

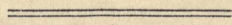
G. W. W. W.



— The —
Ruytonian



APRIL, 1913.



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RUYTON GIRLS' SCHOOL

THE RUYTONIAN

APRIL, 1913.

EDITORIAL.

Vera Aldom is the Old Girls' representative for this paper, but she is really not an old girl, as she is coming back to school. Lucy Tickell and Esther Gibson were elected by the girls to be School Editors.

We have had so few contributions from the old girls that we think they do not realize that the paper is partly theirs. We have to thank Miss Lascelles for the information about old girls. This would be a very poor edition but for the help and encouragement Miss Hooper has given us.

This is the first time there has been a School competition for the Ruytonian, and we are very pleased with its success. We hope that there will be a still greater number of entries for the next competition. It is a pity that the class notes have not come up to the standard of last issue—they are exceedingly dull.

E. GIBSON.

L. TICKELL.

SCHOOL NOTES IN GENERAL.

Vera Aldom will still be in our Tennis Four as she is returning to school for several subjects. This should make our four very strong this year.

Beryl Kelly is by this time at school in Edinburgh, and now she'll have to work!

We congratulate the girls who passed Junior Public last year. Winsome Cowen passed with four distinctions; Elvie Carnegie passed eight subjects with one distinction; Hilda Robertson passed in five subjects and the necessary sixth in the "sups." There is a large Junior Public class this year, and we hope some of them also are going to win honour for Ruyton.

Lord Jinks has left us. He has gone to live in South Yarra, where he meets with much admiration.

Michael has at last been photographed after unsuccessful attempts of many years. Unfortunately, the print given us is too light for blocking.

We were all very sorry to lose Mrs. Winspear, who has been at Ruyton many years. We congratulate her on her new position.

The Junior School very much wishes to have the gymnastic apparatus put up. Perhaps if they had the ladders and ropes to work off their remarkable energy on, there would not be so great a demand for pepper trees! Could they not get up some sort of an entertainment to supply the means.

Sounds of merriment and of tennis balls rang out on Saturday, March 29th, when Miss Hooper and the Sports Committee gave a very enjoyable T.T.T.—Twenty Minutes Tennis Tournament. Balls were flying everywhere, and several of the audience had an exciting afternoon dodging them! Everything was splendidly arranged by L. Tickell, the secre-

tary. Some of the mothers and several old girls were present to watch the exciting games which took place. After a hotly-contested game between M. Hiscock and E. Whybrow versus V. Taverner and D. Wischer, the trophy was finally won by the former pair. As this afternoon was such a success, we hope that another will soon be given.

A "linen tea" was given by IIB last year to aid St. George's Hospital. A short programme was given by some of the day girls. After the concert, tea was given in IIB's class-room. It was rather hot, so there was a rush on the ice-cream. A large clothes-basketful of linen was given and also a great number of flowers, of which the patients were very glad. It was decided to send flowers twice a week to the hospital. We have to thank V. Carnegie for collecting the flowers and M. Hiscock for taking them to the patients.

OUR FIRST SPORTS DAY.

Towards the end of last year it was suggested that there should be a Sports Day. The Sports Committee were consulted, and they decided to have one on December 6th, for which there should be no special training. The girls could pay 1s. and enter for any of the races; the money got this way was used for prizes.

Dr. Gamble very kindly lent us the Asylum oval, and an arrangement was made with "The Boston" for refreshments. Two Old Girls—S. Tickell and H. Ramsay—acted as judges, and we have to thank them very much.

On the 6th of December the weather was very dull and unpromising, but only one shower came on, and that was not enough to dampen our spirits. There were the ordinary running and jumping competitions, and it was only in the high jump that the girls found their skirts in the way. Points were scored by the winners of the races. W. Cowen won the most points in the Senior division, so she was awarded the Senior Championship, which was a silver cup presented by Dr. Argyle. The Junior Championship was won by K. Tickell, who received a clock from the Sports Committee.

We have to thank Mrs. Wischer, Mr. Blake, Dr. Argyle, V. Aldom and K. Hirschfeld for the prizes they so kindly presented.

One of the most interesting races was that of the Old Girls, which was won by M. Gamble. The whole afternoon was a splendid success, and we have to thank A. Veitch and I. Argyle for working so hard for it. This year we hope to have another sports day, which we can really train for.

We have also to thank Mr. K. Henderson for acting as starter. Our feminine nerves are not yet educated up to pistols.

THE DOGS' BLACK MARIA.

