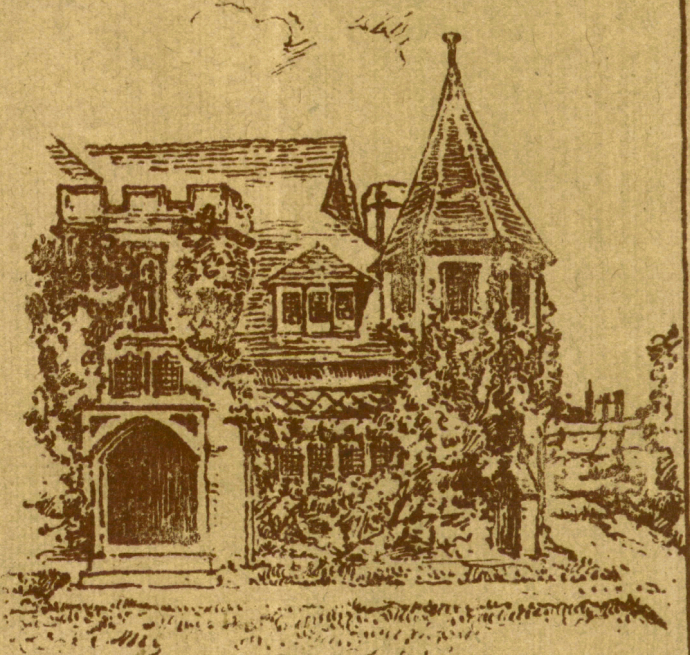


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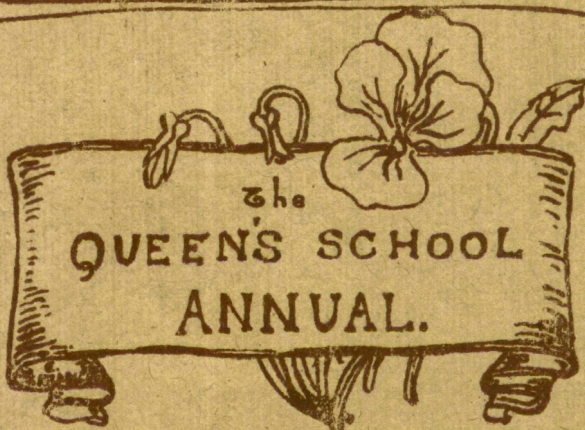


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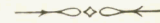
1905



The Queen's School
Chester.



"Have Mynde."



The Queen's School
Annual,

EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

May, 1905.

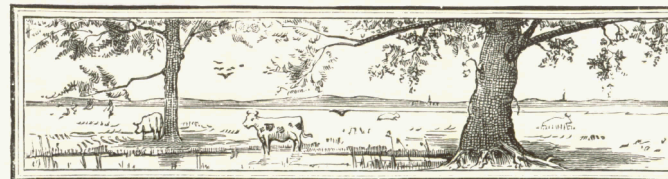
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



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The Chronicle.

In the record of a year which has had its full share of happenings, the place of honour must still be given to Prize Day. On Oct. 28th, the School had the pleasure of welcoming to its midst Her Grace Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, who had kindly consented to distribute the prizes. The Chair was taken by Mr. John Thompson, M.A., J.P., and the Hall was crowded to its utmost limits. It would appear that the time is not far distant when we must seek more spacious accommodation for our chief entertainments.

The Autumn Term is generally the most eventful, and last Autumn was no exception to the rule. On Nov. 11th, Mr. Stafford Webber gave a very interesting Lecture on the Humour of Punch. The special art of John Leach, Charles Keene and George du Maurier was illustrated by lantern views, apt quotations and recitations.

In December, the School gave its Dramatic Entertainment in the Newgate Street Assembly Rooms. The piece chosen was Miss du Pré's dramatised version of the famous Cheshire classic "Cranford." The preparation of the play involved some weeks of hard, but enjoyable work, and the representation was received most cordially. As a critique on the acting has been secured from our special dramatic critic, it will be sufficient, in this place, to reproduce the caste.

Hon. Mrs. Jamieson	...	MARY HUTTON.
Mrs. Forrester	...	URSULA STAFFORD.
Miss Matty Jenkins	...	EILEEN ARCHER.
Miss Pole	...	IVY ELLIS.
Miss Betty Barker	...	RUTH WELSBY.
Miss Mary Smith	...	DOROTHY STEWART.
Martha	...	THEO. CALDWELL.
Betty	...	DORIS READ.
Jem Hearn	...	GWEN HUMFREY.
Mr. Peter Jenkins	...	MARJORIE DIXON.

The thanks of the School are due to Mrs. Martin Stewart, who most kindly lent the stage properties which made the correct setting of the play possible; to the Stage Manager and Assistant Stage Manager, Miss Hilda Giles and Miss Skeat; and, finally, to Dr. Bridge, Mr. Veerman, and Colonel Savage, who furnished an excellent Orchestra.

