

The
Ruytonian.



MIDWINTER, 1910.

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No. 3.

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AN APPRECIATION.

The first copy of the "Ruytonian" contained the main facts concerning Miss Bromby's connection with our school. But perhaps it may not be out of place just now for an "old girl" to express some of her thoughts about the personality that lies behind the facts.

Looking back on the old days, it seems to me that the secret of Miss Bromby's power as a teacher lay very largely in two things. One was the power of ridicule—stimulating ridicule—which, being accompanied by a twinkle, never wounded the offender, but which pilloried the mistake before the eyes of its perpetrator. There it was in all its folly, and generally that particular "howler" departed to return no more. Many of us realise now that if we have any sense of proportion in our opinions, and any restraint in the expression of them, we owe this not a little to the amused look on Miss Bromby's face as she read some of our crude outpourings.

The second point is harder to define even now, and was quite beyond us as children, but we got our nearest to it when we noticed that the Principal never pointed morals, and yet somehow "made you feel different." If you had to describe a really bad character, you called her "the kind of girl who could tell Miss Bromby a lie without minding."

As to the results, it will be safe to say that none of us has ever had to unlearn anything Miss Bromby ever taught us. To those who are ignorant of teaching this may seem poor praise, but some of us who have seen girls wasting time and losing heart at the task of unlearning, hold another opinion. We honour our school because there we learnt how to learn, for no inaccurate work found favour in the eyes of our Principal.

Even in print I cannot close without saying more. Some of the old girls not only remember Miss Bromby as one of the best of teachers, but rejoice to still count her as the most understanding of friends. And in our minds there are two wonders—that we have been allowed to know well a nature at once so large and so tender-hearted, and that we have so often fallen short of the inspiration which such a friendship gives.

"AN OLD GIRL."

FAREWELL TO MISS BROMBY.

A farewell social was given to Miss Bromby by Ruytonians past and present, in the Trinity Parish Hall, on the evening of 29th June. A great many girls, ancient and modern, were there, though many were prevented from coming owing to the postponement of Madame Calvé's concert.

The evening opened with two short plays by present girls; the second one was written by Mrs. Edward Bromby. All the girls acted their parts well. The plays were followed by a scene from "Mignon" by Lucy Rowe, whose rendering of the songs was delightful.

His Grace The Archbishop of Melbourne was in the chair, and expressed his pleasure in being present, as he had always taken such a great interest in Miss Bromby and in Ruyton since his arrival in Australia. He also expressed his regret that the Church Education Board had been unable to take over Ruyton. He regretted that the Dean of Melbourne was unable to attend, and said that the Secretary had handed him the following letter written by the Dean:—

Deanery, East Melbourne,
22nd June, 1910.

My Dear Mrs. Walsh,

It is indeed a matter of real grief to me to find that I shall not be able, because of my long continued illness, to attend the meeting which Miss Bromby's friends have arranged to be held by them for the purpose of saying farewell to her on her retirement from the charge of Ruyton School, Kew, over which she has presided for so many years with such ability, such success, such credit to Kew, and it is not too much to say, such credit to Victoria and its educational institution. As one of the very first parents who enjoyed the privilege of having daughters trained by Miss Bromby and her admirable assistants, I may, I think, claim the right to speak to the universal satisfaction felt, not in this colony alone, but in the neighbouring colonies of South Australia and New Zealand, with Miss Bromby's scholastic methods, and with the results, social as well as intellectual, of her educational system with the girls who had the happiness to remain long enough under her charge to benefit fully by her instructions. Miss Bromby's aim has always appeared to me to provide for all her scholars such an equipment as shall enable them to play the parts in life of Christian ladies. How far she has succeeded in fulfilling the task she has set herself, you, the parents, friends, and relatives of her scholars, are the best judges. At least we all, the friends of Ruyton and its Principal, are proud to be able to maintain, without fear of contradiction, that she has succeeded in securing for her school a reputation corresponding to the ideal she has proposed to herself from the first. Christian ladies is what, before everything else, the Ruyton scholars are educated to be, and by general consent are. Hoping that you will pardon the liberty I take in asking you to lay before the meeting of Miss Bromby's friends and admirers, that is convened for the 29th inst., this letter from one of her warmest admirers and most deeply attached and grateful friends.—I am,

