

— The —

Ruytonian



NOVEMBER, 1913.

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RUYTON GIRLS' SCHOOL

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EDITORIAL.

We are very thankful that this is our last issue, as we are tired of asking girls to write when they don't want to. The present girls do far more to help the paper than the Old Girls, and it is not our fault if the Old Girls' column is short and scrappy. However, we must not tar them all with the same brush, for we have to thank F. Hawker for her contributions of "White Cliffs," and also Miss Daniell, who has written an article for this issue. Our thanks are also due to several present girls—W. Cowen, E. Carnegie, A. Syme and H. Blake. The class-notes are much better and more interesting than the last. We wish some of the girls would invoke the muse of poetry to inspire them—the poetical talent of Ruyton girls seems hidden under a very large bushel.

As the exams. are near at hand, we have no time for a long or witty editorial, but we hope the girls will give all the support they can to the future editors, so that the Ruytonian may become more and more interesting.

L. TICKELL.

E. GIBSON.

GENERAL SCHOOL NOTES.

About the beginning of the holidays the Ruyton girls came up to School to welcome Miss Daniell, who had just arrived from England. Miss Daniell was a pupil and a mistress at Ruyton before she was chosen as our seventh Head. Miss Lascelles and Miss Henderson arranged a welcome for her, to which the parents and some of the Old Girls were asked. It was a most successful evening, and Miss Daniell's acquaintances had a chance of renewing their friendship with her.

We cannot express our gratitude enough to Miss Lascelles. She left her home in Geelong to come and do a yeoman's work in tiding us over the time till Miss Daniell's arrival. We were only too sorry that she could not stay with us always.

Miss Lascelles thought it a pity that the Dorcas Club should have died out, so it was decided to have a Charity Fund which would be run in conjunction with the Sports Club. The committee decided to help at the bazaar held at the house of Mrs. Lewis Carnegie, in aid of the Burnley Free Kindergarten. As the girls are asked to contribute 1s. yearly, a collection was made then. With the money collected articles were bought for the Hoop-la and Bran Pie, which were run by the Ruyton girls. The afternoon was a great success, and over £50 was made.

We were all very sorry to lose Miss Calcutt, who left to be married. We wish her every happiness. The fifth and the

fourth class joined together in giving her a silver jewel case with a Ruyton "R" engraved on it.

This year there are five girls going up for Junior Public, and we all hope they will do as well if not better than the girls last year.

This year we could not get a ground for the hockey practises, so we had to be content with the playground. The lower branches of the pepper trees were cut down to give more room for the game.

On October 3rd we had our usual dramatic entertainment. The elder elocution pupils acted a part of "As You Like It" and a duologue called "In Two Minds." The younger girls gave "The Two Princesses." The intervals were filled by songs by most of the school. Nellie Patterson and Gwen Burnip managed the sweets, and altogether £9 was made.

Again this year we had to meet Toorak in the finals for the tennis Pennant. This year they gave us rather a bad beating. They are not only a steadier four but are much stronger physically than our girls. We hope the girls are practising to fill in the vacancies left at the end of the year by the captain, V. Aldom, and by W. Cowen and L. Tickell.

Nellie Patterson, Viola Tavener, Veda Carnegie, Muriel Wynne and Esther Gibson were confirmed in September by the Bishop of Wangaratta. We should like to remind these girls that the Communion day for Ruyton girls is the fourth Sunday in the month.

At the beginning of the term Ruyton had a visit from the little daughter of an old Ruytonian—Mrs. Brydges. We hope Mary will soon grow old enough to come here as a pupil.

On November 1st Miss Daniell and the Sports Committee gave another T.T.T.—Twenty Minutes Tennis Tournament. It was a beautiful day and so sunny that some of the spectators were rather sleepy. However, when the bell went for tea there was a general rush to partake, and everyone was thoroughly aroused and interested in the final matches which took place. The prizes were finally won by P. Robinson and May Hiscock, and we wish to congratulate them on playing so well. The catering was under the charge of E. Carnegie, who saw that everyone had something to eat. The secretary, L. Tickell, arranged everything very well, and everyone enjoyed their afternoon.

Some people are never satisfied! A half-holiday was kindly given us on the day of the Old Girls' Re-union, and yet a great wail arose from some of the community when they found that home-work must be done, because, they said, the half-holiday had taken away their preparation hour. Perhaps Miss Daniell had better leave out the half-holiday.