One day, when I was going to town, my tram passed a curious kind of cart. Like a square iron box, black, wicked-looking, with an iron grating to let in a little light and air. My eyes glanced over it idly and incuriously until I saw a beautiful sable collie gazing out of the grating. "Whatever is that?" I asked the tram-guard. "That cart, O that's the

dogs' 'Black Maria'—taking them to prison." I then heard wailing and yelping from within the cart and saw the muzzles and paws of small dogs, who were vainly trying to see out of the grating; but the beautiful stately collie looked sadly out without making a sound. I wonder if he is dead now? For the guard told me that they would be taken to a dogs' prison in South Yarra, and there, the next day, unless someone bought a dog out, they would all be killed. "Bought!" I said. "If the owners get there and claim them I suppose they can have them?" "No," he said, "you have to buy them." "I know a boy," he went on, after selling a few tickets, "who found his dog there and hadn't a penny to buy him, and there was no time to go home and get money, and his dog was being dragged away to be drowned before his eyes, and the boy was crying and stamping with rage and grief, poor little chap, when a man that was looking for his dog, too, gave him the necessary five shillings." "Oh," I said, "I am glad!" "Well, it was worth it," he said, "to see the little chap so happy. They just ran out of the yard." "But," I said, "drowned? Isn't there a lethal chamber?" "Dunno what that is, miss," he said; but they're drowned right enough, poor brutes, and they see each other dragged and thrown in, and they understand quite well, poor things." "Well," I said, as I stepped out into stately Collins-street, "it's all surprisingly brutal for a city like this."

A little while after, one very cold day, I saw in Collins-street a miserably thin, ill-treated dog, a rather good fox-terrier, shivering with cold and hunger and too far gone to beg. With some difficulty I found a policeman, a fat, jolly, red-faced man, and asked him where was the Home for Lost Dogs. For I had heard there was one. "Just down there," he said with a laugh, and pointing with his thumb down Market-street. He meant the Yarra. Now I don't altogether believe in "putting things out of their misery," as we say. Too often that desire springs from a selfish instinct—to save ourselves the misery of seeing them. And I think often that if a starving, shivering dog was asked if he wanted to be "put out," he would answer, if he could, "No, it may be warmer to-morrow." You see, they have only one life, as far as we know, and they have not got the "sorrow's crown of sorrow"—the memory of "happier things." Well, *retournons a notre chien*; we got him some meat at the Mia Mia, bravely carried it in a newspaper parcel, and found the dog in a little recess, where he could eat it. Poor thing, he could hardly believe his nose! At any rate he probably got strength to wander on, and perhaps find a home. Dear dogs! How sorry I am for those people who don't care for them; who can live without one. So faithful, loyal, kind, forgiving, sympathetic, unassuming; better Christians often, as Gertrude Page says, than we are. I've liked Gertrude Page a little better since I found that. She can't write English; she has no charm of style; her people are mediocre or absurd; but she is at least anti-snob and pro-dog. Well, I am wandering again. I wanted to tell you that I would not have made you sad for nothing. Melbourne has now a Lost Dogs' Home. Ought we not to help it? Perhaps some of you—old girls would have most time—would visit it and tell us all about it in our next number. It is in Langford-street, North Melbourne.

F. E. HOOPER.

OLD RUYTONIANS.

Queenie Eeles (Mrs. Howell), who has lived in India since her marriage, is now travelling in Europe with her little daughter Esme.

We offer our congratulations to Erminie D'arlot on her engagement to Mr. Irving, the youngest brother of the Misses Irving, of Lauriston.

We congratulate Beth Austin, who was recently married to Mr. Newton Lees, of Shelford.

Viola Robertson is taking up nursing and soon enters one of the Melbourne hospitals for training.

We wish to congratulate Connie Warnock, who married Mr. John Lang, of Beeac, in September.

Minna Simpson has left for a visit to England, where she will continue her work for the Mission to Lepers. She hopes to go to India on her return trip.

Hilda Daniell has left Exeter and is going to France with Minna Simpson.

Nellie Austin (Mrs. Gatehouse) is staying in Geelong. She has a baby boy named Jim.

Audrey Lascelles is playing this year in the Geelong Tennis Tournament. We hope she will do well.

Ida Westmorland is teaching Anna Stevenson's small sisters and brothers at Hay.

Elsie Turner (Mrs. Austin), with her little girl Joan, has gone to England.

We regret to record the sad death of Ruby Bowman (Mrs. Donald) at the shocking motor fatality which took place at Aspendale. We wish to express our sincerest sympathy with her family.

Kathleen Watkins has just dissolved partnership with Miss Lang, of the Queen's Library, Geelong, and is going to Rhodesia.

Olive Brown has just gone for a trip to England. We hope she will have a very enjoyable time.

Molly Wallace is the proud possessor of prize poultry. We hope they will Pay! Pay! Pay!

Doris Boag is going in for the kindergarten full course in Launceston.

Laura Clarke is off to England to stay with her married sister in Plymouth. We wish her bon voyage.

Retta Hornemann has passed her First Year education and is now going in for her diploma.

Norma Tatchell has come back from her trip to England. We hope to see her soon.

Deanie Francis has completed her office course and now has a good "Government billet."

