

Sutton

High School

Magazine.

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Sutton High School Magazine.

EDITORIAL.

THE playing field at the bottom of Manor Park Road will be rented by the School during the coming year. The rent, £80, is a very serious item for the Games Club to meet; and it would not be possible to undertake the venture with any chance of success were we not able to sublet the ground, and in that way reduce the Club's expenses. We must thank the parents and friends who have already promised donations to the Club.

We give below, as usual, the list of fixtures for the Summer Term. This is the year of the Flower Show, which is associated, as has become customary, with the Biennial Meeting of the Old Girls' Association.

Lower School Dorcas ...	May 12th	Old Girls' Meeting ...	June 30th
Upper School Dorcas ...	May 26th	Flower Show ...	July 1st
Sports ...	June 14th	Swimming Display ...	July 21st

We have to thank Elaine Langton Cole for a donation of 5s. to the Magazine Fund, and are asked by the Games Club to express their thanks to her for a similar gift; and also to May Windebank for so kindly giving the tea on the occasion of the First v. Second Eleven Match on March 17th.

In the column referring to girls leaving from Form VI. we have not put the name of D. Black, who has left school this term to study German at Halberstadt, since we hope in nine months' time to see her back at school again. When the time does come, there will be a long list of Honours gained at school to record on her account, at present we may congratulate her on gaining a First Class in the Previous Examination at Cambridge, which she passed in March.

We regret to announce the fact that we are losing two members of the Staff this term. Miss Parsons is leaving us because her home duties call her away from school work for some time. Since coming to Sutton, fourteen years ago, she has been so intimately connected with the work of the School that it would be idle to attempt to give any detailed account of the work she has done apart from that of the School routine, and to attempt to express the gratitude that is due to her from those who have benefited by it. We have to congratulate Miss Bothamley, who was married on April 26th, and wish her from both Mistresses and girls all happiness and prosperity in the future.

Dorcas Meetings.—Owing to there being so much illness in Sutton and the surrounding district during this term, Miss Bell thought it wiser not to hold the Dorcas Meetings.

Weather Report (Easter Term, 1911).

There have been westerly winds on 25 out of 53 school days. The highest barometer reading was 30.1 inches on February 1st, during a period of fine weather with light variable winds. There were 9 rainy days in February, on which .9 inch of rain fell, which is .58 inch below the average. In March there were 10 wet days, and altogether 1.77 inches of rain fell, which is .31 inch above the average. The total rainfall for the term was 3.83 inches. The highest maximum temperature was 56° on March 2nd and 21st, only 1° above that read on January 24th. The lowest minimum temperature was 24° on February 1st.

B.G., B.S.

Hockey Fixtures.

<i>Against</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Played at</i>	<i>Result</i>
Croydon H.S.	... Friday, Jan. 27th	... Croydon	... Won 5—0
Wimbledon H.S. (Cup Tie)	... Friday, Feb. 10th	... Sutton	... Lost 7—0
Wimbledon H.S. (2nd XI.)	... Tuesday, Feb. 14th	... Sutton	... Won 5—3
Streatham Hill H.S.	... Friday, Feb. 17th	... Sutton	... Won 16—1
Sutton Ladies	... Saturday, March 11th	... Sutton	... Won 4—2
Croydon H.S. (2nd XI.)	... Tuesday, March 14th	... Sutton	... Drawn 0—0
Dulwich H.S.	... Friday, March 17th	... Sutton	... Drawn 1—1

Net-Ball Fixtures.

<i>Against</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Played at</i>	<i>Result</i>
Croydon H.S.	Tuesday, January 31st	... Croydon ...	Won 22—2
Streatham Hill H.S.	Tuesday, April 4th	... Streatham Hill ...	Won 13—10
Streatham Hill H.S. (Juniors)	Tuesday, April 4th	... Streatham Hill ..	Scratched

1st XI. *v.* Croydon 1st XI. Friday, January 27th, at Croydon. Won, 5—0.

The ground was a trifle muddy at the end which we defended for the first half, and our backs found it difficult to mark down the ball as its course was very erratic, so that once or twice our goal was in danger, though K. Eagles had no straight shots. G. Westhorp played extremely well at first but rather tired during the second half, and so lost her chance of a mention. A. Pritchard combined well with her. The game was fairly fast, as forwards and halves on both sides could run well, but our two wings were distinctly faster than theirs. O. Windebank, C. Langley, and W. Cope played good hockey and kept the game open, but it often degenerated into a scuffle on our right wing in the second half. O. Windebank received her second mention.

1st XI. *v.* Wimbledon 1st XI., on Friday, February 10th, at Sutton. Lost, 7—0.

As this was the first round for the Cup the result was even more disappointing than it might have been. All through the game our forwards apparently could not score, the play was fairly even up and down the field, but the Wimbledon forwards got through our defence on the left far too often, especially during the second half; on the right G. Johnson played well and stopped many dangerous rushes by the opposing right inside. Sutton had the first shot, which was well stopped by the Wimbledon goal-keeper, who was kept fairly well occupied during the first half. At half-time the score was 2—0 against us, and we had great hopes of scoring in the second half, but instead we let our opponents get 5 goals, once they got two in less than a minute, and always they got down through the left. B. Taylor was playing substitute for W. Cope and did some good work, but missed many opportunities of shooting, and so did G. Westhorp, in fact so did all our forwards. Our halves were better than those of our opponents, but we lost a great deal through the weakness of part of our defence. G. Johnson obtained her third mention and shield.

2nd XI. *v.* Wimbledon 2nd XI., on Tuesday, February 14th, at Sutton. Won, 5—3.

As the team contained one or two substitutes the result reflects great credit on our players, especially the forwards, who worked hard from start to finish and never missed an opportunity. B. Dean captained her team well and played a good game. Our opponents' inside left was good but was often stopped by B. Saunders, the other Wimbledon forwards did not do much shooting. At half-time the score stood at 3—2, Sutton leading, and, though we had to play uphill in the second half, we managed to make the score 4—2 before Wimbledon shot another, then B. Taylor shot the final goal from a good run up the field by M. Pegg. E. Foucard and I. Rose did a great deal of work, the former playing very well considering it was her first match.

S.H.S. 1st XI. *v.* Sutton Ladies' 1st XI., on Saturday, March 11th. Won 4—2.

We had again to play with a substitute as W. Cope was away, but B. Taylor took her place well and scored two of our four goals, she got the first from a strong shot after a run down by D. Black. G. Johnson played a good game, and managed Miss Bomford very well when our goal was in danger. H. Stone, for the Sutton Ladies, made some good rushes down the field, but she was not well supported either by wing or half. M. Pegg also scored twice, but D. Fletcher missed many opportunities. The game was fairly fast and open, but there were some muddles on our left side which might have been avoided. O. Windebank received her 3rd mention and shield.

S.H.S. 2nd XI. *v.* Croydon 2nd XI., on Tuesday, March 14th. Draw, 0—0.

