

Newcastle High School Magazine.

No. 41.

SUMMER TERM, 1920.

STAFF.

Head Mistress :—

FORM VI ... MISS GURNEY, M.A. B.Sc. (Girton Coll. Camb. ; Math. Tripos M.A., T.C.D. ; B.Sc. and Diploma in Education, Durham).

Second Mistress :—

FORM VA ... MISS DICKINSON, Oxford Final Honours School of Modern Languages... *Modern Languages.*

FORM VB 1 ... MISS SCOTT, B.A., Honours in Mathematical Science (R.U.I.) ; Diploma in Education, Dublin, *Mathematics.*

FORM VB 2 ... MADEMOISELLE DORIOT, Brevet Supérieure ... *French.*

FORM IVA ... MISS MAXWELL, M.A., St. Andrews. Honours Mental Philosophy ... *English Literature.*

FORM IVR ... MISS OSMAN, M.A. (Honours Classics, St. Andrews), Berry Scholar and Diploma in Education (Cambridge) ... *Classics.*

FORM IVB ... MISS COMRIE, B.A., Honours (London), and Diploma in Education (Durham) ... *French.*

FORM IIIA ... MISS CLOUGH, B.A., History Honours (Durham) and Diploma in Education ... *History.*

FORM IIIB ... MISS FORD, Certificated Student of Mme. Oesterburg. *Swedish Drill.*

FORM II ... MISS STUART, B.A. (London), Diploma in Education. *English.*

FORM I ... MISS PEARSON, N.F.U.

KINDERGARTEN { MISS MCNEIL, N.F.U. Certificate.
MISS BREWIS, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.
MISS PASCOE, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.
MRS. BARNETT, B.A. Honours, London, Diploma in Education ... *Mathematics.*
MRS. COX, Art School, Armstrong Coll. ... *Drawing.*
MISS BRAND ... *Piano, Eurythmics and Singing.*
MISS HESLOP, F.G.S., M.Sc. (Durham), and Oxford ; Diploma in Geography, *Science and Geography.*

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl D. Allan.
Prefects ... { D. Allan, G Hanson, B. Bookey, A Coney,
W. Lloyd, M. Thomson, D. Carr.
Hockey Captain D. Holmes.
Netball Captain M. Thomson.
Secretary of Games D. Allan.
Magazine Committee ... { Miss Maxwell, D. Allan,
B. Bookey, A Simpson.

EDITORIAL.

As there is no editor for this magazine, naturally no Editorial is forthcoming. We should like to thank the school for the number of good contributions sent in so promptly; we only wish we could print them all.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The annual Prize Distribution was held on Tuesday, October 28th. By kind permission of the Principal, Sir Theodore Morison, we were able to have it in the King's Hall, Armstrong College, for the first time after a break of six years. During the war, Prize Distributions had to take place in the School Hall, where the accommodation was somewhat restricted, so it was quite a treat to be able, once more, to invite the Old Girls and other visitors, besides parents, to that memorable gathering.

The Bishop of Newcastle was in the chair, and Bishop Weldon, the Dean of Durham, very kindly consented to come and present the prizes.

The proceedings began with two songs by the whole school—first the Viking Song, immediately followed by Roeket's "Good Night," the solo of which was sweetly rendered by Nora Clark. The singing could not have had half its energy or have been so much appreciated without Miss Brand's able conducting.

Miss Gurney, in her report, spoke of the increasing numbers of pupils in the school, there being at that time over four hundred girls, including the children at Henshelwood Terrace. She also spoke of the successes of the past school year despite the enforced holidays because of influenza epidemics.

The Dean told us that though he had presented prizes to boys on countless occasions, this was the first time he had given away the prizes at a girl's school prize distribution, so he felt somewhat embarrassed. However, he was delighted to see one solitary little boy come forward to receive a prize.

In his speech, the Dean urged upon us the necessity for promptitude in all things, and to practise this by always being in time for our lessons at school. Miss Gurney, however, had given him a good example of Newcastle High School girls' promptitude, when, speaking of the difficulties of getting to school during strikes, she mentioned that almost every girl from any distance arrived regularly and in time for lessons, each day throughout strike periods. One girl in particular cycled a considerable way every morning, reached school before nine and then did a good morning's lessons.

After the prizes had been distributed, the hall was cleared for dancing. A few very pretty solo dances were first given by the pupils of the Misses Spalding, after which everyone joined in the waltzes, etc. which followed. Thus ended a very happy and enjoyable evening.

GRACE E. HANSON.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Virgin Mary Hospital Scholarship	C. Pringle.
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, History Scholarship	M. Gibbs.
Governors' Scholars—Senior	1st H. Kipling.
	2nd A. Simpson.
Junior	J. Thomson.

EXAMINATIONS.

- Cambridge Previous Examination—Part I M. Dean.
 Part II C. Pringle.
- Responsions D. Holmes.
- University of Durham Matriculation—G. Adam, J. Booth, V. Broxup,
 V. Carter, P. Daniels, M. Forgie, W. Guthrie, G. Hanson, C.
 Hayward, A. McIntosh.
- National Froebel Union, Higher Certificate, Part I.—D. Blaiklock,
 University of Durham, School Certificate Examination, Division I.—
 H. Kipling (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), A. Simpson.
 Division II.—J. Dunlop, E. Gemmell, E. Haines, M. Thomson (Dis-
 tinction in French and Spoken French), V. Wilkinson.
- The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal
 College of Music, Lower Division—I. Marr, Elementary Division
 —D. Dryburgh, J. Pittar, M. Fowler, N. Rowell. Primary Divi-
 sion—M. Fowler, H. Watson, N. Whitfield, G. Vernon.
- Royal Drawing Society, Prize Division VI.—D. Carr. Full Honours
 Certificates—J. Booth, D. Carr, N. Coulson, H. Maguire, V.
 Wilkinson. Honours Certificates, Division VI.—V. Davison, M.
 Hartley. Division V.—M. Hartley, K. Ross, C. Fowler.

GAMES.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

HOCKEY.

Our hockey team was rather unfortunate last season, in that we lost both the Hockey Shield and the Lazenby Cup; we had held the latter for a good many years and were very sorry to lose it.

For the Shield we were drawn to play against Rutherford College. This match was played on the Medical College ground and we narrowly won by one goal. In the second round we played Darlington High School, again on the Medical ground, but were badly beaten by 6 goals to 1.

In the Lazenby Cup matches we did manage to get into the final. We first played against Gordon College at Whitley, where we won 8—3. Then we discovered that we had to play the Central. Great was our joy, for, a week before, had we not beaten them 4—0 in a friendly match. But, alas! they turned up in full strength while we lacked our right back. However, we drew—2 all—and the replay was played two days later, and, much to our regret, the Central won 1—0. However, somebody had to win, and we can't have the Cup every year!

We only played two other matches, as the weather or some other unforeseen circumstance interfered with a good many. We played the Sunderland High School on our own ground on February 5th, and beat them 8—0. We offer our sympathy to them for not having been able to procure a ground for the greater part of the season. The other match was played against the Guides. Unfortunately for the School, the team consisted of a good many Guides, and so the Guide team, augmented by Miss Ford and Miss Comrie, beat us 4—2.

There is nothing more of importance to say, as Miss Dickinson is writing a criticism of the team, except that all we can hope is that we win both the Shield and Cup next season, and also, to thank Miss Dickinson very much indeed for coaching us so indefatigably.

