

HAVE  
MIND

MAY

1904.



The Queen's School  
Chester.





“Have Mynde.”



The Queen's School  
Annual,

EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

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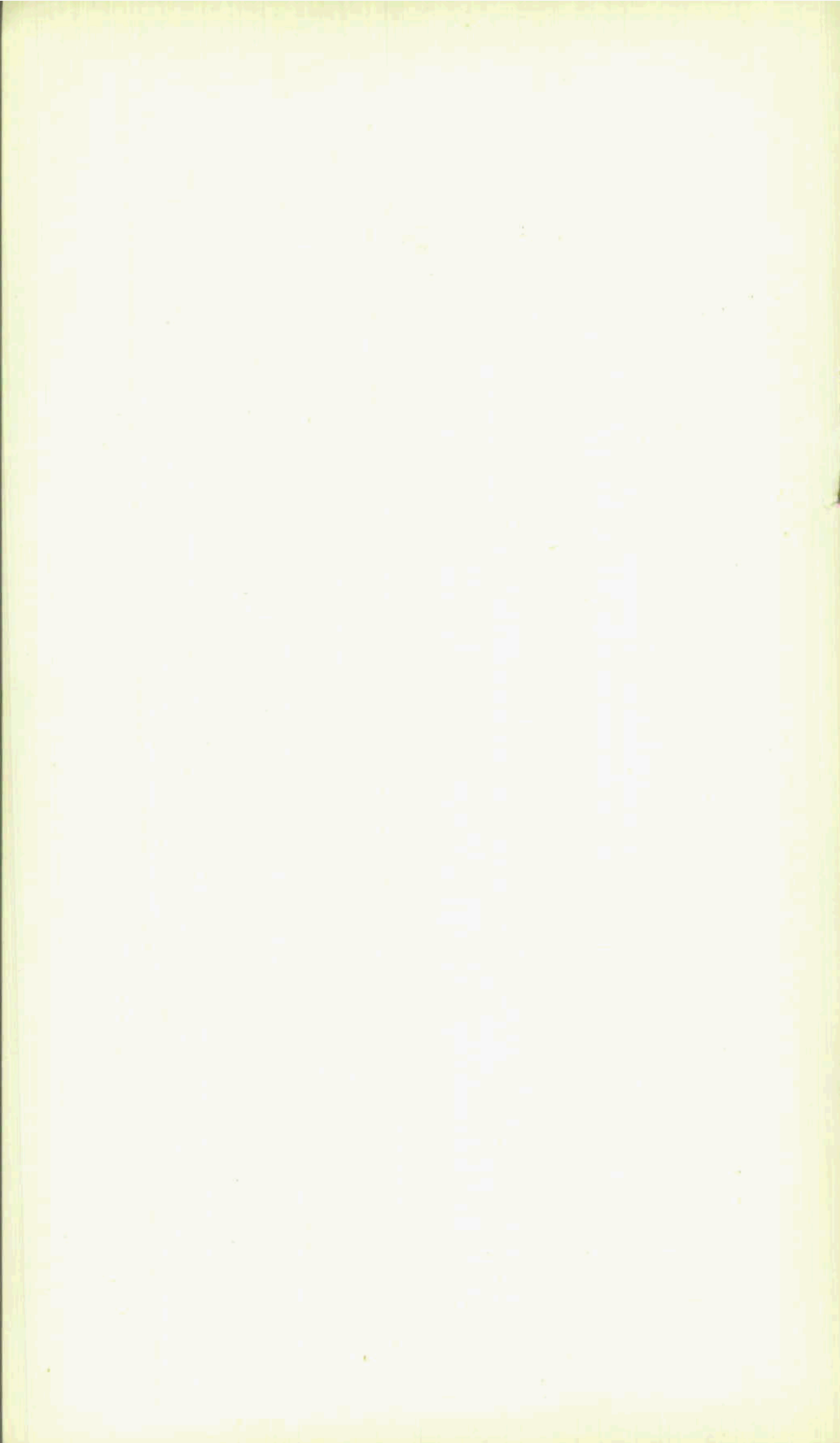


## CONTENTS.

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	Page
1. Browning as the Apostle of Effort ... ..	5
2. Account of Two Lectures on Japan ... ..	19
3. How to compose a Villanelle ... ..	22
4. A Letter from Bulawayo ... ..	23
5. In Languedoc ... ..	26
6. Letter from Royal Holloway College ... ..	28
7. All Hallow's E'en ... ..	29
8. Noël and the New Year in Switzerland ... ..	34
9. The Dramatic Entertainment ... ..	36
10. The Sale of Work, 1903 ... ..	37
11. Public Examinations Passed by Pupils of the Queen's School during the past 12 months ... ..	39
12. Chronicle ... ..	41
13. The Sandford Memorial Fund ... ..	44
14. "Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem: dulce est desipere in loco" ... ..	47
15. Games ... ..	48
16. Marriages ... ..	57
17. Successes of Old Girls ... ..	58
18. Queen's School Cot Fund... ..	59





## Browning as the Apostle of Effort.

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I suppose that, in the present day, the works of George Eliot have, for the most part, been relegated to the top shelf, together with other classics which we admire without reading; but I should like to recall to your recollection the somewhat precocious wisdom of "Mary Garth," in "Middlemarch." "We never," she says, "quite understand why another dislikes what we ourselves like."

It seems to me that the truth of this observation could hardly be better illustrated than by Browning. Apparently, there was once a period when he was admired or decried with a fervour of personal feeling generally reserved for political disputes or discussions as to the correct time. On the one hand, the whole-hearted and indiscriminating partisan could hardly spare a passing thought for Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and such small deer; on the other, the aggressive exponent of common sense regarded Browning and his cult as humbug, an affectation about on a par with long hair in a man. Perhaps, even now, we are hardly sufficiently remote from the poet to get him in true perspective, to decide how much represents the passing fashion of the hour, how much is a legacy to the ages; but at least a point has been reached when we can generously admire what is great in him without belittling others; when we have realised that it would be obvious folly to attempt to establish a reputation for critical acumen by harping on his eccentricities.

In one of his less known poems, "Transcendentalism," Browning has himself defined the poet's task.

"Stop playing, poet! May a brother speak?  
'Tis you speak, that's your error. Song's our art:

Whereas you please to speak the naked thoughts  
Instead of draping them in sights and sounds.

—True thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure  
up!

But why such long prolusion and display?"

It is as if Browning were bent on endorsing the criticisms most commonly passed on his own work. Every true poet must have the two-fold capacity for thought and for music. Now few would deny that Browning has something to say; indeed, so much to say as to provoke the query whether poetry is the best vehicle for philosophy, or whether, at least in his later work, he would not better have served his purpose by following his own prescription to:—

"Speak prose, and holloa it till Europe hears."

But as an artist, as a weaver of melody! Well, after all, we must be thankful for the lilt of many a lyric, even while we deplore the carelessness which permitted indulgence in similes and metaphors so mundane, rhymes that, met with in the Ingoldsby Legends, would have been grotesque; and combinations discordant enough—as I once heard the late Dean Farrar admit—“to crack the teeth of a crocodile.”

This, however, I may pass over, for it is with one aspect only of Browning, and that as thinker and preacher, that I am concerned. No one who has read his poems attentively can have been deaf to the bugle call to action, that rings through all his poems. “Up! act! live! do something! be something!” is his cry. Even as Luther of old, he would say, “*Pecca fortiter.*” Sin even! Sin boldly if you must. There is something to be made of the sinner even; but of the drifter, swept hither and thither, a straw on the current of circumstance—nothing!

It is easy, of course, to read a theory into the writings of an author, to attribute to their creator the opinions and beliefs of his characters. In the case of Browning, it is especially necessary to guard against this error, for save when he is trying to write a play, Browning is, above all things, dramatic. He himself utters a protest against misprision in the poem in which he dedicates to his wife his “Men and Women.”

“Love, you saw me gather men and women,  
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
Enter each and all, and use their service,  
Speak from every mouth—the speech, a poem.  
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving;  
I am mine and yours—the rest be all men’s,  
Karshook, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.”

But there is one poem in which he speaks in his own person, and all the more forcibly, because his dictum involves an apparent paradox. Never, surely, did bazaar receive a stranger contribution than in the poem of the “Statue and the Bust.” The story is simple enough, though unlovely. There is the bride who has never known any strong emotion until the day when, a new-made wife, she sees the Duke ride by, and then:—

“She looked at him as one who awakes,  
The past was a sleep and her life began.”

There is the Duke, “empty and fine, like a swordless sheath,” until, riding past her window, he descries the lady,

“And lo, a blade for a Knight’s emprise  
Filled the fine, empty sheath of a man.  
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.”

And lastly the bridegroom, the Riccardi, unamiable indeed, but the man of prompt action wher all others drift. His suspicions once aroused, he takes immediate action to avert the danger he foresees, and pronounces doom on the bride of a day. Henceforth, like the hapless wife of Lancashire legend, the lady shall never leave her husband's palace until she is carried from it to her last home. The Riccardi's bride is acquiescent enough, in terms at least, for she sees her sure remedy in flight with her lover. And so:—

“She turned on her side and slept. Just so!  
So we resolve on a thing and sleep.  
So did the lady long ago.”

The Duke, too, laughs at the precautions of the “fool” husband. He also has his expedient—he will carry off the lady. Only—and here is the point of the story—both have reasons for not acting at once, and, with a lifetime before them, they feel they can well afford the loss of a day. But as day succeeds day, with the fullest intention of sacrificing loyalty and duty to passion, they find always a reason for postponement. And so they drift on from week to week and year to year, always intending, never performing, until at last they realise that youth has fled, and content themselves with epitomising their life story in cold statuary, no unfit symbol of their nerveless love. Unrepentant they go to their graves, where:—

“Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder  
What a gift life was, ages ago,  
Six steps out of the Chancel yonder.”

Their story told, Browning pronounces unhesitating judgment, not on the sinful thought of a lifetime, but on the infirmity of purpose which prevented them clothing it in deeds. “Surely,” he says,

“Surely they see not God, I know,  
Nor all that chivalry of His,  
The soldier saints who, row on row,  
Burn upward each to his point of bliss  
Since, the end of life being manifest,  
He had cut his way through the world to this.”

But, protests the moralist:—

“—But delay was best,  
For their end was a crime.”

“True enough,” is the poet's reply, “but you mistake the point at issue.”

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost  
Was the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,  
Though the end in sight was a sin, I say.”

Because man's power is finite, therefore intention counts for more than achievement. As Browning says elsewhere:—



"'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do." Judged by this standard, both are condemned; for the same infirmity of purpose which kept them from deeds of sin, would equally have rendered them incapable of virtuous living.

"Stake your counter as boldly every whit,  
Venture as truly, use the same skill,  
Do your best, whether winning or losing it.  
If you choose to play—is my principle.  
Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what he will."

In the clash of self against the law of righteousness, the resolute sinner may become the resolute saint, but for the purposeless drifter there is no hope.

As has been suggested, it is something less than fair to attribute to the poet, as his own, the opinions expressed by his characters; at the same time, if we find all, in a greater or less degree, insisting on some one principle, it is not, perhaps, too much to suppose that with the poet himself it is an article of faith. Still more conclusive, perhaps, is it if we find the whole of a dramatic situation hanging on this same principle, and I venture to think that the tragedy of the fragment, "In a Balcony," is the tragedy of unnatural repression. There are but three actors in the drama, and they present an interesting psychological study. The two women, the Queen and Constance, with their subtle and sophisticated modes of thought, their subterranean lines of action, show how character may be warped when all healthy and spontaneous play of energy and instinct is denied. They stand in marked and tragic contrast to Norbert, the sane, the direct, who has found in honest work the natural expression of himself. He knows exactly what he wants, has a fixed object in view as the aim of all his efforts:—

"I knew my life's good—my soul heard one voice,  
The woman yonder—there's no use of life  
But just to obtain her."

His end determined—to win Constance for his wife—with him the inevitable next step is to discover the means of attainment; what the means may be, provided it be honourable, is immaterial:—

"I found she was the cousin of the Queen.  
I must then serve the Queen to get to her—  
No other way—Suppose there had been one,  
And I, by saying prayers to some white star  
With promise of my body and my soul  
Might gain you—should I pray the star, or no?  
Instead, there was the Queen to serve—I served."

The service rendered, his idea is, as a matter of course, to claim as his due the reward he has proposed to himself. How others may regard his demand for the hand of the Queen's cousin, as presumption or as reckless waste of opportunity, is no concern of his. His mental vision is concentrated so absolutely on one object that for everything else he wears blinkers.

The woman Norbert loves is, in mode of thought, his very antithesis. She tells us the story of her life as it appears to her and, from that point of view, it is bitter enough. She is the poor relative, adopted by her great kinswoman, the Queen, who, to the last jot and tittle, has done all and more than could be expected of her; but the gift has been made hateful because it was justice and not love that prompted the giving.

"We women hate a debt as men a gift," cries Constance, and how passionately she has resented what she thinks her cousin's cold charity is easily inferred. That she has misconceived the Queen utterly does not lessen, rather heightens, the tragedy; the misconception has coloured all her views of life, and warped her good instincts. A clever woman, she has found no scope for her powers, a loving woman she has, until she met Norbert, found no response to her love; but among the intrigues of a Court, amidst plot and counter plot, she has learnt to finesse, and to finesse so skilfully, that it has become an end in itself rather than a means to an end. To her, it is amazing that a man of Norbert's powers should be so hopelessly simple, so blind to the obvious means of getting the maximum for the minimum, when there is no greater obstacle to surmount than a certain absurd squeamishness that some might call proper pride. As she reads the situation, the Queen is in love with Norbert, and in that love she and her lover have a valuable asset if they only work it prudently. Norbert has only to profess his love for his mistress as the motive of all his services to gain from the Queen's flattered vanity all and everything he may ask, place and power, the ribbon she has worn, or, if he cares to take it, her cousin's hand. Constance herself risks no real loss, for even if pride of place should prove but a weak barrier to love, the Queen is tied and bound by the fetter of a loveless marriage—a name, but still a bond. The advantages of such a course over Norbert's simple suggestion of telling the Queen that love for her cousin has been his inspiration are obvious to anyone regarding self respect as so much lumber to be tossed overboard at the dictate of self-interest.

And it is quite conceivable that, with some women, this plan might have succeeded; with our own Queen Bess, for example, who would have known how to appreciate such alluring opportunities of calling the husband to heel



and insulting the wife. But Constance has been guilty of one radical blunder. She has been too engrossed by her own feelings to be a discriminating judge of those of others; it was with a Mary Tudor that she had to deal, a woman prepared to sacrifice everything to love; as she herself says, "to baffle obstacles, spurn fate." And Constance has to make other discoveries also. The Queen, so far from being the cold, ungracious dispenser of alms pictured by Constance, has loved her dearly enough to contemplate surrendering to her the one seeming good of her loveless life:—

"It seemed so true,  
So right, so beautiful, so like you both  
That all this work should have been done by him,  
Not for the vulgar hope of recompense,  
But that at last—suppose some night like this—  
Borne on to claim his due reward of me,  
He might say, 'Give her hand and pay me so,'  
And I (O, Constance, you shall love me now)  
I thought, surmounting all the bitterness,  
'— And he shall have it. I will make her blest,  
My flower of youth, my woman's self that was,  
My happiest woman's self that might have been!  
These two shall have their joy and leave me here.'"

Once awakened to the fact that she has erred and erred desperately, Constance reveals her better self. She is shamed to find how completely she has misjudged her cousin, how blind she has been to the self-sacrificing power of her love, and she is not to be outdone in generosity. It is true that she is so involved in the meshes of her own net that only by giving up Norbert is it possible to save him and herself; but this knowledge does not really detract from the honesty of her self-surrender, for there was no thought of danger in her mind when in answer to the cry, "He loves me," with which the Queen tries to bring conviction to her own heart, Constance made answer: "He shall." She is not perfect, far from it. She will give up Norbert to the Queen, but first she will assure herself that his heart is really hers; and so she loses the precious moments in which she might have warned her lover of the changed position of affairs; and he, good, easy man, to bent on his own purposes to realise that others might have wills, minds, and motives of their own, fails to take his cue, and makes at once honest avowal and shipwreck of his hopes.