A disappointing match. Our side seemed to miss A. Pritchard who could not play, and M. Pegg who now plays for the 1st XI.; and in the circle B. Taylor was the only forward who really shot promptly and took the chances offered, but her shots were gentle and were all stopped by the Croydon goal-keeper. K. Vickers got in one shot which was stopped by the right back. B. Dean played a good game and B. Saunders was very steady, in fact all the defence played well and prevented our goal from ever being in real danger.

S.H.S. 1st XI. *v.* Dulwich H.S. 1st XI., on Friday, March 17th. Draw, 1—1.

The ground was heavy and muddy as there was a shower of rain just before play started, and this made the game very slow. During the first half we played down, and the Dulwich goal was

often in danger, but M. Pegg only succeeded in getting through once. In the second half the play was more even, but most of our rushes were stopped by the determined play of the opposing defence on the left, both half and back playing very well. The Dulwich captain got clear away about ten minutes before time and scored a good goal. Nothing more happened, though five minutes later it seemed as if we must get a goal and just before time J. Read made a good save.

CHARACTERS OF THE 1ST XI.

- C. LANGLEY (Captain) has kept up a good standard of play through the season, and has made a good captain. The rest of the team realised this last fact when they had to play without her, their combination was never so good and they missed the word of advice at the critical moment, which, when there, she hardly ever failed to give.
- M. TAYLOR has not quite fulfilled her promise of last term, her play lacks some of its former dash, but we hope this fault will be remedied next year. In centreing she must try to avoid the defence, especially the left back.
- M. PEGG plays a good game in the circle and is learning to pass out more, but must be quicker in the field both in taking passes and in tackling.
- D. FLETCHER does not always do herself justice, especially in an uphill match, and her shots are still rather crooked. She herself plays an open game and often clears out a muddle by hard passes to right or left, but in the circle she needs a cooler judgment.
- W. COPE has been most unfortunate in missing matches this term, and, owing to lack of practice, has lost a little of that precision and dash which characterises her play, but we trust this will come back all right next season.
- D. BLACK has improved this term in centreing, but still takes the ball too far down sometimes. She has been handicapped this term by not having an inner who gave her enough work.
- O. WINDEBANK has improved very much this season, she always works hard and keeps her forwards well supplied; her combination too with G. Johnson is good, and the two formed a defence which all our opponents found very hard to penetrate.
- E. GARNER began the season well, but has not played quite so well this term, she does not get back quite fast enough or worry her wing enough. She must try during the summer to get a faster pace, and the other improvements will then come more easily next autumn.
- G. JOHNSON in the matches this term has hardly made a mistake, in times of danger she plays a cool collected game, and even in the only match we lost, the goal was never seriously threatened on her side.
- G. WESTHOP is new to her place, but promises to play well there in time; she must learn to hit harder and to look more when she is hitting, also her pace is not quite fast enough.
- J. READ has thoroughly justified her position in the 1st XI. during the latter half of this term, and we hope she will keep up the reputation she has made.

Gardens.

Owing to the extremely wet weather this term the gardens have been very much neglected, however, the bulbs are beginning to make a nice show, and next term when the marks are given once a week, we hope to see the plots gay once more with flowers.

Nature Study Society.

Last term, before we broke up for the holidays, all the girls agreed to keep some water plants growing in the form rooms, so our first business after we came back was concerned with these. The bowls and stands arrived safely during the holidays, and the Water Crowfoot, Canadian Water Weed, and Water Violet plants followed on January 20th.

Volunteers from each form met that afternoon, and made their first attempt at planting under water. After the first few weeks we were able to discover that top light was better than side light for these, as those plants receiving little or no side light looked healthier than the others. In some cases unlooked-for events happened, such as the appearance of minute water creatures. When these were water snails there was a distinct advantage, as they helped to keep the water clear, but in other cases the animals evidently fed on the plants and destroyed them utterly. We were bound to meet

with some disappointments in this first experiment, but still look forward to the time when our fresh supply of plants will produce flowers.

The vegetable gardens have shown signs of life in spite of cold winds and severe weather. There has been a great improvement in the general neatness, though some found it difficult to keep a straight edge. The books, in which the gardeners record all work done and the time spent gardening, have proved a great help, and, if the written instructions given with these continue to be followed, there is every hope of success.

Before the first wild flowers were brought, we named and placed on the Notice Board twenty evergreens. After a short time we removed these to make room for winter twigs, and these were followed by samples of mosses and ferns. We have also from time to time shown pictures of common birds, butterflies, and noted gardens. The wild flowers brought from January 30th to April 4th numbered twenty-one, and each specimen was named and also classified according to its natural order.

On Saturday, April 1st, a party of thirty-one members went to South Kensington, and spent an enjoyable morning studying birds, insects, and animals in the Natural History Museum. After lunch, some of the party visited the Victoria and Albert Museum, while the remainder spent another hour making sketches from nature. These, however, found time to pay a hasty visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum, as well as to look at machinery and models. All met for tea at 3.30, and were home in Sutton before 6 o'clock.

On Wednesday, April 5th, we held a competition in the Hall. There were 100 specimens to name, including evergreens, winter twigs, flowers, fruit, moss, and ferns; also pictures of birds and butterflies. Most of these had been on view during the term on the Notice Board. A prize was given in the Upper School and one in the Lower School. The former was gained by Dorothy Step who named 54 correctly, and the latter by May Worrell who named 24. Many of the tests were far from easy, and we must congratulate the prize winners, and others who were not far behind these, in recognising so large a number.

Flower Show.

A Flower Show will be held in the Hall on July 1st, subject to the following regulations:

- (1) Competitors to be pupils in the School.
- (2) Entrance fees: to 4 or more classes, 1/-; to 1, 2, 3 classes, 3d. each.
- (3) Each class to be divided into two parts, A and B—
Competitors in Class A must be 14 years old or more on June 30th.
,, Class B must be under 14 years on June 30th.
- (4) **NO COMPETITOR MAY RECEIVE PRACTICAL HELP OF ANY KIND.**
N.B.—Any infringement of this rule will disqualify the competitor.
- (5) All ferns, plants, vegetables, etc., must not be grown under glass or in a greenhouse.

CLASSES.

- (1) 2d. ferns grown by competitor since February, 1911.
 - (2) Plants grown from cuttings planted in March or April, 1911.
 - (3) Plants tended by competitor since March or April, 1911.
 - (4) Annuals grown from seed by competitor.
 - (5) Vegetables grown from seed by competitor.
- (These must be shown on a plate. Credit is given for the number of kinds exhibited, potatoes included).
- (6) Model of a garden on biscuit tin lid or tray.
 - (7) Dried flower collections (wild flowers, no roots).
 - (8) A basket of garden flowers.
 - (9) A spray.
 - (10) A vase of garden flowers.
 - (11) A vase of wild flowers.
 - (12) Table decorations.
- | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---------------------------------|
| KINDERGARTEN CLASS | - | - | A basket of flowers. |
| OLD GIRLS' CLASS | - | - | A basket of flowers. |
| FORMS | - | - | Fireplace decorations. Gardens. |

News of the Term.

