawns, with

that detestable notice "Keep off the grass" obviously placed on them, but in their stead, a rambling, wild bush scene through which gurgled a joyous creek. The nodding willows and stately gums reflected in its flowing waters. But where did the stream run? Into a gorgeous lake in which laughing school girls swam, dived or played according to their hearts' desire.

Standing near the bank of this delightful lake was a bungalow appropriately called "Idleawyle." This was a place of REST for the hardworking teachers for alas! girls' schooling cannot be all joy, we must endure the bores of education.

Having witnessed the most pleasant side to this wonderful school, I considered it my duty to look over the school rooms which I did not expect in any way to be interesting. Entering a wide corridor, on either side I saw hundreds of cubicles. Drawing aside the curtain of one, a neat white panama hat with a "Fort Street" band on it and the ordinary outdoor wants of a schoolgirl were revealed. In one corner stood a MARBLE wash-basin over which hot and cold water were laid on. A small towel was spread over a rack while a cake of soap reposed in the depths of a toilet bag. Reluctantly refraining from a tempting wash in one of these basins I next viewed the school-rooms. Except for the papered walls these were by no means inviting.

Pleasant odours assailed my nostrils at

this point however and at length I discovered a homely kitchen looked after by a fat, comfortable, good natured cook. Rows and rows of tables bordered the room and on each stood a glass of milk and biscuits in readiness for the hungry girls who would shortly arrive after their pleasant swim.

The gymnasium stood on the left of the school but folk-dancing was not appreciated here. From the ceiling hung long ropes at the ends of which were iron rings. A vaulting horse had been proudly placed in the centre of the room, while a remarkably narrow board was supported about two yards from the floor. Along this the nimble feet of the girls ran with no fear of falling for under it a soft mattress was spread. A piano and gramophone occupied two corners of the room and also provided music.

My guide informed me that a millionaire had planned and had built this school for the benefit of the girls living in that district and he now led me on to the gate. The click of this startled me and with a nervous jump I awoke from my daydream to find myself standing before a strange house out of which a young lady had just come. Ashamed that she should have discovered me gazing vacantly at her property I hurried, abashed and confused to my own home, without even noticing whether this place in any respects resembled the ideal school which had caused me my discomfiture. CONNIE BERRY, 2C.

THE FAIRIES' GATE.

Who has not delighted been
With a pleasant garden scene?
Of hollyhocks and gilly flowers,
Of sundials marking sunny hours,
Of box-wood rows, and evergreen,
Who has such a garden seen
And not enchanted been?

In a garden that I know
Waving sunflowers always grow,
Hollyhocks like waving steeples
Are big trees for little peoples.
Little paths so straight and neat
Echo little scampering feet.
Lupins blue, and zinnias red
Make a fairies' magic bed.
And there, between the hedges straight
Is a fairies' golden gate.

IRENE PACKARD, 2B.

"THAT DOG."

One night last winter it was raining "cats and dogs." This is not at all exaggerated though it seems so, for one little puppy dog landed right on our front door mat.

Just before dinner that night, we heard a peculiar whimpering and scratching, and my brother opening the door found a dark, shivering, wet mass awaiting him on the mat. His hard heart melted at this sight, so he took the squirming mass in his arms, and carried him through the house to the warm kitchen, much to mother's disgust. As no one wished to be outdone by him in kindness, we were all very kind-hearted towards the intruder and flew around the house for old blankets and other comforts. By this time mother was reconciled to him—such a helpless bundle of humanity he looked—and she found some juicy bones for him. We all made contributions of biscuits and milk, thinking what a poor half-starved looking animal he was. We all went out of our way to pass through the kitchen just to pat his head or call him soft names, such as "Poor old fellow" or "Good little chap." During dinner, several of us managed to slip out to him with a few choice tit-bits, knowing he would relish them. While we were eating our dinner, and although there was a certain amount of general talk going on, we thought of how he lived. He had no nice home like we had, he only lived from day to day, thinking each day would be his last, and subsisting only on mouldy crusts, obtained from unhealthy garbage tins. And there arose before our minds a vision of a desolate street on a cold wintry day, and a poor half-starved dog nosing about in gut-

ters and garbage tins for food.