Vera Aldom and Winsome Cowen are the only two girls who have entered for the School Girls' Championship. We hope that one of them will be champion.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

London is full of quiet backwaters—peaceful little spots in which one feels that such necessities of modern life as tubes and non-stop trains and motor 'buses have neither part nor lot. Such, for instance, is Postman's Park, with its

quaint shelter and green lawns directly opposite the busy G.P.O.; or the Temple Gardens, off the bustling Strand; or Charter House, redolent of mediaevalism; or the Foundling Hospital.

This home for foundlings—a big building in fine grounds, in Guildford-street—was founded 300 years ago to help certain little children unfortunate, it is true, but not as unfortunate as some. The children are handed over by their mothers, who renounce them for ever, to the hospital, which takes entire control and which, in accordance with the founder's wish, also helps the mother to earn her living.

As tiny babies the foundlings are cared for outside the Home and are sent on there at the age of six.

I found that the best time to see the foundlings was on Sunday morning, when service in the chapel is open to visitors. The chapel is a large one and the gallery, reserved for the foundlings, was filled with boys and girls of all sizes and shapes—especially shapes. The girls, who sit primly in the front rows, are dressed in maroon cloth dresses with no collars and very short sleeves. Over these they wear white aprons and on their heads neat little white linen caps with finely pleated crowns. The hair of the little girls is cropped, but the bigger girls are allowed to wear theirs long. As for the boys, they looked almost bald, so closely cropped was their hair. They also wore maroon clothes of curious and antique cut.

The behaviour of the children throughout what must have been to them an intensely boring service was exemplary. Even the little boys comforted themselves with a gravity of demeanour of which a graven image need not have been ashamed, and this, despite a service which, though intended for their spiritual uplifting, was specially adapted to the needs of the very fashionable congregation beneath them.

But the really interesting part of Sunday, both to visitors and to foundlings, came after morning service, when all filed out of chapel into the big diningroom where the children's dinner was laid.

The children lined up behind their chairs, and, with arms folded crosswise on their breasts and heads well back, they chanted in unison their thanks to God for his care of them. Few sights could be sadder than to see those poor mites, deprived of every child's just due—a happy childhood, thanking God for the makeshift which was theirs. One little girl was frankly bored to death with the long grace, and, though standing in the pious attitude of prayer, her face was well nigh rent in twain by one stupendous yawn. That yawn was a human touch and spoke volumes.

Grace over, the children fell to and made a dinner of roast mutton, lettuces (embryo cabbages), buns and baked plum pudding that would have ruined the digestion of a healthy ostrich. The visitors, who stood gaping at them while they ate, might have been so many phantoms for all the notice those hungry little foundlings took of them. When the meal was over the children clumped out of the room in their heavy boots, each carrying a large shiny bun for future consumption.

Surely when they looked at the beautifully dressed children among the spectators who watched them at their meal, the more thoughtful of the children must have been struck

by the hideous contrasts life offers. Perhaps it did not occur to them. Perhaps they took it all for granted as children do. One thing is certain, their philosophical reflections interfered in no way with their appetites, and it seemed almost incredible that their small interiors could carry all they ate.

H. DANIELL.

OLD RUYTONIANS.

Emily Willshire writes that she is leaving England soon to return to Western Australia. She has had a delightful trip to Belgium, where she visited, among other places, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Namur, Liege, and the battlefield of Waterloo. She also was at a reception for Australians and met Daisy Magenniss and Bessie Moffatt, the Davidsons and G. Weatherby.

Edith and Mildred Davidson are at present on a trip to England.

Grace Edgar is engaged to Mr. Prescott Harper. We wish her the best of happiness.

Louie and Mary Watkins have returned from England and are living in Edwards-street, Brisbane. Kathleen is also with them.

We congratulate Beatrice Derham on her engagement to Mr. Pym.

We hear that Olive McLaurin is to be married to Mr. George Howatt in March. We hope she will send us her address when she is married.

We congratulate Minna Simpson on her engagement to Mr. Frank Johnstone. She is enjoying her trip to England and the Continent. England appeals to her more than the Continent. Paris, she says, is dirty, and only enthusiasts can be expected to appreciate the "old masters" in the midst of an untidy city. At Cologne she slept on one feather bed and under another. This would have been fairly comfortable only that the mattresses were both too short. She tried her German on a guileless but evidently stupid German, who, instead of giving her change for a sovereign, took her to a window where she could buy a ticket for Amsterdam. It must have been the fault of the German! After leaving Cologne she went up the Rhine to Coblenz. The Rhine, she says, is no finer than the Huon, and the lunch on board was gorgeous! At an evening for Victorians she met Elsie Austin and Beryl Rolt, both of whom are living in London now.

Enid Harlin has returned after a delightful trip to England and Europe.