"Cranford" was preceded by Scenes from "Alice through the Looking Glass," performed by members of the Lower School. The "flowers" would have encouraged any gardener by their fine and vigorous growth; the White Queen was as untidy, the Red Queen as autocratic, and Alice as bewildered as could be desired.

On reassembling in January, the School gave a Fancy Dress Dance, which was attended by some eighty guests from all parts. Dainty ladies from Japan met peasants from Russia on cordial terms; an Egyptian sais established friendly relations with an Arab chief; the Canterbury Pilgrims seemed equally at ease with the Fairy Queen and the Maid who hung out the clothes. Ayahs and Red Dominos, the Knave of Hearts and Lord Fauntleroy, a Hospital Nurse and Father Christmas, the Princesse de Lamballe and a Highland Chief, not to mention two rival claimants to the title of Lady Teazle, all trooped to the 20th Century dance.

In 1904, under the auspices of the League of Empire, the Queen's School entered into definite relations with its almost namesake, the Queen's College, Barbados. The result has been a brisk exchange of letters, post cards and views, which must have helped much towards the realization of the surroundings of the two Schools. It is hoped that there may follow an exchange of Nature Study books and collections.

Some members of the School have also been in correspondence with an American School, the pupils of which were desirous of obtaining descriptive information about Chester to enable them to draw up an account of an imaginary visit to England.

In March of this year, Miss Hope-Wallace kindly paid a visit to the School and gave an address on Kindergarten work and methods. Her lecture was illustrated by a demonstration with the children of the Queen's School Kindergarten under Miss Giles' direction.

On April 7th, Miss Skeat gave, at the Museum, a lecture to School children on recent exploration in Greenland. The excellent views used were kindly lent by the Danish Authorities for this and the lecture to the Natural Science Society on April 14th.

The School joined very heartily in congratulations to Miss Birch and Miss Skeat on the honour done them by Trinity College, Dublin. The degree of M.A. was conferred on Miss Birch and that of Sc.D. on Miss Skeat, in recognition of her contributions to Geological Research.

At the end of the Summer Term, amid universal regret, Miss Ashington terminated her long connection with the Queen's School. In the following term, Miss Edith James, B.A., (Lond.), joined the staff.

It was with very real regret but with hearty good wishes for her success in the noble career she was adopting, that, at Easter, the School bade farewell to Miss Pryce-Browne.

This year has brought us losses indeed. In December, after a short illness, Mrs. Douglas-Adams passed away. She had long been associated with the School and had earned the sincere regard, not only of her immediate pupils who had the best opportunity of knowing her and the enthusiasm she threw into her work, but of all the Queen's School girls who remembered the sympathy and gaiety with which she entered into their interests and helped in their entertainments.

It is a satisfaction to all concerned that her daughter, Miss Stuart-Douglas, has been able to take up her mother's work.

On March 22nd, the School lost a revered friend and benefactress in Miss Nessie Brown. Her loss makes all the more valuable the signed portrait of herself, which she presented to the School on the occasion of the last Prize Distribution. Miss Brown was one of the promoters and founders of the Queen's School and, to the last, continued to take a vivid interest in its work and successes. It is due to her generosity that the School holds at Girton a Scholarship of its own—the "Nessie Brown" Scholarship. We hope that there may always be a Queen's School girl to enjoy its benefits worthily.

The thanks of the School are due to Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell for the gift of a microscope, the value of which will soon be appreciated by pupils taking more advanced work in Botany. Many kind donors have made generous and most acceptable presents of books to the School Library, which, though much enlarged, thanks to the success of "Cranford," is hardly yet extensive enough to meet the rapidly increasing demand for books—a demand which we welcome.

In this, as in previous years, our thanks are due to those who so kindly offered prizes.

The following gifts have been made to the School:—
Mrs. Boscawen, eight volumes of the "World's Classics."

Miss Ashington, a Reference Atlas.

Captain Pryce-Browne, a Picture.

"Cranford."

The following question has been exercising my mind to some extent of late: Given an entertainment to which a spectator goes, in innocence of heart, simply to be amused, and without any thought or wish to criticise what is seen, is it fair to call upon that innocent spectator, not only for a verbal criticism, but for a written one, and one to be published in a printed magazine? After searching vainly for a means of escape, the spectator in question gives in meekly and does what is demanded—not asked, mark you!

The Entertainment given by the School last December was most ambitious, too ambitious to be held as usual in the School Hall; but a new departure was made and the performance took place in the Newgate Street Assembly Rooms.

In a leisurely way, I put off getting tickets for some days, but as everyone I met looked gravely and disapprovingly at me when they heard I was unprovided with the means of entrance, and gave dark hints of tickets coming to an end, I flew rather than walked to Messrs. Phillipson & Golder's and demanded two places for the afternoon performance: and none too soon; my choice in places was much restricted.