NET-BALL FIXTURES.

Several net-ball matches were fixed for last term, but unfortunately did not all come off, which was chiefly due to bad weather. Among the friendly matches we played the Central Newcastle High School, Sunderland twice, and also Wallsend. The first of these we lost, but won the last three. In the matches against the Central, Wallsend, and also the first against Sunderland, both first and second sevens played.

The great event of last term's net-ball was that the League Net-ball Shield was again competed for after four years of inaction, during which time it reposed in our hall, as we were the last to hold it before the war. Feeling much thrilled, we played our first round for the much coveted trophy, which was against Rutherford College. The match was extremely close; so much so that it seemed as if it would be a draw. A heavy shower came on, but neither school was anxious to postpone the match. Time was nearly up, when we managed to score another goal, so that the final score was 7-6. Our next round, against the Central Newcastle High School was played on their ground. Having been beaten by them a few weeks earlier, we felt decidedly quaky, but managed to win by 10 goals to 8. We had now to play Alnwick in the semi-final for Northumberland, at Morpeth. This was a very good match, but our luck had at last come to an end, and we were beaten by 19 goals to 2. We all enjoyed the match, and wish to congratulate Durham County School team, which finally gained the shield.

NETBALL LEAGUE RESULTS.

Alnwick	33	}	32	}	19	9
Wallsend	1					
Blyth	Bye	}	4	}		
Central	Winner					
Hexham	Withdrawn	}	8	}		
Rutherford	6					
Newcastle	7	}	10	}	2	
Durham C.	Winner					
Durham High	Withdrawn	}	26	}	11	12
Sunderland	19					
Bishop Auckland	5	}	4	}		
York	Winner					
W. Hartlepool	Withdrawn	}	13	}	4	
Darlington	17					
Bede	5	}	5	}		

CRICKET.

Cricket has been revived this term and although the pitch is rather bumpy, yet we manage to have some quite decent games. We hope later in the term to have a match against the Old Girls, by that time we hope to have improved considerably under Miss Dickinson's tuition.

TENNIS.

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining tennis courts last year, the school had to share the Grove Court with the boarders. In spite of this the season was quite successful, thanks to the kindness of the staff in coaching us. Miss Stuart very kindly coached the juniors and great progress was made in their play.

The shield matches were played on the Brandling Club's Courts: C.N.H.S. were drawn v. Sunderland and after drawing three times managed to beat them. We were drawn v. Durham and won, but lost in the finals v. C.N.H.S.

We were unable to play off the finals for the Singles Championship Cup during the Summer Term, but Miss Cooke very kindly lent her court at the beginning of the Autumn Term. After a hard fight W. Lloyd managed to beat A. Smallwood and so obtained the cup.

The Recreation Ground Club at Gosforth very kindly lent their courts for one of our matches.

We regret very much losing three of our champions, namely, A. Smallwood, F. Smallwood, and M. Tate, but there are some very promising runners up.

GAMES CRITICISM

I have been asked by the committee to "say a few things" about the hockey and net-ball teams, and I shall begin by saying a few things to all the hockey and net-ball players.

We shall never have the best team in the North in either hockey or net-ball unless players, from their early days, attend practices much more regularly than they have been in the habit of doing. I am sorry to say that this remark applies to the hockey team in particular. I do not think that the whole team had a single practice together all the season. In net-ball, on the contrary, the first and second VII.'s were most regular at practices, and it was the general multitude that was slack. Again, players do not seem to realise that they can learn a great deal from watching the play of people who know more about the game than they do themselves. Attendance at matches not only helps the team, but leads to improvement in the attender's play. On the whole, the attendance at matches has been disappointing. Let us do better next season.

The Hockey Team suffered various vicissitudes during the season: it lost a good half-back in J. Coning and a very good back in V. Carter at Christmas; its remaining back was ill at the time of the Lazenby Cup final and replay, and three of its members attended a dance on the night before the Shield match against Darlington.

The most satisfactory line in the team was the forward line, though the right inner's play—excellent at practices—was very disappointing in matches. By getting out of her place, she missed chances of shooting, and confused her wing and half-back, who bore with her like angels. She is too promising a player to spoil her work by a fault which can be overcome, and which is due to an excess of zeal. As a certain poet says: "The game is more than the player of the game."

The forwards, as a whole, are quick and persevering, and seldom lose a chance of shooting, though their ideas as to the width of the goal err on the side of generosity. The centre-half attended few practices, and consequently did not do herself justice in matches. The right-half played a steady game, stuck to her opponent manfully, and her hit is improving. The left-half's place was filled only near the end of the season. This player needs to be quicker in turning, to avoid kicking the ball and to pay more attention to the opposing inner. The right-back is most steady and reliable and has a powerful hit. We shall miss her next year. The left-back's place was filled by substitutes during the second half of the season. Of these, E. Musgrave is promising, though she does not yet hit hard enough. The goal has done very good work. She needs to move more quickly when the opposing forwards are shooting.

I hope that all hockey players will spend part of their summer holidays trying to improve their speed, which, at present, does not deserve to be called speed.

1st XI.—M. McGuinness, J. Capill, B. Bookey, F. Ferguson, J. Dunlop, B. Watson, D. Holmes (Captain), D. Allan, E. Musgrave, E. Shepperd, C. Pringle.

It is very satisfactory in net-ball to have a second VII. which runs the first very close and a third from which it is always easy to get substitutes for the second. The players in both first and second teams are

keen and quick, though they take too long to adapt themselves to their opponents' play. Every team has its own peculiarities, and the winning team is the one that finds out what these peculiarities are and in what way they can be circumvented.

We missed V. Carter's height at goal in the first VII, but her successor makes up for her lack of inches by her pertinacity, judgement, and speed in intercepting the ball. Defence is a steady and sometimes a brilliant player and a reliable captain. Centre defence works hard and has a good turn of speed. Centre is an excellent player, and never misses a chance of getting the ball, and feeds the circle players most judiciously. Centre attack is a reliable and hard-working member of the team, and is never out of her place. Attack and shooter have improved greatly during the season. They are persevering and sometimes brilliant players.

1st VII.—P. Gledson, B. Bookey, W. Lloyd, J. Dunlop, F. Ferguson, M. Thomson (Captain), M. McGuinness.

F. E. DICKINSON.

FORM TROPHIES.

HOCKEY.

Senior Cup.—The first round of the interform matches was played on March 11th, 1920. It was hoped to succeed in getting them all played some time before the end of term, but the weather, as usual, prevented this, and the final was played during last week of term. The upper school was drawn as follows:—

VI	}	VI, 3-1	}	VI, 4-2	}	VA, 3-2
IV _A						
IV _R	}	VB 1, 6-0				
VB 1						
VB 2	}	VA, 1-0				
VA		bye VA				

Great was the excitement when in the final, played on the last Monday of term, VA drew with VI on a field which was chiefly composed of mud, water, and here and there a few tufts of grass. On the next day it was replayed under practically the same, if not worse conditions and much to the chagrin of the VI. VA won by 3 goals to 2.

Junior Cup.—Unfortunately details are not forthcoming about these matches and we regret that all that can be ascertained is that IV_B beat III_A 8—0.

NET-BALL.