Ruby and Winnie Guest have both entered the nursing profession. Winnie has completed her course and is very successful in her work. Ruby was prevented by ill-health for some time from taking up the work, but is now nearly through her course.

We wish to congratulate Mabel Fitzgerald on her engagement to Mr. Allan McCracken.

Edith Peterson is going to marry and live in Java.

All old Ruytonians will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Lefroy, husband of Enone Molesworth.

Lily Whybrow and Retta Hornemann will soon be going up for their examinations. We wish them luck and hope they will do well.

We offer our congratulations to Jessie Pitt, who is engaged to Mr. Murray Edwards.

We wish to offer our congratulations to Gwen Jones on the birth of a son. We are only sorry that it is not a girl, who might be able to come to Ruyton.

We offer our heartiest wishes for future happiness to Caroline Hunter on her engagement to Mr. Goldie.

We are glad to hear that Margie Wilson is much better.

Mrs. Louis Mucke (Isabel Sunter) was over from Adelaide in September. She brought her husband out to visit her old school, and revolved many memories, some of which it is not desirable to print.

We are glad to hear that Ethel Willis has such a fine boy.

We wish to offer our congratulations to Elca Anderson on her engagement to Mr. Frankeberg.

Grace Tadgell is in her second year of the kindergarten course, and next year will be a teacher at Fintona.

We congratulate Jessie Hindley (Mrs. Vance) on the birth of a son.

Hester Chase is going out to India to be married. We hope she will send us her address, and will write an article for the "Ruytonian" some time.

Margaret and Evelyn McWhae are travelling this year. They are going to Java, Singapore, India, and then to England.

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The sixth annual Re-union was held at Ruyton on November 10th. There were a good number of girls present, and the afternoon was very enjoyable.

Mrs. Teague, our Vice-President, welcomed Miss Hilda Daniell as the new head of the School; she wished her every success and assured her of the loyal support of all the Old Girls.

Miss Lascelles and Miss Mabel Daniell were thanked by Mrs. Teague for their valuable help in carrying on the School while Miss Daniell was on her way out. Mrs. Teague then drew attention to the marked improvement of the "Ruytonian," and reminded the girls that any items or articles of news would be gladly received by the Editresses.

Mrs. Teague apologised for the absence of Mrs. Walsh, the President, who remembered us by sending a telegram wishing the re-union every success; also for Miss Ramsay, the Treasurer, who was away in New South Wales.

Miss Bromby and Miss Lascelles both welcomed Miss Daniell and wished her all success.

Afternoon tea was then served in the back diningroom. The present head girls acted as waitresses. The Old Girls wandered through the old school-rooms, which had been decorated in their honour by the present girls, and the strains of Di Gilio's band, kindly given by Mrs. D. Carnegie, added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

Miss Daniell replied in a few words, thanking everyone for their good wishes. She said that if the Old Girls only knew the trouble they give the Secretary by moving and marrying they would not do it, as they invariably forget to send their new addresses and names.

The result of the elections for the new committee is as follows:—Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. N. Derham, Mrs. Brodribb, Miss H. Ramsay, Miss M. Daniell, Mrs. Teague, Mrs. Carnegie, Mrs. B. Robinson, Miss Todd, Miss Martin, Miss W. Cowen, Miss E. Gibson, Miss E. Carnegie, Miss Lily Whybrow, Miss K. Hunter.

The Committee will elect the office-bearers at the next meeting.

The Secretary requests all the members who change their address to notify her as soon as possible. She would be very glad if anyone can give her the correct addresses of Miss Murray, Miss E. Maxwell, Miss Brownie Maxwell, Miss E. Pettit. She wishes to remind the members of the Old Girls' Association that their subscription of 3s 6d. are now due.

We have to welcome the following new members to the Old Girls' Association:—Miss Chase, Miss Resch, Miss Cowen, Miss Carnegie, Miss Gibson, Miss L. Tickell, Miss Tavener, Miss G. Swanton and Miss V. Aldom.

S. TICKELL.

Financial.

The Treasurer regrets to report that a good many subscriptions are still owing for 1913, which leaves us with a very much smaller balance in the bank than last year.

Receipts.	Expenditure.
Balance in Bank £10 18 9	Printing and Stationery .. £7 0 6
Subscriptions and Donations .. . 8 3 7	"At Home," 1912 4 10 0
Interest 0 12 0	Petty Cash, Stamps 1 2 1
	Old Girls' Prize 1 0 0
	Balance in Bank 6 1 9
£19 14 4	£19 14 4

H. RAMSAY.

COMPETITIONS.

There were not many entries for the continuation of the "House Over the Way," but the standard of those sent in was good. The prize was awarded to Helen Elliot, a new girl who promises very well.