I cannot speak from personal observation of the attendance on Monday Evening. The weather was cross and the rain came down in torrents, which kept many people away, I heard; but on the following day, the chairs were packed close together and were filled with an eager audience, all anxious to hear and to see, but not to criticise, though that fate has fallen to the lot of one, who was then among those happy beings, but is now——!

Punctually at the hour stated, the performance began with music by Dr. Bridge, Mr. Veerman, and Col. Savage, who kindly formed the orchestra.

Then the curtain rose on some scenes from "Alice through the Looking Glass," performed by members of the Lower School, and opening with the garden where Alice walks among the talking flowers. Such nice little flowers, with fine petals and soft pink centres, instead of the glaring yellow ones which ordinary flowers so often have! Alice had much to say; she knew her part well and bore her puzzling position in the Looking Glass world with marked

equanimity, treating with equal calmness the living flowers, the astonishing disappearance of the White Queen's shawl, and the unconventional behaviour of both Red and White Queens when they took their siesta in her lap.

The Red Queen was short and snappy, as she is supposed to be, and the White Queen was delightfully untidy and inconsequent. The brush entangled in her hair was a marked success; so was Alice's skill in so quickly disentangling it. The dresses of the Queens were strictly true to Tenniel, and if there seemed to be a little difficulty in keeping the White Queen's crown on her head, it was only in keeping with her inconsequence and general "astrayness," if one may coin a word. Then followed the really delightful part of the entertainment: Scenes from Cranford, acted by members of the Upper School.

Everyone knows Mrs. Gaskell's English Classic, "Cranford"—the story, and yet scarcely a story in the accepted sense—the episodes in the life of the sleepy, old-fashioned, country town of Cranford. There, ladies ruled supreme, and the only masculine element was the Rector, who emerged from his Rectory and appeared among his flock only when he could sit among the school-boys and so feel protected; and the Surgeon, Mr. Hoggins, who, being only a farmer's son, did not come up to the standard of Cranford society, and, with his sister, Mrs. FitzAdam, was looked upon as an outsider, to be tolerated, not received, until the day when Cranford was electrified by hearing that he was engaged to Lady Glenmire. Now Lady Glenmire was the sister-in-law of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, who reigned as Queen in the little town, although in their secret hearts, Miss Deborah and Miss Matilda Jenkins, the daughters of the late Rector, considered that they were quite on an equality with her, even though she was an "Honourable."

Cranford was not far from the manufacturing town of Drumble (am I right in thinking that these are pseudonyms for Knutsford and Manchester?), and the person who relates the episodes is Mary Smith, who lives at Drumble, but often stays at Cranford with the Misses Jenkins. She is quite devoted to them, but at the same time she realizes all their little quaint ways and the old-fashionedness of them and of their friends. She tells, in the most kindly way, of the accepted standard of behaviour; that it was correct, after arriving one day, to rest the next, to be prepared to receive calls on the third, and to return them on the fourth, with care never to stay more than fifteen minutes, and to spend the whole while in thinking how the time is going,

lest the limit should be passed. She tells of Miss Matty's pet economy in burning one candle only at a time, and of her effort to keep up appearances by preserving her candles at equal lengths. She realizes the different shades of social standing, and thoroughly appreciates the discussion between Miss Matty and Miss Betty Barker as to whether the latter is to ask Mrs. FitzAdam to her tea party or not. Miss Matty is pleased to hear that the latter is not to be included among the guests, though she thinks the FitzAdams must be an old family, as she has heard that "Fitz" means "son," and "FitzAdam" consequently must be "son of Adam," and what could be older?

In the dramatised version, the scene opened in Miss Matty's drawing-room on the day after Mary Smith's arrival, the day when visitors were expected; and so Miss Matty and Mary were putting down newspapers on the floor to avoid footmarks and to keep the sun from fading the carpet. Mary is displaying a new cap which Miss Matty has asked her to bring from Drumble, and the latter is disappointed at it being a cap and not the turban which she desired. In the middle of this, Miss Betty Barker is announced; she has come to ask Miss Matty to tea. Miss Betty Barker is the retired milliner of the town and, feeling it somewhat presumptuous to ask the ladies to tea, comes to see if Miss Matty will consent to favour her before she includes Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester in her invitation; she has already secured the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson with her dog Carlo. Miss Matty is so perturbed at being called upon before 12 o'clock, the hour prescribed by etiquette, that, in her agitation, she appears with one cap on the top of another, which Mary removes with great dexterity. Miss Matty consents to have tea with Miss Betty Barker, who takes her leave, meaning to go on to Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester. Shortly afterwards, Miss Pole comes to see Miss Matty (nothing can be done in Cranford until the ladies have consulted together), and it is arranged that the three ladies should, on the night in question, accompany one another, as there is safety in numbers, and they are afraid of footpads and other dangers in the dark lane down which Miss Betty Barker lives. They think that, if one goes in the sedan chair and the other two keep close to it, they will be safe.