Now it would appear to me that Norbert remains the simple, sincere, direct being he is, because for him there has been the natural, healthy scope for activity; before him he has kept ever a fixed purpose, for the realisation of which he has been able to work strenuously. On the other hand, Constance and the Queen have lived under conditions that, at every turn, have baulked their natural energies. They are women who have no great hope, no great ambition, no object in

their lives; nothing to strive after, nothing to work for, nothing to win. Constance has learnt to believe that, such as the world had to offer her, was generally to be gained by diplomacy, by low subtlety, by becoming all things to all men. She, the woman who has had no place of her own in the world, realises far better than her lover can, what life would be to him cut off from his career. It is this knowledge of what a life of enforced inactivity would mean for him, that prompts the avowal of her readiness to imperil even her own fair name to secure his advancement, and makes of what otherwise would be a cynicism repellent in a girl of her years, a kind of fantastic self-sacrifice. "The world!" cries the successful statesman, in wondering scorn. "You love it," retorts the woman who has known what it is to have no place in it.

So, too, the Queen evidences the blighting effect of a life of unwholesome repression. The passive victim of her position and circumstances, the puppet of her parents, the be-pedestalled idol of her people's impersonal reverence, so fast growing marble that even the girl on whom she lavishes her affection never suspects her capable of feeling, when the opportunity at last presents itself of giving free play to her inmost self, as relentlessly as a mountain torrent, she sweeps all obstacles from her path. The Church's restrictions, the most sacred ties are fetters to be snapped and lightly cast aside. Then when the last humiliating disillusion is added to her bitter experience, the woman who could once have given up all to another, strikes, and strikes without mercy.

But if, in "In a Balcony," we have the tragedy of those who—again to quote George Eliot—failed to be stronger than their circumstances, where is there to be found a more terrible example of the moral ruin effected by a supine acquiescence in things as they are, than in Andrea del Sarto, the Faultless Painter, who knows that in his own perfection, is his damnation? *Here is a man, shackelled and trammelled by a passion which has been his own undoing; which has made him, consciously and unresistingly, false to his patron, false to his art, false to himself.* We are shown him, seated in the dreary little room, itself a reminder of his fall, at the end of the work of a long day, more humiliating than the many other grey days of hopeless uninspired toil, because haunted by the fear of a chance encounter with the French Knights he dare not look in the face. The hour of rest that only comes when the light no longer serves his tired eyes, is ushered in, as many another has been, by the clash of wills with his wife, Lucrezia, in which, true to his nature, it has been easier, less painful to succumb to the bidding of his bad angel, than to resist.

"But do not let us quarrel any more,

No, my Lucrezia, bear with me for once:

Sit down, and all shall happen as you wish."

Then, to an unsympathetic hearer, at no pains to disguise her impatience, he reviews his life's story. There has been the one bright spot, the year spent at Fontainebleau in the genial sunshine of the kindly French King's smile.

"I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,  
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,  
In that humane great monarch's golden look."

And at the end of the year of triumphant work, there was to have awaited him his great reward, Lucrezia; his curse, had he but known it.

"Best of all, this, this, this face beyond,  
This in the background, waiting on my work,  
To crown the issue with a last reward."

But Lucrezia grows restless and, at her beck, he leaves the splendour, abandons the opportunity of a lifetime, runs away from his obligations, and lays an eternal burthen of sordid sin on his conscience. It is hard to tell whether more to despise the folly or admire the constancy of the man. He has made himself a defaulter ashamed to look a Frenchman in the face; has prostituted his art to paint anything on anybody's terms for the sake of a woman, shallow, soulless, and faithless. And he knows her, too, through and through; for consider the manner of his appeal to her for a little of her society at the end of a weary day. Let her accord him the boon, and she shall be glad next day that she was kind; for it means forwarding the completion—and the sale—of five pictures. A smile? Ah! That it will enable the poor wretch to work better the morrow; or, reduced to terms she can comprehend, to earn more money. He has no illusions as to the motive for these smiles; he knows they are meant to buy him and hardly resents the knowledge. To have them is his fancy, for which he is prepared to pay the price.

Could Andrea ever have been a man of action? Hardly. He is too introspective, too apt to put his sensations and motives under the microscope. He roots himself up to see how he grows and finds a morbid satisfaction in cataloguing and accounting for his faults and misfortunes. He regards himself with a curious dispassionateness which, if not sheer fatalism, is the outcome of a soul-paralysing despair. Would he have been different, he wonders, if Lucrezia had been other than she was; if she had cried:—

"God and the glory! Never care for gain.  
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo;  
Rafael is waiting, up to God all three!"

Would she have fired him? "Probably not," is the conclusion of this Adam, too honest to lay all the blame on his Eve; for

"Incentives come from the soul's self."



He, too, knows that, " 'Tis not what man *does* that exalts him but what man *would* do." And he who can see and correct the faults in Rafael's drawing yet knows himself the Urbinate's inferior.

"Friend," said Angelo to Rafael one day:

"Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub  
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,  
Who, were he set to plan and execute  
As you are, pricked on by your Popes and Kings,  
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours."

But hear Andrea's own comment on this praise:—

"Aye! But the soul! He's Rafael,"

And so, too, with the others, his contemporaries; by virtue of their struggle,

"There burns a truer light of God in them,  
In their vexed, beating, stuffed, and stopped up brain.  
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt  
This low pulsed, forthright craftsman's hand of mine."

My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."  
Here, on the earth, while the strivers, by right of their striving,  
soar heavenward. For:—

"A man's aim should exceed his grasp  
Or what's a heaven for."

All unwittingly, with his own lips, Del Sarto reveals the secret of his failure. "Love," he says:—

"Love, we are in God's hands.

How strange now looks the life He makes us lead!  
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are.  
I feel He laid the fether; let it lie."

Now, to the artist, I suppose, this seems pious resignation; but is it not rather something not far short of impious fatalism? For consider what it is that he accepts as the will of God. Not what we understand as divinely permitted visitations—sickness, poverty, loss—but misfortunes resulting from his own criminal supineness, and sins which included embezzlement, and the deliberate degradation of his art.

Browning does indeed furnish us with another character study in which the subject almost appears as the victim of circumstances. In Fra Lippo Lippi, we have a man of far coarser fibre than Andrea del Sarto, more virile, less introspective. No Lucrezia would have held him back from his self-chosen task, neither would she have raised him beyond the point to which his own inspiration could carry him. Yet he, too, is a genius, cramped and warped, and in his case it would almost seem that, if he failed to be the architect of his own destiny, it was, in some measure, because he was not provided

with the requisite bricks and mortar; or rather, that he was bidden work with porcelain when what he wanted was good, serviceable stone. As a little street urchin, in the struggle to pick up in the gutter the means of existence, he has learnt to know that world by heart, when he is transported by a practical aunt, with a very rational appreciation of the loaves and fishes of life, to a neighbouring convent. With the choice between starvation on the one hand, and food and warmth on the other, it is not unnatural that the boy of eight discovers in himself strong leanings to the life of the religious; and the convent, in due time, reaps the reward of its hospitality. In the naughty boy who defaces with his scrawling every surface that comes in his way, the far-sighted Prior discerns the artist for whom he has longed, in order that his convent may excel the splendours of the rival church of the Camaldolese. There is a struggle, but at last the young artist is schooled to see that his business is, not to draw monks and murderers, girls and bullies—all the quaint medley of life as he has seen it—but saints, and those with an anatomy duly subordinated to their spirituality.

"Rub all out! Well, well, there's my life in short." Afterwards, it is true, he finds a friend and patron in one, Cosimo of the Medici, whose canon of art is broader and more sympathetic than that of the worthy Carmelites. But it is too late. Subservience to the false has brought its proper penalty, the inability to trust his own ideals. And so the world has lost its Lippo and, to find a great artist, must wait for one, Guidi Massaccio, whom no Mrs. Grundy can school to the acceptance of an unreal convention.

Turning from the weak to the strong, we may take the poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral," as presenting a type differing by a whole world both from Fra Lippo Lippi and Andrea del Sarto. Browning has found his strenuous fighter in the midst of that Renaissance which begot an enthusiasm not to be paralleled even by the triumphs of science in our own day. We, whose mental activities have not been limited to such intellectual gymnastics as were afforded by discussions as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, or the sort of individual that Cain would have been had Adam refrained from tasting of the forbidden fruit, can hardly conceive how the study of Greek seemed to flood a dark world with light; how, in the precious manuscripts brought by the Greek refugees from Constantinople, men found real food after the starvation of the Middle Ages. To us, therefore, the exultation of the disciples in the triumphs of their Master, seems to savour of a fantastic fanaticism, if it is not sheer, crazy insolence.

The Grammarian began life with the gifts of health and an exceeding beauty, and enjoyed them as a young man might. Then came the indefinable touch which told that youth had

passed and left him nameless. But the Grammarian was nothing daunted. Play was ended for him, but not life; henceforth remained work and a thoroughness of endeavour that should raise him above the mere things of time and change. He will learn all that the great have written, all that the only less great have commented thereon, unmoved, the while, by the fears of lesser souls, that time may cut them off in the midst of their labours before they have enjoyed the rewards they think their due. Yet he is not without desire.

"Oh! Such a life as he resolved to live,  
When he had learned it,  
When he had gathered all books had to give;  
Sooner he spurned it."

While others, mistrusting the future, grasp at the pleasure within their reach, the Grammarian, content to leave all else to God, performs to the uttermost his self-appointed task.

When the end comes, it finds him a bleary-eyed, cough-racked old man, but the triumphant master of learning, who has, once for all, established beyond controversy the complete and perfect doctrine of  $\delta\tau\iota$ ,  $\sigma\upsilon\nu$  and the enclitic  $\delta\epsilon$ .

Now, at all times, the pursuits of the student are outside the pale of the sympathies of the many, and certainly the Grammarian appears to end by shutting himself up in a water-tight compartment of his own. But if his aim can be appreciated but by few, his method, nevertheless, ought to be every one's, from coal-heaver to classicist. He realised his purpose clearly and definitely, and no considerations, either of ease or pleasure, could induce him to relax his efforts.

"He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success

Found on earth's failure:

'Wilt thou trust death or not? He answered 'Yes,'

Hence with life's pale lure!

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it:

That high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit.

This high man aiming at a million,

Misses an unit.

*That*, has the world here—should he need the next,

Let the world mend him!

*This*, throws himself on God, and unperplex

Seeking shall find Him."

In this faith, the Grammarian was able:—

"To make the heavenly period

Perfect the earthen."

If effort is the condition of progress, is there ever to be an end to the struggle? "Not in this life," is Cleon's answer. Protus, the King, has argued how much happier than his own



is the life of his friend Cleon, the poet, artist, and philosopher, who is destined to live in his works after the mere ruler of men is dead and forgotten. And Cleon's answer—perhaps as pessimistic as any utterance since the Preacher taught that all is vanity—is practically to this effect:—"Not so, O King; the more one learns, the more one accomplishes, the greater the misery; for "most progress means most failure," seeing that knowledge is gained only when the time for profiting by it is passed.

"My fate is deadlier still

In this, that every day my sense of joy  
Grows more acute, my soul (intensified  
In power and in sight) more enlarged, more keen;  
While every day my hair falls more and more,  
My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase—  
The horror quickening still from year to year,  
The consummation coming past escape  
When I shall know most and yet least enjoy—  
When all my works, wherein I prove my worth,  
Being present still to mock me in men's mouths,  
Alive still, in the phrase of such as thou,  
I, I, the thinking, feeling, acting man  
The man who loved his life so overmuch,  
Shall sleep in my urn. It is so horrible,  
I dare at times imagine to my need  
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,  
Unlimited in capability  
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,  
To seek which the joy-hunger forces us.  
That stung by straitness of our life, made strait  
On purpose to make sweet the life at large—  
Freed by the throbbing impulse men call death,  
We burst there as the worm into the fly,  
Who, while a worm, still wants his wings."

No wonder that Cleon protests indignantly:—

"And so our soul, misknown, cries out to Zeus,  
To vindicate his purpose in its lite."

On this supposition, mere unresisting acquiescence in what the hour and temptation brought forth might, conceivably, find some arguments in its support; or man might rail on high Zeus, who endowed him with aspirations and faculties only to mock him with their futility.

On life's struggles, even Bishop Blougram has something earnest to say. You will remember the famous apology and its occasion. A certain smart young journalist, a Mr. Gigadibs, has not hesitated to express himself somewhat slightly as to the Bishop's ideals, and even his sincerity; and the Bishop takes his revenge in inviting Mr. Gigadibs to dine with him that, having dined, they may "see truth dawn



together." In effect, the Bishop turns the unhappy young man inside out, and holds him up for his own admiration as a very poor sort of doll, with all the sawdust of superior, enlightened opinion so thoroughly knocked out of him that, a week after the momentous dinner, Mr. Gigadibs sets sail for Australia, a wiser and a humbler man, critic no longer but prospective settler, about to test his first plough, and complete his new study of the Gospel of St. John.

Of course, throughout the monologue, irony is the Bishop's weapon, and he plays lightly on the surface of things as befits his audience; but once he is carried out of himself, and out of the elaborate indifference he has assumed, and then it is to urge the necessity for real and strenuous living:—

"No, when the fight begins within himself,

A man's worth something . . . .

The soul wakes

And grows. Prolong that battle through his life!

Never leave growing till the life to come."

"Till the life to come." And then? It will be interesting to hear what Browning has to say about that. Is the struggle to end with the present life, or does Browning look for continued progress and, consequently, continued struggle. For once, he seems to speak with uncertain note, and we could support each alternative from his poems; argue that, after sojourn on this earth, "the lump is leavened" indeed, and that we pass into the life of full fruition; or that, into other lives, the struggle is prolonged, but under altered circumstances.

In 1855, Browning published the poems, "Old Pictures in Florence" and Evelyn Hope." Both touch on the hereafter, but indicate very different conclusions.

In the "Old Pictures," this passage occurs:—

"There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—

That, when this life is ended, begins

New work for the soul in another state,

Where it strives and gets weary, loses or wins—

Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,

Repeat in large what they practised in small,

Through life after life in unlimited series;

Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen

By means of evil that good is best,

And through earth and its noise what is heaven's serene,

When its faith in the same has stood the test—

Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,

The uses of labour are surely done.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God,

And I have trouble enough for one."

But how different is the faith expressed by Evelyn Hope's lover:—

"But the time will come—at last it will,  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
 That body and soul so pure and gay?  
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
 And what you would do with me—in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.  
 I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of many men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes."

Perhaps, like lesser souls, Browning had his moods, and what, one day, seemed absolute conviction, another was but a doubtful hope at best. Still, I incline to think that the dominant mood was the fighting mood, and that, in the Epilogue to *Asolando*, we have the spirit of the man himself.

"At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, im-  
 prison'd—  
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
 —Pity me?  
 Oh! to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!  
 What had I on earth to do  
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?  
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell  
 —Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast for-  
 ward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right was worsted wrong would  
 triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.  
 No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work-time,  
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
 'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed, fight on, fare ever  
 There as here!' "

"I was ever a fighter," wrote Browning, in a poem which is the most intimate revelation of himself, and the epilogue is the fit expression of the faith of his militant soul. But I fancy his creed was a short one. "Let a man contend to the uttermost for his life's set prize," but let him not concern himself to find "use for his earning." For that, his God will provide; his part is but to live that "The earth may gain by one man more."

B. E. CLAY.

# Account of Two Lectures on Japan,

GIVEN BY MISS E. P. HUGHES

*(Late Principal of the Cambridge Training College).*

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We felt very honoured when in February last Miss Hughes paid her promised visit to Chester, and gave to the pupils of the Queen's School a Lecture on Japan, which was most thoroughly enjoyed by all those privileged to be present.

In the evening, a second Lecture was given at the Museum. Seldom has the theatre been more closely packed; many were obliged to stand round the room or sit on the steps of the gangway.

Both Lectures were listened to with profound attention throughout, broken only by the hearty applause and laughter which the Lecturer's spontaneous and irresistible humour continually evoked. Miss Hughes had evidently enjoyed ample opportunities of seeing the domestic life of the Japanese of the higher class, and had been given introductions to the Japanese Government and to the heads of the various educational establishments. These credentials caused her to be received everywhere by the Japanese with even more than their usual courtesy and kindness, and it seemed as if they could not do enough to make the stay of this friend and educationist "from the land of heroes," in every possible way interesting and pleasant.

Miss Hughes had many opportunities of discussing educational matters, and also of lecturing in the schools and colleges, and this not only to girls and women, but even to men—an entirely new departure in Japan.

Her friendly criticisms and fresh educational ideals were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the Japanese, and they testified their gratitude and pleasure in many charming ways. Even in the shops and hotels, they often declined to take any payment from her, and when Miss Hughes gently insisted on making some return, they would beg her, at any rate, not to offer them money, but to write them, perhaps, a little poem instead, which would be to them, in every way, a far more acceptable equivalent for their services.