My Dear Mrs. Walsh,

Very sincerely yours,

G. O. VANCE.

He then introduced Mr. Thompson, who had been asked by the Committee to make a presentation to Miss Bromby on

account of his old friendship with her. He had been one of the first boys at the Church of England Grammar School under Dr. Bromby, and so had known Miss Bromby for many years. He spoke in a very appreciative way of Miss Bromby's powers as a teacher and of the great influence she had exercised on the girls who came under her charge. On behalf of the Ruytonians he then presented to Miss Bromby a silver card case, suitably inscribed, and containing a cheque, to which several old East Leigh girls had asked if they might contribute; and from the staff, past and present a travelling clock, a silver-backed brush and comb, and a clothes brush. Miss Bromby spoke a few words of thanks, but asked the Ven. Archdeacon Hindley to speak for her. The Archdeacon performed the task very successfully in spite of his allusion to "girls ancient and modern." He, however, charmed the present school girls by veiled allusions to birthday celebrations in the dead of night. Mr. Thompson had said that he found it a matter of much difficulty to express the feeling of love and respect of the girls for Miss Bromby, he felt it difficult to express what Miss Bromby felt for the girls. He concluded by thanking the girls most sincerely for their gift.

After this, at the request of Miss Bromby and Miss Lascelles, Dr. Cowen introduced Miss Hooper who is to be Miss Bromby's successor at Ruyton, in partnership with Miss Lascelles. He spoke of Miss Hooper's excellent qualifications, and concluded by hoping that Ruyton would continue to hold as high a place in the future as it has done in the past.

When the speeches were over, supper was carried round by the girls, and the guests had an opportunity of speaking to Miss Bromby and of saying good-bye to her.

CLASS NOTES.

CLASSES VI. AND V.

Our numbers were strengthened at the beginning of the year by several new members, who, we hope, will keep up the traditions of our class in work (?) and sport.

Last year five girls entered for the Junior Public Examination and all succeeded in passing well, Frances Hawker gaining four distinctions. The other four were Lily Whybrow, Barbara James, Nellie Miller, and Marjorie Young. This year, six girls are preparing for the examination, and some of the others who passed last year are doing special groups for both Senior and Junior. We wish them all good luck.

As regards sport we are very enthusiastic, all of us being tennis players and many also hockey. This is only natural as we have for our class-mistress the sports mistress of the school.

We are all very sad at the thought of losing Miss Bromby from school life, but we wish her every happiness and hope to see her often at Ruyton in the future. We are also losing one of our number who is about to sail for England, and we wish her *Bon (!) Voyage*.

A musical genius has been discovered in the class—we would advise her to join the Bellingers' Association as her talents seem to lie in this direction.

CLASS IVB.

It makes us all feel joyful and frisky when we think of the midwinter holidays, so near and yet so far. Those exams! Our predecessors round our room look down and almost speak to us in their effort to make us keep up the traditions of our classroom. We have one great hope, and that is to keep away any blemish that might by chance fall upon us, and for this our two weapons of defence are a Sword and a Pike. One of our number has a great leaning towards provisions, besides one or two of the nobler walk of life—the workers.

The midwinter holidays are ahead of us, and after that, then to see the stuff we are made of, when we start our work in earnest.

CLASS IVA.

Our class numbers nineteen all called, we are of all sorts, sizes and conditions. Last year when most of us were in IIIB. we won the shield presented by Mr. J. Young for the class tennis fours, but as we left it behind us when we came up we intend to win it for IVA this year if possible.

At lessons we are all middling and have a few good workers amongst us—but as far as the spelling of one or two—well, it is wonderful!

Our Hockey XI have had bad luck this year, for first one girl got ill and what with altering places in consequence, it has been very hard work for the captain. The Ruyton Hockey XI also know how to take a beating when they get it.

These half-yearly exams. and marks will in a way decide who have chances for 75% places.

We wonder who will get the class tennis shield this year, IVA have two of the girls who won it last year, one being in the first four this year.