Lilian Whybrow did not complete her First Year Arts. We hope she will have better luck next time.

Grace Edgar returned from her trip through England and the Continent at the end of last year. We hope she will come over to Melbourne soon.

We hear that Win. Ward is teaching two little children. We hope that she is still keeping up her music.

Gladys and Lolo Grey Smith have gone to England this year. We hope that they will have a very good time.

Mary Wynne has returned from her trip to England.

We offer our congratulations to Marian Griffiths on her engagement to Mr. Nyall.

Gladys Collins has returned after a very enjoyable trip through America, England and the Continent. We hope she will send us an account of her travels.

Miss Hooper hopes that old girls will come more often to see her and the school. She is always "at home" on the second Tuesday.

PRIZE LIST—1912.

Honour Prizes.

Form IIa.—Marjorie Camm.

Form IIIa.—Nellie Burnip, May Hiscock, Lois Blake.

Form IIIb.—Maud Hiscock.

Form IVa.—Gwen Burnip, Nanna Hornemann.

Form IVb.—Gwynneth Sutton, Viola Tavener,

Dux of School.—Winsome Cowen.

Best All-round Girl.—Vera Aldom.

Gifts of Friends.

The Rev. Dr. Kelly's prize for Best Examinations.—Nellie Burnip.

Mrs. Wischer's prize for Reading Aloud.—Nanna Hornemann, Emmie Whybrow.

Miss Hooper's prize for Designing.—Bessie Argyle.

Dr. Cowen's prize for Literature.—Winsome Cowen.

Captain Tickell's prize for Australian Knowledge.—Lucy Tickell, Annabel Syme.

PORT ARTHUR, TASMANIA.

Early in the nineteenth century a convict settlement was founded at Port Arthur, which is on Tasman's Peninsula, connected with the mainland only by a small isthmus, about thirty or forty yards wide, called Eaglehawk Neck. Escape was rendered practically impossible, as the land provided very little food and the neck was so carefully guarded by soldiers and dogs; the latter placed at intervals so that a man could not possibly pass between them. Many attempts were made to escape by swimming to the mainland, but were generally unsuccessful.

The settlement of Port Arthur is, in these days, most beautiful, situated as it is round a little cove, where the deep water comes up to the shore. Some of its greatest beauties are the splendid trees and beautiful land-locked harbour in which lies the sad little Island of the Dead, the burial place of the settlement, and near it Point Puer, where the boy convicts were sent. I think that this latter is one of the saddest places, the average age of the boys was ten; and on the point is a high cliff, over which two little hopeless boys threw themselves, preferring death to captivity.

The buildings of the settlement are all built of yellow sandstone, and the church is really beautiful; it, like the other buildings, has been burnt, so that its walls and spire alone remain. They are covered with ivy and surrounded by trees. Leading up to the church is a fine oak avenue, through which the commandant drove to service. The scene must have been a strange one, for the convicts were guarded by an armed man, who commanded the whole building.

At the water's edge are the remains of a large, forbidding-looking building, the Penitentiary, where the prisoners worked at various trades; and on the basement the old oven still remains. At the back of the building is a yard enclosed by high walls, where the prisoners were paraded before and after meals. Above and at the back of this building is the magazine, with a round buttressed tower, so situated as to command the settlement.

On the tongue of land bounding the south side of the cove is the commandant's house, surrounded by most beautiful trees. At the back of the magazine, on the high ground and splendidly situated, is the hospital, a substantial two-storied stone building.

Passing from the back of the hill to the head of the cove one comes upon the Model Prison, so called because of the arrangement of cells and corridors, which affords a maximum of control for a minimum of attendance. The interior of the building was practically commanded from the central hall. The lighting and ventilation of the place has not been given any thought.

Port Arthur is one of the prettiest places I have seen: it abounds in green over-grown lanes and beautiful views; but the associations are so sad as to take away much enjoyment. It is indeed very hard to imagine that such unhappiness existed amidst such great beauty.

WINSOME COWEN.

COMPETITIONS.

We have to announce the result of the story competition. The stories on the whole were very good, and the editors had great difficulty in deciding which was the best. The final decision lay between "Odd" and "Joy's Triumph." The prize was awarded to Annabel Syme, the author of the latter story, on account of the general style and naturalness.

"Odd." Charming original, but the interest flags towards the end.

"In the Time of the Revolution." This begins well but the ending is weak.

"Mary's Night Ride." The best composition, but the story is dragged out.

"Bravery Rewarded." Fairly well constructed, but not very interesting.

"A Lesson." This subject is too difficult for an amateur.

In the Junior Competition the stories showed very minute observation on the part of the authors. Among the best were E. Whybrow's, L. Whybrow's, M. Carnegie's, the prize being awarded to S. Hooper.

COMPETITION STORIES.

Joy's Triumph.