Speaking of her landing in the country, Miss Hughes said: "Horses and carriages are a very rare sight in Japan, the general mode of conveyance being a large kind of perambulator, called a 'Rickshaw,' pulled by a coolie. I," said the lecturer, "with my democratic ideas, did not think I should



like to be drawn by a man, but when I found how much self-respect he had, and how many bows I had to make before I mounted into my Rickshaw, my scruples disappeared.

A lady from Shanghai came on a visit to Japan. There she had been accustomed to make known to the coolie the direction in which she wished to travel by poking him with her umbrella on his bare back. Upon her arrival in Japan, she did the same thing. The coolie, much surprised at the blow, looked round to see if it was an accident; but when he saw from the lady's face it was intentional, he quietly turned her out of the carriage into the ditch. The lady was very indignant, and summoned the coolie. The magistrate, much to her astonishment, found her guilty of assault, and fined her a large sum.

The domestic arrangements of the Japanese are very different from ours.

The members of a Japanese family do not all dine together at the same table, but each individual sits cross-legged on the floor, and has a small wicker table to himself. Generally, the women wait on the men, and then, when the men have ended their meal, the women have theirs. The chop sticks have often Japanese poems written on them. It is a general amusement at dinner parties for the guests to read aloud the verses to each other. Foreigners find chop sticks very difficult to manage, and the situation is rendered more embarrassing by the presence of the little Japanese maid.

Each person has a little attendant seated before him at meals, to wait on him, and to speak to him if he is dull. Her look of pity if a few grains of rice are spilt is hard to bear.

The Japanese like fresh air. Before they rise in the morning, three out of the four paper walls of their bed rooms are taken down to let in the cool fresh air. Japanese rooms are not overcrowded with furniture; one room seldom contains more than a screen, a picture, a few cushions, and some bamboo tables.

No room, the Japanese think, should contain more than three pictures, and these pictures must be changed with the seasons. A snow scene is only suitable for winter, and a flower scene for spring.

The Japanese artists are different from others. They leave much to the imagination of the spectator. A small twig or branch, beautifully drawn, should produce in the mind of the spectator an image of the whole tree.

The Japanese are of small stature, and have very black and straight hair. Curly hair is considered very disgraceful. "Could you not possibly make your hair smooth with some grease?" said some of the Japanese to Miss Hughes.

Japan has been called "The Paradise of Children," and indeed it is so, for in that country the children are considered to be the most precious things in the world, and far too valuable to be lost. Consequently, as soon as the child is able to toddle, a little silk bag containing the child's name and address, and also an amulet to protect the little one from evil spirits, is fastened underneath its sash. The smallest children wear very large hats and frocks, with extra large patterns on them, and long sleeves reaching far below their wrists. As the child grows, the pattern diminishes in size, and the sleeves are not made so long. Very small boys are dressed in the same way as the girls, but they must not wear red, as that is the girls' colour.

At school, the pupils behave in a very different manner from English children. During a lesson, the pupils must, on no account look at their teacher, but must remain motionless, with their hands crossed, and their heads lowered, until the end of the lesson. When out in her Rickshaw one day, Miss Hughes saw some children from a school she had recently visited passing by. It was raining hard, and their umbrellas were up. She fervently hoped they would not see her, for Japanese etiquette would oblige them to stand still, put down their umbrellas, and bend their heads till the teacher had disappeared from sight.

The Japanese look upon a teacher as a sort of supernatural being, far above their own level. Children who have to travel some distance to school, carry a luncheon can with them. It is, in shape, something like a small ginger jar, and is neatly lacquered black on the outside, and red inside. When the cord forming the handle is removed, the case divides into three compartments, which fit exactly into one another. In the lowest division, there will be some boiled rice, which forms the staple food of the people of Japan. On the next tray there will be some fish, and on the uppermost a small portion of pickle, which is very much liked by the Japanese.

Until recently, when Japanese girls grew up, a great deal of their happiness ceased. Upon a girl's marriage, she was presented with a sword. The weapon was to be used for killing herself when her husband grew tired of her, but happily this custom has almost, if not entirely, died out.

At the close of this interesting lecture, a most hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Hughes, and not a few among her audience hoped fervently that the day might soon come when they, too, might visit the "Land of Flowers," and learn, at first hand, to know and love these most fascinating and charming people.

## How to compose a Villanelle.

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[The dictionary says a Villanelle consists of nineteen lines on two rhymes arranged in six stanzas, the first five of three lines, the last of four. The first and third of the first stanza are repeated alternately as last lines from the second to the fifth stanza, and then conclude the sixth stanza. The dictionary adds that it is difficult to make the lines fit in with sense. It is.]

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,  
As easy as reciting A B C;  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit and want to show it,  
Writing a villanelle—take this from me—  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rhymes and then you "go it"  
With rapid-running pen and fancy free;  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,  
Above or near it, as it liketh thee—  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it  
Up to the standard size it ought to be;  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clean it of weeds and water it and hoe it,  
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee,  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it;  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

W. W. SKEAT.





## A Letter from Bulawayo.

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I was so often asked, "Where is Bulawayo?" before I came out here that I will begin by answering the anticipated question, in case any of my readers may not know.

Rhodesia is a huge country, its extreme length, roughly speaking, about one thousand English miles, and its extreme width about seven hundred. It is divided by the Zambesi River into two parts—Northern Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia. The latter is again sub-divided into Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Salisbury, in Mashonaland, is the capital of Southern Rhodesia; but Bulawayo in Matabeleland, is the largest town, and a railway junction, the Cape to Cairo railway passing through here, as well as a line going to Beira, via Salisbury. The Cape to Cairo line is now within about thirty miles of the Zambesi. It is to cross the river near the Victoria Falls, which, as you probably know, are much larger than Niagara, and are attracting many visitors. This line is generally known as the Wankies line, as it already passes the Wankies Coalfield, where there is excellent coal. At present, the Wankies coal is dear, and we still burn wood. I am not very anxious to get coal, for the hard native wood makes very good, clean, hot fuel, which the "boys" manage very well.

What a long journey it seems when we come up here from Cape Town—four days and four nights, unless one comes by the mail train, which does the return journey every week with half-a-day to spare at each end. We cross the dreary barren Karroo, covered with nothing more than low growth; we see the ironstone kopjes which so affected the compasses of our officers during the war that they lost their way; a Rhodesian on the train points out the place where he was when shot by the Boers, the bullet passing right through his body; and then, as we come further North, the train winds it way up and up, till we reach the high bush veldt, with its long grass, sometimes growing as high as a man on horseback. It is dotted over with large bushes, but no big trees, as one reckons big trees at home. I forget the exact height of Bulawayo, but I know it is higher above the sea level than the top of Snowdon, and this gives it its beautiful climate—dry sunshiny weather with a cool breeze and cool nights which brace one up, and are very different from the moist heat and unbearably hot nights one gets in the coast towns, even though they are not within the tropics as we are. It is the best place in the world for anyone with weak lungs, and has saved many lives.



Bulawayo is now looking its best. The rainy season is over, the trees and shrubs are still fresh and green, and have not yet the parched appearance that is seen after several months of drought. But Bulawayo is depressed, times are bad; the wily native has reaped a good harvest and will not work; the mines close down for want of labour, and at every street corner are groups of whites out of work in consequence.

I think a description of a visit I paid to the "World's View"—the grave of Cecil Rhodes—may be of interest. This is about twenty-seven miles from Bulawayo, in the Matopo Hills. There is now a railway to within six or seven miles of the grave, but when I went, the railway was not finished, and we drove in a travelling wagon drawn by eight mules. To those who have not tried it, a drive in a mule wagon is an experience. The driver, contrary to usual custom, is not the man who holds the reins—he is the leader—the *driver* is the man who wields the huge whip and exhorts the mules by name. The skill with which the driver (the team going at full speed) will pick out a particular mule, possibly one of the leaders, and give him a severe cut with his long whip without touching any of the others, is marvellous; and the whole time he keeps up a constant torrent of invective addressed to the parents, grandparents, and remoter ancestors of the mule who, in his opinion, is not doing his fair share of work.

Our party, the men on horseback or bicycles, their women folk in the wagon, leave the suburbs at an early hour, and driving through the town take the road to Hillside, a residential township three miles from Bulawayo. We then leave the direct road, to call on Mr. H—, whose farm is about eleven miles from town. Here can be seen what one energetic man with a little capital can do in three years. A brick house, to supersede the three-roomed iron one, is just about to be erected; a large stone cattle kraal, stables, creamery, fowl houses, and pig styes, are already built and occupied. Close to the house is a large field of potatoes, a little further several acres of mealies, Kaffir corn, and other grains; lower still, the orchard with over one thousand fruit trees—at least two hundred are planted each year. We are given delicious green figs and cream to eat, while Mr. H— tells us about the dam which he has been constructing for nine months. The huge dam wall stands firm and strong, but the sheet of water is slowly leaking away. There was an immense ant heap inside the dam where the water now is. Mr. H— levelled this, dug into it three or four feet, and thought he had bottomed it; but he could not have done so, for the water is slowly leaking down through the underground passages of the ants under the dam wall, and up on to the other side. The only thing to be done is to wait till all the water has gone out of the dam, and then Mr. H— intends to "make sure of

that ant heap." But it means no winter crops this year, and winter is the best time for growing crops, if one has plenty of water for irrigation. We enquire after the cattle, for more than half the cattle in the country have died of East African coast fever. "No disease at present," says Mr. H—; "I am inoculating with Dr. Koch's serum. Pullen (an old Dutchman) tried *his* remedy, consisting of gunpowder, paraffin, tobacco, salt, &c., on one cow that he said had the disease, and after the dose, she recovered, but I am not sure that she ever had the fever." Mr. Smith suggests that she was afraid of getting worse and having another dose, and Mr. H— agrees that that was probably the reason.

On leaving the farm, we return to the road and see the weird-looking Matopos pass through a long valley, with curiously-shaped stones piled one on another, on the tops of the kopjes on each side. It is very close here, for the wind blows across, and not along, the valley, and we only get an occasional breath of air at some of the curves. Mr. Rhodes' executors are planting this valley with trees, to convert it into a park. Among these hills, there are many baboons. Bye-and-bye, we come to the halting place at the foot of the kopje on which the grave is situated. Here we outspan, and the boys are soon preparing us a meal, which we eat by lantern light. A little later, the moon rises, and the moonlight here is glorious. A buck sail is fixed to one side of the wagon, and under this, we women sleep on the ground, with lots of rugs and karosses. The men sleep in the open. It only seems that we have been asleep a few minutes when we are called to get up and see the sun rise. After a wash, we make our way to the top, which we reach just in time to see the sunlight begin to shine on the hills around. A few minutes later, the sun himself appears. We are standing on the top of a big grey granite kopje. There is a circle of huge boulders round the grave, which is hewn out in the rock, and covered with a plain brass plate bearing the simple inscription, "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." Around this kopje, there is a valley, and beyond, miles and miles of kopjes and rolling veldt. I may sum up my impression in two words—immensity and loneliness.

With regret we go away, and leave the body of this great man lying in the heart of the huge country which he loved and won for the British Empire.

I am now looking forward to a visit from Miss Anderson in a few months' time, and I hope I may, sometimes, see some others of my old friends here.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.  
(*née* CAWLEY.)

BULAWAYO, April, 1904.

## In Languedoc.

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"What ugly country you are going to," was the remark made by a friend on hearing that I was going to spend a year at the Ecole Normale of Montpellier; and it was with some misgivings that I set out on the long journey. My spirits rose, however, as I watched the lovely scenery of the Rhone Valley from the windows of the train, and when, at Tarascon, we left clouds and rain behind, and saw the blue sky and sunshine of the "sunny south," I felt quite happy again. Here the whole aspect of the country changed—forest and field were replaced by vineyards and olive trees, the ground became dry and rocky, and the towns and villages, with their white houses, yellow roofs and green sunblinds, looked bleached by the hot sun, so different from the green fields, shrouded in heavy grey mist, which we had left behind us at Lyons. We passed by Avignon with its huge palace—once the dwelling of Popes, now used as a barracks—and saw the broken bridge over the Rhone, famous in song; then came Nîmes, and finally Montpellier, and it seemed strange to find oneself still in the land of electric trams and omnibuses. Montpellier is interesting in many ways, but chiefly on account of its University, which is one of the oldest in France. Rabelais was a student there—and a lively one, judging by the memories he has left—and the narrow streets have been the scene of many a riot and fight from those early days down to more modern times. A curious tower, on the top of which a fine pine tree grows, called La Tour des Pins, is a remnant of Moorish days; and there is also a fine Botanical Garden, founded by Henri IV. On the first opportunity, I went for a walk to explore the country—no very easy matter in this land of "convenances." On climbing a hill not far from the school, I had a most magnificent view. On all sides rolled away miles of undulating plain, bounded on one side by the Cevennes, wrapped in a blue haze of heat on that lovely autumn day, with the lonely Pic Saint Loup rising like a huge horn out of the plain; and in the opposite direction, a blue line marked the horizon—the beautiful Mer Méditerranée. A splendid Roman aqueduct, bringing water from the mountains to the town, was a striking feature in this fascinating scene. The wide expanse, covered with scrubby oak and cypresses, whose green contrasted with the deep red of the vine and the silver grey of the olives (the only plants which thrive in the rocky soil) was crossed by white ribbons of roads, bordered by avenues of plane trees. At one point, a mass of volcanic rock rose abruptly out of the plain, crowned by a white village; while



other villages, scattered here and there, gave a curious finish to the Eastern-looking landscape. Who could call such country ugly? Certainly it has not the colouring of gay Provence, and seen on a grey and rainy day, it is sad and melancholy enough, though even then it fascinates; but with the clear blue sky above, and flooded with sunshine, it is positively beautiful.

Nîmes is only two hours' journey from Montpellier, and there is much to see there. We first visited the Arena with its terrible memories of martyrs and massacres, and, sitting on the topmost tier of stone seats, could almost hear, in fancy, the roar of the wild beasts as they sprang from the dens underneath the circus; but the placards, announcing a bull fight for the following Sunday, brought us back to modern times; for the Nîmois love this barbarous pastime, and all ranks and classes throng the arena to see the horrible sport.

The *Maison Carrée* is a magnificent relic of Roman days, and is most perfectly preserved. Napoleon, in his masterful way, wished to have it transferred to Paris, but the Nîmois refused to be robbed of their treasure; so the Emperor had to content himself with building the *Madeleine*, on the same model. The *Maison Carrée* is used as a museum, and we were taken round by the most delightful Curator, who proudly showed us his last and greatest treasure, received from London the day before our visit—a complete set of Edward VII. coins, from the £5 piece downwards. We examined the usual Roman vases and coins, and after having with difficulty torn ourselves away from our guide and his interesting treasures, we turned our steps towards the lovely garden of the Fountain—that famous fountain which has never yet failed to flow—and so on to the hill, crowned by a most curious building—*La Tourmagne*. This is a lofty hexagonal tower, of which no one knows the origin, some saying it is Saracen, others Roman. Whoever it may be that built it, they chose a splendid site, for from the summit there is a magnificent bird's-eye view of the country for miles around. Many are the interesting places to be visited at Nîmes, such as the Temple of Diana, and the Roman doorways and baths; but we must leave the old town and visit another remarkable spot not very far from Montpellier and Nîmes—the village of Aignes-Mortes. This village is on the edge of the étangs, or salt marshes, and is a remnant of old Feudal days, with its huge castellated walls, towers, and gateways, the walls still enclosing the whole village. It was from Aignes-Mortes that Saint Louis started on the third crusade, and the little town was once an important stronghold against Moorish pirates on the one hand, and marauding seigneurs on the other, but Aignes-Mortes has been asleep since those days, and is not yet awake again. The largest tower, "*La Tour de Constance*,"

is of later and more terrible fame. It was here that the Knights of Saint Louis rested and feasted while their lord the King prayed for a fair wind in his little oratory; and it was here that, only some hundred and thirty years ago, the Protestant martyrs, chiefly women, were imprisoned. The walls are covered with their names, and on a stone in the middle of the round dungeon is carved the word "souvenir." What was it, we wonder, that they so wished to remember? Would that I could adequately describe the lovely Cevennes, this Switzerland of France, the scene of that terrible struggle between Protestants and Catholics after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; this stronghold and refuge of the Cannsard, whose influence still pervades the land; the home of the strong, stern, warm-hearted descendants of Jean Cavalier and his devoted band, who, in spite of hot persecution, fought for and kept alive the Faith they loved, hiding in the mountain fastnesses or living on the bleak wind-swept plateau of the Larzac. Words fail me, but I live in hope that I may, one day, again visit this most lovely corner of a beautiful land.