After dinner, one by one, we slipped out to the kitchen to "have another look," and each one of us was surprised to notice most of the food untouched and to find he possessed a silky coat, and suspicions arose in us, which however were firmly suppressed. But now and again arose the thought "Where had we seen him before?"

We were slightly disappointed that he did not take much notice of us nor respond to our pats, but we never expressed to each other what we felt.

Somehow next morning we all managed to get out to the kitchen earlier than usual to find him—gone! Where? Nice gratitude! Now our kindness was turned to anger—only this time it was expressed.

When I was going to school I happened to look over a neighbour's fence, and what do you suppose I saw? Why THAT DOG—sunning himself and yawning quite happily. At that moment Mr. Brown came out and said, "Nice mornin' Miss, Nip was out in that awful rain last night and only came back this morning." I grinned sheepishly and mumbling something about forgetting something, rushed back to inform the others that we had been fooled. It seems I was the only one who had been fooled, for every one else said, "I knew that all the time"—but then everyone always does say that. Well, after that there was nothing to be done so I picked up my bag and straggled off to school—only not past Mr. Brown's.

Life was just one thud after another,
C.G., 4A.

BETTY'S "POME."

When Betty sits to write her "pome"
Around the family come,
With squeals of joy to help her count
Her tum-ti-tum-ti-tum.

She writes her lines with wondrous speed,
"Oh! cut some out!" they beg her,
This line is quite a centipede,
And that a forty-legger.

Her scheme of colour meets their scorn,
"Use 'emerald' 'stead of 'green,'
Not 'red' but 'rosy.' Common words
In 'pomes' are never seen!"

At last with pride she nears the end,
Let critics all stand dumb.
The lines have all their proper feet,
Their tum-ti-tum-ti-tum. B.P., 4A.

DEE-WHY.

Sleeping out is very pleasant if one wishes to encourage the growth of that excellent habit—early rising, but if, on the other hand, one prefers the joys of "Blanket Bay" it is not pleasant, for it is impossible to remain long in bed with the sun shining directly in one's eyes.

On this occasion sixteen girls felt deeply grateful to the sun for performing the office of awakening them. We were enjoying a holiday at Dee Why and this particular day had been set aside for something special—hence our desire to rise early. Upon the previous night many whispered conversations had been carried on in bed, with regard to the morrow's doings. We were to have a grand dinner, followed by a fancy dress ball. Nobody was allowed to spend more than sixpence on the preparations for fancy dress, so that much ingenuity was required to buy a lot for a little. Two of us were delegated to go to Manly to make the required purchases which were varied and weird in the extreme.

Every possible spot was commandeered (including the bathroom and the garage) by those demanding seclusion, and much whispering and giggling went on behind closed doors. Nobody took much time over lunch, each one being anxious to return to her preparations. The dining room doors were locked and the curtains pulled down whilst several girls prepared the table. Finally the bell sounded and a motley crowd assembled. Among those present were—Lord Filmenp and Lady Emptyme; Lord Killequick and Lady Getrichquick; the Squire of Woop Woop and his wife Buttercup; Count de Main (in ancestral robes) and his wife Dolores.

The dinner was a grand success, having but one slight hitch, when the Count de Main accused Lord Killequick of casting amorous glances at his wife, threatening him with his dagger (a rusty bread-knife retrieved from the rubbish heap). These two were finally pacified and order was again restored. The mirth of the company was aroused when the Count de Main made a speech which was delivered in broken English and still more broken French. Nobody understood a word of his speech and indeed, I doubt whether he himself knew what he was saying.