The Holiday Book Prize, for the examination on Dickens' "Christmas Carol," has been won by Form VI.

With the sum of money due to them for four Holiday Book Prizes, Form VI. have been able to purchase a new carpet large enough to cover nearly the whole room.

Mr. Knight has offered an Essay Prize, to be competed for by the Remove.

Mr. Oliver has offered a Lower School Scripture Prize for three years.

Miss McDonald presents again this year a Geography Prize, to be competed for by Forms V. and L.V.

Mrs. Langton Cole has offered two prizes to be competed for during the Summer Term: one in Form VI. for French Recitation, and the other in Form V. for English Recitation.

On February 4th Dora Black went to the Mansion House to receive her prize gained in the Grand Concours Examination.

The School, and sports lovers especially, owe a great debt of thanks to Mrs. Coupe who, by her promptness in giving the alarm, saved the challenge cups and many other valuables from the hands of burglars on the night of January 2nd, 1911. Every window in the School has now been provided with a burglar safety screw, as it was through a window in the Kindergarten room that the thief entered.

The field in Manor Park Road, on which hockey has been played for several years through the kindness of Mr. Ratty and Mr. Jose, belongs now to the School.

The two Hockey XI.'s have been again coached this term by Miss Johnson.

An alteration has been made in the School hours this term, the doors open at 8.40 instead of 8.50, and Morning School begins at 9 and ends at 1.

D. Black has gained a First Class in both parts of the Previous Examination (Little-Go) at Cambridge, and G. Johnson a Second Class in Part I. D. Black has left school for two terms to study German at Halberstadt, a beautiful old town situated among the Harz mountains.

A match between the First and Second Hockey Elevens took place on Friday, March 24th, the First Eleven won 8—1. The tea was given by May Windebank.

The following have passed in the Associated Board—Local Schools Examination.

Pianoforte :

Higher Division—J. Walber.

Lower Division—W. Clerke, B. La Fargue, N. Grinley, M. Price, M. Smith.

Primary—E. Hotchkin, Tom Knowles, D. Penfold, D. Ritchie, U. Smith.

Harmony : Lower Division—K. M. Smith.

LOCAL CENTRE.—Advanced Grade: *Pianoforte*, M. Morris, *Violin*, M. Batchelor.

Intermediate Grade: *Pianoforte*, S. Choveaux.

Reading Society.—The Reading Society Tea arranged for this term was postponed for the same reason as has been given in connection with the Dorcas Meetings.

R.D.S. Exhibition :

Q. Russell, W. McDougald, M. Bullen, and G. Visser have obtained first class for maps.

D. Ellerton and D. Penfold have obtained second class for maps.

G. Bullen has obtained second class for plant drawing.

G. Hill has obtained second class for drawings of cats.

M. Halley has obtained second class for three sheets, and also a bronze star.

The first series of the Concerts for Young People, arranged by Miss Kimpton, was held at Steinway Hall on January 12th, February 3rd, March 3rd and 31st. The last concert was particularly interesting to us, because the lecture on the programme was given by Miss Gilford. The concerts were a great success, and we hope to have the opportunity of attending some more next season. The following are two of the press notices on the third concert :

"The third Concert for Young People, given at Steinway Hall yesterday, ventured somewhat further afield than any of the previous programmes. Brahms was represented in the scheme for the first time, and by his 'Academic' Overture. It was a judicious choice as far as the undertaking was concerned; and Dr. Percy Buck, who acted as lecturer, made it his business to throw as much light as possible on the composition. . . . The Concerto form received practical illustration, the work of Mozart in D minor being given, with Dr. Ernest Walker as a sympathetic exponent. . . . The excellent orchestra played the Gipsy Suite of Mr. Edward German. Miss Gwynne Kimpton conducted. The series will conclude on

March 31st. Its renewal at an early date is desirable. . . . With the earnestness of intention already shown, and the admirable nature of their expression by means of the uncommonly good orchestra provided, the undertaking should set itself to provide a consistent educative effort."—*Morning Post*.

"Miss Gwynne Kimpton has found an excellent use for her Ladies' String Band, and has hit upon a happy idea in giving a series of Orchestral Concerts for Young People. . . . Miss Kimpton has her fine little band well under control, the tone is rich, and the play marked by intelligence and enthusiasm. . . . Miss Kimpton's spirited undertaking deserves, and we believe will command, success."—*The Musical News*.

A Branch of the Home Music Study Union has been formed in Sutton, and three circle meetings have been held this term—two at Miss Gilford's house and one at Miss Tayton's. The subjects taken were: (a) Elizabethan to Purcell period, (b) Handel and Bach period, (c) Haydn and Mozart period, and programmes including songs and pianoforte, strings and clarinet music were played to illustrate each period. There is an excellent monthly magazine, "The Music Student," in connection with the Union, and also a large collection of music and books on music which members are invited to borrow. The meetings so far have been very successful and enjoyable, and we owe a large debt of thanks to all who have started them and helped to make them interesting. We hope all girls who are interested in music will join the Union, and any wishing to do so can obtain all information as to the object, method, and rules of the Union from C. Langley, H. Chandler, D. Kent, or Miss Gilford. The dates fixed for the meetings next term are: Saturday, May 6th, at Rosslyn, Camborne Road; Friday, June 16th, at Hampden House, Court Road; and Saturday, July 22nd. These dates are liable to alteration.

Swedish Gymnastic Demonstrations.

MARCH 28th & 30th, 1911.

The afternoon Gymnastic Classes have been divided yet again into three Lower and Upper School divisions. The classes now consist, on an average, of 16 to 18 instead of from 20 to 30 girls, and are five minutes less in duration. I think I may say, judging from the work shown at the Demonstrations, that the experiment is entirely satisfactory. Very few children were absent from any of the divisions, and this says a good deal for their physical fitness at a time of year when almost everyone seems to be below par.

For those who were able to witness both Demonstrations a good idea of the scope of Swedish gymnastics generally could be obtained, seeing that exercises could be adapted sufficiently to suit all conditions of strength and age from 4 to 17 years. Amusement on the part of the spectators and evident enjoyment as well of the class, was the keynote of the Kindergarten division, gradually developing into more serious work as the ages of the children increased.

In the Kindergarten Division.—B. Scott Young gains her medal. She has the enviable distinction of being the only member of the Class who can really climb a rope.

In Lower School I.—W. Flett gains her medal, though several others make very good seconds. Her work is strong and very neat, and she has a good position.

Lower School II. is a very good class indeed on the whole, being the climax of the work in the Lower School, and consequently consisting of children from all forms who, either by virtue of their own capacity for gymnastics or by dint of careful training for some years, have succeeded in becoming sufficiently self-reliant to be depended on to work quickly and to translate instantly into action any previously familiar command. Mollie Taylor gains her medal here.