CLASS IIIB.

We have several new girls this year, the number in the class being eleven. We have three members of the Hockey XI in our class, one being K. Grey-Smith the captain—the other two are Nellie Roberts and Lina Resch.

Last year our class won the tennis shield for the year from the other class tennis fours, it will hang in our room during this year and next year too if we win it again, we think we have a very good chance.

CLASS IIIA.

Since Xmas 1909 class IIIA has been very small; at Easter we lost a girl but have got another, the one we lost was Sheila McNeil who went to England, she was unfortunate enough to be going in the Pericles, which was wrecked off Cape Leuwin, and all her luggage was lost, but she has gone again via America. The new girl, Marjorie Styles, has been to Java, and tells us many interesting things about the island.

The class tennis four this year will be Doris Shelmerdine, Nellie Patterson, Nellie Joske, and one who has not yet been chosen, but it will either be Lucy Dakin or Lalla Whybrow. We have not played any matches yet, so we cannot say how we have fared.

JUNIOR PUBLIC RESULTS.

The following are the results of the Junior and Senior Public Examinations, as regards Ruyton, for December and February last:—

Frances Hawker passed in Arithmetic, History, English, Algebra, Geography, French, gaining distinction in the last four.

Lily Whybrow passed in Algebra, French, Geography, Physiology, English and History, gaining distinction in the last.

Barbara James passed in Algebra, English, Latin, German, French and History, gaining distinction in the last two.

Marjorie Young completed her Junior Public by passing in Algebra and French.

Nellie Miller completed her Junior Public by passing in Algebra, and she also passed in German.

Both Marjorie Young and Nellie Miller passed in Senior English and obtained honours in Senior History.

HOSTEL NOTES.

This is the first and last appearance of "Hostel Notes," as we cease to exist after Midwinter—much to our disgust—when we all go back to Ruyton as boarders, and will be pleased to join with the others to welcome Miss Hooper.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss Bromby is leaving us, but all join in sending our best wishes for the future, and hope to see her often at Ruyton.

The Hostel had a very short life, only lasting 18 months, but we are not likely to be forgotten. We have managed during the past half-year to do as much (?) work as possible, without causing undue annoyance to anyone—including ourselves. We are a sporting lot, including among us two members of the Hockey XI. and one of the Tennis IV. One of our members indulges in day dreams, which seem to be of a very happy nature; another has a regrettable tendency to allow her debts to accumulate, but we hope to induce her to settle up before Mid-winter. In spite of these little defects, we are a very happy family.

SPORTS NOTES.

TENNIS.

At the end of last year we lost two of our Tennis Four—Mabel Fitz Gerald and Bon Ronald—but two members of last year's second four have taken their places. The four now is:—

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Marjorie Young, Captain | Helen Ramsay |
| Lily Whybrow, Vice-Captain | Vera Aldom |

Earlier in the year several friendly games were played with Merton Hall, P.L.C., M.L.C., Priory, Fintona, and Fairlight, in some of which we were victorious. The doubles matches for the pennant are now finished, and are as follows:—

| | | |
|----------------------|---|------------------------|
| Ruyton v. Priory | - | Priory won by 4 games. |
| Cromarty v. Ruyton | - | Ruyton won 45 to 25 |
| Toorak v. Ruyton | - | Toorak won 48 to 21 |
| Ruyton v. Stratherne | - | Ruyton won 48 to 9 |

Tintern was unable to play and gave a walk-over.

HOCKEY.

Three out of the five schools have already been played.

Against Tintern, Tintern won.

Against Toorak, Toorak won.

Against Lauriston, Ruyton won 4 goals to 3.

The Hockey XI this year is:—K. Grey Smith (Captain), A. Lascelles, backs; O. McLaurin, goal; M. Young, A. Grice, half-backs; E. Loughnan, centre half; W. Cowen, N. Roberts, E. Carnegie, L. Resch, I. Argyle, forwards.

At the Toorak sports eight girls from Ruyton ran in the flag race, but they came in last.

OLD RUYTONIANS.