We did not remain long at the table since we were all anxious to don our real fancy dress, and about an hour later a

motley crowd assembled in the dining room. Antony and Cleopatra exchanged a few friendly words with a newsboy and a Parisian model, while Folly and a Swiss maid investigated the wares of a merry little Chinaman. The Jester danced around jingling his bells, but he laughed so much that he burst his none-too substantial al paper costume, thus presenting an appearance even more ludicrous than before.

Before many minutes the dignified Antony as thumping out jazz tunes whilst Cleopatra held his cumbersome toga out of the way of the notes. Soon the whole company joined in the rendering of many ancient classics such as "Found a Peanut," "John Brown's Baby," and "One Man and his Dog," creating sufficient disturbance to justify the opinion that we had all taken leave of our senses.

After a very merry night the whole party retired to bed with the exception of Antony and Cleopatra whose duty it was to write an account of the day's doings. During this they consumed a few pints of milk and about a pound of fruit-cake. But this was not all they intended to do. As soon as their task was finished they retired to the kitchen to divest themselves of their robes and to prepare for the night's work. It took many minutes to remove the pins from Antony's toga, this being very necessary since he had to sleep with that sheet on his bed. Then the work began. They took a cup of water and in it placed some red paper. When the water had attained a hectic hue it was mixed with flour thus forming a paste. Then Antony took a tin of shoe polish, and, sharing these mixtures with Cleopatra each, taking a soft rag for application, stole out to the verandah. All was quiet and just as they desired. Each went silently to work, decorating the faces of the unsuspecting sleepers. But alas, when no more than six faces, had been adorned somebody awoke. Antony disappeared through a convenient doorway while Cleopatra rolled under a bed; but its inmate was determined, and upon noticing two empty beds, stripped them. Luckily she did not notice the faces of her companions, for those near her had not yet been done, but the painters considered it unwise to continue their work. It was now early morning, so after waiting some time, Antony and Cleopatra remade their beds and crept into them, chuckling hugely over their work for the faces

or the sleepers looked extremely ludicrous in the moonlight.

Next morning there was great commotion in the camp when several girls began to comment on each other's appearance. The delinquents were soon discovered and

while some held them down in bed, others applied boot polish to their faces till Antony and Cleopatra decided that never more would they indulge in mid-night prowling.

T.N., 5B.

DAWN AND DUSK.

Mysterious is the darkness
That comes before the dawn,
And blossoms into loveliness,
Upon a Summer morn.
The darkness fades to pearly grey,
The grey glows into rose,
The sun illuminates the sky
And far his sunbeams throws.

But sweeter still is sunset,
When, with the dying day,
Fiery-red and tender mauve,
Are chastened into grey.
The birds, then cease their rippling trill
And "Night" holds regal sway,
And over all the silent world,
The twinkling moonbeams play.

AUSTRALIA, 1A.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"Some people are born with maiden aunts, some acquire maiden aunts, and some have maiden aunts thrust upon them!" The last was exactly the case with the Tomkins family, for although each of the children, when he first beheld the light had beheld at the same moment the broad rimmed spectacles and stern face of Miss Millicent Euphemia Wink, she was really not their aunt,—now that the afore-said children's ages ranged from seven to seventeen and they were fully acquainted with Miss Wink, this was their solitary consolation.—Somehow, somewhere, sometime, aunt Millicent Euphemia had met Mr. Tomkins' mother, and from that moment had "thrust herself upon them," considering herself "one of the family."

The young Tomkins had each in turn been brought up in profound respect for their maiden aunt, and all her caprices were well known to them. Perhaps Aunt Millicent Euphemia's greatest habit was "turning up at any old time—usually when she's not wanted," as Augustus aged eleven was wont to say

Aunt Millicent Euphemia had insisted on naming each of the young Tomkins—a fact which accounted for the somewhat curious and startling names which they possessed. There were six children, and from Lancelot aged seventeen to Archibald aged seven all "wished that she had thrust herself into some other family." Between Lancelot and Archibald were Maud, Sarah, Augustus and Ebenezer. Of course, these

remarkable names were shortened, though when Miss Wink visited the family she insisted on calling each child by his or her correct name, and making them do the same.