H. M. C.

Upper School Gymnastic Demonstration.

There is a tendency nowadays to call Swedish gymnastics dull and deadening. This may be true of classes where the pupils do not understand their work or the teacher fails to make it interesting; but everyone knows it is equally true of any school subject, even music may become trying under such circumstances, or French lose its charm for the bored and weary learner. The main characteristic of the Demonstration however was interest, keenness, and quickness marking each stage of the work. The more complicated movements were well done, of course, but the point I wish to insist on is that the simple things—keeping distance, taking places directly and simply, without any fuss or hurry or moving apparatus, all these were well done too.

It would be unfair to criticise a young class for making mistakes owing to nervousness before an unaccustomed audience: such mistakes do not count, others do. The broad average of the work is

what one tries to see ; and, speaking generally, the work was good for the first class, better for the second, and best for the third.

Class I.—Obviously rather nervous, but soon settled down to their work. Their rope climbing would have been better if they had kept their shoulders down more : being anxious to climb high they forgot the form of the movement in consequence. The Balance exercises were better done, though they were by no means easy : the last set were quite good, especially G. Westhorp. To change the apparatus, fall in in two lines, and take positions for W.G., form square, in 45 seconds, was very satisfactory. The shape of the movements at the benches was well kept, though too many red faces showed that rules of breathing were being forgotten. Vaults at the double beam were taken with energy, but in some cases too quickly, several jumping off one foot instead of two and raising the knees sideways instead of forward : this makes an ugly movement of it, and should be avoided. The dances were good, in spite of the nervousness of the pianist. It is very satisfactory to see each class provide its own musician. The second dance was especially well done. On the whole the class are to be congratulated on their work. They were handicapped by having to come first, but they met and overcame their difficulties very well.

The Second Class began well, avoiding the common mistake of increasing the pace when marking time. They held themselves well and marched very fairly. A good test of a class is its marching : the movements of walking show, sooner than any other set, the condition and progress of a class. The stiffness I noticed the last time I saw gymnastics at the School had almost entirely disappeared. In the rope climbing there were signs of a great deal of strength, more than one would have expected ; but it is a mistake to climb a rope with your arms, once your hands are tired you have no means of holding on. J. McCausland was particularly good in dropping to the ground quietly from a height. The balance on the beam from side to cross-sitting, etc., was well done : several however got a wrong position of the hands, and were lucky not to fall off and have to begin again. Swinging over the lower beam and back again showed strength, but lacked good form. Anyone can do an exercise somehow or other, but only the good gymnast makes it look easy. The secret is to use only those muscles which are needed and leave the others as slack as possible, this saves strength as well. Side prone-falling was good in every way. On a polished floor this exercise is very hard to do well, and a great deal of credit might be taken for doing it so accurately. I was much struck by the good spring and the use of the arms in mounting a high beam for face vault with one foot on. Even the smaller people got up quite well under difficult conditions. The dancing was very fairly done, and the way in which the class kept time to the varied changes of the pianist was very creditable. The ace of diamonds was quite well done, though rather stiff and lacking in expression in the beckoning movement. Speaking generally, the class showed growing strength without any loss of flexibility, and gave the same impression of keenness and carefulness which marked the rest of the demonstration.

The Third Class presented a most unusual sight in their marching. They moved naturally and easily, and showed no signs of the mincing step which disfigures the walk of so many classes of girls. It was a remarkable testimony to their general fitness and control of their bodies. As I said before, a good walk means so much, and gives evidence of great care in the various exercises to which it is the climax. Hopping with one foot is hard, stopping at a definite time is harder, yet the Class did both quite accurately. Travelling on two beams was well done, D. Black keeping an excellent position. The travelling with alternate leg swinging was also good, G. Johnson's movements particularly. All the heaving exercises showed more strength than one would have expected, and this was especially satisfactory as it was not accompanied by loss of form. Carrying was well done, though the heads were rather too far forward in some cases. Spear throwing was not well done. E. Garner got a good action, but some of the others appeared to bowl underhand or throw wildly. To get a spear to stick quivering in the ground is no easy thing : many of them would have fallen shaft first and point last. The muscles of both legs, both arms, and the whole body should combine to give the throwing hand the exact line the spear is to follow. Leap-frog was well done, only a few taking off one foot. It is not easy to do on a polished floor, and much care in practice must have been taken to get such a good result. The breathing exercises were excellent, breathing being quite even and deep. The dances too were very well done.

The classes are to be congratulated on having had their programmes carefully chosen to show a great variety of movements ; and those of the audience who knew little of Swedish gymnastics must have gathered the impression that it was full of changing interest. It was very pleasant to see and hear the way in which the performers and onlookers acknowledged their debt to Miss Collins for a most excellent demonstration.

R. E. ROPER, M.A.,

THE GYMNASIUM, ETON COLLEGE.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Le deux mars, Mademoiselle Berst a emmené quelques élèves à "Clapham High School" pour voir *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* de Molière. La salle était si remplie de jeunes filles que nous avons eu de la difficulté à trouver des places. Après quelques minutes d'attente on a tiré le rideau et nous avons vu le maître de musique et le maître à danser discutant la stupidité de M. Jourdain, le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, qui les employait pour apprendre à danser—et à faire, "tout ce que les geus de qualité faisaient."

Le maître à danser, très élégant et mince, faisait un grand contrast au maître de musique, qui était gros, petit et jovial. Dans une scène amusante M. Jourdain, habillé d'une robe de chambre, et d'un drôle de bonnet de nuit, danse un menuet, et chante d'une voix craquée un petit air de campagne, qu'il préfère à l'air mélancolique et sentimental que le maître de musique a composé pour lui. Ensuite il prend une leçon avec son maître d'armes, et puis il se met à apprendre l'orthographe avec son maître de philosophie. C'était bien amusant de voir la joie enfantine du bourgeois.

Le second acte nous a présenté la femme du Bourgeois, petite personne avec beaucoup de bon sens, qui se moque des folies de son mari, et qui est furieuse de voir qu'il persiste à prêter de l'argent au comte Dorante, qui le trompe cruellement. M. Jourdain, magnifiquement habillé, avec un chapeau à plumes et une grande peruque, est très flatté d'entendre que Dorante parle de lui dans la chambre du roi. Après le départ de M. Jourdain et de son ami Dorante, Cléonte, amant de la fille de M. Jourdain et fort honnête homme sans être gentilhomme entre, suivi du petit Covielle son serviteur. Ce dernier, suivant le goût de son maître, est amoureux de Nicole, servante de Lucile. Cléonte est fâché parceque Lucile, "a détourné ses regards de lui," le matin dans la rue, et dit qu'il va rompre avec elle et qu'il ne veut entendre aucune excuse. Vainement la pauvre Lucile cajole, prie, Cléonte reste dur comme la pierre. Covielle même ne veut rien entendre de Nicole. Enfin, lasse de le persuader, Lucile dit qu'elle n'aime plus Cléonte. C'est alors Cléonte qui cajole et Lucile qui n'a rien à répondre. Cependant, la menace de Cléonte, et de Covielle—qu'ils allaient se tuer, terrifie les deux cruelles, elles expliquent la raison de l'impolitesse du matin, et tout finit bien. Cléonte a demandé la main de Lucile et M. Jourdain lui a refusé parcequ'il n'était pas gentilhomme. Cléonte est au désespoir, Madame Jourdain en colère, M. Jourdain tranquille, disant qu'il allait faire sa fille marquise. Covielle, habile, plein de ressources, console son maître en lui disant qu'il a une idée, et ils sortent ensemble pour l'exécuter.