The matches for the form Net-ball Shield were played early this term, not as it was hoped at the end of last term. The groups were arranged as follows:—

Group A.	Group B.	Group C.
VI	VA	VB 1
}	}	}
VB 2	IV _A	IV _R
}	}	}
IV _A	III _A	III _B
	VA	VB 1

FINAL.

VI	}	VI
VA		
VB 1		

The VI won very narrowly in the final group by one goal.

TENNIS.

VA won the Senior Form Tennis Cup with a team composed of A. Smallwood and M. Thomson, M. Tate and M. Brock, and IV_A won the Junior with the following players Joyce Coning and Bardy Hanning, Marian Sinclair and Marjorie Russell.

MARCHING CUP.

In the summer term of 1919 the competition came very unexpectedly. VA was the fortunate winner but only by a narrow margin. The next term IVB succeeded in taking it from VA. Last term an innovation was introduced by Miss Ford who drew up a table which every form had to use. Miss Gurney and the judges decided that IVA was decidedly the best.

NEATNESS CUP.

In the Summer term 1919 IVA lost the fewest marks for neatness. In the autumn IVB and VA were tied and as IVB had already won the Marching Cup, VA were allowed to keep it in their form room. In the Spring term, the VI won, losing no marks whatever, thus being the first form to gain full marks.

NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL CHARITABLE FUND.

BALANCE SHEET, 1919—20.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Jan. and July, 1919—			December, 1919—		
Balance carried forward from 1918 and collection, Summer term, 1919	28	5 3	N.H.S. Cot, St.		
December, 1919—			Oswald's Home,		
By Collection, etc. ...	9	15 10½	Cullercoats	18	0 0
February, 1920—			Orthopaedic Hospital	5	0 0
By Dancing Matinee	40	10 4	St. Dunston's for		
By Collection, Spring Term, 1920	5	18 9	blinded soldiers ...	10	0 0
			Cabs to take toys to		
			Play Centre	0	4 0
			Xmas present to occupier of Cot.	0	2 7½
			February 13th, 1920—		
			Z. M. B. S. per Miss		
			Colin Taylor	2	2 0
			March, 1920—		
			British and Foreign		
			Bible Society per		
			Mr. Hanson	2	2 0
			March, 1920—		
			Expenses of Dancing		
			Matinee, Tax, Hire		
			of Hall, etc., Printing, Sundries... ..	17	1 3
			May, 1920—		
			Total Expenditure ...	54	11 10½
May, 1920—			Balance in hand ...	29	18 4
Total Receipts ...	£84	10 2½		£84	10 2½

LECTURES.

Last year in the Autumn term our toils were relieved by the excitement of three lectures. Our first visit was from Mr Runnells Moss, an old friend by this time. Some of his jokes are old friends too. He gave us the adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. To say that whomsoever he impersonates he renders to the life, and that one no longer seems to see Mr Runnells Moss upon the hall platform but Fanny Squeers or Nicholas in Dotheboys Hall would be to repeat what has been said in every magazine for the last three years. Perhaps all of us will remember for a long time, however, how inimitably he made love to a cushion.

Soon after, we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Collin Taylor in the guise of a Parsee lady. The Parsees are a people who worshipped fire and left their home in Persia on account of religious persecution. They were allowed to settle in India on condition that the men should wear hats like the inverted hoof of a cow, the sacred animal of the Hindus, as a badge of servitude. This particular Parsee lady was appealing eloquently for her sex in that distant part of the Empire. She told us how women were kept in horrible hovels and never allowed to go out; how sorrowful a mother was if her child was a daughter; and that if a fiancé of a tiny baby girl died, she was ill-treated for the rest of her life. Then the lecturer sang a Hindu hymn with the curious quavering minor tune like all Eastern music. It had a refrain which summarises the whole dreary outlook on life of these people who worship evil powers, famine and pestilence under the form of animals: "But this I know, there's sorrow all the way."

Perhaps the most interesting lecture of all, because on the subject of which we knew nothing, was that given by the Rev. H. J. Phillpott. He told how in the far back dawn of history the little oasis of fertile land round the Nile was inhabited by people who achieved marvels of building and attained a high level of intellectual development without any nation having shown them the way. They had an heirarchy of gods, all related to Ra the Sun, from whom their Pharoahs were said to be descended, and most with either a human and an animal form or a body with some attributes of either.

These people had one great national defect, their contempt for the lives of slaves. Prisoners taken in battle were employed to drag huge stones from desert quarries to raise the huge edifices which are still the most wonderful in the world. The Pyramids were built 6,000 years before the Christian era, but at a sacrifice which we shall never know, since these aristocrats did not think it worth while to chronicle it.

They have left us, however, a legacy which we can only begin to appreciate. There is still much to be found out, and more that is lost for ever, but it is strange to think that the curious, still brilliant picture stories have proved the historical accuracy of our own Bible.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

President, M. Thomson; *Vice-President*, Miss Stuart; *Secretary*, J. Dunlop; *Treasurer*, G. Hanson.

Great is the joy of every sixth-former when she knows that her daily labours are to be relieved by the excitement of a literary meeting. Three such pleasures she had during the last season. The teas were a source of great worry to the caterers, M. Marchbank, and V. Wilkinson, but we understand by the reduced subscriptions for the third tea, that it must have been quite a profitable business. Our purses

greatly appreciated such honesty!

During the first two meetings we read that play by John Drinkwater which had such a successful run at Hammersmith, namely Abraham Lincoln. M. Gibbs must have had great intuition in allotting the characters, for each member seemed, by her delivery, to have just the right part. Everyone enjoyed it, and all Philistine tendencies were zealously kept in the background.

Last term Miss Dickinson very kindly allowed us to hold our third meeting in her sitting-room, where we enjoyed the luxuries of easy-chairs and a fire. Miss Osman, though not a member, very thoughtfully came and gave us a short address on Greek drama, which was both interesting and instructive, and helped us to appreciate and understand "The Bacchæ" more fully than we should otherwise have done. Those who had read that other work of Euripides, Medea, probably found it hard to decide which play had the greater fascination for them.

We have to thank Miss Scott and Miss Stuart for so kindly coming to, and supporting us in our meetings.

We regret that we have lost one of our number. Miss Dodgson, who helped us for so long, has left the school and is now staying in France—lucky dog! Though we are sorry to have lost such an able member, we have been exceptionally fortunate in having her place filled by Miss Maxwell, whom we take this opportunity of welcoming.

The meetings are generally attended by the same members of the Sixth, but we hope that at the next meeting those who have not been in the habit of coming, will endeavour to do so.

GIRL GUIDES.

TENTH NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

Since the last Guide report appeared in the magazine we have had one very big change, namely that we have lost our captain, Miss Oliver. We were all very sorry to have to say good-bye, and, as a small mark of our appreciation of her work and interest in the Guides, presented her with the Thanks Badge.

Miss Ford has undertaken the work of captain and we greatly appreciate the splendid work which has been done through her.

Miss Oliver presented a picture to the Guides to be held for a year by the Guide who is voted the best all-round Guide; we congratulate Grace Hanson on being the holder for this year.