The next scene is the tea party. The guests arrive before Miss Betty is quite prepared, and she tells her maid not to open the door till she coughs. Shortly, a weird sound, half cough, half crow, is heard, the door flies open and the guests are shown in. Miss Matty takes the seat of honour, but has, rather reluctantly, to vacate it in favour

of the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, who arrives with her fat poodle Carlo, and sinks indolently into the chair, and there remains, dignified and lethargic, all through tea, only showing any sign of animation when she remarks that Carlo is so clever a dog that he distinguishes clearly between milk and cream and refuses to take milk; whereupon, all the cream is given to him, to the indignation of the ladies who also prefer it. Mrs. Forrester entertains the other guests with the tale of her valuable lace and then, tea being over, the card table is brought out. Audible snores from Mrs. Jamieson solve the difficulty of who is not to play, and the remaining guests sit down to "Quadrille," to everyone's satisfaction except Miss Pole's, who, being rather an irate lady, is not pleased with her partner's play. A great solecism in manners is committed by a supper tray arriving, but when the ladies see the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson placidly partaking of refreshments they follow her example happily, and then all take their leave, while Miss Betty Barker sinks into a chair with a sigh of relief that it is over.

We must pass quickly over the scenes of the scare of burglars, and of the return of Mr. Peter, which, though good in their way, were not nearly as good as those I have described, or as the one in which Miss Matty hears that the Bank in which her money is invested, has stopped payment and she is left practically penniless. At this juncture, her faithful servant, Martha, comes to the rescue and flies into the room dragging behind her her "follower," Jem Hearn, whom she proposes to marry at once, so that they may take the house and have Miss Matty to lodge with them. By dint of vigorous nudges and prods, she gets Jem to speak, hoping that he will back her up; but his head seems as thick as his hair and he is flustered and will not come up to her expectations. However, she gets her way at last and everything is satisfactorily arranged.

It seems invidious to particularize where nearly all were good, but Miss Matty, Miss Pole, and Jem Hearn, deserve special mention. Miss Matty looked and played her part of a diffident and yet, at the same time, proud old lady most excellently; it would have been difficult to do it better. Miss Pole, as the sharp, rather caustic spinster, was very good, and Jem Hearn, in his smock frock and yellow gaiters, with a shock of red hair, was inimitable as the slow-witted countryman, egged on by the eager Martha.

It only remains to say that the Stage Manager, Miss Hilda Giles, was presented with a beautiful bouquet by Jem at the end of the performance, and three cheers were called for Miss Clay by the same indefatigable person.

AN OUTSIDER

At the end of the Summer Term, 1904, a large number of Subjects for Essays was suggested. The following Essay won the prize.

A Character Study of Sydney Carton.

Perhaps there is no study in the world more interesting, and at the same time more instructive than psychology, a science often neglected and yet of grave importance to every thinking man. The study of human nature must always be a vital interest to mankind—it has always received some, but hardly adequate attention. This is strange, inasmuch as it is the desire of every human being to understand his own character; an understanding only to be reached by the study of human characteristics generally. It is knowledge of human nature that gives to mankind, not power alone, but appreciation of merit, breadth of thought, and, above all, sympathy.

The character of Sydney Carton is one not lightly to be criticised nor easily understood. Here is a man, who, reversing the ordinary law of nature so closely followed in "Macbeth," turns from a worthless good-for-nothing to a Hero in the best sense of the word. In common with the greater part of humanity, he possesses two sides to his nature; the one in such marked contrast to the other as at first sight to appear almost inconsistent. Outwardly he is a recklessly forlorn "jackal," an unabashed hanger-on, in whom all the better feelings and ambitions have long since been, if not extinguished, at any rate, drugged by that very craving for drink which is his bane. In short, he is a dissolute drunkard: a man to be pitied, not admired: unable to be reclaimed—already advanced upon the path of mental paralysis and abject degradation. It is as if he were under a spell which holds him powerless, which checks him from doing anything to reform his life, to raise his ambitions; though it has not the power to hide from him realisation of the worthlessness of his own drifting life.

Sydney Carton was *not* blind to his position; the comprehension of it must have been agony to him. Nevertheless he would have continued to drift unresistingly, inevitably, had not a new influence come into his life, an influence which changed the channels of his thought and raised him unconsciously to the conception of higher ideals. This influence was love.

Love has done more for mankind than any other motive, but it acts upon different natures very diversely. To Sydney it made no perceptible difference outwardly. He pursued his old mode of life; his habits remained unchanged; he continued to give way to his vices. But, inwardly, this new force stirred him to the depths, and awoke in his heart all those noble thoughts and feelings long dormant, never really dead.