Gwen Jones was married to Mr. Eric Palmer at St. Margarets, Westminster, on 28th April. Although the ceremony was in England, many old Ruytonians were present; among them, Bessie and Fairie Moffatt, Mrs. Douglas Cook (Elsie Burston), Mary Wynne, and Mrs. Dane (Dorothy Hunter).

Another wedding is that of Lynette Molesworth to Mr. John Lee Matheson, this also was in London on the 27th April.

Dora Ramsden was married on 1st June to Mr. Norman Smith. Marjorie Anderson, a Ruyton girl, was one of her bridesmaids.

Mollie Burston has gone to England on a visit to her sister Elsie (Mrs. Cook).

The engagement is announced of Nell Fenton to Mr. Arthur Derham.

Mrs. Purves (Ida Howard) has left Queensland and gone to Sydney, where her husband has received an appointment as head of a large school.

Clarice Robertson was married last month to Mr. Hugh M. Ross, her home will now be in Queensland. She was married from the home of her old school friend, Nell Austin (Mrs. Gatehouse).

All old Ruytonians, while feeling sad at losing their old head-mistress, Miss Bromby, wish to heartily welcome Miss Hooper and will do all they can to help her to maintain the traditions of the old school.

We congratulate Enone Molesworth on her engagement to Mr. F. B. Lefroy, of Dublin, Ireland.

SOME SUPERFICIAL SENTIMENTS ON SLANG.

I have often tried to analyse my feelings on the matter of slang, for I have found myself in the position of hating it, yet not hating it. The result of this analysis is that slang is tolerable on the lips of those whose vocabularies do not consist wholly of it, and who use it in moderation and with discretion. There are people who use a slang phrase because it, and it alone, will express their meaning. There are others who do not know what accurate description means, because they never think, and whose dingy minds are suitably furnished with sordid vocabularies. To the former, Tennyson's "Maud" is aptly described as "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null;" to the latter she can be "hot stuff" and nothing more.

The next reflection is how comes it that slang is found in most, if not in all, languages, ancient as well as modern? Great was my delight when I tackled my first Greek play to find that a certain impression could best be translated, "What ho, she bumps!" My feelings towards those old Greeks changed at once, they grew human and understandable, and I felt really eager to learn their language in order to find out what they said and did. The result of deep meditations on cause and effect brought me to the conclusion that slang arises in two ways. There is in most people a desire for unusual and picturesque expression of their thoughts. Few can be content with ordinary language. The most of us try to enliven our talk with figures of speech, and it is from the use of vigorous metaphor that slang is born. For instance, some speaker with a gift for striking amusing resemblances uses some metaphor which is at once adopted by a host of imitators, too servile and unthinking to worry about such things as suitable contents, and a slangy term comes into being, lives a short but strenuous life, and finally dies from sheer exhaustion. This seems to me to account for such expressions as "over the edge," to express that a certain course of action has been carried too far. No doubt in its original content this was a forcible metaphor drawn from a precipice. How many people who use it know a metaphor from a match box? Other phrases may be traced to the same source. It is somewhat perplexing to the uninitiated to be told when out walking over a level lawn to "mind the step," and to "keep off the grass" when climbing a flight of stone steps, and it is only when one realises that these are veiled allusions to the eccentricities of one's conversation that their meaning becomes clear. They are metaphors that have been used *ad nauseum*, and have degenerated into slang.

Perhaps a more potent and prolific cause of slang is the innate laziness of man. That speech requires a tremendous effort is not an obvious fact in the face of the easy and continuous flow of some of our gifted neighbours, but a sore throat convinces where scientific demonstration fails. Our desire to avoid the effort gives use to such phrases as "on your own," where the long word responsibility is felt to be, like the grasshopper, a burden. Who has not felt an extra twinge of pain when after smiling bravely through the crisis of a cruelly trodden-on toe, the apology comes, "I beg yours," or worse, "my mistake." How the commonness of these terms sets one's teeth on edge!