The continuation by K. Snowball was brightly written and very interesting, but as a continuation of the first part of the story it was not suitable. The supernatural element introduced was not in keeping with the first part.

The continuation by B. Syme was well written, interesting, but improbable. The ease with which Janet rescued the old man was miraculous.

The competition for the next issue will be an essay on any interesting place or event which the girls may see in the Christmas holidays.

PRIZE COMPETITION STORY.

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

(Continued.)

Now Janet was a real little English maid, and she had given her word that she was going over the haunted house. And, like all true English folk, she said in her grandest way to her small admirers, when they were questioning her on the subject: "I would rather die than go back on my word." These words thrilled them, sending them into exclamations of wonder and delight.

It was not until some weeks later that Janet had an opportunity of escaping. Through these weeks great anxiety had been felt all over England, for that last great battle had been fought with Napoleon. It was on a Friday when the great news arrived that England had won. The school was alive with excitement and delight at England's victory, and when Miss Mincham, before prayers, announced that, in England's honour, she would give the school a holiday.

It was afternoon before Janet found her chance to visit the haunted house. She knew she would not be missed, therefore, leaving the school premises by a side entrance, she made her way quickly across the road to the gates of the haunted house.

It was a long, long drive, and when the grey walls of the house appeared even Janet's brave little heart began to beat very quickly.

How was she to enter?

What if the ghost was real?

She hurriedly looked around, and then made a close inspection of the outside of the house, and noticed a very small window that had been left open. Somehow fear left Janet, and, putting her head to this window (for the room was underground), she was able to see the floor. "I will try this," she thought, and with difficulty she squeezed her way in. She jumped lightly to the floor. When her eyes grew accustomed to the dim light she was able to see her surroundings. Surely this was a cell! Fear began to creep into Janet's heart, and she looked at the window to get out again, but to her dismay she found she could not reach it. The wall was straight and slippery, and there was nothing to stand on. The window was higher than she had expected.

It was at this juncture that Janet heard a footstep overhead.

"The ghost!" thought poor Janet. What was she to do? She could not reach the window and she dare not leave the cell.

She felt like a prisoner, as she sank to the ground and curled herself up in a corner.

"I must get out, I must get out," she cried, for suddenly there flashed across her brain the words of Violet, the little maid, for had she not said that every night from nine to eleven the ghost searched every room in that lonely house. He must therefore find her!

Daylight had slowly faded into night, when Janet made a final rush where she thought the front door must be. Already her hands and knees were skinned from trying to reach the window. Now, as she stood at the door of the little room, all her courage was gathered into one tight knot for this her great effort.

Thoughts of Napoleon and his bloody deeds flashed into her mind, as up the long corridor she flew.

Which turning should she take? This one? No! the other. She was now in a long, dimly-lighted hall which was softly carpeted. She darted round the corner and—stopped still, her heart beating wildly. Something was moving just a few yards from her. Escape was impossible! She gave one piercing scream and dropped fainting at the feet of the imaginary ghost!

He was a tall dark man, with a kind but delicate face.

Janet never knew how long she lay there. If anyone had told her afterwards that it was for hours she would not have contradicted them. She opened her eyes to find herself on a soft sofa, with a kind gentleman standing beside her.

"Are you feeling all right?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," replied Janet.

"Now may I ask your name and where in the world you were going?"

"My name is Janet Montgomery," said the girl.

"Janet—what?" he exclaimed, looking startled.

"Montgomery, sir," she replied.

"Why how ever did you come to be here, Janet?"

So Janet told the whole story from the beginning to the end.

When she had finished he only laughed and said, "So you thought I was a ghost, did you? Now, I wonder if you really know who I am?"

"No, I don't know, sir," said Janet tremblingly.

"Then guess," laughed the man.

"A man?" ventured Janet.

"Certainly," was the laughing reply. "Go on."

"A soldier?"

"Right again." His eyes twinkled.

"I can't guess any more," she faltered.

"Well, I will have to tell you. I am your uncle."

"My uncle!" cried Janet.

"Yes," he said; "**your uncle.**"

"How did you come to be here then?" she queried

"Well," he explained, "I left home when I was but a boy, but never mind that part. . . . You see, I have been fighting and got wounded, so I came home. I have been very lonely, Janet, and have just wanted a little body like you to keep me company; so you had better live with your old uncle now. You can still go to school as a day girl, but after your work is done you must come home and go out riding with me."

"Oh, how perfect!" cried Janet. "How glad I am that I came to explore the haunted house."

HELEN ELLIOT.

RUYTON TEACHERS ABROAD.