M. L. MARSDEN.

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## Letter from Royal Holloway College.

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Royal Holloway College,  
Englefield Green,  
Surrey, May 20th, 1904.

Dear Miss Glascodine,

I feel that, in acceding to your request that I should write some account of our life here for the benefit of the readers of "Have Mynde," I am undertaking a task of some importance. For, as this is, I believe, the first time that a letter from a Holloway Student has appeared in your pages, I am anxious to do justice to my subject; and I fear that, whereas this College will bear favourable comparison with Girton and Newnham, my account of it will not bear comparison with the interesting letters contributed to your last year's number by two members of these latter Colleges.

I will, however, throw myself on the leniency of my readers, and plunge 'in medias res.'

Our daily life here begins with a short service in our Chapel at 8 a.m., attendance at which is compulsory, except on Sundays. If the attractions of one's bed on a cold winter morning prove too great a temptation more than eight times a term, one undergoes the ordeal of an interview with the Principal, in which she points out the heinousness of one's crime. I speak from sad experience. However, she generally deals gently with first offenders. All Students, who are entitled to caps and gowns, wear them in Chapel; for those not entitled to them (*i.e.*, the non-examinees and those working for Oxford examinations) sailor hats with College band are the regulation headgear.

After Chapel, we proceed to breakfast in the Dining Hall. The morning is usually passed in attending lectures or in working in one's

own rooms. In the summer many people do their studying out of doors in deck chair—personally I do not find that method conducive to hard work.

The afternoons are devoted to hockey in the winter, to tennis and the baths in summer, or to a row upon the river, if one can swim three lengths of the baths. Rambles through our own grounds in search of wild flowers, or further afield among the beautiful pine groves that surround us, form an attraction for some, while an occasional visit to Windsor, which is reached either by driving or cycling, makes a pleasant change.

The unfortunate "Third Years" who are about to enter for their B.Sc., spend many hot afternoons in the Laboratories, doing "practical." However, I do not know that they are all to be pitied, for some of them take their revenge in the evening, and a moonlight evening spent in our grounds in the warm summer weather, when the rhododendrons and azalias are in bloom, and the nightingales singing in the pine grove, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten.

I should say, in passing, that our physics and chemistry laboratories are one of our chiefest glories—the other is the picture gallery—and that a very large number of our students enter for the B.Sc.. Since we have been affiliated with the London University, which act has enabled us to enter for the internal honours degree, the number of girls entering for a London degree has steadily increased, though there are still a fair number studying for Oxford Moderations (Honours). This is a favourite examination with classical students.

But to return to the account of our daily routine. Tea we have in our own rooms, also "cocoas" and "coffees," but all other meals are taken together in the dining hall. Dinner is the most important meal of the day, for lunch is generally a scramble. We all assemble in the library at 7 o'clock, with the exception of the Principal and her guests—those students whom she invites to dine at "high," and who go first to her drawing room—and we then proceed down the corridor, two and two, in solemn procession, till we reach the dining hall, where two full-length portraits of our founder and his wife look down upon us benignly.

Long may they continue to do so, and may they always find at least one former pupil of the Queen's School here to smile upon as the years go on.

Yours, &c.,

PHYLLIS DAVISON.

## All Hallow's' E'en.

(IN TWO SCENES.)

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tom Maxwell	..	...	Owner of Maxwell Hall, and of an impoverished estate.
Mary Maxwell	...	...	(His Sister.)
Peggy Trevor	...	...	(Cousin of Tom and Mary.)
Nurse Jenkins	...	...	(An old family Servant.)

### SCENE I. (A KITCHEN).

PEGGY (*luxuriating in a lounge chair before the fire; a bell rings outside, and a moment afterwards, Mary enters*)—Mary, it was a positive inspiration of yours to give the servants a holiday. The kitchen is just lovely on a wet day.

MARY—(*producing a telegram*)—Then I hope to goodness I shan't have any more inspirations. Here's this wretched Tom telegraphed that he's coming home to-night; and not a thing in the house to give him for supper.

PEGGY (*not sharing her Cousin's disgust*)—Why, there are heaps of things in the larder, I'm sure. There's all that lemon sponge we left from lunch, and the meringues and cheese cakes, and, oh! any amount of eatables.

MARY—(*with ineffable scorn*)—Much you know about men to imagine Tom would dine off cheese cakes after a journey. His idea of a meal would be a pound or so of steak, two or three eggs, a box of sardines, anchovy toast, and—



PEGGY (*interrupting*)—Nonsense. Of course he'll want something solid, but— I know. Mary, there's all those turkey bones! Let's make them into chicken —, chicken what d' you call it—chicken purre.

MARY (*doubtfully*)—Do you think we could? Nurse Jenkins will be coming in presently, but it will be too late then. Bother Tom! Why couldn't he write in good time. And I wanted to write that Prize Poem of mine this evening.

PEGGY—All right! You go on with that, and I'll look after the cooking. I know where to find everything. Now for the cookery book. (*She pulls open a drawer, while Mary produces pens, ink, and paper, and sits down at one end of the table.*) Domestic medicine! That's not it. The Family Herald! The Correct Letter Writer! Here we are! Seaton's Cookery. (*Proceeds to read half audibly*)—Cut the meat into nice shaped pieces. Hum! Pint of cream, little mace, Fill the vol au vent. Mary, whatever is a vol au vent?

MARY (*absently*)—Eh? Oh! I don't know. Vent means wind, doesn't it? Lady, Lady.

PEGGY—Well, never mind. I'll stew the bones and he can have some chicken broth. It will be much better for him at night than those cream messes. And I'll make a cake. (*Looks through the book.*) Molasses? Wedding cake? Er! This will do! Soda cake. (*Reads*) Two quarts of flour. Sounds a lot. Two tea cupfuls of sugar, salt, a nice piece of butter. I wonder how much that is? A small quantity of soda. Oh! really, I wish they would not be so vague! I'll go and put the turkey on to stew, and get the flour and things. (*Exit.*)

MARY (*gnawing the end of her pen and growing more dishevelled every minute*)—"O my sweet lady, O my fair lady." I do wish there were more rhymes. (*To Peggy, re-entering*) Peggy, do tell me of something to rhyme with "lady."

PEGGY (*Plumping down basin, flour bin, roller, board, &c.*)—Lady? Baby.

MARY—Oh! that won't do. I'm writing a serenade. I want something about moonlight next.

PEGGY—Moonlight? Let me see—Lady, Lady. I know! Shady.

MARY—That might do. They rhyme at least. But what about the moonlight?

PEGGY—Well, what have you got?

MARY (*reads*)—"O my sweet lady, O my fair lady."

PEGGY (*promptly*)—Look out into the moonlight shady.

MARY—I don't think that will do. Moonlight isn't shady.

PEGGY—Well, but it makes shadows. And if no one has ever before called moonlight "shady," you ought to feel thankful there has been something original left for you to say. (*Mixes vigorously.*) Mary, do you think this will be enough? (*Produces a handful of common soda.*)

MARY—It looks rather a lot. How much flour have you?

PEGGY—Two quarts.

MARY—Oh! well then, I don't suppose it is too much. (*For a time they work vigorously in silence.*) "For I am 'neath thy window kneeling." Kneeling? Stealing? Reeling? Wheeling? That won't do. Pealing? Pealing? I have it! (*Writes rapidly.*) Listen, Peggy. How will this do?

O my sweet lady, O my fair lady.

Look out into the moonlight shady;

For I am 'neath thy window kneeling

Whiles that my heart is loudly pealing."

PEGGY (*admiringly*)—It's awfully good. Only that about the heart pealing. Doesn't it sound rather—rather like potatoes?

MARY (*indignantly*)—Peggy! How can it, when it's p-e-a-l-i-n-g? You are prosaic.

PEGGY (*penitently*)—It was stupid of me. (*Goes round behind her cousin's shoulder, rolling-pin in hand, and very floury.* Reads again out loud) Mary, you really have made one mistake. People always say "O lady fair," not "O fair lady."

MARY—So they do. "O lady fair." I can't alter it now, really, Peggy, because of the rhyme don't you see; lady, shady. I don't think it will matter.



PEGGY—I dare say it won't be noticed. The metre is very good. (*Rears first line, accentuating the feet with her rolling-pin*) That "whiles" is so uncommon: much better than "whilst."

MARY (*modestly*)—I think it is rather good. Next line—. Oh! there's the bell! That will be Mrs. Jenkins. I did not know it was so late. (*Goes to open door, and returns with Jenkins, equipped with shawl, large bonnet, and immense basket. Jenkins sinks gasping into a chair.*)

JENKINS—The night it is! It's clean taken my breath away! It's that embracing! Don't you find it so, Miss Peggy? My word, Miss, what are you making?

PEGGY—Cake, Nurse. Cousin Tom's coming home.

MARY—So tiresome, Nurse; he's only just telegraphed.

JENKINS—Nasty things. I just hate them nasty yellow envelopes that men is so fond of telegraming. But I'm thinking, Miss Peggy, Master Tom will be wanting something more comforting-like than cake.

PEGGY—Oh! This is only trimmings: I've put the turkey bones on to stew, to make him some chicken broth.

JENKINS (*chuckling*)—Then its cleverer than most of us you are, Miss Peggy, if you are for making chicken broth out of turkey.

PEGGY—I never thought of that! At least, I thought you could make chicken broth out of any old bones.

JENKINS—Bless your heart, no, Miss Peggy. (*Goes to inspect Miss Peggy's work.*) Miss Peggy! What in the name of fortune have you got there? (*Extracts a lump of soda.*)

PEGGY (*with dignity*)—I'm making a soda cake, Nurse Jenkins.

JENKINS—With that washing soda? My word, Miss Peggy, it's lucky I came, or it would have been to your inquest to-morrow. The idea. I did think you would have known better. Now if it had been Miss Mary, who writes that lovely poetry (*takes away the basin and empties it*). Never mind. You leave it to me, lovey. I'll see to Master Tom's supper.

MARY (*hastily, noting that Peggy looks depressed*)—Come along Nurse, Tom won't be here for ever so long. Come and sit by the fire and tell us tales.

JENKINS—Tales, Miss Mary; as if you want my tales. A clever young lady like you. And, indeed, I ain't got my breath back yet. Mrs. Jones, she says to me, "Mrs. Jenkins," she says, "You ain't agoing out this awful night, and along by the churchyard, too." "Mrs. Jones," I says, "If you think I'm agoing to leave those precious lambs alone in that old house at All Hallows E'en, which we knows the ghosts are dreadful anywheres, you're a deceiving of yourself." But it's why I came early, Miss Mary, the churchyard, I mean.

PEGGY—Why, I'd forgotten all about it! I wish I'd had your chance, Nurse. I did everything I could think of, last year, to encourage them; went upstairs backwards, brushed my hair till my arms almost dropped off, and surrounded my bed with shoes of all sizes; and not a sign of a ghost. I call it mean.

JENKINS—Miss Peggy! It's a tempting of Providence talking like that! Why, this old house fair reeks with them at the best of times. And on All Hallows E'en, too; and that poor Lady Clarissa!

PEGGY—Mary, why didn't you tell me about them?

MARY (*stiffly*)—I don't see any sense in talking about such things.

PEGGY—Well, I do. I could write poetry if I had a ghost in the family. Come along, Nurse, It's just getting nice and dusk and creepy. We'll be able soon to see a ghost in every corner.

JENKINS (*starting indignantly*)—Lor'! Miss Peggy! How you do go on!

PEGGY—Well, begin. Who was Lady Clarissa, and why was she poor?

JENKINS—She's that sweet young thing in the picture, in the green petticoat. That pretty in her mob cap and big fan; as young ladies did know how to dress themselves in those days. None of your nasty collars and ties, a-tramping about the house in gaiters and boots.

PEGGY—Of course, we're hardly respectable, nowadays. But do go on.

JENKINS—Well, my dear, as I was a-saying, Lady Clarissa, she married Sir Christopher Maxwell. And a pretty pair they must have made, and him not so wicked then, and worshipping the ground she trod on, as the saying is.

MARY—I'm sure he wrote her lovely poetry.

JENKINS—And happy they was as turtle doves till he fell into bad ways, being a handsome man and dark. As I says to Jenkins, "Thank goodness, you're not ornamental." Well he dived and carded, and he racehorsed, till he didn't know where to turn, and there weren't nothing left but that necklace folk called the Luck of the Maxwells. For, says she, "No," she says, "My son's wife's ageing to wear that on her wedding day," and him a promising baby. Well, one Hallow E'en, he seemed fair mad. There was the awfulest scene, and that night he ups and chokes her with the necklace, and she wearing it for safety. Poor dear! The next morning he was found raving mad, but what come of the necklace, dear only knows. And she don't know either, I'm thinking, acoming to look for it every All Hallow E'en.

PEGGY—That's where ghosts are so absurd. Now, if I were a ghost, and had been choked, I should be glad to keep away from the place I was killed in. If there's justice in Ghostland it's the husband who ought to be obliged to haunt the place. (*Enter Tom at the back, un-noticed by the others. He remains half-hidden by the curtain, watching them.*) Have you seen her, Nurse?

TOM (*aside*)—Seen her? Seen what? What are they gossiping about? And in the kitchen. No signs of dinner anywhere.

JENKINS (*who has been trying to make more light by poking the fire*)—Not me, Miss; I keeps out of the way.

PEGGY—Have you, Mary?

MARY—I never looked for her. It's all nonsense.

JENKINS (*indiscreetly*)—Do you mind that time, Miss Mary, when Master Tom dared you to watch on All Hallow E'en?

MARY (*crossly*)—Tom always is absurd.

(*Tom chuckles.*)

JENKINS—Full of his fun and fond of teasing. Don't you mind him, Miss, if he did say girls dared not do it, he never offered to do it hisself.

TOM (*aside*)—Old cat! Before Peggy, too.

PEGGY—Said a girl would not dare to? Well, then, we'll just show him we dare. Let's sit up to-night, Mary.

MARY—What nonsense. There's nothing to see. I prefer bed on a cold night, and I don't call it womanly to make yourself out not afraid of anything.

PEGGY—I'm not afraid of being unwomanly, if that's unwomanly, and a woman has a right to be inquisitive. I'd like Tom to know I'm not afraid, so I shall just watch alone to-night.

TOM (*aside*)—Plucky little girl.

JENKINS—Miss Peggy! (*Looks at her with open mouth.*)

MARY—Peggy! You must not.

PEGGY—Why not?

MARY—Of course it's all nonsense. But how can you?

PEGGY—Tom was right. You're afraid.

TOM (*aside*)—That's a fact.

MARY—Nothing of the sort. I don't see why I should make myself uncomfortable just to show Tom I'm not afraid.

PEGGY—I don't mean to make myself uncomfortable. On the contrary, I'm going to take this chair upstairs, light a fire, and have plenty of candles.

MARY (*despairingly*)—You'll be ill. You'll go mad. (*Tom laughs to himself.*) Oh! Peggy, don't. Suppose she did appear, and try to choke you. Ghosts used to be content with sighing and breathing cold air all over you, but now, in all the magazines, they always choke you.

PEGGY (*looking fixedly at Mary*)—Mary, you're a fraud. You said a little while ago that there were no ghosts, and now—

MARY (*irritably*)—There aren't. But if you feel as if there were, it's just as bad. (*A ring at the bell. Exit Tom hastily.*) Oh! what's that?

PEGGY—Lady Clarissa demanding admittance! I'll go and let her in.

JENKINS—It's a-tempting of Providence, Miss Peggy is. She didn't ought to be allowed to.

PEGGY (*returning with a telegram*)—What a fortune the Post Office will make out of us to-night. Portorage again.

MARY (*reading*)—"Missed train at Junction, Tom." Does that mean he won't be here to-night? I do wish he'd be clearer.

PEGGY (*looking over her shoulder*)—He's vague enough for a cookery book. Well, I'm off to prepare for my interview with Lady Clarissa.