"Hi! Ruth, have you heard the news? Herr Schultz, that old German professor of music from the London Academy of Music, who came to the last school concert, is coming to the one next week, to hear the girls play, and whichever one pleases him most he is going to give a scholarship to the Academy. You know he's simply crazy on music, and he was very taken with some of the playing last time. Of course we all know you'll win it.

"Never heard about it," said Ruth Selwyn, a dark-haired girl of about sixteen.

"Of course you didn't," said Joan Carson, a lively girl of fourteen, with dark eyes and a curly mop of hair. "'Cos it's only just announced. Miss Hunt just told us a little while ago. You're sure to get it though; you're the only genius we possess."

"Oh, nonsense. But how many girls are going in for it?" asked Ruth.

"Only about ten," said Joan. "I'd go in for it, only I'm so hopeless. I can't play a five-finger exercise without a mistake in it. Oh, do you know what, little Joy Clarke is going in for it. She can't play, can she? I hear her rattling through Czerny's things for hours at a time. Well, I must go now; all the girls are going down to hockey. I'll see you sometime." And Joan darted out the door and joined a group of girls with hockey sticks in the yard.

Ruth, with her music under her arm, went slowly upstairs into the music-room, where she began to go over her piece for the concert. It was one of Beethoven's beautiful airs. She played very well, having a natural talent and being extremely fond of music. When she went downstairs again she met Joan hanging up her hat on her peg. Joan turned towards her and said, "I heard you playing, and I think you're splendid. And do you know what, Joy Clarke is only going to play Mendelssohn's 'Gondellied.' I did think she would choose something more ambitious, didn't you? Oh, dear, there's the old bell. Come on."

Herr Schultz arrived fairly early on the Friday afternoon, and was introduced to the girls who were going in for the scholarship by Miss Hunt, the Head. At 3 o'clock the performance started. All the girls contributed the usual concert pieces, but when Ruth came up to the piano every one clapped vigorously. She played her Beethoven well, but there was nothing remarkable in her performance. When Joyce seated herself on the piano-stool, and began to play, everyone sat as if under a spell. When she struck the first notes she became unconscious of the audience; all she saw was the Venetian canal, flooded by moonlight and gliding gently and gracefully down it, a gondola with a gondolier and his picturesque costume seated in the stern, tinkling his gaily beribboned lute. The beautiful building and dark canal were flooded in moonlight, and were shining like molten silver. As she played the last rippling notes, and arose from her seat, the applause nearly swept off the roof. The girls were clapping and stamping, but when Herr Schultz majestically strode up to the shy, nervous girl, who was overcome with her success, everyone stopped to listen what was coming.

"Mees Clarke, you play beautifully, magnificently; you are a genius; you have won de scholarship." And he shook her hand heartily. And it was true: the genius which had been hidden deep down in her soul sprang to life. Ruth was the first to congratulate her. She slapped her vigorously on the back saying, "I am glad you won it. You're a genius, and no one knew it."

A. SYME.

True Stories of Animals by the Juniors.

"Friends."

One day I was standing in front of our house, and two little willie-wag-tails flew into a tree. They did not see me, but I saw them; they were going to build a nest. After a while our dog came up. He was black, and his name was Darkie. Every day he came till the birds got used to him. At last the willie-wag-tails came down out of the tree and sat by the dog, and, after a while, one sat on his tail, flying off and on to make sure the dog was not going to bite. Now they trot about together—Willie on the dog's tail—and are quite happy. They look just like "Good Friends."

S. HOOPER.

A Blue Crab.

I have often watched a blue crab make its hole. It gets sand in its legs and pushes it up, and that forms a little hill all around the hole. As it bores down it covers itself over with sand. If you dig one out it lies still, pretending to be dead. Then, if you are still, it thinks you have gone, and it starts again.

E. WHYBROW.

An Ant's Funeral.

One day, when I was walking over the grass, I saw a track of about an inch wide. Looking closer, I saw that there were a lot of ants gathered round a sick or dead one. The ants seemed to be very busy, and I watched them. Soon they had the ant raised up by its legs. In this way they dragged it to a hole in their hole, and disappeared.

L. WHYBROW.

ODD.

Have you ever been the odd one? Or have you ever felt that you are breaking the old proverb, "Two's company, three, they say, is none"? Well, if you have, you know what it feels like. But this story does not concern the oddness of a human being, but the oddness of a very small, insignificant little chick; and if you will be patient for a little while it will tell you its story.

I was born not very long ago, although, to my mind, it feels like years; but still it was not long ago. You see, the whole trouble was that I was odd. I was not the last to come out of the egg, oh, indeed, no; two others came after me; but, I hardly like to say it, I had grey wings and a yellow body! My mother did not take much notice of me, for she was tired of sitting, and, indeed, I don't blame her; but she just said, "There's five out of the seven—only two more." At last the other two came out, and my mother said, "Now, come, let me have a good look at you all." We all stood in front of her, and even then I was odd, for all my brothers and sisters stood in pairs; but I stood alone, for no one wanted me. My mother, after adjusting her specs, took a long look at us.