M. Jourdain en l'absence de sa femme a reçu chez lui une marquise Dorimène, dont "les beaux yeux le faisaient mourir d'amour." Cela a été bien drôle d'écouter les compliments maladroits du bon bourgeois et de voir ses efforts pour saluer la marquise, "avec beaucoup de respect."

Dorante, filou habile, s'est donné beaucoup de peine pour empêcher M. Jourdain de parler des cadeaux qu'il avait envoyés à la marquise, car il avait représenté à Dorimène que c'était lui, Dorante, qui dépensait tous ses biens à lui faire des cadeaux.

La conversation aimable est interrompue par l'arrivée de Madame Jourdain, en colère, comme elle l'a été presque tout le temps. Elle avait découvert la présence de Dorimène, qui, excessivement fâchée des insultes de Madame Jourdain, a quitté la maison suivi de son fidèle Dorante.

M. Jourdain en colère se promène dans la chambre pendant quelques moments et puis Covielle, déguisé en Turc, entre. Il flatte M. Jourdain, en lui disant que son père avait été gentilhomme, que le fils du grand Turc est amoureux de Lucile, et qu'il va venir se présenter à M. Jourdain. Celui-ci, enchanté, et toujours très crédule, exprime sa grande satisfaction.

Le fils du grand Turc, avec sa barbe noire et son aspect féroce (Cléonte déguisé) est bien reçu tandis que les efforts de M. Jourdain à imiter les saluts turcs, nous ont fait éclater de rire. La scène la plus drôle a été peut-être celle dans laquelle M. Jourdain devient "mamamouchi," une sorte de paladin Turc, et personnage très important! A la fin de cette scène nous avons dû quitter, avec beaucoup de regret, l'aimable M. Jourdain et ses amis, à cause de notre train, car les trams n'attendent point.

Cependant, ayant lu la fin de la pièce nous sommes contentes de savoir que Lucile épouse Cléonte, et un peu désappointées que Dorante réussisse à épouser la marquise Dorimène. Il ne nous reste qu'à exprimer nos remerciements les plus cordiaux à Mademoiselle Berst, de nous avoir emmenées à une pièce si amusante et si charmante.

Below we give extracts from a letter from Ethel Winter, who is studying Swedish Gymnastics in Denmark.

SILKEBORG, DANMARK.

There are only six of us here, but we hope we are laying the foundation of a future college. I wonder if you have heard of Mr. Jünker. He is very well known in England, especially in the

North-West Riding. He was appointed by the Board of Education to introduce Swedish drill into the schools. Just after this the Parliament changed, so it was left for a time, and the West Riding had him six months each year to inspect the schools and give lectures and displays. The other six months he had to be in Denmark inspecting. For the last three years he has had monthly holiday courses during August, mostly for teachers to get new ideas. The first year he had 30, the second 60, and this year 72.

We have breakfast at 8 o'clock and begin work at 9. We go on until 2 o'clock, with a few minutes' interval between each hour, and then we have dinner. Work begins again at 3 o'clock and continues until 4, except on Saturday when we leave off at 2. After that we have anatomy to prepare for the next day, which seldom takes more than two hours, so we really have a good deal of spare time. Four times a week we take classes, two for girls and two for boys, at one of the schools for practice in teaching; and on Monday and Thursday evenings we have a ladies' class that we have started in the town. Everything is in English. After Christmas we shall have more preparation to do I think, as we are going to begin lecturing each other and having debates, also written lessons on The Theory of the System—which we have not had much of at present.

Mr. & Mrs. Jünker are both very nice, and it is just like home here. We live at their house except just for the sleeping, and we each have a bed-sitting room in houses about three minutes away: these are all heated by stoves, but I use mine for very little besides sleeping. Occasionally I have afternoon tea there with one of the girls. The Danes do not have a sit-down tea. We are going to Copenhagen next Monday for four days, and are looking forward to a lovely time. Father said I might come home and surprise all the rest if I liked, but the Copenhagen trip and the North Sea at Christmas time kept me here!

Everyone goes mad here on New Year's eve. They go out to the Market Square, and take kettles and trays and pistols, or anything else they can get hold of, and they walk into other people's houses and change the advertisements from one shop to another, and move the carts about to different parts of the town.

Silkeborg is a lovely place. It is surrounded with forests and beautiful lakes dotted about the middle of them. The river runs along the bottom of our garden and keeps widening out into lakes. I am collecting views, so perhaps one day you will see some of them. I wish I could describe the scenery out here, but it is much too grand and the post cards do not make it look nearly beautiful enough.

A Visit to Madras.

The Madras season lasts from October till the end of March, the other six months of the year the Government spends on the Nilgiri Hills at Ootacamund, as Madras heat is then supposed to be more or less unbearable. And out of the six months, which in Madras are called the cold weather, December and January are the most delightful. I was fortunate enough to spend the whole of January and the early part of February there, during the gayest part of the season. The journey from Ootacamund to Madras lasts for just nineteen hours, and we got into the station soon after 7 a.m., and the long drive through a strange town was most interesting.

As in most other Indian towns, there seemed to be such lots of room for everybody and everything and the roads are beautiful, long and broad and shady, and bordered on either side by enormous old banyan trees, whose green leaves were long ago turned to dull brown by the clouds of dust that continually sweep along the roads. The Mount Road is the most important road in Madras, and there you find the most lovely English shops side by side with quaint little Indian curio places and squalid native bazaars.

The house in which I stayed was nearly opposite to the Cathedral Church of Saint George, and stood in a large compound nearly a square mile in extent, so we were not cramped. The cathedral is a very fine building with a most beautiful roof, though the outside of dull yellow chunam looked anything but interesting.