Since the beginning of the year twelve second class and fifty proficiency badges have been gained besides many tenderfoots. We have found great fun in carving our badges. One night some of the Guides went to the Northern School of Cookery to try for the cook, domestic service and laundress badges. The domestic service Guides had quite an exciting time cleaning boots, silver, knives, old tin pots, etc., even the insteps of the shoes had to be cleaned, and whatever happened no dirt had to be made on the floor! The "cooks" had to make porridge, fruit tart, scones and poach an egg, etc. All these things sound delightfully simple but one or two of us found out the truth of the old saying: "It's easier said than done."

Several of the Guides entered for competitions arranged by the Federation of Girl's Clubs and at rec. and after dinner the drill and folk-dancing teams might be seen practising as hard as they could. Gladys Greener gained a prize for drawing, Betty Watson for embroidery and the senior drill team for drill. Molly McGuinness was highly commended for cookery, Edith Hunter for embroidery and Kathleen Ross for needlework, while the Junior Drill Team was second in its class.

On February 17th the Grove and School Guides and Brownies gave a concert, but this will be reported separately, as also will the Guide Picnic.

Our numbers are at present increasing so much that a new patrol was formed this term, Nora Clark being chosen as leader—the other leaders are Belle Dotchin, Jessie Dunlop, Claire Fowler, Gladys Greener, Grace Hanson, Kathleen Ross, Muriel Stevenson, Betty Watson and Marianne Watson. But still we should like to see more new patrols and invite anyone who would like to join to come to the meeting, on Tuesday at 4 o'clock. There is only one limit—that is age, but even if you are under eleven why not be a Brownie? There is no excuse.

THE GUIDE CONCERT

At the beginning of the Easter Term we decided to have a concert and as Lent was very near there was not much time to prepare for it. But "Where there's a will there's a way" so we worked very hard and got things ready in about four weeks.

The programme commenced with a song by all the Guides; a pianoforte duet was the second item, then followed five Brownie items—two recitations, Brownie drill, Tambourine dance and the Brownie Action Song, which was very much enjoyed.

The Grove Guides contributed some excellent items—Burlesque Ballad, "Princess Rose," and "Euclid." "Euclid" was a humorous song which caused great amusement. "Princess Rose" was written and acted by the Junior Guides and also very much enjoyed.

Other items were recitations, solo dances, exhibition of morse signalling, patrol drill, piano and violin, a singing game and two solo songs.

Miss Balls very kindly came and five Guides were awarded their entertainer's badge.

Everyone appeared to enjoy the concert, and I am sure the Guides did.

Tickets were sold at 1s. 6d. each to outsiders, and 9d. to schoolgirls, and the proceeds, amounting to £13 13s., from the Treasurer's point of view were very satisfactory.

THE GUIDE PICNIC.

Great excitement was caused among the Guides when it was announced that it had been decided by the Court of Honour to go for a picnic to Plessey Woods on Thursday, May 13th, Ascension Day.

Everybody was to take her own eatables enough for lunch and tea, also a mackintosh (to sit on, of course no one ever dreamed that it would rain at a Guide Picnic, and they were right—it didn't).

It was arranged that all Guides who possessed or could borrow bicycles were to bike, the remaining members of the company going by train. As our captain, Miss Ford, could not divide herself in two, it was decided that her sister and her cousin should accompany the Guides going by train while she herself cycled with the cycling Guides.

The train girls assembled in the Central Station at 9.45. After getting their tickets and being counted, I expect, several times, they caught the train and thus were safely on their way.

The cyclists met at Park Terrace at 10.10. They came from all directions. While they were assembling one Guide rode up with the news that Jessie Dunlop had alas! already, got a puncture and had departed home to mend it but would follow on afterwards.

It was a most fearfully windy day and it must have been rather amusing to pedestrians to watch us battling along the road against the wind, which came in most violent and upsetting gusts. Some people could not even ride straight, so strong was the wind (or perhaps they laughed too much).

Every two minutes someone would exclaim "Oh" or "Ah" and would turn round to chase her hat whereupon another would turn her head to see if the hat was captured and the wind coming in a sudden gust would make her steer crookedly, probably into someone else whereupon more laughter would follow. Rumour has it that one Guide when doing this rode into a ditch.

At last we reached the woods. Leaving bicycles and hats, etc., at the cottage we started to walk along the path by the river. Some Guides now began to have curious underneath pains and when at last a halt was called sat down on mackintoshes and began to eat.

As yet no signs of any train girls had appeared. Had they vanished? Suddenly shouts were heard, they had arrived and appeared most amazed to see us sitting on the bank calmly having lunch. At the same time the water to make the lemonade arrived in a pail. Suspicious glances were cast at it; however, it proved delicious.

After lunch it was announced there was to be a flower competition, the winner being the Guide who collected the greatest number of different specimens. This was won by Nancy Olloman who found thirty-eight specimens. It had been decided that the Shamrock and Scarlet Pimpernel patrols were to make a track through the woods and after giving them ten minutes start the rest of the Guides tried to follow them. They had been instructed to follow yellow arrows going, and green ones coming back and to leave white ones entirely alone. At first nothing but white arrows could be found, this puzzled everybody very much but at last a yellow arrow was sighted with great joy. This led us to the field at the top of the woods where we found an old pit shaft with glass all round its walls, but alas, no arrows. After searching in all directions for a long time we dispersed in twos and threes to see what we could find. The writer cannot tell what everybody found, but she and another Guide wended their way to the river banks to find suitable trees to climb. It was whilst descending from a most thrilling tree that they found—what? a yellow arrow. After gazing at it for about five minutes to make sure it would not disappear we followed the trail along the river bank with great joyousness. The trail had not after all been at the top of the bank, but the yellow arrow which cleverly led us there must have been to deceive our lofty ideas of how to track. On returning to camp it was discovered that some Guides were paddling. Almost everyone followed their example plunging their hot tired feet into the cool river. The opposite bank was found to be most interesting. Several good photographs were taken. While paddling a most exciting incident took place. A small Guide fell into river, and although it was shallow got drenched to the skin.

After tea we gathered great armfuls of flowers to take home. Train girls thought it was time to get ready to depart and a general gathering up of everything began. The cyclists remained in the wood and had great fun with a bonfire, burning all rubbish, papers, etc., leaving the place tidy as is the custom of Guides.

After riding three miles we met a broken down motor-car whose owner was in great distress, so we offered to send help to him from the nearest garage; thus ending a perfect day (for what is a picnic without excitement such as the thrills we had) by doing a good deed.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

Now that war conditions are over we are hoping to take up again some of our pre-war activities. For the benefit of members who have joined since 1914 it seems desirable that these should be enumerated.

The first is the regular payment of subscriptions—the amount for ordinary members is 2s. a year. A subscription of 10s. constitutes Life membership. At present there are seventy-six Life members and one hundred and four Ordinary members. Only three of these have paid their subscriptions for 1920, which were due in January. Our other activities have mostly been athletic ones. We used to have a Tennis Tournament in the summer term and a match against the School, while in the autumn and winter terms the Old Girls played the School at Hockey and on one occasion a Net-ball match was played. The Hockey matches have not entirely dropped but we mean to make them now a regular fixture. An Old Girls' Dance was another way in which we amused ourselves. One was held this year in January and was, I am assured, much enjoyed by those who were present.

The Golf Competition for Mr White's Cup has been held this year again. The number of entries was disappointingly small. The Cup was won by Nora Hunter, the runner up being Nancy Cooke.