"A very nice brood; but what is the matter with you," she said, pointing at me.

"I am very well, thank you, mother," I replied.

"Well, try to look it, my dear," she said.

That day we walked about our yard, and had lessons in drinking and eating. I do not want to be conceited, but really

I was not a stupid chick, but because my brothers and sisters chevvi'd me so, I did not know what to do, and thus my mother would often get very cross with me. For some days we stayed in the small yard, and then we were let into a bigger one. Now, this one was full of dangers. One day my youngest brother fell into a hole. Such a commotion ensued; you never heard anything like it. My mother and all our family stood around and looked at poor Peepy. Please do not think that I was brave, for I wasn't, but I just got a firm hold of Peepy's tail with my beak and pulled him out. Mother hugged him and we lifted him on her back. That night Peepy made a little heap of wheat for me, and thus I felt a little bit less odd.

But no one else was any kinder to me, and I believe mother was cross that, instead of looking ugly, my grey wings did look, as the little girl who fed us said, "quite sweet." But I don't think those were quite the right words to use. Some days I thought I should die, and it was a wonder that I did not, for several times I just missed having my eyes pecked out. I think the fairies must have looked after me, and sometimes at night I would creep out and see if I could not see any. Although I never really saw any, I used to think I heard them say, "Be brave, Tiny, be brave." And so I would go in and feel no longer odd, but quite happy.

One day (and this was the day of days for me) a nice kind old chook was brought into the yard. She was let out of her box, and I saw that she had just one little chick. Now there is nothing more to say, for Tips and I became friends immediately, and Tips' mother is my mother. But I would like to say that, often when everybody is asleep, I creep out and thank those dear invisible little fairies.

K. SNOWBALL.

GENERAL SPORTS.

This year the General Sports Club had their usual meeting to elect a treasurer, secretary and three members for the committee. The result of the elections were:—E. Carnegie, treasurer; L. Tickell, secretary; and L. Whybrow, E. Gibson and A. Veitch were chosen for the committee.

The first meeting of the sports committee was held on 25th February, when the first four was chosen, and a rule about challenging was made.

"The four nominated by the committee should be open to challenge, but each only to be challenged once by the same girl in the same term; if defeated, the nominated girl is privileged to challenge her opponent."

The committee decided that the Hockey Club should not join the Association this year owing to the lack of girls for practices, and a good ground close at hand for practising on, but that the club should have friendly matches with other schools.

TENNIS FOR 1913.

This year the tennis has been splendid, for all the girls are taking such an interest in it, and there are a great number of promising players.

The first four picked by the committee were W. Cowen, L. Tickell, L. Whybrow and M. Hiscock. A Syme challenged

M. Hiscock, but was defeated. Then V. Aldom returned to school, and, naturally, she resumed her old place in the four, and the committee decided to put L. Whybrow in the vacancy; she was challenged by M. Hiscock, whom she defeated.

The second four were then chosen: their names were A. Syme, M. Hiscock, G. Sutton and E. Carnegie. The challenges for this four have been too numerous to put down, and at present the four is M. Hiscock, A. Syme, D. Wischer and A. Veitch. We wish these girls luck in their first match against Merton Hall. The committee decided that the second four shall be privileged to wear the colours on their rackets.

Out of the very young players a third four has been chosen. This four will have no matches, but they will have a practice once a week with the second four. On Wednesday afternoon the court is to be given over to beginners, who will be coached by members of either the first or second fours.

Last year's tennis four have to thank Dr. Cowen for the ripping brooches which he gave them. The shield last year was won by the IIIb four; this year it will be played for earlier.

There is not much news about the tennis for the pennant matches have not begun yet, and we hope when they do that the girls will come and watch them.

SOME FOREIGN PHRASES AND THEIR MEANINGS.

- Bella horrida bella—There goes that wretched school bell.
 Cave Canem—Avoid tinned goods.
 Fiat experimentum in corpore vili—A pig run over by a motor-car.
 Hoc age—Old wine.
 Multum in parvo—A lady's shoe.
 O! si sic omnia—Steward!
 Vice versa—Bad poetry.
 Ex vote—The Suffragists.
 Amour propre—With a chaperon.
 De trop—The people in front of us.
 Homme de lettres—A postman.
 Hors de combat—A charger.
 Homme d'esprit—A saloon-keeper.

FORM NOTES.

Class II.

We all enjoyed our Christmas holidays, and were glad to meet each other again at school. We are all very sorry to lose our form-mistress, but hope to do a good year's work with our new teachers.

We all look forward to our French lesson. Miss Hooper makes it so interesting. We welcome five new girls in our class, and hope they will be very happy amongst us.

Class IIIa.