I arrived in Madras just at the beginning of the Mohurrum, a Mahomedan feast of much importance which lasts for ten days, during which time there are various ceremonies and processions going on, the most interesting being the Breast-Beating or Mourning Procession. Arrangements were made for us to go and see it; so one morning we started off about ten o'clock, and went to the house of the Turkish Consul, himself a Mahomedan. He lived in the most crowded part of one of the native bazaars, and we were immediately escorted up to the balcony of his abode, which overlooked the street. The house was typically Mahomedan, with numbers of court-yards paved with uneven flagstones, and aimless-looking little flights of stone steps leading apparently nowhere, and gnarled old trees growing out of all sorts of unexpected corners. The balcony had been gaily draped

and ornamented in honour of Lady Lawley, the wife of the Governor of Madras, who was also very anxious to see the procession. We had a splendid view from end to end of the long street, which was literally packed with natives; and all the little native shops were crammed from top to bottom with the people in their best sarees and jewels, for, although the Mohurrum is entirely a Mahomedan festival, Hindoos always seize on any excuse for a holiday. Numberless side-shows and performances were moving down the street at intervals, and at last came the Breast-Beating procession itself. About two hundred boys and men stood in two long parallel lines down the street, facing each other. They were stripped to the waist, their attire consisting of green loin-cloths and turbans; and moving slowly down the street they kept time to a long kind of chant recited by an old priest, and at certain intervals beat their breasts with such tremendous force that some were raw and bleeding, and yet they still continued with unabated energy, being so much worked up that they apparently felt no pain at the time. It was a very interesting, but very gruesome and distressing sight, to watch those people mourning over the deaths, centuries ago, of the twin grandsons of the great Prophet, Husain and Hoosain. The wonderful zeal with which they, at that time at any rate, lived up to their religion was a lesson to many luke-warm Christians.

Immediately following the procession came several carts laden with barrels of water, drawn by bullocks covered with green cloths, and the water was very much in demand. When everything was over we went inside, and found that our host had prepared what might be called a "delicate collation," and the ices and coffee were very acceptable. We then departed with much bowing and shaking of hands, and many thanks to him for his kind hospitality. An escort of mounted English police was awaiting us in the road; and, after a little difficulty, we found ourselves once more in British quarters.

We never could be dull in Madras, everyday there was something on, amusements usually taking the forms of garden, tennis and Badminton parties, with more important events interspersed amongst the minor ones. The Indian Civil Service Ball at the Banqueting Hall was a very grand affair, nearly five hundred guests went, and I much enjoyed myself. The "Kala-juggas" were outside for coolness sake, and were beautifully decorated and lit by Chinese lanterns and torches, while the ball room itself was brilliant with electric lights and beautiful dresses, the uniforms of the men adding very much to the festivity of the scene. Dancing was kept up with much vigour until 4.30 a.m., though Madras is not an ideal place in which to take violent exercise.

A week later the Governor and Lady Lawley held a reception at the Banqueting Hall, to which all Madras went, including many native princes and high officials, in gorgeous silk and satin and sparkling jewels. It was an even grander sight than the I.C.S. Ball, all the men being in full dress, the civilians resplendent in white satiu knee-breeches and silk stockings, and much-braided black velvet coats. Those of us who had the private entrée to Government House waited on the daïs to receive the Governor and Lady Lawley as they came up from the lower end of the hall, preceded by the Aides-de-Camp and Private and Military Secretaries in procession, and we then walked across the daïs one by one, in order of rank, and shook hands with their Excellencies. The Governor invested two civilians with The Most Noble and Exalted Order of the Companionship of the Indian Empire, and made a little speech.

He and Lady Lawley then walked around the Hall, saying a word here and there; and, when that was over, we all went out on to the balcony to watch the Governor's Body-guard do the Musical Ride by torch light. Each man carried, instead of his lance, a torch at the end of a long stick; it was a most beautiful sight, the horses behaved splendidly. The Ride lasted about half-an-hour, ending by the men forming in a long line opposite the Governor and saluting him—raising their torches high in the air and bringing them down to the ground.

There are many very interesting places at and near Madras, the one I was most fond of, I think, was Fort St. George. It is right on the sea, being built more or less in the form of a circle, and is a little town in itself, having its own church and streets. St. Mary's Church is the oldest European building in India, dating from 1672, and is a most charming old place; it is hung all round with numerous dilapidated-looking flags and banners, torn and moth-eaten and riddled with holes, which make one thrill at the thoughts they arouse of the many British officers and men who gave their lives for India's sake. There are monuments and tablets too, beautifully sculptured and worded, in honour of our countrymen and women. The Fort has a long and very interesting history, and Mr. F. E. Penny has written a fascinating book on the subject, called "Fort St. George." All the Government offices are there now, and one is shown an unpleasant-looking lumber room and told that it was there Lord Clive committed suicide.

Another very interesting place to which we went was St. Thomas's Mount. The Mount is a hill, quite a little one, but it looks very big and out of place compared with the surrounding country,

which is quite flat. We toiled up numerous steps in the heat of the sun, I think I counted one hundred and twenty-five, and at last arrived at the little Roman Catholic Convent and Chapel right on top. Only four nuns live there, they belong to the Franciscan Order of the Missionaries of Mary, and Mother St. Alban, the head, is, I think, the only English one. She is such a charming old lady, and told me she had been forty-eight years in India, and has never once left the country since she first came out to it. She took us into the chapel, which was very very small and had about half-a-dozen little pews in it: and showed us with much pride St. Thomas's Stone, which is let into the wall just above the altar. There are many wonderful legends about it, some of which she told us. It is (supposed to be) the stone which St. Thomas used as a pillow when he landed in India, sleeping for the first night on the beach. The next morning when he waked up, in gratitude for his preservation through the perils of his journey, he carved on the stone a cross and a Latin inscription surrounding it. Once a year, so the legend runs, on the date of St. Thomas's landing in India, the stone used to sweat blood, because he was martyred near it; but Mother St. Alban said that the miracle had not occurred for the last fifty years. There is also a picture painted on wood of the Virgin Mary and Child, which we were told was painted by St. Luke. It got rather damaged before it finally arrived in India, so the nuns found an artist who consented to restore it. But the moment he applied the paint he was struck blind. Many years later the priests who had charge of the picture decided that something must be done to it, so, for nine days, prayers and incense were offered, and there were processions, etc. round the church. But, when the artist strove to lay paint on the wonderful picture, it rolled off again like quicksilver. So since then it has been left severely alone. Outside, in the porch of the church, Mother St. Alban showed us a stone carved to represent a pelican tearing her breast to feed her young, and she told us how it was the symbol of how Christ gave His Life for the life of the world.

The most beautiful part of Madras is the Adyar, where there is a lovely river, the boating is delightful, and one afternoon we rowed right down to the bar, where we got out and walked along the beach. We met many curiously-garbed people, and were told that they came from the Theosophical College, a palatial building on the banks of the river. It was started by Mrs. Besant. She is a most wonderful woman, and a marvellous speaker. She and most of her followers wear native dress and sandals, and the women cut their hair quite short.

The beach is lovely, and there is a long road running parallel to the sea for some miles, called The Marina, and along it are various stately buildings,—the Senate House, Law Courts, Presidency College and D. P. W. Offices. Right on the sand is built a small, but very interesting, aquarium, containing the weirdest of weird fishes, all shapes and sizes and exquisite colours. One was especially fascinating, he was a deep Prussian blue, and had had his mouth wide open for a year, his food was apparently thrown down his throat!

Of all nice places I think Madras is one of the most delightful, and it was with many regrets that I departed. And three months later, it was with many more regrets that I said good-bye to India.