Mrs. Guest, who is at present at 79 Jeffries-road, Clapham, is undergoing a course of treatment which she hopes will enable her to walk again. She still keeps up a strong interest in Ruyton and in all her old pupils.

Fraulein Karstensen is teaching German in Edinburgh, and is always glad to see old Ruyton girls when they go to Scotland.

Miss Davidson is at present staying with her aunt in England.

Miss Julia Young will be returning to Melbourne in February next. She has had a splendid trip to Rome, Florence and Venice, and was in Roumania with the Bes-singers. A little while ago we received an interesting letter about the Hungarian girls she was teaching. She wrote: "If you knew how they learn such things as History, Art and Music. There is not a picture, ancient or modern, that they don't know, not a painter or a musician. Then Natural History they learn in the most thorough way. They seem to know more about our plants and animals—even insects—than I do. Every girl learns physics and chemistry, physiology and botany, and with history and geography they do much more than with us. They knew all about Yass-Canberra from their geography, and knew the history of England as well as our girls, while in European they amaze one, and yet their mother thinks they are very lazy and that they don't work much. As a matter of fact, I think most of the children here work far too much and don't have nearly enough time for recreation.

GENERAL SPORTS.

This year basket-ball was introduced as there was no coach for the hockey practices, but so far nobody has got the basket-ball fever. As we will enter into competition with other schools next year more interest will be taken in it.

There is nothing of great interest going on at present, for both hockey and basket-ball have stopped as it is getting too hot. Also the tennis is nearly finished. The results of the class matches for the John Young shield were:

Form V	defeated	Form II.
" IV	"	" III.
" IV	"	" V.

The final match between Forms IV and V was really a close one, Form IV only winning by 11 games. In all the matches the play was very good, when the youth of some of the players is taken into account.

It is rather a pity that each class does not meet the other, for then it would give the younger classes more matches, for at present it is practically impossible for them to have more than one match.

This year Esther Gibson captained the hockey girls, and during the winter they practised on the school ground. Next year we ought to do very well, as Miss Fogarty has very kindly offered to coach us.

At the end of the first term Annie Veitch left and Kitty Snowball was elected by the girls to fill her place on the Sports Committee. No important rules have been passed by the Committee since the last issue. As the expenses of the Sports Club have been very heavy lately, the Committee were very glad to receive the money from the dramatic entertainment.

TENNIS NOTES.

The news of the first four is now decidedly stale, so all eyes are now turned towards the future four and the promising players. We had a good opportunity of seeing for ourselves the chance Ruyton has of keeping up its old standard, at the tournament last Saturday.

As there are three of the first four leaving this year, the second four will have a chance of promotion. The girls that have the best chance are Nellie Patterson, Maud Hiscock and either Annabel Syme or Dora Wischer. Very close to these girls comes Phyllis Robinson, who gives great promise, and works for her place. When girls become members of a tennis four they must remember that they have to give both time and hard work to it. Any girl can work hard, but if she finds she cannot give sufficient time she should have the sense to resign her place.

This year the second four have worked fairly well, and though they have won none of their matches there is no doubt they will improve and do better when they become the first four. It is a pity that the third four have been rather neglected this quarter, and they have not had regular practices with the second four. Fortunately for themselves, the Thirds are independent and have been practising among themselves.

The first four won all their pennant matches except the finals, when they had to meet Toorak. But again they were too good for us, and they beat us by 24 games. The Toorak four are very good players and as steady as rocks.

REMINISCENCES OF A MINING TOWN.

I lived my life, until I was seven, in Bendigo, and have, what I am afraid the inhabitants might think, a rather romantic idea of it. It was, years ago, a famous gold mining centre, but it is now beginning to show the signs of decay, which in the long run is the fate of all such towns. There are many little settlements on the outskirts of the Bendigo district which have been prosperous and alive; but now the spirit has departed from them, or rather the gold, and some are quite dead, some only exist. One very interesting feature of these abandoned claims is the old fossickers—old men who live alone in rough, one-roomed huts, and manage to live by the little gold they get by washing, in their old tin pans, the alluvial soil. These poor, lonely old men have many stories to tell of the early days, they seem to live in the past. There are many old fossickers around Eaglehawk, a borough of Bendigo, where my home was, and if you walked into the bush you might come across one of these old men and see his hut and perhaps hear his stories.

You might think that a mining district would be desolately ugly; but there were many redeeming features in old Eaglehawk, at any rate for children. You have no idea of the joy to be had from the huge mullock heaps; there are beautiful soft, steep places for sliding and rolling and room for endless games. These heaps are hills, really, of crushed quartz from which the gold has been extracted. Of course house wives waged continuous war with the horrid, sharp dust which the north wind whisked from the mullock heaps and deposited in the most inconvenient places.