The Secretary has very little news of Old Girls to impart, and asks all members to fill up the slip they will find enclosed in the magazine and to send it to her as soon as possible. The magazine now comes out once a year. A meeting will be held early in the Autumn term which we hope all members will attend, as we shall discuss our programme for the next year. Suggestions will be welcomed either at the meeting or before it.

F. E. DICKINSON, *Hon. Sec.*

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

Mary Stenhouse has gained the degree of M.B., B.S.

Kathleen Brewis is now Form Mistress of Kindergarten B. at School.

Ada Weddell is in charge of a Poultry Farm at Wide-open.

Nora Burnip and Ella Burnett have gained Second Classes in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge.

Elsa Bedson is Bacteriological Assistant at the College of Medicine.

May Edwards is a Norland Nurse and has a post in Newcastle.

Hilda Edwards has a post as Norland Nurse at Monkseaton.

Phyllis Stuart, another Norland Nurse, has a post near Manchester.

Dorothy Morpeth is teaching French at St Leonard's School, St Andrews, N.B.

Mabyl Macfadyen is leaving Dartford, having finished her training, and is going to be Gymnastic Mistress at Miss Oliver's School in Aberdeen.

Ethel Gemmell is Typist and Secretary at Rutherford College.

Ethel Fletcher has gained a Third Class in the Durham B.A. Examination.

BIRTH.

Horsley.—At 58 Highbury, Newcastle, on February 22nd, to Mr and Mrs T. M. Horsley (*née* Mildred Cook), a son.

MARRIAGES.

Harrison—Bookey.—At the Cathedral Church of St Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on 11th September, 1919, by the Rev. H. Haslam, Vicar of Beadnell, Bernard English, son of Mr and Mrs H. Harrison of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Kathleen Mary, daughter of Mr and Mrs E. W. Bookey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Goodman—Morris.—At Jesmond Synagogue on 26th May, 1920, by the Rev. Drukker, Harold, son of Mr and Mrs Goodman of Leeds, to Elsie, daughter of Mr and Mrs B. Morris of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

 THE EPIC OF THE GROVE.

One bright day in the summer-time Marjorie, awed by the Magazine Committee came in awful woe and said to me, "Oh! Coney will you rack your brains right through and through, and then into your hands a quill, and write away with a right good will, for after me always an echo floats, "Find someone to write the Boarder's Notes'!"

Readers list! If I can remember I'll take you back to gay September, when we all met again once more in these halls of learning, as of yore; save that many well-known faces had skipped away to other places. Connie Hayward, to gain more knowledge, to the higher spheres of Armstrong College. Elsa Wallis and Mary Tate, both of them scions of hockey's fate, with other Grovites in our teams all went. Good-bye! and pleasant dreams. And so, on that September day we met in reinforced array. To chronicle our deeds I vow, is now my duty unto you.

The first event was a Fancy Dress Dance to honour the Armistice signed in France on November 11th of the year before. Oh! how we joyed as over the floor we whizzed in time to the music merry; grandmother great and graceful fairy. The next event that I have to tell is the tale of the Scarlet Pimpernel to which we went, as happy as could be, to see Sir Percy Blakeney. That all enjoyed it I have no doubt. But what comes next, that lurking about, seized us grimly with smiles and mocks? The woeful germ of Chicken Pox! And what was our great and wild dismay when Milly, great scholar of her day, was by this fearful animal chawed a week before going to Oxenford.

And now to the end of the term I come; packing and feasting and noisy hum. And let me tell, in joyous rhyme, the tale of our deeds at Christmas time. For when the boxes were packed and locked we decked ourselves in our best white frocks; and partook of a great and glorious tea of chocolate biscuits and rolls! Ah me! Peat or a pig was on each plate so that in 1920 we'd know the date—gifts from Miss Gurney, our loved head—best of all heads that ever were made. Then in a charabanc, free from toil, off we went to the Theatre Royal! Saddest of partings came, next day, for loyal Winifred went her way, never, alack! to return again. Let's give three cheers for her, Games Captain. Most of the staff said "Good-bye" too. We wish them luck in all they do.

And now we must skip four weeks of fun and come to a term again begun. We wish good luck to mistresses new, Tommie gay, and new girls too! We tried our luck at gay net-ball against the school and drew—No goals all! Then Molly, full of English History went to Oxford, town of Mystery, to gain a schol. to Margaret's Hall! Hearty cheers arose from us all when we heard that Milly, unfettered and free, was a worthy student of history!

To Peter Pan we went in glee, also to Bach Concerts—three. Miss Jones 'too came on one fine night and told us tales of seaman's plight. Our appetites were good and more of puddings we ate, once—helpings four. Guides too were filled with life and fun, when at a concert the Black Demon of Euclid fame entertained our Ma's and a great many of the Pa's. Bold Robin Hood too had a part to say, also "Princess Rose," an original play. And our heartiest thanks to the School Guides go, who gave us the sum of the overflow of the money given by parents so free. Good luck to you, 10th Newcastle Company!

Alack! I've now a tale to tell of how our headmistress, beloved well, fell off her bicycle on to her foot, which she hurt with a sad result! Three stout Guides to the rescue went and bandaged Miss Gurney with good intent. Then she taxied back to the Grove, and vowed on cycles no longer to rove. A Guide Display next our energies took away. The Lady Balls to see us was fain, so we bandaged two men from an aeroplane. Packing once more was in full swing, oh! how we danced a Highland fling! And on the last night, at midnight drear, we feasted on all kinds of cheer! One fair maiden repented next day, when she had hied to her home away.

Four rainy weeks too quickly passed and back we came to the Grove at last, To find Miss Pratt, to our great surprise, was there no longer to light our eyes. And in her place was Lady Schooling, who delights us all with her mild, firm ruling. A welcome we sing to Miss Egdell too, who'll nurse us well if we've measles or 'flu. Of course it behoved us to honour Mildred who, because of the history that choked up her head and out of that store much knowledge had poured to become worthy scholar of Oxenford! An assembly of personages as was meet, famous in history, our Mildred did greet. Drake, lately returned from the Spanish Main, wished to Victoria Royal Queen! When first of all our bold free race, proposed the health of Milly the Great. Then Raleigh, in a bold, free voice, bade us all happily rejoice, and proposed the health of Mistress Clough, great history tutor of right good stuff, and said that in travels all the world o'er he'd ne'er heard of a scholarship before, though on many queer ships he'd cast his gaze in his travels over the blue sea waves. Mistress Clough, in the speech she made, said that she thought in history would live this meeting of knight and lady love who assembled together at the Grove. Sir Phillip Sydney from Pensehurst proposed the health of Charles the First. And I mustn't forget to mention the executioner of ill-intention, who rubbed his axe with the blade so keen, and his services gave to the noble Queen, and hoped that if she were in woeful need, she'd send for him with incredible speed, and that he would, in awful wrath, cause the victim's head to fall to the earth.

On Ascension Day at the sea we were! How we regaled on ginger beer! Returned to the Grove minus broken bones we went at even to see Tom Jones! Whit-Monday was our next holiday and we met in noble array; each with a book upon her breast, both Grovite gay and honoured guest. Then in the field we barged away as frogs, at balloons and Sally's gay!