The desire to shun mental effort is seen in the ape-like imitative qualities of slangy people. The latest slang is good

enough for them to express any shade of meaning from the most obvious to the most subtle. This explains the vogue of such terms as "that's right," and "you're the one," the latter being, doubtless, a tribute to one's personal charm! Lovers of Sentimental Tommy will remember his struggles to get exactly the right word to express a certain number of people in the church. He lost an hour's time and a prize, but he was a genius.

Slang, like most things, is susceptible to fashion. We change our slang with the cut of our coats. We can imagine an early Victorian maiden simpering out from behind her fan, "La! Mr. Brown, what a quiz you are!" The modern girl would go straight to the point with "I say, Mr. Brown, your'e the limit!" I wonder if our grandmothers' knew people "fluently."

We often hear that the first words learnt by an Australian baby are "I bet." This may be true, but it is not long before they "jolly well bet." One little girl whom I know very well was overheard telling a little friend, "Auntie and I slept in the same bed last night, and we had a 'date' time." Auntie, when interviewed, said it was "over the edge" as far as she was concerned. Even "great" has lost its greatness, and effect is sought in the synonymous "large" and "big." We have "large times" now. Once we took offence, now we get "the hump." Is this any relation to the "camelions hump—the hump that is black and blue?" Ask Kipling!

It cannot be denied that slang is one of the sources from which our language is fed, and it is only by certain authorised words that some subtle shades of meaning can be brought out. An occasional slang word gives often an amusing turn to a conversation, and shows that the speaker is human, but it must be recognised that an excessive use of it is a sure sign of a commonplace, if not of a common mind.

H. DANIELL.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Early in the morning of one Saturday, soon after Easter, the boarders' practising was rudely interrupted by the cry of "Fire!" The fire was in the maids' room upstairs, having come from the heater below. The girls all rushed to the spot with water-jugs and other things, including flower-pots and tooth-brush jars, in fact, anything that could be made to hold water. As in the case of last year's burglar alarm, Michael was greatly in demand, and he bravely quelled the raging

flames, so that although the wall-paper and furniture was spoilt, the walls themselves were not very much damaged.

On one memorable Sunday of this quarter, the Ruyton boarders came into Church rather late, but still secure in the belief their seats would be empty and waiting for them. Imagine their horror then when they saw in the place of their empty seats, rows of smiling faces, for it was Cadet Sunday and the Church was filled. They turned and fled in confusion, but the verger found them places at the very back of the building. Scarcely, however, were they comfortably (?) ensconced there than he came down again and beckoned to them to follow him up the Church. Little thinking what was to follow, they obeyed, the front girl receiving all the way up the aisle sundry little reminders that the others were behind her, when she seemed disposed to hang back. On and on they went until they saw too late that they were being led right up into the chancel, where they were made to sit on forms in front of the choir boys. These gentlemen would amuse themselves during the service by trying to tie the girls hair together. It was necessary to exercise great control over their facial muscles, when several well-known faces were descried in the congregation, finding the matter a huge joke and basely rejoicing over the discomfiture of the Ruytonians.

At about 11 o'clock on Thursday mornings, Ruyton rings with an unaccustomed sound—the stentorian tones of a man holding forth on the subject of “fiscal cultshur.” A great number of girls learn this beneficial exercise, and are very “ensuthiathtic” about it. Ruyton is now the proud possessor of a chorus which they march to during “fiscal cultsha.” It goes like this:—

See the bonny Ruyton girls striving to excel,
See their dainty sandshoed feet marching straight and well.
The thoughts behind their dancing eyes,
I wonder who can tell,
As their feet go marching on.

and is sung to the tune of “John Brown.” The poetess is well known to all Ruytonians, and her original remarks figure in many people’s autograph books.

We have had news of many of last year’s girls. Gladys Grey-Smith is now coaching the Hockey; Bon Ronald is at school in Switzerland; Fairie Moffatt is enjoying herself greatly in Europe; Molly Wallace has been for a trip among the “Chows,” and we hope to have her with us again after Midwinter; Kathleen Edwards is in Ireland; Frances Hawker and Mildred McDougall are “just out”; and Laurie Pearson, Madge McCracken, and Nellie Miller are at home.

We hear that at the end of this year the school is to be robbed of a girl who can crack such goods jokes, that she makes our 'arts bubble over with mirth when understand the gist of them.