Our class is nearly the same as last year, though some of our girls were moved up into IIIb. Our new teacher this year is Miss Coleman. We were all very sorry to lose Miss Hay. We are going to try to win the tennis shield this year, and we hope to have a good four, but we have not yet chosen it. We did not win it last year, as IIIb got it.

Class IIIb.

Class IIIb is still in the same old room with IIIa. We are really IIIa's still, but some of us are called IIIb. We are just beginning to think about our class four, so we can't tell you who will be in it. Some of us have joined the Library, and on Wednesday, 12th, the librarians held a meeting, and asked everyone if they wanted any new books in the library. One of our class suggested "Glen Eyre" and "Bush Life." We have quite a collection of things for our museum, and on Wednesday the II's came and took one of our nature boxes for their caterpillars, so we have only one box now to keep our coral and shells and things in. Miss Hooper is teaching us about the equatorial currents, and we have three diagrams to show how it came about. Our History and French are also very interesting. Miss Coleman is showing us how to begin to knit a set of under-garments, but I don't think we will get on very fast, as it is close to Easter, and only about three of us have started. We have a new class-mate called Gladys Olive, who is a little further ahead in a few subjects.

Class IV.

We ever-famous IIIb-ites have all been moved up this year, and now flatter ourselves on being known as the "Fourth."

We are glad to welcome a new girl, to wit Muriel Wynne.

Last year our class won the tennis shield, and hope to recapture it again for the "Fourth."

Two of our girls are in the second four and one in the first four.

We still have our old room. We heard that the "Fifth" had their eye on it, but we stuck to it like glue, and mean to keep it as long as we can.

Class V.

We are pleased to say that this year the fifth class exceeds last year's by about seven girls. All but two intend to try for Junior Public this year.

We are pleased to welcome Esther Gibson back among us again after a year's absence. We hope that Vera Aldom will rejoin us soon.

Both librarians, Kitty Snowball and Viola Tavener, were chosen from our class this year, as well as the sports secretary, Lucy Tickell, and two other members of the Sports Committee. Lucy Tickell also represents our class in the 1st tennis four. We hope to have a good class four this year, and hope for the first time to have "fifth class" written on the shield as winners.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Winspear last year, but we are now studying Physiology under the guidance of Miss Jackson, whose lessons are eagerly looked forward to by us all.

We have the same form-room as we had last year. Old IVa and IVb have now joined together as the Vth.

Three girls have left us, and we wish them all good luck and happiness, although they are no longer with us.

There are none of last year's Vth in the class this year, and we congratulate Winsome, Elvie and Hilda on doing so well in Junior Public. We hope that we will follow their examples, and do equally well.

THE PEPPER-TREE GYMNASIUM.

Of course we like to **have** new girls;
 But still it's rather hard on us
 Because they go and hurt their selves
 That we're stopped climbing—such a fuss!
 You see, we know the trees by heart;
 We've climbed them now for more'n two years,
 And never had a naxident; we're not
 The crying sort, else there'd be tears!
 We know just where to put our feet;
 We know how much each bough will bend;
 We know how far it is to jump;
 An' now our fun's all at an end.
 An' there isn't much to do besides,
 The big girls **always** get the court;
 The see-saw's broken years ago;
 The swing's for **one**, and time's so short.
 An' hockey's **twice** as "dangerous,"
 And the Giant Stride's out of repair;
 'Spose we'll be playing hop-scotch next,
 Wearing our boots out! We don't care!
 Our Head she **likes** to have us climb:
 Says it makes us strong, and brave, and 'lert;
 And she likes us not to be afraid,
 Or think too much 'bout being hurt;
 "But it's too much 'sponserbilty,
 And our lessons interrupted, too";
 And so we're stopped. O, Maisie, why
 Should we be punished 'cause of you?
 Wish we could have the ladders up.
 (We've got some great gymnastic things.)
 Wish the giant stride was mended soon!
 Wish, might as well, that we had wings!

—IIIb-ite.

NEW COMPETITIONS.

The Editors offer a prize of 2s. 6d. for the best continuation and ending of the following story.

The Editors offer a prize of 2s. 6d. for the best illustration to the story, as, "Janet in the Haunted House," or any part of it. Dress for 1813 must be correct. In pencil, pen and ink, or any black and white.

These competitions are open to any subscriber to the paper. Brothers are invited to become subscribers and competitors.

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

Janet was twelve years old, and had been at school just three weeks, and "quite time, too," as her aunts said.