It was Friday morning and the Tomkins family was seated at breakfast, Sarah was pouring out the tea at one end of the table, while at the other Mr. Tomkins was saying to his wife "Yes m' dear, two middle seats in the front row of the front stalls—excellent—of course you'll come to the theatre tomorrow night Katharine m' dear?"

"Oh, yes Herbert m' dear," responded Mrs. Tomkins affably; then—"Herbert m' dear, do eat your porridge, it's such waste to give it to Julius (the family dog) each morning—he's getting too fat altogether!" Up at the other end of the table, Augustus and Ebenezer one on either side—opposite each other—were at daggers drawn, Augustus sat swinging his grimy legs backwards and forwards, causing the chair to squeak loudly the while, and looking smilingly at Ebenezer who occasionally straightened himself up, clenched his fists, drew in his breath, closed his eyes for a moment at Augustus, threw back his head, and then relaxed from this "picture-hero" attitude most suddenly, and munched toast by way of consolation.

Suddenly a knock came at the door; who could mistake THAT knock! Instantly a change came over the entire Tomkins family. Lancelot hurriedly dropped the morn-

ing paper, which he had been reading, on to the floor. Mr. Tomkins wiped some traces of oatmeal off his moustache and straightened his tie. Mrs. Tomkins took her brooch from its low position on her blouse, and pinned the said blouse up high on her neck. Augustus ceased swinging his legs, Ebenezer took a very small bite of toast instead of a large piece he had intended cramming into his mouth. Archibald solemnly took a handkerchief from his pocket dipped one corner of it into the water of a vase of flowers that stood on the table, and gingerly wiped all over his face. Then amid whisper of "It's her," Maud rose and opened the door. In stepped Aunt Millicent Euphemia, with a "Goodness me! I thought you were all in bed, you do take a long time to open the door." No one spoke so Aunt Millicent Euphemia continued, "Thought I'd come and spend a week or so with you"—here Ebenezer heaved a deep sigh and cleared his throat. "Ebenezer, I can see you are going to bed too late, is he not Katharine?" turning to Mrs. Tomkins. "Oh I don't think so," responded his mother "He retires at—"

"Only babies go at seven o'clock like you say Aunt," interposed Ebenezer. To this Aunt Millicent Euphemia gave a sniff, opened her mouth as if to speak, closed it again and then said suddenly, "I suppose you'll give a person a cup of tea!" Mrs. Tomkins rose and apologised. "I'll make the tea mother dear," said Sarah, endeavouring to make a good impression.

"Good girl—good!" broke in Miss Wink then—"Archibald—you haven't brushed your hair this morning—now have you?" "Er—Ebby—Ebenezer I mean—he took my brush to brush Julius with," answered poor Archibald.

"Are you referring to that ugly mongrel that assailed me as I entered the gate?" asked Miss Wink.

The family nodded.

"Disgusting," said Aunt Millicent Euphemia shuddering, "I never—"

"Oh, but didn't he look lovely and shiny?" broke in Ebenezer.

Miss Wink ignored the question, "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted," she continued, "I consider this a disgraceful piece of—Lancelot, cease reading that paper at the table!—yes—Katherine, surely you have at least so much decency!" snapping her fingers viciously.

"I had not heard of this before," answered Mrs. Tomkins sighing, "Oh the responsibilities of having a family such as

this," and here the good lady looked around on the assembled family with the air of a great martyr.

"Leave them to me my dear Katherine—leave them to me," broke in Miss Wink in great delight. "You and Herbert go out tonight; just leave this family to me.

"We are both going to the theatre tomorrow," said Tomkins importantly.