We also hear that the fashion in hair ribbons is changing to such an extent that it may make some considerable difference to our bills, for the bows are no longer of a normal size, and it is considered more "toney" to have them larger.

A novel amusement lately taken up is that of blowing bubbles very energetically.

We may pat one of our girls on the back for the quantity of brains she has, for indeed she kens how to stew until she gets quite low down.

Two of the most favourite foods for Ruyton girls are jelly and fish, or beef-stew. Last year we were presented with a masterpiece named "Mater Dolorosa," which is an object of interest at meal times, and fills even our dreams with envy. We also can't help sayin' that we have made a startlin' discovery which may prove useful to Ruytonian poets of the future, viz., that hock and jock rhyme. Now you've got it all!

A SONNET.

It is not to be thought of that the fame
 Of Ruyton Tennis, which to the list'ning ear
 Of all the schools, for many a bygone year
 Hath poured, nor stained the pride of her great name.
 Fallen though it hath full often to a state
 Which failed to check all other teams, none fear
 That this most famous name, in this one year
 Shall perish, because defeat it has of late.
 Had oft to suffer. For now our flag-staffs bear
 Pennants of the invincible fours of old,
 We must win many more, five flags are there
 Which Ruyton won, these honours will we hold
 For evermore, and everything we shall dare,
 That of this year may glorious deeds be told.

A LITTLE CHAT ON JOURNALISM.

By GWEN SERJEANT WHITE.

My first efforts in journalism began at Ruyton, when Katie Currie and I started to write a book entitled "The Pranks and Tricks of the Modern Schoolgirl." The first chapter, I remember, opened with the extraordinarily witty statement that we, the "authors," were "weekly boarders, but

not as to strength!" We made no illusion to our literary propensities. They spoke for themselves! The book was to be for private circulation amongst the girls only. We had no ambition to educate our teachers! They knew quite enough without *our* help!

Miss Lilian Irving predicted, and, as usual, her prediction was mathematically correct, that we would soon tire. And so we did, probably on account of our utter ignorance of the subject attempted; Marion Kennedy not having made her appearance at Ruyton at this time!

But the seed of journalism was sown; what checked it in Katie's case I cannot say; inclination fostered it in mine, and I think that perhaps the most delirious moment of my life was when my eldest brother read out my own paragraph from *The Sydney Bulletin*, with the remark, "There now! You all laughed at my idea, but cleverer heads than mine have evidently thought the same thing!"

It was years before I had the courage to own up to that paragraph, and how I had drunk in his "idea" and afterwards phrased it!

So I began at Ruyton, contributed more or less regularly to one paper and another until my sister, who is also a journalist, became ill, and I took on her work about sixteen months ago, in the office of T. Shaw Fitchett, publisher of *Life*, *The New Idea*, and *The Southern Cross*. The three most alive magazines in Australia and New Zealand.

The inside of a big magazine office is interesting, awesome, and inevitably noisy. One does not fully appreciate these three facts until one becomes attached to a literary staff. Everything about the place is interesting. The Managing Editor and the Literary Manager are awesome, and the machinery is noisy. The throb of the distant engine punctuates your every thought. You feel as though you were travelling to Hong Kong at the very least, yet there is something exhilarating about it too. It is *your* stuff that is being pounded into matter!

I cannot imagine any office in the world conducted on happier conditions than that of T. Shaw Fitchett's. He and Mr. Shum, the Literary Manager, are invariably courteous and helpful to everyone; and, as one of the office girls said to me the other day, "If any of us are relaxing for a minute, we never have to grab a pen and pretend we are not, if the Manager happens to walk in." Mutual help and kindness seems to be the motto of the entire office.

One day Mr. Shum said to me, "Would you like to come and see what all this noise is about?" I said, "I should,

very much." "All right; come on, we'll start at the beginning." And he opened a door through which I had never before passed.