The school was in a London suburb, and the time was just a century ago. Janet hated it. She had lived, for a girl of those times, a remarkably free life, for her father was by way of being a follower of Mr. Rousseau, and her younger

and only brother was delicate, and for his sake Janet was allowed to romp and play and climb and fish and ride as few other girls were. But even her indulgent father had begun to see that she was growing too "hoydenish," and she was sent to Miss Mincham's, while John had his first tutor. The first week Janet cried; she just cried and cried. The second she sulked, but watched everything. The third week she decided that she would rather like to learn things, but that she could not, she simply could not, live shut up like that. They went out for a walk every day that it was fine, and sometimes the younger ones played ball or shuttlecock, but no one ever ran or shouted, and most of the time in the playground was spent in sauntering about in twos and threes and gossiping. The older girls showed their contempt for Janet's "unladylike" ways, but some of the younger ones admired her, and when she was punished severely for climbing on to the stable roof to look into the back lane she became a heroine to Sophie and Laura, two round-eyed fat little girls who showed their worship of her chiefly by ejaculating, "O, Janet," in a half admiring, half-reproving tone when she told them of past exploits or announced future ones. It was as much to gratify their admiration as in the hope of escape that in her fourth week of school she ran away, getting up before sunrise and slipping out unseen when the maids opened the house. It was perhaps very fortunate for her that a farmer's wife, guessing that the "little lady" had run away, beguiled her into her little parlour and locked her in, sending word to the village near by. So Janet was brought back to school in disgrace that evening to be met by her father, her aunts, and Miss Mincham sitting in solemn conclave in the parlour. They had already heard the news, and showed little to the child of the great relief they felt. For those were bad times. The wars with Napoleon had left England very poor, and crime and suffering were kept under by very cruel and ignorant laws. The streets were not lighted; there were many gipsies and vagabond soldiers back from the wars; and had Janet not been saved by the good farmer's wife, it is probable she would never have been heard of again. It was the knowledge of the great danger she had run that made them seem so severe. Miss Mincham at first said she could not have her back—"such a bad example," "such a disgrace to her school." At last she was persuaded to receive Janet once more, if Janet would promise never to do it, no matter what happened, again. Seeing her father's real distress, Janet, at first obstinate, gave in, and, in a burst of tears, promised. But soon Janet found another employment for her adventurous thoughts. Over the way was a large empty house. Falling into ruin for want of paint, shuttered, surrounded by a large garden filled with dark overgrown trees, it looked what it was said to be—"haunted." Janet industriously collected all the information she could about it; maids, gardeners, teachers all contributed. It was only when she ventured to ask Miss Mincham about that she got a commonsense view. "Nonsense," said she; "to my knowledge the house has been empty only ten years. The owner is an invalid, and lives in Italy. Haunted, indeed! there was no talk of that even three years ago. I expect someone is spreading the report for his own purposes; don't think about such silly things, my child. You may

imagine, however, that Janet preferred the "haunted" idea. Why, it was certain that strange lights and noises were seen and heard, and once!—but all ghost stories are much alike. At any rate it formed a most interesting subject of conversation among the younger girls, Janet taking the lead. At last, feeling the necessity of giving them a thrill, and actuated besides by genuine courage and love of adventure, she announced that she was going to explore the Haunted House.

"O, Janet!" said Kitty and Sophie in one admiring breath. Of course, after that she **had** to; but when? and how? and oh! what should she meet?

LIBRARY REPORT.

Although thirteen is considered an unlucky number, the year 1913 has brought the library a greater number of members.

Towards the end of last quarter some books for young readers were added to the library, and to this fact we owe the entries of several little girls.

Last year the subscription was 4s. a year, i.e. 1s. a quarter, but as there are now only three terms, we have to charge 1s. 4d. instead of 1s.

A meeting was held on Wednesday, March 12th, by the members and librarians to make out a list of new books suitable for the library. There were many suggested, and all seemed suitable; but as the funds will not cover the whole list, we have chosen the following as being the best:—"Kim," "Glen Eyre," "The Hill," "The Crisis," "Jan of the Windmill," "Wild Animals I have Known," and "The Coral Island."

There are many more books needed just as much as these, and we hope the girls who read this report, and who are not yet members of the library, will help us by bucking up and joining.

V. TAVENER,
K. SNOWBALL,

Librarians.

STREET SCENES IN CAIRO.

Clang! clang! clang! The noise of the two brass instruments which the seller of drinks sounds, rings through the streets, attracting the attention of the passers-by. He is a picturesque, though rather dirty, person, this native in his blue one-piece dress; and though his mixture does not look very inviting, the bottle in which it is kept makes up for it by its fittings of brass which glisten in the sun. There is a rattle and a bang as a ghari rushes through the streets with its driver shouting in Arab for everyone to get out of the way, which they do very leisurely. The horses in Cairo are noticeably beautiful, and they remind one of the Arab steeds one has dreamed about in Arabian Nights.

A sound of music is heard, and a gay, flower-bedecked procession passes—it is a wedding. The bride is in a gaily coloured closed carriage, for no one must see her. *She*, poor girl, has never seen her husband, who, very likely, is old; and if he is rich, has several wives. Only rich men can indulge in many wives, as it is rather an expensive habit.