And now I come to the end of my song. Reader, I fear I've kept you long. But we'll sing the praise of the dear old Grove in whatever part of the world we rove. For soon, alas, we'll be there no more and we'll part with a heart that's bursting sore. And down the line to those that stay let's call, "Be loyal, be true, at work and play; at Guides, when helping, with might and main, 'Play up! Play up! and play the game' For wherever we be, or wherever we rule; Shout Hurrah! For those great grand days at School!"

A. CONEY, VI.

O come and sing by the moon-white tree,
 The night is sad, and needs a song,
 The tree's fair blooms hang weeping down—
 Come bring your merry sprites along.
 Beneath the stars the garden sleeps,
 White-beamed, and shadowed deep and long,
 Your lamps unlit; the night, and I,
 Are sad, and need an elfin song.
 Thus I called to fairy-one,
 But fairy-one had flown
 And left me 'mong the moonlit flowers,
 Sad and all alone.

O come and light your tiny lamps
 With dim sweet colours soft to glow,
 Bring back the summer nights of old
 With songs and dancing to and fro.
 Come back—for I forget the things
 My fairy told some time ago,
 I have forgotten buttercups,
 And happy things I used to know.
 Long I called to fairy-one;
 But fairy-one has flown,
 And ah she comes not back to me
 Sad and all alone.

By "U.D.R."

IN A WOOD.

The trees are rocking, and swinging,
 With the gentle wind that blows.
 The children's voices are ringing,
 'Down where the river flows.

JOAN SIMON, IIB.

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

Let us try to picture ourselves standing amid the ruins of Tynemouth Priory on a clear moonlight night. All is still save for the lapping of the waves against the sandstone cliffs, on which the old abbey stands.

For a time we gaze at the reflection of the moon in the water, and then at the long stretch of sands, rendered almost silver in the moonlight. We look at the Old Castle—and lastly turn our attention towards the picturesque ruins of the Ancient Priory itself—rearing its grey and roofless walls above the harbour mouth.

As we gaze, we think of its warlike past—of the time when these weather-beaten walls stood firm; when monks used to chant their daily services, and make the now roofless walls ring with their singing.

We remember how Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria built here a tiny wooden Church, which wooden structure was in after years replaced by a stone one. Here in later years the body of good King Oswin was buried.

We think of the time when our shores were invaded by the Danes, who destroyed the Priory—which was restored, however, by King Egfrith of Northumbria very soon after. This building was not destined to stand long, however, and in the year 865 it was sacked and burned. The poor nuns of St Hilda's who had fled from Whitby to

Tynemouth (by means of the underground passage between the two Abbeys), hoping to find safety, were slain and earned the crown of martyrdom.

Once more was the Priory restored, but, when after a short space of five years it was again destroyed by the invaders, it stood for two hundred years roofless and tenantless.

Next our thoughts travel to the time when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries. Living at the Priory at that time were eighteen monks with their Prior. They accepted the king's decree, and left their monastery, but the Church itself was used as a Parish Church until the days of Charles II. when Christ Church was built.

And now we come back to the present day. We gaze with awe at these ruins and cannot but think of those other ruined abbeys which long years ago stood on the same site as this one. Noble buildings which stood for a time, braved storm, and tempests, yea even invasion and destruction. They all had their day—one was destroyed—another was raised in its place, and now many tourists from different parts of the land come from time to time to gaze at the ruins of the last of these abbeys and while gazing, to think of its warlike past.

In that part of the Priory which was once the Nave—we see a door. This door is always kept locked, and can only be opened, by those who have obtained permission, and the key, from the guardsman. We open it, and enter the tiny chapel of St Oswin—a dark building only a few yards square. By the aid of the moonbeams shining in through the small but beautiful windows we can see the old stone altar, and the well-worn floor.

As we stand on the threshold of this tiny chapel, amid the ruins of the old abbey, the peace of St Oswin seems to fall on us, and we indeed feel that we are standing on Holy Ground. This Chapel is cold; it is bare and dark, and yet in spite of these facts there is that in it which makes it more beautiful, and seems to draw forth more reverence than do many of the most beautiful edifices of the present day.

And so it is with all old abbeys. One cannot help feeling inspired by the remembrance of their past history; nor can one fail to realise the beauty of this thought—that when we stand amid the ruins of some old abbey, e.g., Tynemouth Abbey, at the present day, in that very same place, hundreds of centuries ago, Saints and Martyrs of the Church lived and died, living witnesses of the Faith. The very walls seem to echo these thoughts, and as we turn away, we carry away with us some of that peace which dwells within those gray and roofless walls.

VERA DAVISON, VI.

THE TROOPING FAIRIES

When the moon shines down
 On the still old town,
 And the old brown owl is whooping,
 A little horn blows,
 Where the primrose grows,
 'Tis then that the fairies come trooping.

They come trooping along,
 What a glorious throng,
 Singing a sweet and beautiful song.

"Oh children close your sleepy eyes,
 Until the morning sun shall rise,
 We are fairies bright and gay,
 We will watch you till the day."

MARGARET DUNCAN, IIa.

THE SIXTH FORM ALPHABET.

A stands for Allan, our head girl's name,
 B stands for Bookey of Emerald Isle fame,
 C stands for the Chestnuts we roasted in glee,
 D for the Danger we had for the spree,
 E for the Excellents we oft *contemplate*,
 F for the Fire—a privilege great,
 G stands for Grace, of dramatic renown,
 H stands for the Holes where our books are put down,
 I for the Ink marks which oft scar the floor,
 J for the Jerks which make a few more.
 K for the Kettle we'd like to possess,
 L for the Latin which gives us distress,
 M for all Music which from the study is pealed,
 N for the Net-ball where won we a shield,
 O for the Order we try to maintain,
 P for the Punishments inflicted in vain,
 Q for the Query when our minds feel blank,
 R for such a Responsible position and high Rank,
 S for Silence in the study desired,
 T for the Talk lest our tongues should have expired,
 U for Untidiness which oft is exposed,
 V the Velocity with which the offending books are dozed,
 W the Work with stern countenance we learn
 X for Xams, an awful end to the Summer Term,
 Y for the Yawns late hours bring on,
 Z for the Zeal which endeth our song.

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

THE CAVALIER ANCESTOR.

Greystones Abbey stood in the midst of the small village of Cresswell. It had the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of a Cavalier, who had been tended by the monks after being wounded in the battle of Naseby. He wanted to get home to his wife and family, and in a fever he stole a horse and rode away, but the monks rode after him and brought him back, knowing that he would die of hunger and cold. He never recovered, and died the next day, and it was said that his ghost would haunt the place until some relation of his came to seek him. It was said that his name was Trent.

In Cresswell there were three large houses; all the other buildings were poor cottages. One of these houses belonged to Dr Trent, who had two sons, aged eleven and thirteen, and a little girl of seven. The boys were called Dick and Ralph.

None of them were allowed to play with the village children, so it was just by chance that the boys heard an old woman telling the story of the Cavalier. Of course, they were much excited when they heard that the Cavalier's name was supposed to be the same as their own. They went to the Abbey every day for a week, and they were so much disgusted at finding nothing that they vowed never to go again.

But a few weeks later something happened which reminded them of the old legend. Toby, their old donkey, disappeared, and Ralph overheard the gardener declare to a friend that none but the Cavalier's ghost could have done it.

Ralph wanted to drag Dick to the Abbey on the spot, but Dick held firm, and they went after dark, when they were supposed to be in bed. When they got near the Abbey, they heard a strange noise, which Dick

said was the Cavalier groaning in pain. They both wanted badly to run home, but each was afraid of being thought a coward, so they both kept on.