There wasn't much noise in this room, but there was the subdued hum which always accompanies busy manual workers, and also a rather thin click clack, as though a ghostly typewriter were haunting the room. A great many ink-begrimed men were handling trays of metal type, and in one corner a huge linotype was being worked, very much after the manner of the typewriter, and from whence the ghostly click clack emanated. The sound from this machine seems about as adequate to its proportions as an elephants tail is to the elephant.

I had often wondered how copy was converted into printed matter. The copy is fixed upon a reading desk at the side of the machine. As the operator reads it he types it off on his keyboard, just as a typist writes a letter, only his touch is far lighter and daintier. The difference is that the typist has to strike the letters on to a sheet of paper, the linotypist releases with his touches little brass moulds of letters, punctuation marks, and so on. These drop into place, side by side, till a complete line is formed, and then, automatically, molten metal flows in, and creates a perfect line of type, hence the name of the machine "line-o'-type," which, once formed, instantly drops into what is called a "stick." The type is finally lifted from the "stick" and placed in "galleys," from which the first proofs are printed and take their name. An arm of the machinery reaches down and grips the moulds, &c., which have just been used, and carries them to a circular bar, from which they drop into the places specially designed for their reception, to be used over and over again. By using this machine, one operator can set up more type than ten men could accomplish with the old style of hand setting. It is another triumph of labour-saving machinery.

Then we went right into the whirr and boom, where the insatiable printing presses are fed with thousands and thousands of huge sheets of blank paper, which become the readable pages of the magazine as if by magic. Here the paper patterns, which are given away with *The New Idea*, are being cut out. The paper from which they are cut is exceedingly thin, but 5,000 sheets packed together resemble a solid piece of wood, three inches thick, and the parts are cut out by an endless saw, exactly as fret-work is done. There you would think a man would lose his fingers, so close does he hold the uneven ends of the nearly finished magazines to the great guillotine which cuts them even. Girls hammer the

pages into submission, others give them the final sewing. Everyone roars to each other, and all that reaches the ears is a thin whisper. It is certainly a noisy place, but there is something to make a noise about. I was going into further detail of this department, but as space is rather limited, and I still have plenty to say, I think I had better leave it alone.

Miss Bromby asked me to write about my journalistic life, so please accept this request as my humble apology for this decidedly personal article. She asked me to give some idea of what we were expected to do, how we did it.

On a magazine you must be competent to deal with the whole journalistic round. You must possess the fictional instinct. You must be able to write any article at a moment's notice, upon any subject, from etiquette upwards, which your editor requires. You must be able to interview, and it is essential that you be a quick worker.

Interviewing is a most delightful branch of journalism. Probably you are astonished that the word delightful is used in connection with the work. It is quite the exception when a journalist does not love his or her profession. It would be impossible to do the work without loving it. For the time being you completely forget everything, except the one thing upon which you are engaged.

There is an interview of which I particularly want to tell you girls. It is not one with a great actress, or artist, but on the contrary, it is one with a very great sufferer. And I want you all to help her in some little way. You know the days when you feel really good, or I expect you do! When you feel you would just love to help someone, it really doesn't matter to you who it is, as long as you can let off some of your exuberance. Well on one of those days will you pick a few flowers (white carnations are her favourites) from your lovely garden, or some fruit, or even send something more material, and put them in a box and address it to Miss H. R. Higgins, "Gladwish," 1 Page Street, Clifton Hill. The action would carry both help and happiness with it.

When I was first told to interview Miss Higgins, I felt very nervous. As a rule I never feel nervous about interviewing, for after all, it is only talking naturally and happily to a person along a given line. But I knew Miss Higgins could not talk naturally to me, for ever since 1904 she has been dumb. And her dumbness was her last affliction, not her first. Both her poor arms have been amputated and one leg as well. She has lain on a sofa in the same room--a little room in a weather-board cottage, which looks out on a factory, and is flanked by the huge brick wall of the local state school