"Yes, my dear Herbert, and though I do not approve of theatre and pictures, I thoroughly agree with you in believing that the parents of a family such as this, should have more enjoyment than the children! Why once I knew a family—" and here Miss Wink launched into such an interesting description of the said family's trials, that Mr. Tomkins remained with his eyes closed all the time as if to obtain the full benefit of the narration.

Having delivered the speech, Aunt Millicent Euphemia inquired if her tea was ready, at which Sarah appeared carrying a cup of tea and a small plate on which were placed two dainty sandwiches.

"Thank you Sarah—I believe in girls growing up useful—Augustus, cease kicking Ebenezer under the table!"

Aunt Millicent Euphemia raised the cup to her lips. Augustus watched her intently. Immediately Aunt Millicent Euphemia, making a face terrible to behold cried out, "Salt! Salt!" then crammed a whole sandwich into her mouth, but this was followed by another hideous face and a violent splutter—"Fish paste—how I hate it!" she ejaculated, red in the face with anger and exertion.

At this point Augustus rose from the table and edged towards the door. "Come back—Augustus obey me!" screamed Miss Wink.

Augustus strolled back.

"You did this—now didn't you?"

"Course I did," responded the gentleman calmly. "I say, wasn't it awfully funny!"

"You'll stay home from school today," announced his aunt, then as she saw his face suddenly light up "No! you shall go I say, and I'll write a note to your master requesting him to chastise you severely!"

Mr. Tomkins cleared his throat, rose, put on his hat and departed for the office. He was soon followed by Lancelot.

The five remaining children proceeded to array themselves for school, while Aunt Millicent Euphemia slowly and deliberately wrote the note to Mr. Finn the school-master.

Of the events which occurred when Miss

Wink was left alone with Mrs. Tomkins we will say nothing.

Let us pass on till four o'clock in the afternoon when the five children arrived home from school. Aunt Millicent Euphemia was sitting on the front verandah, knitting.

"God afternoon," she said to each in turn, then, "mercy on us, Ebenezer what have you been doing? just look at your eye!"

"I tought a chap, 'cause he said Julius was the maddest dog roun' here!" answered Ebenezer hurriedly—"Beat him too," he added chuckling.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Miss Wink. "Whatever—Archibald, your mother is out till eleven o'clock tonight, so it's no use calling her."

"I'm awfully hungry—what y' got to eat?" inquired Archibald.

"No eating between meals!" announced Miss Wink placidly, "why, when I was a child," here Archibald cleared his throat loudly, "I never at anything between my meals."

"That's why you're so thin, and can't eat anything rich, 'else you get indigestion!" sang out Ebenezer as the five children disappeared.

At six o'clock precisely, the bell rang for dinner, and five ravenous Tomkins ran into the house, only to find that Aunt Millicent Euphemia had cooked a dish which she considered "suitable for children." This all the family hated, and Miss Wink was exceedingly surprised that none of her nephews or nieces cleaned their plates that night.

"Have any of you homework?" she asked later.

"I have, an' I'm doing it now," answered Ebenezer who was writing busily.

"What are you doing Ebenezer dear?" inquired Miss Wink, who seemed now thoroughly restored to temper.

"Fin'shed!" announced Ebenezer who was rather red in the face and inky on the fingers.

"Well, read it out, but first tell us what it is about," directed his aunt "Well," answered Ebenezer slowly, "Mr. Finn said

to write a composition on something that has life. Most o' the boys are writing on beetles and spiders and things, but I'm writing on a subjee' that really has lite—'Girls!'" and he proceeded to read the following remarkable production, accompanied by much mispronunciation—

"GIRLS"

A girl is a thing—mortal I mean—that will someday grow up to be a woman if she doesn't get run over or die a death from other natural causes. You can always tell a girl from a boy 'cause a girl is always curling her hair and has got a clean face. Also girls don't get a callous on their thumb from shooting marbles for keeps. Some girls get married and some don't; Mr. Brown, next door calls the ones that don't, 'old girls.' Most girls are very fond of ice cream and chewing gum—here Sarah stopped chewing—and they look very nice all dressed up, but they are no good to play cowboys with. P'raps they'll improve as they grow older!"