JENKINS—Well, Miss Peggy, you have got a nerve on you! (*With expressions of dismay, they help Peggy to collect chair, candles, &c., and follow her from the room.*)

## SCENE II.

(*A dark oak wainscotted room. Pictures; one of a lady with a large fan. A bright fire. A candle burning on the table. Enter Peggy, a poker in her hand.*)

PEGGY—Poor dears! I don't know which is the more frightened! Mary, with her "Of course it's nonsense," or poor old Jenkins arming me with the poker. *She evidently considers ghosts pretty solid. Well, now to explore. (She rummages about the room, poking under the table, and tapping the wall. Stops before the portrait of a lady) Why! I don't remember seeing this picture before. I don't believe I've been in this room since Tom and I played bears together. Goodness! What frightened eyes! An yet it's like—it's like—Now what is it like? I know. That other portrait in the gallery. It must be Lady Clarissa! What terror she must have lived in before she came to look like that. (Shrinks back.) Oh! This is rather gruesome. I begin to wish— (Looks nervously round the room.) What nonsense! (Pulls herself together, and puts the picture straight.) Poor little ghost, I wish I could find your neck-lace for you! And for Tom, too. He's not had much luck. (Wanders about the room, finally sits down in front of the fire, and begins absent-mindedly poking it). I wonder if Tom will be home to-night. What fun in the morning. Dear old Tom. (Looks round nervously.) One can't hear a thing here, of what goes on in the house. What's the time? (Snuffs the candle, and looks at her watch.) Half-past eleven. (Yawns desperately.) I do wish ghosts did not keep such late hours. I really shall be asleep when she comes, if her ladyship is not punctual. (After some efforts to keep awake, she falls asleep.)*

(*Enter Tom, on tip-toe, dressed up as Lady Clarissa.*)

TOM—Asleep, I declare. (*Advances a step and trips over his skirt.*) Hang these petticoats! (*Stoops to pick them up and his cap falls off.*) How on earth am I to keep together? (*Sits down, and fastens on his cap very crookedly. As he rises he drops his fan, and Peggy stirs slightly. He sits down hurriedly, then rises cautiously, and advances towards her.*) Is she really asleep? (*Makes passes over her face.*) Plucky little girl! I might give a grisly groan, and waken her. (*Makes an effort to do so, but checks himself.*) It is a shame to frighten her. Plucky little soul! And I didn't give the driver a sovereign to take me on the engine, to play ghost to Peggy.

(*Touches her hand lightly, and creeps away. Peggy rouses just as he is quitting the room. She sits up and stares after his retreating figure.*)

PEGGY—Tom, for a ducat! Oh! the villain! Won't I pay him out! Shall I go down? No, he'll say I was afraid. (*Gets up, moves the candle, and goes again to the portrait.*) Making fun of your troubles like that. (*Attempts to put the picture straight. The nail comes out, and the picture falls with a rattling noise.*) What a queer sound? Why, the back comes out. It certainly is strange. (*As she takes out the back, something drops.*) Goodness! Why, what's this? A necklace. (*Drops it, and stands staring at it for a minute, then rushes to the door and calls*) Tom, Tom, Mary! Come here, at once!

(*Tom rushes in, still dressed as Lady Clarissa. Peggy remains staring at the necklace.*)



TOM (*advancing to Peggy*)—Peggy! I'm so awfully sorry! I am a brute. It was only me, not the ghost.

PEGGY (*recovering herself*)—Of course; I know that. But—look there (*pointing to necklace*).

(*Enter Jenkins and Mary. Both shriek. Mary clings to Jenkins, who sinks into a chair, fanning herself*).

JENKINS—Master Tom! Are you yourself or her ladyship?

TOM (*angrily*)—Can't you *do* something? Don't you see she's upset?

PEGGY (*still gasping*)—It's the necklace!

MARY (*pouncing on it*)—Our luck? Now we shall be rich again! I shall still be a poet. Though—

TOM—Bother the necklace. Peggy, let me take you downstairs. (*Exit Jenkins*).

PEGGY (*still gasping a little*)—I'm all right. It was only finding it so suddenly. The picture came down, and the back came out, and then I found—it—(*pointing to the necklace*).

TOM—How can it have come here?

PEGGY (*impatiently*)—Can't you see? Look at the picture?

TOM—Well, I don't quite understand.

PEGGY—Can't you see it's Lady Clarissa? I don't wonder her husband went mad. Those eyes were enough to haunt anyone. He must have hidden her necklace in the back of the picture. So even in death she kept her necklace.

TOM—Really, Peggy, you're a bit fanciful, you know. You're upset, little woman. (*Peggy stamps her foot, and Tom looks again at the picture*). It used to be called "Lady Unknown." I must say (*reluctantly*), it is rather like Lady Clarissa."

(*Jenkins is heard calling "Miss Mary."*—Exit Mary).

TOM—Peggy, you're sure I didn't frighten you?

PEGGY—You goose! Do you imagine I didn't recognise you at once? Tumbling and stumbling over your skirts! No. It was that picture coming down, and finding that thing. (*Shudders slightly*.)

TOM—Well, Peggy, it's yours now. (*Makes as if to put it round her neck*).

PEGGY (*shrinking back*)—No, thank you, Tom, it's very kind of you, but I don't think I could bear it.

TOM—Then if I get you another, Peggy, will you have it, and me?

PEGGY—Well, if you are sure you will not kill me afterwards. (*Gives him her hand.*)

## Noel and the New Year in Switzerland.

It almost seems as if the good old festival of Christmas, with all its attendant delights, were gradually and sorrowfully dying out in England.

Nature, herself, if not an actual cause of this decay, seems, at any rate, to sanction it, since it is she who has robbed this once joyous season of half its charm. Christmas morning now rarely dawns bright and frosty; the sunshine, if there is any, gleams but feebly upon damp ground or muddy streets, not upon white expanses of dazzling snow, as traditionally it ought to do. Christmas, under such gloomy circumstances, is often the reverse of cheerful; the strain of attempting to appear gay is at all times great, and, perhaps, the majority of English people to-day go to bed on Christmas night thankful,

not so much for the actual joys of the day, as that it will not recur again for a year.

But if Yuletide in England at times assumes a somewhat depressing aspect, it appears in a very different guise abroad. In Switzerland, where a bright sun shines with vigour, either upon frosty hedges or upon snow-covered mountains, everyone seems, at Christmas time, to borrow from the brightness of the surroundings, and it is, indeed, a time of "mirth and jollity." English people abroad are always much more friendly than English people in their native land. A common bond of patriotism unites them, and this general amity is especially noticeable and appropriate at Christmas time.

Since it is practically impossible to find any Swiss town, at the present day, that does not possess a colony of English inhabitants, Christmas in Switzerland does not differ in detail very much from Christmas in England. It is, in reality, the spirit with which everything is carried on that makes all the festivities such an immense success.

In Swiss families, as well as in the hôtels, Christmas Trees are common; but they are very rarely exhibited on Christmas Day itself, but are generally kept for the "Nouvel An," which is by far the greater fête of the two. Decorations are also put up, and for several weeks before the actual date of the festival the markets are gay with evergreens, holly, and mistletoe, as well as with differently-sized Christmas Trees.

But whilst the English people keep Christmas with all due honour, to the Swiss the New Year is the real time for rejoicing. It is then that they receive and give their gifts, and hold their family gatherings.

In the hôtels, there are very often dances, both on New Year's Eve and on the day itself, but the Swiss generally prefer to usher in their "Nouvel An" in a graver and more thoughtful fashion. They sit up, as a rule, "en famille," to watch the old year out, and when they have heard, through the frosty air, the chimes announcing the New Year's advent, they wish one another happiness heartily.

In Vevey, many people meet on the Platz in front of the chief church, St. Martin. Here they listen in silence to the ringing out of the Old Year, and the ringing in of the New, they shake hands cordially with everyone present, wishing them at the same time "Bonne Année" with a fervour which is at once touching and gratifying.

To the greater part of the Swiss people, the New Year is the most solemn of all days, and consequently they welcome it with warmer feeling and more anxious expectation than it is our custom to do; for whilst, after the great festival of Noël, the New Year is, with us, almost an anti-climax, with them it is the zenith of their happiness, their hopes and their desires.

I. M. ELLIS.

## The Dramatic Entertainment.

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The Old Girls' Union gave two performances of Tennyson's "Princess," at the end of the Winter Term. To the mere outsider, it seemed a very ambitious piece for amateurs to attempt; but the doubt whether they would be able to cope with it was soon dispelled, as it proved a great success from first to last. The players had evidently been long and carefully trained, which care and training were amply repaid by the spirit with which they entered into their parts.

The principal characters, those of the Prince and Princess Ida, were played by Miss May Savage and Miss Muriel Broadbent respectively. They are by no means easy parts. The Prince, though one of the leading characters, has comparatively little to say, and appears most frequently to be a passive instrument in the hands of his gentlemen. Miss Savage well sustained this difficult part, and if, at times, the Prince shewed a certain want of animation, there was no lack of it in the scene where he pleaded his love to the Princess, and was roughly cast out by the Proctor; or in the last scene when the Princess yielded to his solicitations.

Miss Muriel Broadbent, as the Princess Ida, was excellent. Her authority over her students, her contempt of mere man, her scorn of the Prince her lover, her rejection of him and, finally, her submission to him, were one and all good. Perhaps her most powerful piece of acting was the long soliloquy in which she pondered over the Prince's picture of the life that "every woman counts her due," and puts it on one side as not for her. If, in the last scene, she did yield a little suddenly to his embraces, who can wonder?

Of the lesser characters, Melissa (Miss Ella Douglas) and Cyril (Miss Dorothy Broadbent) were the most notable. There must always be a difference of opinion as to the right interpretation of any character, and the Outsider's view of Florian (Miss Margaret Broadbent), and Lady Psyche (Miss Gertrude Thompson), is not that of the actors. To the Outsider, it would appear that, at the time when Lady Psyche first appears on the scene, she took her College and her Mission far more seriously than was suggested.

We must not forget Lady Blanche (Miss Scott), with her jealous scorn of Lady Psyche, a part she well sustained; or the King (Miss Caldicutt), the Students, the Pages, and the Courtiers, all of whom added greatly to the success of the play. The Children's Dance, though perhaps a little out of keeping with the austerity of the College rule, was very



pretty. Songs from "The Princess" were sung between the acts by the School Choir, accompanied by J. C. Bridge, Esq., Mus. Doc. These were a charming feature, as also were the solos by Miss Ella Douglas, accompanied by Mrs. Douglas Adams; by Miss Caldicutt, accompanied by Miss Hilda Giles; and the incidental music rendered by Dr. Bridge, Colonel Savage, and Mr. Veerman.

One word must be added in praise of the dresses and the staging, which could not have been better.

We wish the Society every success, and look forward to seeing more performances in future days.

AN OUTSIDER.

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## The Sale of Work, 1903.

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The Biennial Sale of Work held last year took place on Saturday, July 11th, and was kindly opened by Mrs. Macgillicuddy, of Bache Hall, with a few encouraging words. She afterwards visited the stalls and made generous purchases.

The stalls were well filled with useful and pretty articles which soon found ready sale. This year our specialities were a splendid supply of Madeira basket work, kindly procured by Miss Clay, and some Russian embroidered and metal work, brought for us from the country by another kind friend of the school. Several "Old Girls" took charge of the Flower Stall, which, thanks to the liberal contributions sent from all sides, became a centre of attraction, and permitted many to leave enriched at small cost.

The Fish Pond, undertaken by the boarders at "Kingsholme," and the Bran Pie, managed by D. Johnston and E. Greenhouse, were both well patronised, and, as usual, were able to send a goodly sum to swell the grand total.

Miss Hilda Giles had decorated and furnished with taste and skill a charming Doll's House, which excited great admiration and longing in the hearts of many of the little ones. This was raffled for the sum of £4, and is, no doubt, still a source of much pleasure to the happy possessors.

The Entertainments were quite up to their usual standard. An admirable rendering of an amusing scene from Miss Austen's "Emma," was given by M. Savage, I. Ellis, and O. Sheringham, under the able direction of Miss Clay, whilst P. Nevitt-Bennett and E. Archer impersonated very successfully Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and drew large audiences.

In the garden, a very pretty "Living Alphabet" was to be seen, in which the Kindergarten and Lower School took part. This was arranged and superintended by Miss H. Giles. Owing to Miss Macdonald's sad bereavement, the "Variety Entertainment" was this year managed by Mrs. Douglas Adams, who has so often and so willingly given us the benefit of her great skill and experience. To all kind friends who gave us their valuable support, as well as to the many ready helpers, our best thanks are expressed, for to them is largely due the success of the Sale.

A Statement of Accounts is given below.

This year, each Form received a donation of £1 for the decoration of its Class Room, and several additions were made to the Mistresses' New Sitting Room, including a much-needed clock.

# SALE OF WORK. 1903.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Proceeds of the Sale of Work	57 17 10	By Purchase of Russian Embroidery, &c.,	
" Received after the Sale	5 10 0	Expenses of Refreshment Stall, Printing, Madeira Baskets, Bookshelves	14 1 1
" Doll's House, etc.	4 15 0	" Contributions for giving Country Holidays to the Children of the Poor (1) in Chester —	
		Parish of Holy Trinity	4 0 0
		" St. Peter's	3 0 0
		" St. Michael's	3 0 0
		" St. Mary's	3 0 0
		" All Saints', Hoole	3 0 0
		" St. John's	3 0 0
		(2) Sent to the Country Holiday Fund —	19 0 0
		(a) In Liverpool	4 0 0
		(b) In London — Plaistow, £2;	
		Oxford House, £2..	4 0 0
		(3) Contributions to Special Cases —	8 0 0
		Wrexham	1 0 0
		Sowerby Bridge	1 0 0
		Boys' Home, Chester	1 0 0
		Per Miss Lutener, Chester	1 0 0
		" Expended for School Purposes —	4 0 0
		Cricket, Tennis, and Hockey Clubs	3 0 0
		Pictures in Class Rooms and Mistresses' Room	13 13 5½
		" Payment of Deficit on the Expenses of Printing and Publishing the School Annual—for 1902, £3 15s. 7d.; for 1903 (part), 13s.	4 8 7
		Balance in hand	1 19 8½
			£68 2 10

38

Examined and found correct,

FLORENCE M. LEICESTER.

# Public Examinations.

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*The following Public Examinations have been passed by Pupils of  
the Queen's School during the last twelve months.*

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## CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1903.

### Group R. (Religious Knowledge)—

Passed : P. Nevitt-Bennett, H. B. Spencer.  
In December, 1903.

### Group C. (Euclid and Algebra) Mathematics—

Class III : D. L. Owen, H. B. Spencer.

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## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS, JULY, 1903.

Higher Certificate. Passed : Dorothy L. Owen, distinguished in English  
and History.

Ivy M. Ellis, distinguished in English and History.

Lower Certificate. Passed : Agnes Alvey, First Class in Arithmetic and  
English.

Nellie G. Bellamy, First Class in Arithmetic, Scripture Know-  
ledge and English.

Edna Lloyd, First Class in English.

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## LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATION OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

School Examination, 1903.

### Elementary Division (Singing)—

Passed : G. Breffit, J. Beswick, M. Walley.

Higher Centre Examination, 1903.

Passed : Marion Ashton.

School Examination, April, 1903.

### Higher Division—(Violin). Passed : G. Breffit.

(Pianoforte). Passed : Annie E. Bird, Eileen M. Archer,  
Edna Lloyd.

(Singing). Passed : Gladys Breffit.

### Lower Division—(Pianoforte). Passed : Eliza B. Jones, Helen Shering- ham, Cecilia Atkin, Agnes E. Woodcock.

### Elementary Division—(Singing). Passed : D. G. Holland.

(Pianoforte). Passed : Monica Holmes.

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## THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, JUNE, 1903.

Division I.—Honours : M. Aston, M. Clark, D. Hornby, M. Nicholls,  
M. Walley, I. Thompson.

Passed : M. Browning, N. Linaker, A. Welsby.

Division II.—Honours : E. Laycock.

Passed : N. Williams, N. Archer, V. Evans, H. Greenhouse,  
G. Maddock, B. Stephen, C. Cathcart-Smith.

Division III.—Honours : R. Welsby.

Passed : E. Baker, E. Boscawen, H. Drinkwater, D. Drew,  
B. Jones, S. Marston, P. Owen, G. Nicholls, D. Smith,  
D. Woolliscroft, C. Williams.



*Division IV.*—Honours : S. Marston.

*Division V.*—Passed : M. Walley.

*Division VI.*—Passed : M. N. G. Savage.

At the Annual Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, &c., held by the above Society, all the specimens sent by the Pupils of the Queen's School, were accepted, and five were commended.

M. Bowers, Painting of Chester Cathedral.

R. Welsby, Imaginative Drawing.

D. Heywood, J. Elwell, Drawings of Flowers from Life.

G. Breffit, Painting of Flowers from Life.

## LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates—

*Grade I.*—Very Good : E. Boscawen, J. Cooper, E. Hibbert.