The love which Sydney Carton bore to Lucie Manette was that best kind of love which asks for no return, craves nothing save to be of service to the loved one. In this love self is forgotten, there is no want nor ostentation, for such deep and reverential love defies expression and does not desire reward.

Sydney Carton's love was of this description: he was content to efface himself, never to thrust himself upon Lucie, never in anyway to consider himself as worthy to be a possible claimant for her hand. He never thought of marrying her, he only thought of helping her; and hence when the opportunity came to die for her, it came as a reward and a crown to his effort.

But love was not the only quality to be admired in this character, although it was the dominant one and the true key-note.

Sydney was essentially un-jealous. Very few men would have given their lives to save the husband of the woman they loved, though many would not have hesitated to sacrifice themselves for her.

But Sydney Carton did this, and did it moreover as if it were the merest trifle. He was not a man of sentiment; he was a man strong enough to do without earthly thanks and emotional farewells. He was content to know that dying, he would be blessed; living, he could do without a reward. This is perhaps one of the strangest points to be noted in his character, but neither must his wonderful calm and admirable self-control be overlooked.

No man, at any rate no young man, enjoys giving up his life even when he does it voluntarily to save pain to those he loves; and in his last moments his thoughts are sacred to himself and generally with those he loves. His time is precious—he must think. But Sydney Carton, in the midst of his thoughts found time to be helpful and compassionate. His behaviour to the poor little seamstress is one of the most beautiful traits in a character worthy of admiration. He would naturally desire to think, in his last

moments of Lucie, to cherish the remembrance that the last thing that his lips had touched had been her cheek; and yet he was unselfish enough to surrender to another these last moments, to forego the precious memory. To sacrifice not only life but last desires is true heroism.

Sydney Carton is an infinitely pathetic character in his loneliness and yet a very great and strong one.

His story is the story of a man whose life was wasted but whose death atoned for all.

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: He died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle."

The "Antigone" at the Royal Holloway College.

The Classical Club has given two performances of the *Antigone* of Sophocles in the original Greek, one last term and one on May 5th, to which some outsiders were invited.

The performance took place in the Picture Gallery. At one end was a small stage raised two or three steps above the floor. At the back of the stage, in the centre, was a curtained doorway, supposed to lead into Creon's palace. Below the stage was an open space—the Orchestron—where the Chorus danced and sang. On each side of this space there were entrances which were used by the chorus, and by the actors when they were represented as going away from the palace. In the centre of the Orchestron stood a small altar to Dionysius, on which incense was kept burning. A bust of Hermes, crowned with ivy, stood on the left side of the stage. A chair, used by Creon as his throne, was the sole piece of furniture. We felt the need of such simplicity when the play began. It is not only that it is the most faithful reproduction possible of the conditions of the Greek theatre, but that there is a restrained dignity about the whole play which requires absolute simplicity in the setting.

Put briefly, the story of *Antigone* is this. Two brothers, Eteocles and Polyneices, are rivals for the throne of Thebes. Eteocles drives out Polyneices, who allies himself with the Argives and marches upon Thebes. The two brothers slay each other in single combat and the Argive host flees. Creon, the uncle of the fallen princes, acts as regent, and decrees that Eteocles shall be honourably buried, but that Polyneices shall be denied all funeral rites. This, according to Greek belief, meant that the spirit of the dead could find no repose. Antigone, the sister of Polyneices, resolves to bury her brother and brave the doom of death decreed by Creon against anyone honouring the traitor who attacked his country. Her sister, Ismene, tries to dissuade her, but in vain. Antigone is captured by the guard in the act of scattering the ritual handfuls of dust on her brother's body, and is brought before Creon. She justifies her action by the plea that she has acted in obedience to the Gods, whose laws are higher than the laws of men. Creon, unmoved even by the impassioned pleading of his son, Haemon, the betrothed of Antigone, decrees that the maiden is to be immured alive in a sepulchre. Antigone is led forth by the guards to her awful fate, but Creon's iron determination is at last broken down by the words of the blind and aged prophet, Teiresias, who foretells that his obstinacy will be punished by the death of his son. Creon sets forth at once to bury Polyneices and to release Antigone. The funeral rites are duly performed, but when the king goes to release Antigone, he finds that she has hanged herself. Haemon first threatens his father and then kills himself. When Creon's wife, Eurydice, hears the sad tidings, she, too, resolves to die. Creon is overwhelmed by grief—nothing remains for him but to hope for death.