At length they reached the old banqueting hall, which was now full of grass and thistles. When they reached the top of the ruin, a dark figure appeared round the corner of the wall. "It is the Cavalier!" whispered Ralph, making a grab at Dick's arm.

But Dick's arm was unfortunately not there. Ralph overbalanced and fell on top of Dick, who was sitting shaking among the thistles. Was he crying? thought Ralph. No, he was speechless with laughter. for their ghostly ancestor proved to be—Toby the donkey.

MURIEL SOULSBY, IVr.

FAIRY.

There was a little fairy,
Walking through a wood,
Picking all the bluebells
As fast as she could.

BARBARA METCALFE, KINDERGARTEN A.

SUMMER-TIME.

Summer days are bright and long,
Birds do sing their pretty song,
Children play the flowers among,
Till the sun goes down.

Busy bees are on the wing,
Drawing sweets from everything,
Butterflies are fluttering,
Till the sun goes down.

H. WATSON, IIIA.

THE ELF OF THE FIR TREE.

Once upon a time there was a little elf four inches in height. One day when he was playing about on the Fir Tree in which he had his home he saw a poor little girl crying because she had lost sixpence with which she was going to get some bread for her mother.

So the elf flew down to her and said, "If you will get me twelve wild roses and put them down at the foot of this tree, I will give you back the sixpence for I saw it fall and I will get it for you, and I will also give you some scent and whenever you are in trouble, you have just to smell it and you will find yourself here and I will help you."

So the little elf flew off to get the sixpence and the scent, while the little girl, who was called Elsie, got the roses. She soon found twelve and took them back to the tree where the little elf was waiting for her. When the elf saw her he flew on to her shoulder and asked her to put them down on the ground at the foot of the tree as he had asked her to do before, so she knelt down and put the roses in a little hollow in the roots of the tree, when she saw before her a very tiny bottle of scent and the sixpence that she had lost. As she stooped to pick up the sixpence the elf flew off her shoulder, and as soon as she touched the scent she found herself standing outside the bread shop with the sixpence in one hand and the scent in the other.

When she got home she told her mother all that had happened, her mother just laughed and said that she had been dreaming, so then Elsie showed her the scent and then she did not know what to think, though, Elsie still believes that she had really met an elf.

M. ROWE, IIIb.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old, when I am old,
I won't have to do what I am told.
Oh won't I have a lovely time,
Reading, and sitting under the lime!

When I am old, when I am old,
My dresses I won't have to fold;
I'll have my maid to do all that,
While I'll play with our pussy cat.

ANNIE FREEMAN, IIIb.

A VISIT TO THE GLEBE PIT, WASHINGTON.

It had been one of my great desires to go down a pit to see how they are worked, and to my great delight I was invited by the manager of the Glebe Pit to go down with the rest of the family whom he was personally conducting.

Before descending the pit we were taken around the outside, going into the engine-rooms to see the various types of machinery which were used. We were taken into one room with a door leading through into another, beyond. The outer door was closed and we were warned that when the inner one was opened we should feel a thump in our ears, because that room contained the gigantic fan, used for driving the foul air from the pit, whose force was terrific, such that the two doors could not both be open at the same time. We passed through, feeling a sickening thud when the inner door was opened, and stood, gazing in amazement at the tremendous fan. In another room we were shown some big, circular lumps of coal, known as "coal-bubbles" which could be found in certain parts of this mine, though these actual ones were not.

When we had seen all that was interesting on the surface, we prepared to descend to one of the four seams then being worked. We all had on our oldest things and were each provided with a Davy Safety Lamp, only a little altered from the one invented by Sir Humphrey Davy. Thus equipped we proceeded to the shaft, accompanied by the foreman and a miner. We all got into the iron cage in which we were to go down, and found it divided by a bar. On inquiring the use of it we were told that the law commanded that it should be placed there, so that if the chain should break those in the cage would have something to hold on to. We were descending fairly rapidly as this was being explained, and it made us all think of the possibility of our needing it in such a way. However, we got down perfectly safely, a depth of about six hundred feet, and crawled out of the cage into a great, black world, lit only by our lamps and an electric bulb here and there.

We soon grew used to the perpetual noise and darkness and proceeded on our way. For the first few yards we could walk quite comfortably, standing upright, but gradually the roof seemed to close down upon us until we were stumbling along with bent backs. The way was enlivened by first one and then another member of the

party who, forgetting that the roof was so low, would suddenly straighten themselves with the result that their heads came into unpleasantly sharp contact with it! We were taken to see the stables and the tiny pit ponies, three and a half feet high, which are not blind as we had understood they were. Some of them we saw hard at work pulling the trucks of coal to the shaft-foot. As we went along we noticed the thicknesses of the different seams and the manner in which the sides were supported in some places by wood, in others by bricks. The beams which supported the roof were only too fond of thrusting themselves upon our notice! When we had penetrated some distance we came to a place where the miners had been boring for blasting purposes; a pick-axe was brought for us and we each in turn tried our hands as amateur miners, but most of us after hacking away for a few minutes did not envy the miners their work! We each brought away the little piece of coal we had hewn to keep as an interesting memento of our visit. One member of our party proved herself a born miner, hewing away with great gusto! By this time we were all smothered with coal dust and bathed in an equatorial heat. We went back a little more quickly than we had come, though very carefully for two of us had had the misfortune to extinguish our lamps which could not be re-lit in the pit.

We once more entered the cage and descended still lower to the very bottom of the pit to see the pumping engines which prevent the mine from being flooded by pumping all the water up to the surface, a matter of eight or nine hundred yards. The mine had been made several yards deeper, but the coal seam was not worth working, so it was filled up to its present level.

This finished our tour of inspection and we once more entered the cage and this time went right up to the surface. Oh! what a pleasant relief to breathe the cool, fresh air again, though it had been remarkably fresh in the pit, and to be able to see about oneself once more. But we were all very sorry to see the last of the pit in which we had spent two hours in a most interesting and instructive manner.

P. PHILPOTT, VA.

“THE WOODLAND GLADE.”

Where limpid pools lie listless in the shade
 And butterflies flit slowly here and there,
 And murmur'ing music by sweet song-birds made,
 Is borne above upon the scented air.

Blue mists are seen throughout the livelong day,
 Wild flowers a dainty carpet for you make;
 Tall trees their graceful branches bend and sway,
 And far beyond there lies the fairy lake.

At night, when all is wrapt in tranquil sleep,
 The fairies hold their midnight revelry,
 And from their niches small brown squirrels peep,
 But ever are they ready back to flee.

By “N.A.L.”

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A FAMOUS DOCTOR.

I had often seen a short grotesquely ugly man when I visited various lunatic asylums, for being a brain specialist I chiefly study the victims of mental disorder.

One day, as I was eating a light luncheon, I looked up and beheld him studying my physiognomy. Being in a hurry I addressed him and he replied in Italian, "Do you know of a reliable hair dye? I am looking for one. Auburn preferably." I could not refrain from smiling, for he was short, fat, almost squat in figure, having abnormally long arms, like an ape. He was as swarthy as a nigger, with a great hook nose, a large mouth, and wild fiery eyes.