Good : C. Atkin, I. Thompson, N. Archer, L. Bromley, G. Maddock, D. Williams, A. Woodcock, M. Browning, J. Evans, D. Hornby, N. Linaker, S. Marston, M. Swire, B. Tait, M. Walley.

Very Fair : J. Brown, D. Burleigh, D. Drew, G. Davies, E. Wolfe, B. Maddock, A. Welsby, M. McMichael.

*Grade II.*—Good : L. Jones, V. Evans, R. Welsby, E. Cotgreave, M. Clark, D. Eaton.

Very Fair : G. Nicholls, M. Nicholls, C. Bennett, E. Greenhouse, K. Godwin, N. Williams, D. Bromley, E. Hamilton, C. Williams.

*Grade III.*—Good : E. Laycock, M. Okell.

Very Fair : B. Jones, B. Stephen, M. Hutton, D. Woolliscroft, D. Johnston, P. Owen, H. Greenhouse, C. Smith.

*Grade IV.*—Very Fair. G. Finchett, D. Ellis, H. Drinkwater.

*Grade V.*—Good. E. Baker, E. Hamley, M. Walley, D. Stewart, H. Smith, L. Webster, W. Littler.

Very Fair : G. Lloyd-Jones, M. Hicks, F. Roberts, M. Smith, A. Jones, M. Smith.

The Queen's Scholarship, founded in Memory of Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1887, and gained last year by Dorothy Lilian Owen, has this year been awarded again to Dorothy Lilian Owen.

The "William Davies" Prize was this year given for Literature, and awarded to Dorothy Lilian Owen.

This year Phyllis Davison has been awarded a "Hastings Scholarship" for Holloway College.

Marion Ashton and Nellie Bellamy gained "Hastings Scholarships" held in the School.

At the recent examination held at the close of the "Shakespeare" lectures, given under the auspices of the Oxford University Extension Scheme, Dorothy L. Owen gained the Chester Centre Prize, and Ivy Ellis gained Distinction.



# CHRONICLE.

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It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that there was a very real reason for our School being known as the "Queen's" School, for H.M. Queen Victoria was formerly our *honoured Patroness*. It is therefore most gratifying that the first event to be chronicled in this year's Magazine is that H.M. Queen Alexandra has graciously consented to assume the same position towards our School which thus continues to maintain its *right to its proud title*. Vivat Regina!

The first and, perhaps, the most important event of the year, as marking a great development in the School, was the reception held to celebrate the opening of the Hastings Wing. The proceedings began with prayer, Canon Cooper Scott kindly acting as *Chaplain* to the School for the occasion, and then the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. John Thompson, delivered a short address, in which he sketched the past history and present aims of the School; afterwards, our guests visited the new buildings, which were much admired.

Indeed, the *Hastings Wing* is a source of pride to all connected with the Queen's School. But it is true—and sometimes right—that the more there is given, the more there is wanted. It is certainly so with us. We have gained new class rooms, and now we greatly desire the means of decorating them worthily. Some pictures were obtained through the success of the Bazaar, and for two we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Skeat and Mr. Hyde; but there is still much space available in *class rooms* and corridors. Perhaps, in the near future, as a School, we may be able to make some special effort to add to the beauty of our surroundings in this respect.

A full account of the Biennial Sale of Work, held in the School during the Summer Term, will be found elsewhere. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Macgillcuddy for kindly opening the Bazaar, and to our many friends who helped to furnish the stalls, and gave us their custom afterwards.

Prize Day was held on Monday, October 19th, and was the occasion of a first visit to the School on the part of Her Grace the Duchess of Westminster, who had kindly consented to distribute the prizes. The chair was taken by Mr. John Thompson, M.A.

Towards the end of the Autumn Term, a very successful dramatic entertainment—a play based on Lord Tennyson's "Princess"—was given by members of the "Old Girls' Union," in support of the Cot Fund. It is satisfactory to know that, in spite of the heavy expenses necessarily involved, a considerable sum was realised, and is likely to prove a very acceptable reserve fund to draw upon in time of need for the support of a cause which all Queen's School girls, past and present, should have at heart. A member of the audience has kindly recorded impressions of the play, and it is only necessary here to express appreciation of the zeal with which the actors entered into the work, giving ungrudgingly of their time for the inevitably numerous rehearsals. The thanks of all concerned are due to the Stage Manager, Miss Hilda Giles, and to those who made the music such an attractive part of the entertainment.

By special invitation, a representation of "The Princess" was given at the Boughton Institute, and met with a very cordial and appreciative reception from a large audience.

The Queen's School is indebted to the kindness of Miss Darby and the Ven. Archdeacon Barber for two opportunities afforded the senior girls of visiting the Cathedral under most able guidance. The interest in the great relics of the past, thus stimulated, will, it is hoped, bear fruit in the future, some present pupils having united to attempt the study of some of the many interesting buildings in this neighbourhood. As a beginning, a visit has been paid to Gresford Church, when the Vicar most kindly gave an account to these latter-day pilgrims of some of the wonderful glass in the church. It is hoped that the records kept of *such* and similar visits may prove of interest to some young compatriots across the

sea; for the Queen's School has accepted an invitation to join the League of Empire, and proposes to send its sister school in India descriptions, pictures, and photographs of Chester and its neighbourhood.

Perhaps, on their part, our friends in India may be willing to help us with contributions to the Museum, which it is proposed to inaugurate. This must necessarily have a small beginning, and must depend, in the main, and rightly so, on the contributions of girls in the School; but we shall gratefully receive gifts of articles of historic, geographical, or commercial interest, and look to them, not only to add more vivid interest to the geography and history teaching in the school, but also to induce a truer sense of fellow-citizenship in a great empire. In common with other schools, we shall this year observe the twenty-fourth of May, as Empire Day.

It is with much regret that we have parted, during the year, with some old friends of the Queen's School. Miss Stokes and Fräulein Wülfing left us at the end of the Autumn Term, and carried with them our best wishes for their happiness and success, together with the hope that, from time to time, they would re-visit us in Chester.

Mr. Siddall has also terminated his long connection with the School; but in his case, we have the satisfaction of knowing that he is still our near neighbour, whose sympathy will always be ours in every effort to awaken an intelligent interest in the wonders of Nature.

We have lost the presence of another friend in Mrs. Chadburn, who had, for so many years identified herself with the life and interests of the Queen's School. We trust she will not forget the many friends she has left here, nor cease to share our hopes and enthusiasms.

An enlarged portrait of Mrs. Sandford, presented to the School by her brother, Colonel R. R. Poole, now hangs in the Hall. The work has been most successfully executed by Mr. Watmough Webster, and it is a very great pleasure to us all to have such a beautiful likeness of Mrs. Sandford in our midst.

A reproduction of Mr. Herbert Draper's picture, "Tristram and Isolt," has been presented to the School by Miss Clay, and will be held each term by the Form having the best record for order and work. This term it has been awarded to Form III. B.

In this, as in previous years, the thanks of the School are due to the many kind donors of Prizes.

The following books have been given to the School Library since May, 1903:—

"Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason; presented by Dorothy Walshall.

"Barlasch of the Guard," by S. Merriman; presented by Olive Sheringham.

"Adventures of Duke Huon of Bordeaux," by B. Clay; presented by Miss Clay.

*Report of the General Meeting of the Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils, 1903*—The Annual General Meeting took place at the Queen's School on Friday, 12th June, 1903 at 3 p.m. Sixty members were present. The day was beautifully fine, though a little cold. Miss Clay took the chair at the Business Meeting at 3.30. The Minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, and adopted by the meeting.

The re-election of the Secretaries, Miss Caldecutt and Miss Day, was proposed by Miss Margaret Broadbent, seconded by Miss Enid Jones, and carried unanimously.

The Treasurer's Account was read and adopted by the meeting.

The re-election of the Treasurer, Miss Cooper Scott, proposed by Miss Day, seconded by Miss L. Warmesley, was carried unanimously.

The Cot Treasurer read her account, which was adopted by the meeting.

The re-election of the Cot Treasurer (Mrs. W. L. Davies), together with a hearty vote of thanks, was proposed by Miss Glascodine, seconded by Miss Davison, and carried unanimously.



The re-election of the Cot Secretary (Miss Caldecutt) was proposed by Miss N. Day, seconded by Miss Cawley, and carried unanimously.

The re-election of Miss Glascodine as sub-editor of "Have Mynde," together with a hearty vote of thanks, was proposed by Miss Caldecutt, seconded by Miss Savage, and carried unanimously.

Five new members of Committee were then nominated and voted for. During the counting of the votes, Miss Caldecutt and the Misses Beswick gave the assembly much pleasure by singing and playing to them.

The members of Committee for 1903-1904 were—

Miss Margaret Broadbent.  
Miss F. Mill.  
Miss N. Day.  
Miss M. Warmsley.  
Miss O. Burges.  
Miss D. L. Owen (Representative of Form VI.)

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS—

Sub-Editor of "Have Mynde."	...	Miss Glascodine.
Cot Treasurer	...	Mrs. W. L. Davies.
Cot Secretary	...	Miss Caldecutt.
General Secretaries	...	{ Miss Day. Miss Caldecutt.

An amendment to Rule 1, the addition of the words "That the Sub-Editor of "Have Mynde" be henceforth an ex-officio member of the Committee, was proposed by Miss Day, and carried unanimously.

The business meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding, proposed by Mrs. W. L. Davies, seconded by Miss Sheringham, and carried unanimously.

Members then dispersed to look over the new building and the library, which has been arranged for the books left to the school by Mrs. Sandford.

Tea was served in the Cloisters. Afterwards, at an informal meeting held in the Hall, Miss Glascodine gave some account of the fund raised for the memorial to Mrs. Sandford. It amounted to £130, and the meeting resolved that it should be devoted to founding a Permanent Prize Fund, primarily for Scripture, to be called the "Sandford Prize Fund," after covering the cost of a bronze tablet to the memory of Mrs. Sandford, which has been placed in the School Hall.

Arrangements for the Bazaar, to be held on July 11th, were discussed, and the Old Girls undertook the Fruit and Flower Stall.

It was also proposed that an Entertainment in aid of the Cot Fund, should be given in the winter by the Old Girls. Miss Savage and Miss Duke kindly undertook the preliminary steps.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in the Garden, where the "Massa Band" provided excellent music, and a Tennis Tournament was going on.

Ten members took part in the Tournament.

*First Round*—1.—Misses L. Warmsley and A. Finchett, v. Misses Langdon and Cawley. Won by the Misses L. Warmsley and A. Finchett.

2.—Misses E. Day and P. Brandreth, v. Misses M. Warmsley and E. Brandreth. Won by the Misses Day and P. Brandreth.  
Misses N. Day and O. Sheringham a bye.

*Second Round*—Misses E. Day and P. Brandreth v. Misses O. Sheringham and N. Day. Won by the Misses E. Day and P. Brandreth.  
Misses L. Warmsley and A. Finchett a bye.

*Final*—Misses L. Warmsley and A. Finchett v. Misses E. Day and P. Brandreth. Won by the Misses E. Day and P. Brandreth, who received the prizes.

## THE "SANDFORD" MEMORIAL.

At the General Annual Meeting, held in June last year, it was decided that the chief memorial to our late beloved Head Mistress, Mrs. Sandford, should take the form of a Prize Fund, to be primarily devoted to Prizes for Religious Knowledge and Literature, these being the subjects especially associated with Mrs. Sandford in the minds of many of her old pupils.

In accordance with this decision nearly £127 was paid over to the Governors of the Queen's School; in acknowledgement the following letter was received by the Secretary, Mrs. Leonard Davies:—

"Dear Madam,

At the last meeting, the Governors received, through Miss Glascodine, your cheque for £126 10s. 11d., balance of the Sandford Memorial Fund, which your meeting desired should be dealt with so that the income might be expended in Prizes for Scripture and Literature.

The Governors directed me to say that 'they accepted the cheque with much pleasure, and they fully appreciated the feeling of the past and present pupils of the School and other friends, and that they will take care that the money be invested and the income dealt with in the manner suggested.'

Yours truly,

F. B. MASON,  
*Clerk."*

After deducting expenses, the rest of the amount has been expended in a Tablet to Mrs. Sandford's memory. It is designed in copper and mounted on oak, and has been placed in the School Hall.

The inscription runs thus:—

HAVE MYNDE

OF

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANDFORD,

Head Mistress of the Queen's School

from

1887—1903.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."

*This tablet is placed here by past and present pupils and friends in grateful acknowledgement of her valued work and ennobling influence.*

A full statement of accounts, together with a list of subscribers, is given below.

Miss Adeane  
Miss Alletson  
Miss R. Alexander  
The Misses Anderson  
Miss Anderson  
The Misses Andrew  
Miss Ashington  
Miss Ashley  
Miss R. Baker  
Miss G. Baird  
Archdeacon Barber  
The Misses Beswick  
Miss A. Birch  
Miss M. Birch  
H. Birch, Esq.  
Miss Birley  
Miss F. Birley  
Miss M. Breffit  
Dr. Bridge  
Miss Broadbent  
Miss Margaret Broadbent  
Miss Brown  
Mrs. Harry Brown  
Mrs. Franklin Brown

Mrs. Pryce Browne  
The Misses Burston  
The Misses Burgess  
Mrs. Dykes Campbell  
Miss A. Caldecutt  
Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell  
Miss B. Cawley  
Miss M. E. Carney  
Mrs. Chadburn  
Mr. Chadburn  
Mr. E. Chadburn  
Miss M. Chadburn  
Miss T. Chapman  
Miss T. Coplestone  
The Misses Cotton  
Miss Catherine Davies  
Miss L. Davies  
Miss L. Davies  
Mrs. W. L. Davies  
Miss P. Davison  
Mrs. Day  
The Misses Day  
Miss E. Day  
Miss Day

Miss M. Dickson  
 Miss E. Douglas  
 Miss M. Donald  
 Rev. H. Drew  
 Miss Duggan  
 Mrs. Ellis  
 Miss D. Elwell  
 Miss Enock  
 Rev. A. H. Fish  
 The Misses Francis  
 Miss C. Fraser  
 Fraülein Friedlander  
 J. Gamon, Esq.  
 Mrs. Gatley  
 Miss E. Giles  
 Miss H. Giles  
 E. Gardner, Esq.  
 Miss Glascodine  
 Miss G. Gordon  
 Miss M. Heywood  
 The Misses Holland  
 Miss E. Holland  
 Miss F. Holland  
 Miss M. Horswell  
 Miss M. Horton  
 Miss K. Hughes  
 The Misses Bannister-  
     Jones  
 Mr. M. Jones  
 Miss E. Jones  
 Mrs. Robert Lamb  
 The Misses Lanceley  
 Miss F. Leicester  
 Miss W. Lewis  
 Miss G. Leader  
 Miss G. Lloyd  
 Miss G. Lowe  
 Miss Macdonald  
 Miss E. R. MacNeile  
 Miss C. Major  
 Miss Marsden  
 F. B. Mason, Esq.  
 Miss A. Mason  
 Miss B. Midweton  
 Miss F. Mill  
 Mrs. Mitchell  
 Miss M. Minshall  
 The Misses Nelson  
 The Misses Nicholls  
 W. Nichols, Esq.  
 The Misses Owen  
 Miss Parker  
 Miss M. Parry  
 Mrs. Perkins

Miss M. Pickering  
 Miss M. Phelps  
 The Misses Poole  
 The Misses Plummer  
 H. R. Poole, Esq.  
 J. Walmsley Price, Esq.  
 Miss M. Pritchard  
 The Pupils of the  
     Queen's School  
 Mrs. Robert Roberts  
 Mrs. Cecil Roberts  
 The Misses Roberts  
 Miss Rossiter  
 Mrs. R. H. Rowson  
 Miss H. Rutherford  
 Miss D. Sharman  
 Miss L. Salkeld  
 The Misses Sandford  
 Canon Cooper Scott  
 Miss S. Seller  
 J. D. Siddall, Esq.  
 Miss E. Simpson  
 Mrs. L. P. Smith  
 Miss E. Jeffreys Smith  
 Mrs. Martin Stewart  
 Mrs. Strong  
 Miss Stokes  
 Miss G. Sykes  
 Miss O. Sykes  
 Miss E. Tait  
 Mrs. Taylor  
 Mrs. Thomas  
 Miss J. Thomas  
 Miss F. Thompson  
 John Thompson, Esq.  
 Miss M. Thorneley  
 Miss N. Tiley  
 The Misses Tinkler  
 Miss M. Viggars  
 Miss L. Walley  
 Miss D. Walthall  
 The Misses Warmesley  
 Miss D. Webb  
 Mrs. Webster  
 Miss E. Welsch  
 Miss M. S. Welsby  
 Miss F. Weston  
 Miss M. Whiteley  
 Miss E. B. Wilbraham  
 Miss Lucy Williams  
 The Misses Williamson  
 Mrs. Woodhouse  
 Fraülein Wulfging

Although we feel convinced that the work connected with this Memorial has been a labour of love to the Secretaries, Mrs. Leonard W. Davies and Miss Alice Caldecutt, nevertheless we are sincerely grateful for the trouble they have taken, and offer them our heartfelt thanks.