The representation of the play was most impressive. The chorus in the original consists of old men, but this was changed to a band of Theban maidens, who sang and accompanied their words by appropriate gestures and rhythmic movements. The graceful dancing and picturesque groupings were a relief from the almost overpowering tragedy of the play without seeming incongruous. Antigone was firm in her purpose, but with a firmness that had in it nothing unwomanly. Perhaps she was almost too pathetic. Her last words to the City of Thebes as she is led forth, alive, to the tomb, are full of anguish, almost of revolt against the Gods for her cruel fate. Creon was splendidly played, and our sympathies were with him in his last heart-broken lament over the dead bodies of his wife and son. The scene between Creon and his son, when Haemon pleads

for Antigone, was so well played that it was easy to follow the drift of the dialogue, even without understanding a word of what was spoken. Haemon is at first submissive, then his passionate sorrow breaks forth as he realises that he cannot move his father by his pleadings. The messenger who tells the chorus of the death of Haemon, has a difficult part to play, but in this representation, it was played magnificently. We felt the tragedy that was being told as if we saw it. Throughout his part, Teiresias was to us an old blind man—not an easy effect for a girl to produce.

The end of the play leaves one, indeed, with the sensations of "pity and fear," which Aristotle considered the essential effect of a good play. There is the relentless fate brooding over all—invisible, but none the less felt for that. The question, "Which was right, Antigone or Creon, or were they *both* right?" forces itself upon one. Perhaps Sophocles wishes to show that they were both in error, but that each saw part of a great truth. Creon upholds the duty that men owe to their country. He is strictly just, but with a justice quite untempered by mercy. Antigone sees that duty to their fellows may justify men in breaking human laws—that above the laws of men there is a higher law. Both are right; the tragedy is inevitable; therein lies its awfulness, perhaps, also, its truth.

DOROTHY L. OWEN.

A Visit to Glendalough.

"The Valley of two Lakes and seven Churches." The words suggest at once a populous district, for, surely, the existence of seven churches near together must mean that something considerably larger than a village is nestling among those hills. Yet, when this wonderful valley is reached, how different it is from the pictures of it one has conjured up in one's mind!

First, a tall slim tower appears, then the flash of water is seen in the distance; high, rather solemn-looking hills close in the valley where, huddled together, are a few quaint ruins and ancient crosses. Unless the day is bright there is something inexpressibly sad about this remote, deserted, little spot, whence even the lark has been banished.

It seems as if, to appreciate the full significance of the scene, we have to transport ourselves in thought back more than a thousand years, and yet this long flight backwards does not suffice to throw light on the origin of the, even then, ancient tower, the most striking landmark in the valley and one of the best known and best preserved of the famous round towers of Ireland.

However, our imaginary flight backwards through the ages brings us to the time when the fame of St. Kevin was already spread abroad and students were flocking in numbers from afar to this little monastery among the hills.

St. Kevin from his youth was of a remarkable sanctity, we are told. He loved not the haunts of men and laboured earnestly to perfect himself in leading the holy life. To this end he drew apart from his kind and spent his days wandering among the hills, and his nights in serene contemplation of the heavenly bodies from a rocky hole perched above the lake. It chanced one morning early, that a maiden wandering on the hillside was led by her little dog near the secret nook occupied by the hermit. He, filled with anger at this wanton interruption of his pious meditations, started up and

"with rude repulsive shock

Hurled her from the beetling rock."

Thus perished Kathleen, for the saint to save her did not exercise, one would think, the full prerogative of his saintship. "He was so sorry," explains the guide, "that he prayed no woman should ever be drowned in the lake afterwards. So one sees them, in the summer, coming down to the lake by hunder's and hunder's, all trying to get drowned and can't, for their heads go bobbing up and down in the water like corks."

This little incident of Kathleen seems to have added to, rather than detracted from, the glory and honour given to the saint, for soon the sound of quarrying echoed among the hills and, stone by stone, the famous monastery arose, which was in due time to draw from distant parts over a thousand students to sit at the feet of the saint and listen to his teaching. No detail seems to have been trivial enough to escape the notice of this great man, hence the disappearance of the larks from the countryside. For, when with their joyful carolling, the birds disturbed the slumbers of the busy masons, St. Kevin prayed, and straightway the larks forsook that part of Ireland for ever.

Then arose, one by one, the seven little churches, with their seven little churchyards, one of which leads so

straight to heaven, that many people desire to be brought from all parts, even from America, so that their bones may rest within its sacred precincts. Thackeray says in his "Sketchbook," "The clergy must have been the smallest persons and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that resided there!" But that is just where you are wrong, Mr. Thackeray! For, surely, we must listen to tradition, and what does tradition say?

One of the students at the monastery was one Finn McCoul, a mighty giant, one hundred and twenty feet high. How did Finn McCoul manage to get into one of the churches? one is tempted to ask, but the answer comes readily enough. Finn McCoul was a bold bad man who did not care for learning, but spent his time falling in love with a maiden who lived in the valley. The maiden, however, "couldn't do with his being so large" explained our guide, so he went out in his wrath one day and, with his bog-oak sword, smote upon the rock making a huge cleft a hundred feet deep. "And this is true, indeed, for is not the 'Giant's Cut' to be seen clearly beside the lake even to-day?"