M. STENSON.

Pan.

"Then why did you come?" asked Agnes. "If you really want to know, I'll tell you." One afternoon it was too hot to go out and play with the village children, and I was sitting by an old ivy-covered wall in the garden making a daisy chain for Pan. Really there is no reason for you to jump to the conclusion that Pan was either a Pomeranian or a golliwog. You display the grossest ignorance. Pan was a,—a fairy, at least not a fairy exactly; and no! of course he had nothing to do with Peter, why will you interrupt? And he wasn't exactly a hero either, because he had hoofs like a goat's, though he had a man's head. You see he was something like a merman, a little of each. You could only see his head—it was a stone one peeping out amongst the ivy and spouting streams of lovely cold water that came down from the cliff. The cliff was behind our house, you know, and in front there were fields full of primroses and cowslips, and then the sea. Well, I had just finished a beautiful chain and mounted it on a long silky hartstongue, when I remembered Pan hadn't a neck at all, or if he had it was inside the wall. So I made the chain into a crown, and put it round his horns. Yes, of course, he had horns, little sprouting ones, like a kid's. "Really Pan, you do look lovely," I said, and I lay down in the shade and dabbled my fingers in the water. Just then Aunt Isabel came along. "Why, you naughty little girl," she said, "Don't you know how wicked it is to worship idols?" "I wasn't," I said, "besides Pan isn't an idol, he's a shepherd, and when he's alive and walks about, all he does is to play on an oaten reed to the flocks." Did they understand when he read? Yes, of course, or he wouldn't have done it, would he? How should I know why he only played on one note. Anyhow, my aunt looked so worried and rebukeful, reproachful I mean,

that I began to wonder if I had been naughty, and I was afraid I should begin to rage and cry, especially if she kissed me and said, "My darling, you won't do it again, will you? or I shall have to punish you." So I stared at her for a minute or two and then tore down the drive, over the stone wall into the fields and hid behind a large mossy rock till I made sure she wasn't coming. Then I said "Beast," three times, and ate a great many blackberries and stained the front of my best dress. Oh, I forgot! I had my best dress on because someone was coming to tea, I had forgotten who, they were grown-ups; and so I walked on a long way picking more blackberries, till I came to the little brook that runs down by Foxy Hole. Foxy Hole is a tiny cave where the foxes hide. I thought that if I washed the front of my dress and lay down in the sun it would be dry by tea-time; but it took a long time to wash, and after that it was quite a climb up to Foxy Hole, and I tore my frills getting up. Then I lay down in the cave, looked out towards the sea and thought. I wondered what Aunt Isabel would say and what the visitors would think. The sun went in while my dress was still dripping, and I began to get hot and cold, and wondered if I could get in at the kitchen door without anyone seeing me and how I could make Aunt Isabel understand it wasn't my fault. Then I thought perhaps it was my fault after all; anyhow I didn't care, and so I went home and walked into the drawing room just as I was. A gentleman got up, and said "Hullo!" "Are you my Cousin John?" I asked him. "Yes," he said, laughing, "are you Undine?" But I had just caught sight of a man in a long black cloak who was looking at me. He had dark hair, a white face, and greenish eyes with a pale light in them, and I hated him at once, so I only said, "Who is this, Cousin John?" and forgot all about my dress. "This," said Cousin John, mimicking me, "is my particular friend, Cousin Kate, you may call him Mr. Benedict, or if you like, Ben for short." I had no wish to call him Ben for short. "Catherine!" my aunt almost shouted as she came in, "where have you been, and why are you in this state?" "To Foxy Hole," I said. "I washed my dress because it got stained with blackberries." My aunt rang the bell. "Jane, put Miss Catherine to bed." Cousin John roared with laughter. "See you again, Cousin Kate," he said, "if you don't get pneumonia."

I don't know whether I had pneumonia! Anyhow, I was in bed for a long time, and all the time I seemed to be dreaming of Mr. Benedict and his green eyes. Sometimes I was a fox, hiding in Foxy Hole, and he was one of the hounds chasing me; and sometimes I was drowning, and he didn't seem to mind at all; and all the time he was saying, "It's no good, you know, I'm stronger than you are and you'll have to give in." Once I woke up screaming, and there he was, sitting beside me talking to my aunt. He said he had come to read to me, so I shut my eyes and tried not to listen. Anyhow, it was something about Pan and shepherds. I think he said he said he was one himself.

As soon as I was well enough to get up, I went down to the old wall. There was a white mass among the ivy where Pan used to be. He was plastered over. One day, when I had been listening to the water bubbling inside, and laughing to think how funny my aunt and Mr. Benedict would have looked in aprons and white sleeves smearing away with that white stuff, I turned and met them. "Catherine," said my aunt, "you are going away to-morrow, you can go and say good-bye to your friends if you like." "Who with?" I asked, "I won't go." "Go where?" said Cousin John, coming up. "Hang it, she shan't go anywhere if she doesn't like." Well, I didn't go the next day; but as soon as Cousin John had gone away, I did. We crossed the sea and came through France, and by huge snowy mountains and deep valleys, until we arrived here. The Mother Superior met us, and at first I thought how beautiful she looked in her long white robes, but she has eyes like Mr. Benedict's. Well, that's why I came here, anyhow. Now, who do you think is worse off, Pan or I? "Cecilia, the Mother Superior wishes to speak to you," said Sister Angela coming in. "That's because you made us sing, 'God save the King,' this morning," whispered Agnes. "It's Empire Day, of course we had to sing it," said Cecilia, sometime Catherine. M.

How I tried to be Humorous.

By POETA TRAGICUS.

"Be light!" That had been my editor's latest injunction. "People nowadays don't want to read articles on 'The part that Wireless Telegraphy played on the Siege of Troy,' or 'How far Homer was indebted to Shakespeare.' Try your hand at something humorous."

Something humorous! The words rang in my ears as I stumbled out of the office of that arch heretic. Was I to desert the pen of Melpomene to take up that of Thalia, I, whose proud boast it had been that never had I degraded myself by either writing or reading light literature? "Never!" I cried, and my voice of triumphant determination rang out into the night. "Let my pen remain silent rather than be thus dishonoured."

Then, with my usual beneficent philanthropy, I began to muse on the degeneracy of the popular

taste in literature. I began to wish I had never written that eloquent paper for our local debating society, proving so conclusively that the English nation was not degenerating. It had been inspired by the fact that twelve copies of my latest work, "An exhaustive Enquiry into the Origin and Use of Hairpins, based on conic sections," had been sold within six months of publication. Clearly the improvement in the popular taste had not been of long duration. But should I, for that reason, give up the attempt to regenerate it? No, let hostile editors storm in vain, let my work fall unread from the press, I would still write, and my writings would last while all the ephemeral light literature should be forgotten. Not that I ever doubted my powers of writing light literature. It needed no genius for that. As I mused, a sudden inspiration seized me. For once I would degrade my pen to the level of the common herd, I would produce a humorous work that should rival in the sparkle of its art all the poor efforts of my contemporaries. Then, from henceforth, my eloquent silence would show to all the world that I, who might have made my fortune by thus pandering to the popular taste, scorned to buy wealth and fame at such a price.