# THE "SANDFORD" MEMORIAL FUND.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Subscriptions	... 133 16 6	Stamps, Printing, Advertising and Stationery	... 1 15 10
Bank Interest	... 1 3 3	Tablet	... 5 10 0
		Oak Panel for Tablet	... 1 3 0
		Cheque to Governors of Queen's School	126 10 11
	<u>£134 19 9</u>		<u>£134 19 9</u>

Audited and found correct,

G. H. HASWELL,

27th Nov., 1903.

Chartered Accountant

“Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem: dulce est  
desipere in loco!”

1. Combination better much :  
Ancles rather tender,  
Otherwise would shoot quite well,  
Perhaps this verse will mend her !
2. *Has a good hard hit but is apt to be rather uncertain in hitting :*  
Should play more out in the field and help the half-backs in  
their need :  
Sometimes on the muddy ground she is too much devoted to sitting ;  
Rather slow too in reaching the ball, so should aim at  
increasing her speed.
3. A hard place, a good girl, but she doesn't much like it,  
But the ball, oh ! the ball, you should just see her strike it !  
It flies down the field like a shot from a gun  
And the enemy's forwards must just turn and run.
4. Can run quite fast, knows how to hit,  
*But is not very sage ;*  
Will improve the more she has of it,  
For wisdom comes with age !
5. O half, our chiefest half, who, 'mid a crowd  
Not of friends only, but opponents rude,  
To wondrous combination good hath ploughed  
Thy way, and shewn thy matchless fortitude,  
Remember that in Hockey Rules 'tis said—  
“Thou must not raise thy stick above thy head.”
6. A splendid left wing, 'twill be hard to replace her,  
Her passing and stopping are equally fine :  
*Her shooting is brilliant ; none can outpace her :*  
Ere you know where she is, the ball's over the line.
7. A most unselfish forward,  
Unequalled in her place,  
Passes, plays with judgment,  
Shoots well, keeps up the pace.
8. Hard to pass this little lass :  
Dribbles fast and speedy :  
Works as hard as five or six :  
Centreing rather weedy !
9. There's a proverb that says you must look ere you leap :  
This applies to your hitting in hockey :  
Take aim when you hit and remember to keep  
The ball to the wings when you knock 'e.
9. A pretty good shot, works well on the whole,  
But centre should try to attack more.  
It's not very easy to score a good goal  
Unless you charge down on the back more.
11. Practise sore is needed  
In dribble, pass and shot.  
Missing all the games last Term,  
Very slack she's got.
12. Be strong, good maid, and be a little faster :  
If hit you get, why, mind it not a jot,  
'Twill soon get well with vinegar and plaster,  
So never stop until a goal you've got.

# Games.

1903—1904.

## CRICKET.

OFFICERS: *Captain* ... M. SAVAGE.  
*Secretary* ... D. L. OWEN.  
*Treasurer* ... A. OWEN.

Six matches were played this season, one of them being a 2nd XI. match. Three were won by the Queen's School, two were lost, and one drawn in our favour.

Some excitement was caused by a novel challenge from one of the "Fathers," suggesting that the XI. should play a team of the "Fathers," who proposed to play one-handed with broomsticks. The final conditions were that a match should be played on equal terms, except that the "Fathers" should bat left-handed. During the match, tea was served by the "Fathers" on the Cricket Field. On July 27, the General Meeting was held, and the Officers for the next season were elected, but owing to a mistake, a re-election was held the following April, when the results were—

*Captain* ... G. Breffit (left), A. Owen.  
*Secretary* ... D. L. Owen.  
*Treasurer* ... I. Ellis.

The Cricket Prize was awarded to M. Savage, Captain.  
 The scores of the matches were as follows:—

### JUNE 5TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS.

Score—1st Innings:—		QUEEN'S SCHOOL.			
Name		How out.	Bowler.	Runs.	
1. G. Breffit	...	c N. Day	... D. Finchett	... 38	
2. R. Owen	...	played on	... A. Caldecutt	... 13	
3. A. Owen	...	c L. Walmsley	... D. Finchett	... 15	
4. O. Sheringham	...	bowled	... A. Caldecutt	... 15	
5. I. Ellis	...	bowled	... D. Finchett	... 5	
6. M. Caldecutt	...	c D. Finchett	... A. Caldecutt	... 0	
7. S. Marston	...	c A. Caldecutt	... A. Caldecutt	... 0	
8. M. Savage	...	not out	... A. Caldecutt	... 9	
9. H. Meeson	...	c N. Day	... D. Finchett	... 0	
10. D. L. Owen	...	c N. Day	... D. Finchett	... 2	
11. D. Stewart	...	bowled	... D. Finchett	... 2	
			Extras	... 2	
			Total	... 101	
		OLD GIRLS.			
1. A. Finchett	...	bowled	... G. Breffit	... 9	
2. L. Walmsley	...	run out	... R. Owen	... 8	
3. D. Finchett	...	c D. Stewart	... R. Owen	... 4	
4. M. Viggars	...	run out	... R. Owen	... 2	
5. N. Day	...	bowled	... R. Owen	... 1	
6. H. Dent	...	c A. Owen	... G. Breffit	... 0	
7. A. Caldecutt	...	bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 1	
8. R. Bird	...	bowled	... R. Owen	... 7	
9. K. Day	...	bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 2	
10. P. Brandreth	...	run out	... O. Sheringham	... 0	
11. E. Day	...	not out	... O. Sheringham	... 1	
			Extras	... 1	
			Total	... 36	



2nd Innings :—		OLD GIRLS.	(followed on).	
1.	A. Finchett	... c A. Owen	... M. Caldecutt	3
2.	L. Warmesley	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	13
3.	D. Finchett	... played on	... M. Caldecutt	5
4.	M. Viggers	... stumped	... M. Caldecutt	0
5.	N. Day	... bowled	... G. Breffit	3
6.	H. Dent	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	1
7.	A. Caldecutt	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	0
8.	R. Bird	... c A. Owen	... O. Sheringham	9
9.	K. Day	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	2
10.	P. Brandreth	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	2
11.	E. Day	... not out	...	0
				Extras ... 1
				Total ... 39

## JUNE 6TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. "FATHERS."

1st Innings :—		QUEEN'S SCHOOL.		
1.	G. Breffit	... bowled	Mr. Johnston	... 8
2.	R. Owen	... c Mr. Evans	Mr. Johnston	... 1
3.	A. Owen	... bowled	Mr. Evans	... 11
4.	O. Sheringham	... c Mr. Bromley	Mr. Johnston	... 0
5.	I. Ellis	... bowled	Col. Savage	... 2
6.	M. Caldecutt	... bowled	Mr. Evans	... 0
7.	S. Marston	... bowled	Mr. Evans	... 2
8.	M. Savage	... bowled	Col. Savage	... 0
9.	H. Meeson	... c Mr. Welsby	Col. Savage	... 0
10.	D. L. Owen	... c Mr. Caldecutt	Mr. Evans	... 1
11.	D. Stewart	... not out		... 1
			Extras	... 1
			Total	... 27

## "FATHERS."

1.	Mr. Johnston	... bowled	... A. Owen	0
2.	Col. Savage	... c A. Owen	... A. Owen	6
3.	Mr. Gardner	... bowled	... A. Owen	0
4.	Mr. Davison	... bowled	... G. Breffit	0
5.	Mr. Welsby	... c G. Breffit	... G. Breffit	2
6.	Mr. Caldecutt	... bowled	... A. Owen	0
7.	Mr. Evans	... c O. Sheringham	... A. Owen	0
8.	Mr. McMichael	... c R. Owen	... A. Owen	0
9.	Mr. Bromley	... not out	...	3
10.	Mr. Mason	... bowled	... A. Owen	0
11.	Mr. Gamon	... bowled	... A. Owen	0
				Extras ... 1
				Total ... 12

## 2nd Innings :—

2nd Innings:—		QUEEN'S SCHOOL.					
1.	G. Breffit	...	c Mr. Welsby	...	Mr. Evans	...	0
2.	R. Owen	...	bowled	...	Col. Savage	...	0
3.	A. Owen	...	c Mr. Evans	...	Col. Savage	...	1
4.	O. Sheringham	...	c Mr. Gamon	...	Mr. Johnston	...	12
5.	I. Ellis	...	c Mr. Johnston	...	Col. Savage	...	0
6.	M. Caldecutt	...	run out	...	Mr. Welsby	...	4
7.	S. Marston	...	bowled	...	Mr. Johnston	...	4
8.	M. Savage	...	run out	...	Col. Savage	...	2
9.	H. Meeson	...	bowled	...	Mr. Johnston	...	0
10.	D. L. Owen	...	bowled	...	Mr. Johnston	...	1
11.	D. Stewart	...	not out	...			3
					Extras	...	1
					Total	...	28

## "FATHERS."

1. Mr. Evans	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 0
2. Mr. Bromley	... l b w	... A. Owen	... 1
3. Col. Savage	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 2
4. Mr. Welsby	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 5
5. Mr. Johnston	... c G. Breffit	... G. Breffit	... 1
6. Mr. Caldecutt	... l b w	... A. Owen	... 5
7. Mr. Davison	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
8. Mr. Gardner	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
9. Mr. McMichael	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
10. Mr. Mason	... not out	...	... 0
11. Mr. Gamon	... c G. Breffit	... O. Sheringham	... 0
		Extras	... 1
		Total	... 15

In this Match, the batting of the Q. S. XI. was not up to its usual form, and all of them played back far too much to every kind of ball. Their bowling and fielding redeemed this fault; hardly a catch was missed, and in one over, R. Owen bowled 2 wickets, A. Owen 3.

## JUNE 19TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS (RETURN).

Score—1st Innings:—		QUEEN'S SCHOOL.	
1. R. Owen	... bowled	... A. Finchett	... 15
2. I. Ellis	... c R. Bird	... L. Walmsley	... 4
3. G. Breffit	... c H. Meeson	... A. Finchett	... 11
4. A. Owen	... played on	... A. Finchett	... 6
5. S. Marston	... c L. Walmsley	... A. Finchett	... 28
6. M. Savage	... played on	... L. Walmsley	... 0
7. R. Welsby	... c A. Finchett	... A. Finchett	... 1
8. H. Meeson	... bowled	... A. Finchett	... 0
9. D. L. Owen	... c D. Tait	... L. Walmsley	... 2
10. D. Stewart	... bowled	... L. Walmsley	... 11
11. P. Owen	... not out	...	... 11
		Extras	... 1
		Total	... 90

		OLD GIRLS.	
1. A. Finchett	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
2. R. Bird	... c A. Owen	... G. Breffit	... 0
3. N. Day	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
4. M. Viggars	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 9
5. L. Walmsley	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
6. E. Day	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
7. D. Tait	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 1
8. H. Dent	... c A. Owen	... G. Breffit	... 0
9. K. Day	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 1
10. G. Low	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 0
11. P. Brandreth	... not out	...	... 2
		Extras	... 0
		Total	... 13

2nd Innings:—		OLD GIRLS.		(Followed on).	
1. A. Finchett	... c R. Owen	... A. Owen	... 10		
2. M. Viggars	... c P. Owen	... A. Owen	... 0		
3. N. Day	... played on	... A. Owen	... 0		
4. R. Bird	... played on	... G. Breffit	... 0		
5. L. Walmsley	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 10		
6. E. Day	... bowled	... I. Ellis	... 0		
7. D. Tait	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 1		
8. H. Dent	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 2		
9. K. Day	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 3		
10. G. Low	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 0		
11. P. Brandreth	... not out	...	... 0		
		Extras	... 5		
		Total	... 31		

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

1. R. Owen	... c N. Day	.. L. Walmsley	... 0
2. A. Owen	... bowled	... A. Finchett	... 124
3. G. Breffit	... c M. Viggars	... M. Viggars	... 28
4. I. Ellis	... not out	...	... 14
Extras			... 5
Total			... 171

In the 2nd Innings, we declared after 3 wickets had fallen.

## JUNE 20TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH.

Score—1st Innings :—

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

1. A. Owen	... bowled	... G. Henry	... 11
2. R. Owen	... bowled	... G. Henry	... 5
3. G. Breffit	... bowled	... M. Roberts	... 1
4. I. Ellis	... c D. Strachan	... G. Henry	... 7
5. S. Marston	... bowled	... M. Roberts	... 0
6. R. Welsby	... played on	... G. Henry	... 5
7. M. Savage	... run out	... G. Henry	... 1
8. H. Meeson	... bowled	... G. Henry	... 0
9. D. Stewart	... c D. Strachan	... M. Roberts	... 2
10. P. Owen	... not out	...	... 6
11. G. Finchett	... bowled	... G. Henry	... 2
Extras			... 8
Total			... 48

## HOWELL'S SCHOOL.

1. R. Barker	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 4
2. S. Roberts	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 1
3. G. Henry	... stumped	... R. Owen	... 6
4. D. Strachan	... c R. Owen	... G. Breffit	... 3
5. M. Roberts	... c G. Finchett	... G. Breffit	... 2
6. K. James	... l b w	... G. Breffit	... 0
7. G. Roberts	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 13
8. L. Jones	... bowled	... R. Owen	... 1
9. M. Lloyd	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 12
10. P. Thomson	... not out	...	... 4
11. F. Marsden	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 3
Extras			... 6
Total			... 55

We were much disappointed that Howell's School could not play a 2nd innings as usual, as we had an hour to spare after the Match (which only lasted 55 min.) before our train.

S. Marston, D. Stewart, H. Meeson were given their colours after this Match.

## JULY 4TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. "FATHERS" (RETURN).

Score—1st Innings :—

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

1. G. Breffit	... c Mr. Evans	... Col. Savage	... 2
2. R. Owen	... played on	... Mr. Evans	... 3
3. A. Owen	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 24
4. O. Sheringham	... bowled	... Mr. Evans	... 0
5. I. Ellis	... bowled	... Mr. Evans	... 5
6. M. Caldecutt	... c Mr. Caldecutt	... Mr. Evans	... 2
7. M. Savage	... run out	... Col. Savage	... 1
8. D. Stewart	... c Mr. Gamon	... Col. Savage	... 4
9. P. Owen	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 0
10. S. Marston	... c Mr. Johnston	... Mr. Evans	... 0
11. H. Meeson	... not out	...	... 0
Extras			... 3
Total			... 44



## "FATHERS."

1. Mr. Johnston	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 0
2. Mr. Gardener	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 4
3. Mr. Welsby	... c O. Sheringham	... A. Owen	... 2
4. Mr. Caldecutt	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 2
5. Mr. Gamon	... run out	... G. Breffit	... 4
6. Mr. Thompson	... stumped	... A. Owen	... 2
7. Col. Savage	... c R. Owen	... R. Owen	... 9
8. Mr. Evans	... c A. Owen	... A. Owen	... 7
9. Mr. Bromley	... c G. Breffit	... A. Owen	... 1
10. Mr. Greenhouse	... run out	... A. Owen	... 0
11. Mr. Wolfe	... not out	...	... 0
Extras			... 2
Total			... 33

## 2nd Innings:—

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

1. G. Breffit	... c Mr. Evans	... Col. Savage	... 2
2. R. Owen	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 0
3. A. Owen	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 0
4. O. Sheringham	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 0
5. I. Ellis	... bowled	... Col. Savage	... 2
6. M. Caldecutt	... bowled	... Mr. Johnston	... 1
7. M. Savage	... bowled	... Mr. Johnston	... 0
8. D. Stewart	... bowled	... Mr. Johnston	... 2
9. P. Owen	... bowled	... Mr. Johnston	... 0
10. S. Marston	... run out	... Mr. Johnston	... 4
11. H. Meeson	... not out	...	... 2
Extras			... 1
Total			... 14

## "FATHERS."

1. Mr. Welsby	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 0
2. Mr. Gamon	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 2
3. Col. Savage	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 2
4. Mr. Thompson	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 4
5. Mr. Gardener	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 0
6. Mr. Johnston	... bowled	... G. Breffit	... 19
7. Mr. Caldecutt	... bowled	... O. Sheringham	... 0
8. Mr. Evans	... c M. Caldecutt	... G. Breffit	... 3
9. Mr. Bromley	... bowled	... A. Owen	... 4
10. Mr. Wolfe	... not out	...	... 0
11. Mr. Greenhouse	...	...	... 0
Extras			... 2
Total			... 36

The highest score this season was made by A. Owen at the Old Girls' Return match, when she made the first century for the School—124.