There was another place in Eaglehawk which was an endless joy to children, and, I have since learnt, a great terror to mothers. That was a stony mound of a hill called Lightning Hill. When I think of it now I can't think of any striking beauty about it; but there was mystery. The hill was a net-work of deep shafts: these were the mothers' horrors. It was a great joy to throw a stone down one of these shafts and to wait breathless for the thud of the stone as it hit the bottom. If the shaft were very deep we couldn't hear the thud, and then it was always for us a favourite shaft and great was the mystery which enveloped it.

There was another feature of this wondrous hill, and that was a large stone cairn, which was rather hard to climb up and afforded, beside an extensive view, an excellent impregnable castle.

There was one possession which Eaglehawk boasted that was a joy to children and parents alike. That was the public park, which was large, with a big lake and plenty of trees and grass. There was one old tree, a great big oak, which shaded two long seats where, every day, all the poor old men used to congregate to smoke and talk in the dim, slow way of such lonely old men.

W. COWEN.

CLASS NOTES.

Class II.

We are glad to say that our new Principal arrived at the beginning of the term. We were very pleased to meet her, and we feel sure that **the school will have a successful career.**

Several new girls have joined our class, and they are all working hard. This term we have been trying hard to make our rooms look nice. Flowers have been brought nearly every day. Some girls brought ferns, others flowers. These are all growing well.

Class IIIb.

We are the same old eight, with a new girl, Helen Elliot, and Francis Ussher, who has come back to us again this term.

Now that our marks are being read out every Monday we will have to work more with our class-mistress, Miss Robinson, who is teaching us in Literature about Chaucer and his old English poems and stories.

We have asked Miss Robinson if, in the hot weather, we may go up and have school in the open-air room. Our room is looking much nicer now the girls have begun to bring flowers.

The elocution girls in our class took part in the plays to get money for the library, and also the singing classes II's, III's. and IV. sang two songs.

We are sorry to say the four was beaten the first round for the tennis shield by fourth class.

Helen Elliot had an accident on her bicycle; fortunately she was not hurt and came back to school the next day.

Class IV.

Here we are again, the Fourth, whose fame for hard work is renowned throughout the School!

We have made it our aim to set a high example to all the other classes (?). We have studied three new subjects—Algebra, Geometry, and Physiology. Physiology is most exciting, when girls nobly sacrifice themselves and are pricked so that we may observe the little corpuscles in their blood under the microscope. We discovered a tiny spot in one girl's blood which everyone at once concluded was a small-pox bacteria. When we first learned Geometry we were taught about axioms (self-evident truth) which seem to be very rare, because we have not met any yet.

Our class can boast of having three second-four girls and one first-four girl in its ranks, and once more our names are inscribed upon the tennis shield—not for the last time we are certain.

Class V.

Junior Public is approaching and we are having the tests. We simply tremble for the results, because we now realize that we know hardly anything.

Our class Four beat the second class, and we are now waiting the convenience of the fourth class to play off the finals for the shield.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Calcutt, and we congratulate her and wish her the best of happiness.

At the beginning of last term Miss Jackson took us over the Physiology Laboratory in the University, and showed us some very interesting skeletons, which we appreciated very much. A few weeks ago we went with her for a picnic to Belgrave. Notwithstanding the multitude of sandwiches and mud we had a jolly day.

As Henry V. was 'educational,' we were allowed to go to see Lewis Waller in it, so in the middle of the Tests Miss Daniell took a number of us to it. We had very good seats, although two wanted to get in without paying. We enjoyed it very much and came home feeling very much uplifted.

As no one else seems to want to do it, we will wish ourselves luck for the Junior Public Exams. The girls' numbers have just come out, and are given below. K. Snowball and L. Tickell cannot obtain a pass as they are not taking the necessary subjects:—

Esther Gibson, 686; Nanna Hornemann, 900; Gwynneth Sutton, 1893; Kitty Snowball, 1807; Lucy Tickell, 1943.

OUR MUSEUM.

At the beginning of the term Miss Daniell thought it would be very nice if we had a museum. The first thing brought was some para rubber and seeds from Ceylon. There

are several other things from Ceylon. We have a beautiful golden-green beetle, a nutmeg and mace, a piece of cinnamon-wood and a golden bean.

Miss Daniell kindly gave us a South African mahogany bean and a beautiful fossilised worm from North Ireland. Nearly all the girls have brought shells, so we have a large collection. From Italy we have lava from Vesuvius, and Mosaics from the ruins of Pompeii. These were given by Marjorie Camm.