During the reading of this remarkable specimen of composition, all the other children had given way to their-laughter, but Aunt Millicent Euphemia had remained stiff and motionless in her chair.

At the conclusion she pointed towards the door and said, "We will all retire despite the earliness of the hour. Goodnight."

One by one each Tomkin went to bed.

Aunt Millicent Euphemia in her room was experiencing more thrills.

She proceeded to don her night-clothes, but found that the neck and sleeves were sewn together in some mysterious manner. Also two cats were fighting wildly just under the window, and Julius was providing the man in the moon with some choice music. Miss Wink, therefore, was glad to jump quickly into bed, from which she emerged still more quickly, a moment later with a frog sitting on her right foot.

She then proceeded to dress again.

The next morning the Tomkins found that Aunt Millicent Euphemia Wink had left as suddenly as she had arrived.

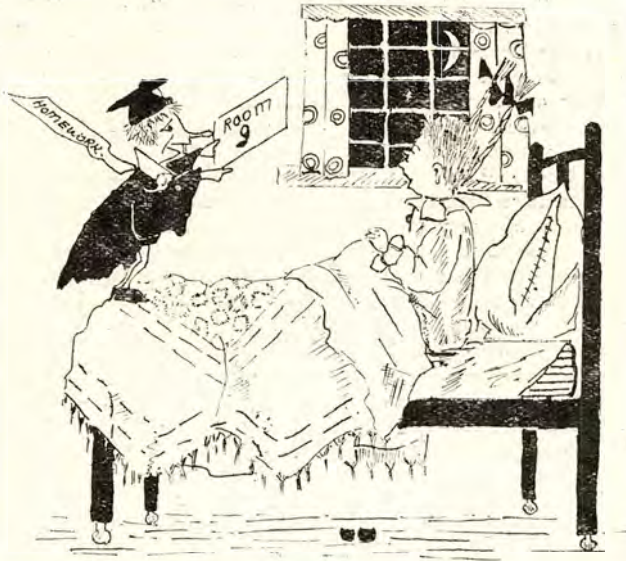
ISLA JONES, 2C.

EXCHANGES.

Grateful acknowledgement is made of various school magazines received during the year.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Read the advertisements and patronise the firms which help Fort Street.



THE FORTIAN'S DREAM.

M. DEY, 3C.

THE GAY CAVALIER.

"Now, what is the homework for to-night?" As this thought flashed through my mind I thought of my court lady for Friday. I went for one more glance to make sure that it could not be improved upon.

But alas! Something was amiss—my poor little lady had strayed.... But what was that at my feet? I picked up the poor deplorable object and examined it. Oh! surely not! Surely it was not my dear little peg! Then I discovered that mother had given it to the baby to keep her quiet after it had been improved upon by my younger brother who had made it swivel-eyed and pigeon-toed.

I could almost hear my heart break as I realised that my time and energy had all been wasted. That night in bed I tossed about wondering what I should do, but decided that things would unravel themselves; so at last entered into peaceful dreamland.

Next night at nine o'clock I started the

peg. I thought that a cavalier would be a change from a lady and could imagine myself the only one in the class with a "gay cavalier." How I was thrilled as I drew in deep breaths, mostly of smoke from a lamp, all lights being off, I set to work with a fast beating heart. I selected the cleanest peg from the bag and began carving the feet. After a couple of attempts on different pegs my sister suggested that I should bring the whole peg bag into the room. Gradually I settled down peacefully and steadily to my work. The legs would not turn out properly; suddenly I remembered that there was a little tear in the motor seat so I poked out some of the stuffing with a fork and cut two finger tips from my sister's gloves. These were padded till they resembled feet and placed on the two knobs which I had carved. After a strenuous struggle the rather pigeon-toed feet were ready for the top boots. I cut another finger from the ill-fated silk glove. I filled this with motor seat

stuffing and during the process of pulling this over the top of the peg there was much heavy breathing accompanied by loud grunts from my sister and me.