So hopelessly intertwined is history and legend in this little valley and so clever is the guide at patching in strange and lurid details where history and even tradition fail, that the visitor has to sift for himself truth from falsehood, or joyfully to allow his fancy to feast upon the whole. The spot itself has its own enchantment, and, if one allows oneself to be saturated with its mystery, one can believe anything, even that the last Irish snake, banished into the lake by St. Patrick, can still be seen on moonlight nights, when his tail is visible for hours as a silver streak waving beneath the waters.

Be this how it may, the churches are actually there, some showing the chevron moulding which did not appear in England until Norman times. One has an arch, still perfect, which for over a thousand years has held together by its own weight without the help of mortar. Others have still standing in their little churchyards quaint Celtic crosses, some of them richly carved and decorated with designs in the well-known ribbon-pattern.

These all remain as testimony to the reality of a spot which, otherwise, would seem part fairyland and part dreamland.

E. G. S.

First Impressions of Munich and the Münchener.

Perhaps the first and strongest impression which the traveller receives on arriving in Munich and observing the passers-by is that, here, at least, people understand how to live. In these days of bustle and confusion, living has become a fine art, and it is easy to comprehend that, in a great city, where all the arts are fostered, well-nigh worshipped, this, the most important of all, should not be neglected. Walk along the Ludwig Strasse about mid-day or in the afternoon and note the faces in the stream of people passing to and fro. In each countenance you are at once struck by the peculiarly placid, happy expression, often merging into absolute merriment. An Englishman, accustomed to the anxious faces he sees constantly in the streets of a large English town, asks himself the cause of this appearance of animated contentment which seems universal among the Münchener. The reason is two-fold and is to be found, first, in their own contented and happy disposition; secondly, in the effect which the city itself, with its countless art treasures and delights of all kinds has upon them. It is well known that the Bavarians are the gayest and least formal of all the inhabitants of Germany, resembling rather the Tyrolese than their own fellow countrymen in their ability to throw off care and live only in the present; and it is just this which is the secret of their real genius for living. They conceal unpleasant feelings; have the gift of a large amount of that self-control in everyday things which is so necessary; more important still, they take an optimistic and artistic view of life, and believe that every cloud has its silver lining. It is not indifference or apathy, for the Müncheners are no Stoics, rather, a type of the modern Epicurean; but they have a courageous independence and confidence in their own good sense and ability to carry through the arduous task of living with the maximum of pleasure.

Of Munich itself and the extraordinary influence which it has on all inhabitants, it is impossible to say too much. The strong mountain air exhilarates, while the endless variety of sight, sound, and sensation, is a continual delight. Supposing, for some reason, it were impossible to frequent the picture galleries, art exhibitions, and concerts, an intelligent observer might, nevertheless, obtain a liberal

education from the study of human nature in the crowds of people passing to and fro. Every class of society is represented from the Prince Regent to the woman who sweeps the snow away in winter and the dust in summer. Members of the Royal Family, high state officials, officers, soldiers, professors, artists, students in their gay little club-caps, priests in black cassocks bare-headed monks in their rough brown cloaks, peasants in the picturesque garb of the Bavarian Highlands—these, together with the ordinary elements of an everyday crowd, form the most animated and interesting street picture conceivable.

The town itself is chiefly remarkable for the perfection of modern architecture. The buildings are, without exception, large, lofty and imposing. The new Rathaus, or Town Hall, is at present unfinished, but when completed, with its gothic windows, delicate pinnacles, and niches filled with statues of kings, warriors and saints, it will give the impression rather of a beautiful church than of public offices. The palaces of the princes, the picture galleries, the academies, the halls of justice, the churches, the monuments, and the gateways, are the pride of the Münchener and the delight of visitors.

Another very important factor in the charm of life in Munich is the magnificent music to be heard, including the compositions of the most "modern" of the living composers. For six months of the year, there is a continual round of concerts and operas: in the summer, the concerts practically cease, but the opera and theatres are crowded night after night during the whole year.

To see the natives of Munich in their element, it is necessary to go among them at Carnival time—not watch and stand aloof in wonder how people can possibly be so ridiculous,—but enjoy it with them. Shrove Tuesday in Munich is the maddest, merriest day in the year—everything is permitted, nothing is too absurd; in short, everyone gives himself up to enjoyment of an almost childish description, and revels in it, as only a child or a Münchener can.

Life in Munich is wonderfully pleasant, indeed, for a foreigner, truly delightful; for whatever faults the Münchener may possess, lack of hospitality and politeness to strangers is not among them, and it is impossible to be a week in the city of the "Green Isar" without feeling for it and its inhabitants a real love which increases and strengthens as time passes.

April 9th, 1905.

A "Cours de Vacances" in Switzerland.