Aubrey Gibson, being very interested in our museum, kindly gave us some bark from the Queensland paper-tree, some Jappa cloth from New Guinea, an opal and some uncut rubies.

Besides all these, we have many other interesting things, including a good specimen of opal quartz from Burma, given by Marjorie Syme.

We shall be very glad to receive contributions from old girls if they feel inclined to send us any.

CLASS II.

A TRIP TO GABO ISLAND.

After having spent about six weeks at Mallacoota Inlet, down on the boundary between New South Wales and Victoria, a trip to Gabo Island was decided on. Provisions, etc., were packed in readiness for the trip which we all looked forward to with such excitement. At two o'clock we went across to the Ocean Beach near the bar, where we expected to go aboard. All the afternoon we wandered up and down the beach, our gaze centred on a white speck about six miles out. At six p.m. the boat arrived, the captain having informed us that they had been becalmed, and no amount of energy on their part had been able to move the boat, began to stack the luggage in the hold of the little sailing boat.

It was nearly dark by the time we started, and when we got away from the shore the boat began to roll in the swell, so by the time we got to Tullaburga Island, six miles out, no one felt inclined to admire the beautiful sunset, or felt interested watching the sea-gulls and sea-hawks diving for fish. When it was quite dark, the boat's bow, cutting through the waves, left a trail of silver phosphorus behind it. It was nine or half-past when we first saw the lights of Gabo Harbour in the distance, but it was a long time before we got there. It is extraordinary how slow a sailing boat can go. With it, time seems no object.

The skipper and crew (which consisted of a sheep dog named Jess) did not seem in a hurry at all.

That district is very aptly named "the land of plenty of time"; nothing is done to-day that can be done to-morrow. At half-past ten we **did** get there and climbed up on to the jetty. An antiquated cart, drawn by a sleepy horse and driven by the lighthouse-keeper's wife, leisurely took the luggage (while we walked) to our destination over a road chiefly composed of loose granite rocks, varied by stretches of heavy sand.

After having tea we went to our abode in the "Shipwrecked Mariners" quarters, where we spread our rugs over a very thin layer of hay, and slept, though not very comfortably, as the floor soon penetrated the hay.

In the morning we went out to admire the scenery and to watch the mail steamers signalling as they went by.

That night a wind sprang up and we were storm-bound for three days. We lived the simple life with a vengeance, cooking in a kerosene tin and using a table consisting of two boards which balanced themselves on a petrol box.

In spite of all we had a jolly time, and were sorry to leave on the fourth day for Mallacoota again.

A. SYME.

LIBRARY NOTES.

At the beginning of last term the books in the Library numbered about twenty. Since then they have been gradually increasing, and we are now able to boast of about seventy. We want to thank Miss Henderson and Miss Mabel Daniell for their generous gifts of books, and also we want to thank all the girls who worked so hard at the dramatic entertainment and then gave the proceeds, the most important part to us. Many girls have been very good in bringing us books.

We are now dreadfully busy writing lists of books we want to buy with the money from the dramatic entertainment. We have £7! and already we have visions of our book-case overflowing with books of all descriptions. We do so hope that all these new books—for they are really ripping—will tempt more girls to join. The general answer, when a girl is asked to join, is, "Got such heaps of books at home," or "Have no time for reading." If these girls would only think before they speak they would remember that perhaps they have not all the new books by M. Grant Bruce and Gene S. Porter, and that they have a little time to read. We shall see whether this will make them more thoughtful next term.

K. SNOWBALL.

A. SYME

Balance-Sheet of Ruyton Library.

Assets.	Liabilities.
Subscriptions for	Books at Cole's . . . £2 2 1
Term III. £1 3 6	Books at Robert-
Dramatic Enter-	son's 1 0 10
tainment 7 0 0	Subs. given to
	Sports Club . . . 1 3 6
	Books at Mullens' 0 14 0
	Excess of Cash in
	Hand over Ex-
	penditure 3 3 1
£8 3 6	£8 3 6

K. SNOWBALL.

A. SYME.

WHITE CLIFFS.

The Opal City of New South Wales.

Last June, whilst on a visit to some friends in the North-west corner of New South Wales, we stopped a night at White Cliffs, the opal city.

White Cliffs is not prepossessing in appearance. The buildings, apparently not more than fifty, are nearly all made of iron, mostly painted white set on the bare red ground. Two of the hotels are good, one of them boasting a boarded verandah, with pot plants. A few of the important buildings such as the post-office, are made of stone.