Oh! At last that was finished. I placed the peg on the table and looked around the room, which was littered with every piece of scrap material we possessed, for something suitable for my cavalier's trousers. I took a beautiful piece of tartan ribbon and after over a dozen attempts at making this I got a pair that looked as though they were the right size and set about putting them on but, in my joy at success, I put them on inside out and had to readjust them. In doing so I unravelled the cotton that was holding down the glove finger which instantly shrank around the neck of the peg. This would never do. My sister suggested that we should use some glue that was available. With this new help I settled down once more with the fluttering flame of hope revived in my heart. This glue had to be melted, and so the process was started with matches at first but as this became too tedious we decided on lighting the primus. We soon had the glove glued down and by means of gentle handling, the trousers were fixed. I had a pretty sash from which I took enough to make a jumper which was to act as a coat of armour. I made lace sleeves with much difficulty. I flatwashed what was to be the face with pale pink so as to give it a life-like appearance. I then painted the eyes with ink and my sister submitted to the loss of another strand of her hair with the objection that I would soon make her bald. I was thoroughly disgusted with the hair. It stuck out like a birch broom in a fit. The needle was passed occasionally through the top of the head and this was rectified to a degree. I took a piece of white mouve ribbon, halved it and edged it with lace to match the sleeves. This I placed around his neck as a substitute for the beautiful collar in the picture that I was following. My assortment of patches was ransacked till it yielded some fancy patterned ribbon left over from a baby's bonnet. This stretched from shoulder to the opposite hip. Now the hat! I tried with all the silver in the house to make a helmet that would gleam when it caught the sun but this failed so I took some grey flannelette and with a crochet needle and some yellow wool made a sort of pancake

shaped hat which would obstinately set itself at an angle of about sixty degrees on the massive head of the cavalier. An old boa of mother's was plucked of its white plumes. I left it in a mutilated state and made a hole with my compass in the hat through which plumes were stuck. These were frequently shortened to balance the hat. The time now was half-past one and my sister was nodding to sleep. The glue had become so intimately acquainted with the carpet that it obstinately refused to be separated by the scissors. As the hair on the cavalier was ragged and uneven I began to trim it up a bit with the result that his hair became lop-sided and by the time I finished he possessed a modern buster crop. Looking at the picture which I was copying I saw that the original carried a sword and I hung the needle on to the lace sleeve but my sister must have noticed this and she made a sudden dive for it as it was her pet one for fancy work, so this was replaced by a pin which fluttered in the least puff of wind. I tried to make a nice little moustache of hair but this being unsuccessful I just inked it and did it so thoroughly that the moustache was one of which any black-eyed villain of penny novelettes would be proud. The remains of the flat-wash were used to paint the legs.

I became wide awake as I realised that my tedious job was finished and rushed up stairs to wake the whole family. My father on seeing it appeared very interested but now I can remember that the bed shook as with suppressed laughter. This encouragement gave me new hope and my proud eyes seemed to have magnified it to such a degree of beauty that awakening to the true facts was an experience of great sorrow. The first hint as to my failure in achieving my object was in the morning when I showed it to mother who kissed me as I held with a less confident hand my long worked at cavalier before her eyes. On arriving at school my hopes quickly subsided as I viewed the work of other girls and I took the whole thing as a huge joke. Despite all the disappointment, this work afforded me some of the most whole-hearted enjoyment that I have ever experienced and my "cavalier in tatters" remains in a precious box to remind me of the time I spent in dressing my peg.