—for the last twelve years; she has not been out of the house for, I think, seventeen; she has not been free from pain since 1870! And yet this wonderful woman has never been cast down by her pain and suffering. Indeed, to a very great extent, she has overcome them, and she told me she had done this by prayer and faith. Her life is a tremendous influence for good. She has a cheerful message for every fellow-sufferer which helps them to bear their individual pain. And I was absurd enough to feel nervous at the idea of interviewing her! But the funny part was, she was terrified at the idea of being interviewed by me! So I immediately forgot my own nervousness in overcoming hers! She “talks” by pointing to a piece of cardboard covered with glass, on which are printed the letters of the alphabet, also the sentences “God is Love,” “Thank you,” “Love at Home,” and “Glad to see you.” I expect you are wondering how she “points,” when presumably she has nothing with which to point! When her right arm was amputated, Miss Higgens, who dearly loves a pen, learnt to write with her left hand, and when in 1899 the left arm was also removed, she invented a device which enabled her to write so well, that she took the position of secretary to a busy doctor, and successfully managed all his correspondence. The way in which she accomplished this truly marvellous feat is as follows:—In the cork socket of her left arm is screwed a bit of wood, very like a thick penholder, and attached to the end of this is a piece of india-rubber, which somewhat resembles a thimble. With this she can turn the leaves of a book, and point to her card of letters. The right arm socket is furnished similarly with a fountain pen, and this is controlled by the joint of a compass, which lends the pen the correct curves needed for the proper formation of the letters. The combination is Miss Higgens’ own invention. At meals a knife and fork are substituted.

In 1899 Miss Higgens wrote a book without telling a single soul what she was doing (and you may be very sure that no one suspected it), which she called “Cloud and Sunshine.” It was a biographical sketch. From its sale she derives her main source of income. She will post an autograph copy to any address on receipt of $\frac{2}{3}$ in stamps or postal note. She never complains, and she is always cheerful, bright, and happy. Her sufferings are continual and terrific. When I asked her how she could bear them, she pointed to a verse, which I will quote, and with which I finished up our interview.

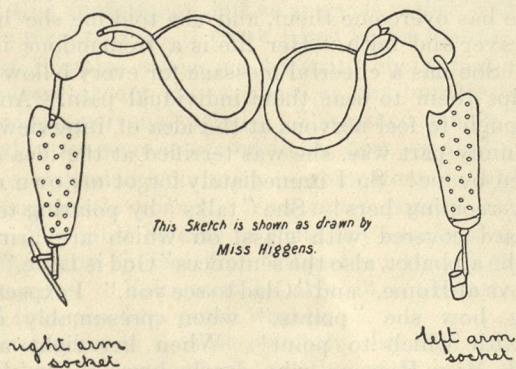
Feed on His faithfulness, oh heart of mine,

Tho’ clouds encompass thee, the stars still shine.

When morning breaks, thine eyes shall see the blue,

Lie down and rest in Him, He’ll bear thee through.

The following illustrations will give you a fair idea of the apparatus which Miss Higgens invented to enable her to write after she lost her arms, and the use she makes of it:—



A fair example of Miss Higgens' writing—

It is such a comfort to me, that
 Jesus said, "My grace is sufficient
 for thee". 2 Cor. 12. 9.
 "I will never leave thee, nor forsake
 thee"; Hebrews 13. 5.
 "I have prayed for thee, that thy
 faith fail not." Luke 22. 32.
 I prove His love for me continually.
 H. R. H.

Blocks courteously supplied by Messrs. Fitchett Bros.

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It is always a pleasure to me to see "The Ruytonian," for I love Ruyton. I never see a Ruyton girl wearing the old badge, without wondering who she is, and what she is like.

There is just one more thing which I wish to say, and I say it with most sincere respect and affection. I don't think any school in Australasia ever had a more beloved and revered head mistress than our own dear Miss Bromby. To the many girls who have been under her, she has set an example of

truth and justice, which, consciously or unconsciously, must have greatly influenced their lives. When she asked me to write this "paper jabber" to you, I was eager to do it, as I was so glad of the opportunity to tell the girls of Ruyton to-day, how much the girls of the Ruyton of yesterday, still honour and reverence their old school mistress.

RUYTON.

Do all Ruytonians know that the fourth Sunday in the month has been for some time the recognised day for those who have been confirmed to partake of the Holy Communion? What a bond it would be if we *all*, even though living apart, would make this a practice.

E. LASCELLES.