I set to work. Somehow my pen did not flow so freely as I had expected. Evidently my genius would not easily degrade itself. There was a germ of a joke floating somewhere in my brain, but it absolutely refused to crystalize. Once I had nearly succeeded in getting it into tangible form, when a burst of laughter from the next room drove it back once more into the dark limbo of the unknown. "Do keep those children quiet," I said angrily (surely anger at such a time was excusable). "My dear," said my wife, "what is the matter with you? You are as cross as a bear this morning." "So would you be if you had to write something humorous," I retorted. There was nothing at all in my answer to make her smile, but women are so frivolous.

I finished my article at last, after a week of sleepless nights and days spent in toil. I despatched it to my Editor, and awaited his criticism. It was short and decisive: "My dear fellow, I never read anything so gloomy in all my life. Are you training for a lunatic asylum?"

H. STONE.

Examination Scraps.

Herrings go about in shawls.

Henry VIII. was a professional widower.

The Salic law decreed that every woman must have a son.

Queen Elizabeth rode on horseback from Warwick and Coventry without anything on, and Sir Walter Raleigh offered her his cloak.

Charon was a man who fried soles over sticks.

Il a epousé la venue du doge de Venise (He is wedded to a sea life). *Translation*: "He has married the widow of an Italian greyhound, i.e., a rakish Italian nobleman."

What house is descended from the marriage of the elector Palatine and Princess Elizabeth?—The House of Parliament.

Spring.

ESSAYS IN BLANK VERSE after Thomson.

Spring is the foremost season of the year,
It comes 'tween Summer's heat and Winter's cold.
The snow-flowers cease their calm, refreshing
sleep,

First leaves, then buds, then blossoms, meet
the sun,

Who gently coaxes the hard, frost-bound earth
To melt, and let the young flowers see the world.
The shepherd every morning counts his flock,
And finds fresh members added thereunto.

The youthful songsters practise now their notes,
Their parents teach them how to fly and feed.

The stream, no longer stubborn, wends its way
Through field and marsh, by copse and busy
farm.

M. BOURNE.

Oh! now ye feathered warblers hither come,
And chant sweet melodies of praise. Arise,
Thou golden splendour from thy orient couch,
And sweetly smile upon this verdant globe.
Hide thou no more thy face with misty veils,
For, if again thy countenance were hid,
The very arch of heaven itself would weep
Until the shrouding fogs had disappeared.
Come hither, gentle spirits of the wind,
And whisp'ring to the budding trees, to them
Bring hope, as to Andromeda in days
Long past brought Perseus; mid pastures green
Let flowers spring up to crown the lovely earth,
Let everything rejoice, for Spring has come!

K. HOMERSHAM.

In this, the waking season of the year,
 The trees a robe of palest green put on.
 In each dark forest, thicket, wood, or copse,
 The voices of the plumy folk are heard.
 The orb of day shines bright o'er wood and field,
 And swallows from warm lands in flocks return.
 The filmy burden of the grey-hued clouds
 Upon the fresh, green earth doth oft descend.
 Flora's sweet daughters rise from Mother Earth
 And bend at gentle zephyr's gentler breath;
 Whilst heavenward doth the singing lark ascend,
 Chanting his matins to the morning sun.

M. FLEMING.

The verdant hues of early Spring abound;
 The tiny feathered people of the air
 Incessant pipe their joyous morning lay,
 And flutter to and fro on work intent,
 Their cosy nets so cleverly to build.
 The boundless azure flecked with clouds of white
 Is lit by that great guardian of the day,
 The sun, that shines with e'er increasing warmth.
 Up through the moist brown earth the tiny heads
 Of all Spring's lovely flowers begin to peep,
 Which all the Winter wrapt in slumber lay.
 Swift o'er the meadows gentle zephyrs blow,
 And all the white-fleeced lambs do gambol there,
 Whilst Nature all around is at her best.

K. BUTT.

Old Girls' Reading Society.

A meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, February 7th. "Makers of Modern England," the subject chosen last time, was discussed, and proved so interesting that it was decided to continue the reading on the same lines with new books till the next meeting, which was fixed for Wednesday, May 17th.

Old Girls' News.

Dorothy Langton Cole is teaching in a school at Breitbrum, in Germany.
 May Windebank is studying German at Halberstadt.
 M. Wileman has been training for secretarial work in London, and is now acting as Secretary to Jarvis and Richards, Queen Anne's Gate.
 D. Dean has been helping in the Library at Girton for a fortnight.
 Muriel and Gladys Williams have gone to Australia for six months.
 Ethel Gray is acting as Secretary to the Editor of *The Nineteenth Century*.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Redman Ord (Muriel Vincent), a daughter, Muriel Anne.
 In May, 1909, to Mr. & Mrs. Chartres (Muriel Antill), a son, Heriot Gordon.
 In August, 1910, to Mr. & Mrs. Vivian Carter (Violet Antill), a daughter, Daphne Violet.
 To Mr. & Mrs. French (Gwen Price-Edwards), a son, Henry Cuthbert.
 To Mr. & Mrs. Lord (B. Catton), a son.
 To Mr. & Mrs. Cyril Clague (Muriel Prince), a daughter, Agnes Cecilia.

MARRIAGES.

On September 1st, 1910, at Merritt, B.C., Mr. Frank Bailey to Hilda Rose Winckworth Scott.
 On February 4th, at Wensley Church, by the Rev. E. Orde-Powlett, Mr. J. S. Petch to Nellie D. I'Anson.
 On February 15th, at St. Nicholas Church, Sutton, by the Rev. Hensley Henson, Canon of Westminster, Mr. Henry Patteson to Alma Gladys Rawle.

DEATH.—Ethel Maude Caroline Frampton, at Beechwood Lodge, Sutton, on March 30th.

The little birds are warbling in the heights,
 The flowers are springing up in wood and dale,
 The sky is blue, the sun shines warm and bright,
 For Spring has come and all live things rejoice.
 The hedges, which a month ago were brown,
 Are tinted now with pale and tender green;
 And at the foot of stately oaks there grow
 The primrose fair and tiny fragile fern.

-M. HIND.

Gone are the winter snows so cold and bleak;
 The sun plays hide-and-peek behind the clouds,
 And Pan's sweet pipes echo the wood around,
 Making the birds' sweet melodies sound crude.
 Here, 'neath a shrub, some modest violets peep,
 Filling with fragrance all the air around.
 The little lambs gambol and leap for joy,
 While o'er their heads the lark trills clear and sweet.

The gentle zephyrs whisper through the trees,
 And pink-tipped daisies fleck the mossy sward;
 The babbling brook murmurs its songs of joy,
 For Spring, glorious Spring, is here at last.

E. HEARNDEN.