He shook his shaggy head and began to speak again. "Listen! I will tell you my tale! In the year 18—, one evening I set off to see my old friend, Professor Grazio di Medici, a descendant of the famous Medici.

"Nature had bestowed marvellous gifts upon him besides great personal beauty, for he was tall and slender with a figure of exquisite proportions. His shapely head was well set upon his shoulders, and covered with glossy black curls. His face, long and emaciated, was deadly pale, only lighted by his sparkling black eyes. His nose was aquiline and his mouth, delicately formed, was spoilt by a contemptuous expression. He suffered many tortures from his housekeeper's periodical cleanings of his laboratory. I am also Italian and my name is Rizzio di Pola. Well, as I said before, I went to see him. I found him greatly excited, reading a manuscript.

"'Caro Meo I have made a most marvellous discovery! See! See!'

"Here he thrust into my face an extraordinary looking sheet of parchment covered with Latin letters in black. I scanned it hastily.

"'Oh,' I cried, 'what does this mean?'

"'Ha! what does it mean? It means that I have made the greatest discovery yet effected,' he answered.

"'Where did you find it?' I persisted.

"'I was walking past old Paulo's shop when I saw an old book and purchased it. I came upon this between the pages.'

"'Have you the skull?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'I have had it for years.' Here he produced the skull.

"All that night and the following week we worked distilling chemicals. The next thing was to find people on whom to experiment.

"After a weary week of searching we decided upon a girl who had never been able to learn anything.

"We applied ointments and within a fortnight she could read and write Greek, play the violin, and solve problems in advanced Euclid. Indeed we developed, with the greatest ease, such opposite talents as ballet dancing and ancient languages.

"One day, when we were out, Medici's housekeeper cleaned his study and laboratory, little thinking that her action would be our ruin.

"A famous New York magnate came and desired us to operate so that his knowledge of finance would increase. My friend accordingly did so, but imagine our horror when we discovered that we had used the mixture which had been prepared for a parrot fancier. The magnate, as was to be expected, developed a great knowledge of that species of bird.

"His colleagues, after suffering many losses, came to Florence and surrounded our house. Supplies were cut off, and my poor friend, who had always had a tendency towards insanity, lost his reason.

"His principal defect was suicidal mania, and in endeavouring to kill himself he ate all the manuscript and gnawed the skull bones, so that they lost all shape.

"Finally, as these failed to destroy his life he drank my last bottle of hair dye—auburn too—in champagne. He escaped, and I have been hunting for him ever since. Do you know a good hair dye? Red or auburn preferably?"

Here it ended. Doctor X—'s diary having become my property I venture to publish this strange tale, which further evidence has convinced me is true.

S.A.L.

WHAT THE DOLLS DID.

One night when May and Harry had gone to bed all the Dolls got up and put the Dolls' table and chairs into the middle of the room. Then some of the Dolls went downstairs and crept into the pantry and got a lot of nice things. Then they went upstairs and had a lovely Feast. After they had had their Feast they had a lot of games. When they had been playing for a long time they heard the clock strike six. And that meant that Nurse would soon be in; so they all ran back to their beds very quickly and jumped in just in time.

CYNTHIA MARTIN, KINDERGARTEN B.

A VISIT TO THE MINT.

A few weeks ago I had the privilege of visiting the Royal Mint, and seeing for myself the process by which our current coins are made.

We first were taken into an office where our names and addresses were written in a book; after which an official, with what seemed to be a master key, took us round; every room was locked and this key unlocked every door.

The first room we entered was the place where the melting process was going on, and you may imagine the heat. Afterwards we saw great sheets of silver and copper in another room; these were passed through a machine which cut them into narrow lengths; again these were passed through another machine which cut out the size of the coin that was required.

In the next room these metal pieces were put into a revolving machine, which was heated, to clean and purify them. Afterwards they passed through a process which made the metal somewhat soften, and prepared it for the machine which produced the figures and inscription on each side of the coin.

We were taken to the room where the coins are tested; first by sound: a workman sits in a small enclosure, the absolute silence of which is ensured by its having double doors, windows, and walls; in

front of him there is a wooden block, and on this he throws the coin, and if there is the slightest flaw his quick ear detects it, and it is thrown to one side.

Another method of testing is by weight. Each coin passes through a machine, and when weighed is transferred by a tube, into one of three slots; if the coin was of correct weight it entered the centre slot; if light, one of the others; and if heavy, the remaining one.

The last test is by the eye; two men are seated at a moving belt on to which is poured a number of coins; these men with the aid of powerful glasses are able to detect any mark or flaw in a coin, and such coins are flung aside.

The last machine which I saw, was one for counting the coin. As soon as the required number passed through, it automatically stopped, and the money which had passed through it into a bag was tied up and taken away.

The Mint is a very interesting place, and I shall always have pleasant memories of my first visit to it.

ELLA LOWES, IIIA.

A CORNER.

Over the grass blue shadows fall,
As a robe is swept by a lady tall;
Sun shafts lie on its verdant green,
Or play white fire on its wind-brushed sheen,
While dandelions and daisy-faces
Scatter with stars the dim, dark places.

Three seeds flew through the air together,
Three seeds grew in the damp, spring weather;
Three tall stems to the blue sky reach,
Sycamore, ash and leafy beech,
And a ladder of yellow from storey to storey
Of the foliage fresh fills the branches with glory.

LULLABY.

Hush, hush, my little baby,
Go to sleep and rest;
Put thy little head
On thy mother's breast.

When the shadows deepen,
And stars begin to peep,
Close thine eyse, my darling,
Close them in soft sweet sleep.

Then the fairies you will see,
All dancing on the green,
And the dear little brownies,
They also will be seen.

So hush, my little baby,
Go to sleep and rest;
For now I see the sun
Is sinking in the West.

R. BERKLEY, IIA.

THE BUGLE BOY.

Once upon a time there lived in Devonshire a fair countess with her husband. One day in the May in the year 1751 the Count caught the bugle boy belonging to his regiment of retainers making love to the Countess, whereupon he flew into a great rage, and condemned the boy to be flogged to death, which he was.

Ever since then if one of the family was going to die that night, they heard the moaning of the bugle boy being flogged. More than a hundred years after, the Countess who was living there then was waiting for her lord to come back from a hunt; she was very anxious, as it was getting late, and she had not heard him; to make it worse a great thunder-storm came on. As she sat there it got later and later and darker and darker, when she thought she heard a noise as if a horse had entered the courtyard. She jumped up, and, putting on a coat, ran out to meet him. When she got out she could not see him anywhere; she called and called but she got no answer. "I was certain I heard my lord's horse," she said, and turned to go in, when there was a lull in the wind and rain, and there came to her ears a sound as of someone moaning with pain. She turned, and flew terrified up the steps and into the house, locking the door behind her. Then she suddenly felt faint and sick and fell on the floor, dead.

When her husband returned home with his two sons he noticed that the house was very quiet; so, sending his two sons on to find out what was the matter, he waited anxiously. Finding his sons slow in returning he rode on; as he rode he heard borne on the wind the sound of moaning. Terror-stricken he urged his horse onward, but it stumbled over the bodies of his two sons, and threw the Count on to the paved courtyard, striking his head against the stone and killing him.

When the men rode up and found their master and mistress and sons all dead, they, thinking the castle was haunted, fled, and nobody ever dared to go near the castle again.

URSULA PERCIVAL, IIIA.