The Captain and four other members of last year's XI. have left, so we hope that all members of the Club will work hard to maintain its reputation, especially in fielding. We have lost two of our best bowlers, and the batting generally needs improvement—most batsmen seem too uncertain of themselves to risk stepping out to full-pitched balls, and try too much to pull all balls round to leg.



## HOCKEY.

SEASON 1903—1904.

OFFICERS:      *Captain* ... A. Owen.  
                   *Secretary* ... I. Ellis.  
                   *Treasurer* ... H. Spencer (left), E. Gardner.

At the First General Meeting, the colours were changed to green skirts, white blouses, green ties; the First XI. shield to be the same as before. New flags were made to match the colours

At the Meeting at the end of the season, the following Officers for next season were elected:—

*Captain*—H. Meeson.    *Secretary*—D. Lewis.    *Treasurer*—E. Gardner.  
*Holder of Hockey Prize*—A. Owen.

## MATCHES.

Oct. 6th, 1903—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL,  
 DENBIGH.

Score 0—4.

This match was played very early in the Term, and our girls were rather out of training, and had no combination.

*Forwards*—A. Owen (Captain), H. Greenhouse, P. Owen, V. Stafford, H. Meeson.

*Halves*—R. Welsby, I. Ellis, G. Brown.

*Goal*—C. Williams.

*Backs*—E. Gardner, G. Finchett.

Oct. 24th, 1903—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. WALLASEY HIGH SCHOOL.

Score 10—0.

Though this was a victory for the Queen's School, our play was not good, as there was still little combination except among the halves. The wing forwards came far too near the centre, and so muddled the ball. "Sticks" was given several times against our side.

*Forwards*—R. Welsby, P. Owen, A. Owen, U. Stafford, H. Meeson.

*Halves*—G. Finchett, I. Ellis, H. Greenhouse.

*Backs*—E. Gardner, G. Brown.

*Goal*—C. Williams.

Nov. 14th, 1903—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. MISTRESSES.

Score 4—3.

Six Mistresses played, and the rest of their team was made up of "Old Girls."

*School Team*—D. Stewart, P. Owen, A. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, G. Finchett, I. Ellis, R. Welsby, E. Gardner, G. Brown.

*Mistresses*—N. Day, E. Brandreth, C. M. Langdon, E. Stokes, G. M. Rossiter, P. Brandreth, K. Day, H. Giles, E. Giles, M. Savage.

Nov. 28th, 1903—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL.

Score 4—2.

The weather was wet and the ground heavy, so we only played 20 minutes each way. Our combination was better than hitherto, especially between the Centre and Inside Left, P. Owen, who played remarkably well throughout.

D. Stewart, P. Owen, A. Owen, M. Lloyd, H. Meeson, R. Welsby, I. Ellis, H. Greenhouse, E. Gardner, D. Lewis, G. Brown.

Dec. 12th, 1903—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. N. MANCHESTER HIGH  
Score 0—6.

Two of our XI. were not playing, and the Centre-Half was greatly missed. The Forwards played a losing game well without much support from the Halves, but could do nothing against the opposing backs.

R. Welsby, P. Owen, A. Owen, U. Stafford, H. Meeson, D. Lewis,  
G. Brown, H. Greenhouse, E. Gardner, G. Finchett, L. Stafford.

Feb. 13th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. MISTRESSES.—(RETURN).  
Score 7—3.

The lower end of the field was under water, so we played across the upper end. The field was unmarked, and the game suffered considerably from want of space.

*School Team*—P. Owen, A. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, R. Welsby, I. Ellis, G. Finchett, E. Gardner, J. Elwell, G. Brown.

*Mistresses*—M. Broadbent, E. Stokes, D. Owen, U. Stafford, C. Langdon, H. Giles, K. Day, H. Spencer, E. Skeat, G. M. Rossiter.

Feb. 27th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL,  
DENBIGH. (RETURN.)

Score 0—2.

Three of our XI. were not playing, and only two substitutes were available.

R. Welsby, P. Owen, A. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, J. Elwell,  
I. Ellis, D. Lewis, E. Gardner, G. Rossiter.

Mar. 12th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. 2nd XI. LIVERPOOL HIGH  
SCHOOL (2nd XI).

Score 7—2.

In this match, owing to a mistake, the Liverpool XI. was composed entirely of girls, while the Queen's School 2nd XI. included two mistresses. All the girls did well, particularly U. Stafford as Centre, and their combination was decidedly promising, considering that some of them had only learnt Hockey for a few weeks.

C. M. Langdon, E. Lloyd, U. Stafford, M. Simpson, H. Meeson, D. Johnston, G. M. Rossiter, D. Lewis, M. Ford, E. Gardner, C. Williams.

Mar. 26, 1904—DAY GIRLS v. BOARDERS.

Score 7—3.

The Day Girls XI. was considerably the stronger, containing most of the 1st XI.

*Day Girls' Team*—A. Owen, P. Owen, U. Stafford, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, R. Welsby, K. Day, D. Johnston, E. Gardner, G. Finchett.

*Boarders*—J. Elwell, M. Simpson, C. Langdon, M. Dixon, E. Stokes, G. Brown, I. Ellis, D. Lewis, A. Bird, G. M. Rossiter.

### THE LEAGUE.

At a meeting held at Chester on Friday, October 13th, 1906, and attended by representatives from Birkenhead and Wallasey High Schools, it was decided to form a Hockey League of the Cheshire High Schools (in accordance with a resolution passed at the General Meeting of the Queen's School Hockey Club at the close of Season 1902-1903).

The following Schools have joined the League:—

The Queen's School, Chester.  
Birkenhead High School.  
Macclesfield High School.  
Sale High School.  
Stockport High School.  
Wallasey High School.



*Provisional Rules for 1903-1904.*

1—That the League be called the "Cheshire High Schools' Hockey League."

2—That the subscription be 5s. a year, and be used to equalise travelling expenses, to defray postage, &c.; the balance, if any, to form a fund to buy the shield to be played for. (As the Schools have subscribed an extra sum of 10s. each towards this, the fund is no longer necessary.)

3—In case of Schools far apart drawing each other, a neutral ground to be obtained by the Secretary, if possible, at Manchester. (At the Final Match it was suggested that all Finals be played on neutral ground.)

4—Drawing to be done by the Secretary at the beginning of the season. Matches to be played in the Easter Term. (Owing to the difficulty of getting all the Matches into one Term, it was suggested that the First Round be played off before Christmas.)

5—Secretaries to hold office in alphabetical rotation according to the name of the School.

6—Balls, &c., to be provided by the School where the match is played, on neutral grounds by the two Schools concerned.

## RESULTS OF MATCHES, 1904.

Sale	}	Sale, 5—2	}	Se attached.
Stockport				
Chester	}	Chester, 6—2	}	Chester }
Macclesfield				
Birkenhead	}	Wallasey,	}	Chester, 11—0
Wallasey				
		4—0	a bye	

*Holder of Shield, 1904*—The Queen's School, Chester.

## LEAGUE MATCHES.

Mar. 5th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. MACCLESFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

FIRST ROUND.

Score 6—2.

Owing to the distance, a neutral ground was lent by Stockport High School, who also kindly entertained both XIs to tea after the match. Two of our XI. were absent, and one substitute played, and as the field was very small, Macclesfield agreed to play one short. The XI. played well on the whole, most of the six goals being shot by the Captain.

D. Stewart, P. Owen, A. Owen, H. Meeson, H. Greenhouse, I. Ellis, D. Lewis, J. Elwell, G. Brown, G. Finchett.

April 8th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. WALLASEY HIGH SCHOOL.

(FINAL.)

Score 11—0.

This was, naturally, one of our most exciting matches. Our XI. was obviously the stronger, though the Wallasey backs were distinctly better than ours. As usual, the good ground showed up our combination and clean passing, the shooting was brilliant, and many more goals would have been scored but for the good defence. Our backs had scarcely anything to do, but in several cases might have come up to relieve the halves of a little of their hard work.

A. Owen., P. Owen, U. Stafford, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, R. Welsby, I. Ellis, J. Elwell, E. Gardner, G. Brown, G. Finchett.

## CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

- G. BROWN (*Right Back*)—Has rather a feeble hit for a Back; her chief fault is hitting into the centre; should practice hitting to the right and take better aim at the ball.
- I. ELLIS (*Centre Half*)—A most valuable Centre Half; has a hard, clean stroke, and plays with judgment; this year has managed to produce some combination among the Halves. Must be careful of giving "sticks."
- J. ELWELL (*Right Half*)—Has not had much experience, but is decidedly promising; ought to do very well when she has grasped the principles of our combination.
- G. FINCHETT (*Goal*)—Has played very well the latter part of the season in this difficult and unaccustomed place; also works well as a Half.
- E. GARDNER (*Left Back*)—Has a good hit, but is rather uncertain, and far too slow in reaching the ball. Should play out more.
- H. GREENHOUSE (*Inside Right*)—Plays well in this place, and combines much better than last season; would be a good shot if she were not so much afraid of injuring her legs. Is good, sometimes, as Half.
- H. MEESON (*Right Outside*)—One of the most hard-working Forwards; sometimes does too much half work; a good fast dribbler, and almost impossible to get past; should try to make her centre pass harder and cleaner.
- A. OWEN (Captain) (*Left Inside*)—An excellent player in almost every part of the field, particularly on the left wing, where it will be hard to replace her; very fast and a brilliant shot.
- P. OWEN (*Left Inside*)—One of the best and most unselfish Forwards: always in her place; a safe shot and ready for any emergency.
- U. STAFFORD (*Centre Forward*)—Has done good work for the XI. in the last matches; passes well to the wings, and keeps the combination; can shoot, but should attack more.
- D. STEWART (*Left Wing*)—Has only played in one or two matches owing to illness, and is in much need of practice; is too slow, and fails both in dribbling and passing.
- R. WELSBY (*Left Half*)—Has improved, but is not yet a very strong player, and needs to be quicker.
- The Games Prize was won this year, 1903-1904, by A. Owen, who, therefore, was unable to hold the Hockey Prize, which fell to I. Ellis.
- E. H. Sandford is Captain of the Girton Hockey Club next season, and of the Fire Brigade.
- L. Darbshire has been playing for Wales.

## TENNIS CLUB.

The season 1903 was unfortunate as far as matches were concerned. Only two could be arranged, and, of these, the one with Howell's School, Denbigh, was rendered impossible by rain, though our opponents braved the weather and made the journey to Chester.

A match with St. Elphin's, Warrington, was played at Warrington on Saturday 4th July. Six on each side took part.

First Double. H. Spencer v. R. Garnett.  
J. Ellis v. O. Wainwright.  
Won by St. Elphin's 6-2, 5-6, 6-5.

Second Double. A. Owen v. K. Kennedy.  
S. Marston v. N. Price.  
Won by the Queen's School, 5-6, 6-1, 6-4.

First Single. G. Breffit v. D. Timperley.  
Won by St. Elphin's 2 sets to 0.

Second Single. May Savage v. K. Frier.  
Won by St. Elphin's 2 sets to 0.

St. Elphin's was winner of the match by three events to one.

A Tournament held among the members of the Club produced some interesting play. The sets between Olive Sheringham and Annie Finchett were very close, and the final between Olive Sheringham and Agatha Owen was watched with much excitement on breaking-up day. Olive Sheringham gained a well-earned victory, and the Tennis Championship of the year.

## MARRIAGES.

BONNALIE.—On the 5th September, at the Cathedral, Chester, by the Rev. H. Wright, Precentor, *Captain Ross Brown*, Limerick City Artillery and District Commissioner, Southern Nigeria, West Africa, second son of Dr. R. Ross Brown, of Rochester, Kent, to *Margaret Amy*, only daughter of George Bonnalie, Esq., Chester.

COBLEY.—On the 25th April, at the Parish Church, Oswestry, by the Ven. Archdeacon Wynne Jones, assisted by the Rev. N. Edwards, Llanfechain, *Thomas W. Nunnerley*, son of J. Nunnerley, Esq., Buerton Hall, Audlem, to *Alice E. Cobley*, elder daughter of the late George Cobley, Esq., Lloran House, Oswestry.

ELLIS.—On the 17th June, at S. John's Church, Chester, by the Rev. Canon Scott, Vicar, *Arthur William Aldridge*, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Northfield, eldest surviving son of Mr. William Aldridge, of Birmingham, to *Henriette Elizabeth* (Cissy), eldest daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Ellis and Mrs. Ellis, of Brook Lynn, Chester.

LONG.—On the 6th February, at St. Oswald's Church, Chester, by the Rev. H. H. Wright, Precentor of Chester Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. J. F. Howson and the Rev. E. C. Lowndes, *William Beadell*, eldest son of W. B. Bacon and the late Janet Bacon, of Northdene, Egham, to *Emma Justina*, daughter of the late Charles F. Long, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of Ipswich, and Mrs. Long, of Lumley Road, Chester.

LOWE.—On the 8th October, at St John's Church, East London, South Africa, by the Ven. Archdeacon Grant, *James Alexander*, son of the late John Patrick, J.P., Gledheather, Garryford, Co. Antrim, to *Myfanwy*, elder daughter of James Ffoulkes Lowe, Dee Banks, Chester.

MARTIN.—On the 15th September, at Singapore, *Percy Howard*, younger son of Thomas Henshaw, The Hollies, Chester, to *Marian Gertrude*, third daughter of the late Edward H. Martin, of Bar Hill House, Madeley, Staffs., and of Mrs. Martin, West Holme, Liverpool Road, Chester.

MILLER.—On the 14th May, 1903, at St. Mary's, Ullenhall, by the Rev. W. Brooke Richards, Rector of Tiffeld, Northants, assisted by the Rev. S. Peshall, Rector of Oldborrow, *Oliver B. Rickarts*, son of the late W. H. Rickarts and Mrs. Rickarts, of Burnham, Bucks, to *Isobel Maude Eleanor*, only daughter of the late Captain J. Blair Miller, 8th Hussars, and Forfarshire Light Horse, and of Mrs. Goodwin Newton, of Barrello, Warwickshire.

## BIRTH.

STRONG.—On July 4th, at 5, Cambrian Crescent, Chester, Mrs A. Strong (Amy Webster) a son, Eric Wilson.

## DEATHS.

DAY.—On the 29th January, at the Gables, Wrexham, Charlotte, widow of the late Charles J. Day, and second daughter of Charles Glascodine, Wrexham.

HOBGEN.—On the 26th September, at Roodee Lodge, Ethel, daughter of the late Hector Hobgen, and niece of J. J. Cunnah, aged 25 years.



## SUCSESSES OF OLD GIRLS.

We are pleased to record the following successes obtained by former pupils:—

*University of Glasgow*—Degrees conferred July, 1903, Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery, *Gertrude Dorman Bostock, B.Sc.* This is the first old Queen's School student who has qualified as a Doctor. We offer her our heartiest congratulations, and wish her every success and happiness in this most useful sphere of work.

*Cambridge University.*—

Historical Tripos, Class II.—Kathleen Jacobson.

Mediæval and Modern Language Tripos, Class III.—Dorothy A. Broadbent.

*Oxford University.*—

History—Third Class Honours—Margery V. Taylor.

*London University.*—Christina Fraser.

*Victoria University.*—Jessie G. Williams.



## BALANCE SHEET QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND, 1903.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward ...	... 2 11 2	By Infirmary ...	... 25 0 0
„ Bank Interest ...	... 0 0 11	„ Postages, Printing, &c. ...	... 0 18 6
„ Proceeds of Entertainment ...	... 12 10 8	„ Cash at Lloyd's Bank ...	... 4 13 9
„ Donation from Q. S. U., P. & P. P. ...	... 2 0 0		
„ Subscriptions ...	... 13 9 6		
	£30 12 3		£30 12 3

Audited and found correct,

G. H. HASWELL,

May 14th, 1904.

Chartered Accountant.