Several of the miners live in "dug outs." These are the old workings in the side of the hill converted into dwellings. Most of these have two or three rooms, large enough for the necessary furniture and with space to turn round. They have a door and window and always a fireplace with a chimney. We saw a fine chimney made from bottomless kerosene tins. The dug-outs are very cosy looking, and are warm in winter and cool in summer, but rather dark. One miner was the proud possessor of a five-roomed dug-out.

The ground for four miles back is white with little heaps of stone, the dumps from the old workings. When walking across to one of the mines we had to pick our way along the dumps to avoid the old shafts, many of which are partly filled in.

The opal is found at three levels, the lowest being about 30 feet. In some of the mines a shaft is sunk and then a drive made, sometimes for half a mile. I was taken down a mine 19 feet deep. I went down with one foot in a stirrup, holding on to a wire rope which was unwound from a windlass, and I twisted round and round till I reached the bottom. There were indications in the mine of opal—long narrow vertical veins of "potch," a milky or blue stone, with here and there a hint of the opal fire. The potch was mostly in a dark-red stone called "angel stone," but sometimes in white. It is carefully gouged out by means of a small pick, as well as a pocket knife or the candle-holder. This is about ten inches long and made from quarter-inch iron bar. One end is pointed and the other bent round to form a handle. In the middle is a holder for the candle. Every piece of potch is carefully examined in case opal might be there. It is really quite exciting watching the gouging, for at any moment a thousand pounds worth of opal might be discovered. Such valuable finds, however, are rare. Every now and again the miner would take his candle and peer along the vein of potch. Catching a glimpse of fire, he would seize his pick and gouge away with double energy. Unfortunately, no opal was discovered while we were there, though some was certain to be obtained soon. The picked-out earth, when brought to the surface, is carefully "loused," that is, gone through thoroughly to be sure no opal is lost.

Many men get a mining license for half-crown, and, pegging out a claim, put in some months gouging until they go off to shearing. It is an easy life, in that each man is his own master and can work for as long or as short hours as he chooses. Besides there is always the chance of making a fortune in a few minutes!

I saw several opal specimens which were most interesting. The best was a cockle-shell, which was perfectly opalised.

It had been polished to show the opal, and the owner had refused £35 for it. Another specimen had a layer of the red stone with small bits of opal, and a second layer of fossilised shells and sea things. I also saw a piece of fossilised white coral. Opalised fish have been found there sometimes, which proves that the opal fields must once have been under the sea. Other specimens were of wood and bone, partly opalised, and "pineapples," lumps of opal or potch formed somewhat like a pineapple. The White Cliffs opal is mostly red fire opal, though some is greenish. The black opal is only found at Lightning Ridge, in Queensland.

Nearly all the supplies for White Cliffs come by coach from Broken Hill. This includes butter. Cows are non-existent, so milk is either condensed or obtained from goats.

F. M. HAWKER.

QUESTION BOX.

Can anyone tell me if it is on the 31st of October that, on looking over your left shoulder in the looking-glass, you see your future husband?—Betrothed.

Can anyone give me a receipt for dying red hair black?—Desperate.

If you put belladonna in your eyes to make them bright, does it smart?—Sore Eyes.

Answers.

"Graceful."—Tennis spoils the shape of the feet. Do not play if you are so anxious about their beauty being ruined.

"Billy."—As Billy does not belong to any breed, I should not think that the regulations would apply to him.

"Forgetful."—Have not been able to find out in what magazine "Maidenhair" appeared, but perhaps some of the readers of the "Ruytonian" will be able to inform you.

LES PREMIERS BOUTONS D'OR.

Il y avait une fois une fee, qui etait banni de l'empire des fees parce qu'elle etait si egoiste. Si elle voulait retourner, il lui faudrait faire une bonne action pour quelqu'un. Les fees l'avait envoyee sous terre, ou elle avait demeure en solitude.

Bientot la fee commencait a se repentir de sa mauvaise conduite, et elle desirait a faire du bien a quelqu'un.

Mais elle ne savait pas que faire. Ainsi tous les jours elle cherchait en vain une idee. Apres longtemps elle pensait a quelquechose.

Elle cueillerait tous les rayons du soleil et en ferait de petites fleurs d'or, pour faire la monde plus belle.

Ainsi la fee travaillait industrieusement, et cueillait tous les rayons du soleil et en fabriquait beaucoup de petites fleurs d'or.

Quand le printemps arrivait, la fee a perce plusieurs tres petits trous dans la terre, et dans chaque trou elle a place une belle petite fleur.

Ses fleurs ont fait le monde beaucoup plus belle. Les enfants les ont nommes des boutons d'or.

Mais la fee, qui avait donne beaucoup de plaisir au monde, retourna a l'empire des fees, parce qu'elle n'etait plus egoiste.

H. BLAKE.