Further down the street perhaps a funeral is passing—the body on a litter, which is carried by four men. Behind walk the mourners, chanting and playing harsh and weird music. The women, squatting on a flat vehicle like a coster's cart, drawn by a donkey, end the procession. The population of Cairo is so great that weddings and funerals take place all the time, so one soon gets used to seeing them in procession.

You hear the tap, tap, tap of a donkey ridden barebacked by a native, with a basket on either side for carrying the goods. The slow and steady pace of the camel, its back piled high with grass, is heard. This grass will be taken to the native bazaar to be sold. A closed carriage passes in which is, perhaps, a Moslem woman gaudily dressed with many ornaments all over her. If she walks in the streets she must wear a flowing black gown and must cover her face with a white yachmak if she is Turkish and a black one if she is Egyptian. A very picturesque figure is the water-seller, who carries his water in the skin of a pig on his back.

Every race seems to be represented in the streets. First and foremost is the everlasting beggar of the East, who is always asking for "Baksheesh for the love of Allah." The vendor of curios, post-cards, stamps, etc., is very much in evidence, and is very hard to get rid of. The sun-burnt Arab, with his majestic carriage, dressed in a flowing white dress and turban; the native in his bright blue dress; the Egyptian in his gaily coloured costume and red fez—these all add to the brilliant throng.

The air is filled with the clamour of strange tongues, and overhead the sky is blue and the sun shines brightly on the gay scene. There is colour everywhere, in the houses, the dresses and the flowers which abound everywhere. It is this which strikes the Europeans so much on first arriving in this wonderful city.

To tell you about the historic places and things would fill a book, but I must say a few words about the citadel. On the way up you would go through the Mohammedan burying-ground. They have the custom of building a house over the family tomb, and there, once a year, they spend a few days praying for souls of the dead. It is very gruesome to pass through the silent streets, and it is truly "a city of the dead."

The citadel is situated on the highest part of the city and is in reality a fort. A most extensive and beautiful view is spread before you. There at your feet lies this old historic city, with lofty minarets and gilded domes of mosques rising up into the air, giving a charming irregularity to the scene. As one looks over the desert and sees the monuments erected by the old Egyptians, the Pyramids, one wonders if a new generation will ever arise and restore the former honour and glory of Egypt to make it once more a mighty power in the world.

SPES.

PET MARJORIE.

(Continued.)

Marjorie had a pretty busy day for a little girl of seven. In one of her letters she writes:—

"We have regular hours for all our occupations. First at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing, and come home at eight; we then read our Bible and get our repeating (learn our les-

sons), and then play till 10; then we get our music till 11, when we get our writing and accounts. We sew from 12 till 1, after which I get my gramer and then work till 5. At 7 we come and knit till 8, when we don't go to the dancing. This is an exact description."

Her reading continues to be very varied. "Thomson is," she writes in her diary, "a beautiful author, and so is Pope, but nothing to Shakespeare, of which I have a little knowledge. Macbeth is a pretty composition, but awful one." She wants "to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without my desire being granted."

Novels and romances, too, she reads, and gets so interested in "lovers and heroins" that Isabella will not allow her to speak of them. "Love is a very hapithatic thing, as well as troublesome and tiresome (!); but O, Isabella, forbid me to speak of it." But with all this she is but a child—she loves the animals at Beachhead: "Swine, geese and cocks." "they are the delight of my soul." She thinks a father-turkey who killed one of his own offspring "ought to be transported or hanged" (this reminds one that it was the time when convicts were transported to Australia). She discovers that surplus kittens and puppies are drowned, and her tender little heart is so distressed for the mothers—"it is a hard case, it is shocking"—and she decides that she will have "a father dog, because they do not have puppies."

In November, 1811, Maidie, Scott's pet and darling, his "bonnie wee croodlin' doo" (dove), caught measles, and she died after some weeks' illness.

She talked mostly of her dear friend Isabella during these last days, and her last thought was for her, asking the doctor when she would be "up." "If you will let me out at the New Year I will be quite contended; I want to buy a New Year's gift for Isa with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles, and I would like to choose it myself."

A LIST.

Showing at a glance the chief productions of the most noted countries and places of the world:—

America (North).—Yarns, records and English countesses.

Australia.—Cricketers and footballers.

Belgium.—Hares, Ostend-sibly rabbits.

Brussels.—Carpets and sprouts.

Germany.—Bands, scares and measles.

India.—Ink and rubber.

Italy.—Organ-grinders, ice cream and 'igh screamers.

(WHAT'S WHAT.)

QUESTION BOX.

Is it true that much tennis playing makes the feet broad and the ankles thick?—"Graceful."

Could you tell me if, according to Dog Show Regulations, the tails and ears of any breed are now allowed to be cut?—Billy.

Could any reader of the "Ruytonian" tell me in what magazine last year a poem called "Maidenhair" appeared?—Forgetful.

16

1871