E. MERRIMAN, 2A.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Edition has again to acknowledge more contributions than the Magazine can afford to print and on behalf of the school, to thank all those whose public spirit makes issue possible. Girls are reminded that every contribution must be entirely original. Matter should be written on block paper (one side only to be used) and a wide margin must be ruled. It is suggested that writers should collaborate with art pupils so that illustrated articles and stories may be published. Drawings should be made in india ink as clearly as possible and the Editor consulted regarding proportions.

False Impressions: Drawing poor and in pencil.

Mid-winter at Kosciusko: Treated in "A Perfect Week."

That Back View!: An amusing incident. Try again.

Some fun missed on Sports Day: Very sorry the Magazine must miss it too. Lack of space.

Lacrosse: A piece of sound advice from "First Defence." It is a good game and needs the best of players.

Our Concert Hall: Amusing. Try again.

Fort Street High: Rhymes are faulty.

Evening—A Sketch: A pleasant idea, sorry to reject.

The Opening of Zott's mill Reservoir: A spirited description which we should like to print.

Sr Galahad: Your other contributions selected.

Sandy's Story: Well done. Try next issue.

Tutankhamen: Sub judice.

When night Comes: Pleasing verse—but why not choose an Australian setting?

Various accounts of "Dressing the Peg": Treated in "The Days of Chivalry Still Live."

To Daffodils, To Sleep, Day Dreams, Dawn in the Bush, Spring: Good verse but your other contributions were preferred.

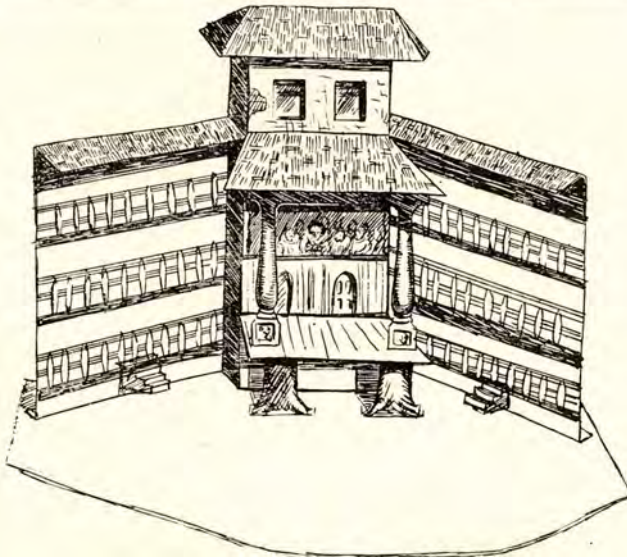
Dawn (B.B.): Some very good lines but somewhat uneven.

A Garden: Hope to print something from your pen next issue.

A Bushland Scene: We are sorry to reject this verse but have no space. Send some prose as well for the next issue.

The Birth of a Fairy Ma'id: A pretty idea. If the verse were all as good as that of the second stanza we should print.

The Kiss of Spring, Spring, The Wattle: Try again.



SECTION OF A THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

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An excellent issue mainly devoted to Sport in Australia—Polo, Tennis, Golf. Charles MacLaurin, author of "Post Mortem," has contributed a fine article, "The Pied Piper" and E. H. Oliphant a powerful one-act play, entitled "The Doomed"; John Adrian has discovered a collection of un-written letters by William Shakespeare and A. G. Stephens has interviewed William B. Beattie. Articles and stories by Elizabeth Garner, A. H. Adams, Vivian Crockett, Frank Middlemiss and others. Pictorial features are exclusive photos. of the recent Artists' Ball and the Egyptian Ball; the Polo Carnival, Tennis and Golf in both the Southern capitals and Hunting in Victoria; some remarkable photographs of Paul Poirer, the arbiter of Fashion, taken at his Paris establishment; portraits of notabilities of the social world, Sydney and Melbourne homes and much else of interest.

Edited By—

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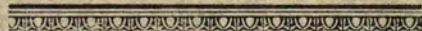


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