There is something attractive in the very words "Cours de Vacances," and their promise is fully borne out by the reality. On the word of one who has been there, there is no more pleasant and profitable way of spending a summer than in attending a holiday course at a Swiss University.

Advised to spend a month or two of the Long Vacation abroad, for the sake of my French, I decided on Geneva, which offers an extremely interesting course of lectures at a low rate to bona-fide teachers and matriculated students of other Universities. The course lasted from mid-July to the end of August.

I was fortunate in having a College friend with me, and advise others to follow my example in this respect. We started off in blazing sunshine, and arrived, tired and dirty, to find the heat terrific. For the first few days, we felt it very much, as the weather was exceptional last year; but we were quickly acclimatised. Early rising and afternoon siestas make 96° in the shade quite pleasant. The first thing was to enrol ourselves at the University, a stately building standing in the "Bastion," under fortified walls which reminded us of Geneva's exciting past. We produced certificates of matriculation at Cambridge, and were then free to attend lectures and classes at the absurdly cheap price of £2 each for the whole course.

Among 222 students of all nationalities, we found four other British girls—three Scotch and one English—and a few Americans; and later a man of half-Scotch, half-German extraction, but of emphatically Scotch sentiment, joined our circle.

Now, as to work proper. Lectures were given in the great hall, the Aula, on general subjects, the best being those on 19th century French Poetry, by our genial head, Bernard Bouvier, a charming man and a born orator. Other lectures and classes were held in smaller rooms, and for these we were divided into three Sections, A., B. and C. Of these, the most interesting were Bouvier's "Lectures Analytiques," in which he dissected specimens of French

literature for our benefit, and taught us to do the same. Then we had translation—English into French for us; and “Diction”—lessons in pronunciation by a past master of elocution, Georges Thudichum, whose own reading was an endless joy. These lectures were eked out by instruction by phonograph. It was amusing to observe the characteristic faults of each nation; painful to find one's own held up to ridicule in their turn.

I must not forget the singing classes for those of a musical turn, or the delightful conversation lessons in the evenings, held in the Professor's own garden. After these were over, B. and I. and our Scotch friends would join forces and go gleefully to our favourite “confiserie,” where we ate ices before undertaking our two-mile walk home.

We were lodged in a pension between Geneva and Chêne-Bongeries, which suited me admirably, as the latter is the home of Madame Dixon-Aegerter, late of the Queen's School. We visited her several times; she has a wing of a very charming house with a superb view of Mont Blanc from the garden.

To turn to the light side of things, every Saturday was a holiday and delightful expeditions were arranged under the guidance of a Professor. We explored the neighbourhood, climbed the Salève, visited Ferney, Coffett, Chillon, and, most memorable of all, spent two days at Chamonix. We started at six on Saturday to cross the Mer de Glace. It was a perfect expedition. I remember standing above the great glacier, pinching myself to realize that it was not a dream. On this occasion, our party numbered 150, and our poor guardian, M. Favre, had a hard time, I fear. Of course the students soon formed themselves into groups; and many were our minor expeditions besides tennis, rowing, and bathing, on week-day afternoons. Our set was a pleasant one, numbering about 14 persons, English, German, and Swedish, and we were considered exclusive. As mementoes, I have a set of snapshots taken by one of our number, in which B. and I. are quite recognizable.

The course ended with a dinner and dance given by the students; the dinner lasted four hours on account of the number and length of the speeches.

But I have said enough to prove that a “Cours de Vacances” on the banks of the Rhone is well worth trying.

Newnham, 1905.

D. W.

Our Fancy-dress Ball,

JANUARY 20th, 1905.

“There was a sound of revelry by night,”
The girls were dancing, everything was bright,
For this the eve was of the fancy ball,
When merriest throngs met in the Queen's School Hall.

A was an Arab so ardent and bold,
B was Bo-peep who looked after her fold.
C was for Coon in straw hat arrayed,
D for the Dutch girl so placid and staid.
E was the Elf so sprightly and gay,
F for the Fish-wife who toiled the long day.
G for Griselda of wives the most meek,
H for a Hindoo with dusky brown cheek.
I for the Irish maid, lively and fair,
J for the Japanese numerous there.
K was the Knave, a great lover of tarts,
L little Lord Fauntleroy, winner of hearts.
M, Man of Lawe by Chaucer portrayed,
N the Norwegian, in scarlet arrayed.
O stands for Olwen, a Dutch peasant girl,
P for the Page with feather and curl.
Q was a Snow-Queen most charming and sweet,
R a fine Russian in costume complete.
S for a Student, so learned a creature,
T was for Teazle the wife of Sir Peter.
U stands for Ursula with stockingless feet,
V for the Visitors whom we did greet.
W, Wife of Bath, that much-married dame,
X Father Xmas with many a game.
Y was a Yeoman so bold and so tall,
Z for the great Zeal displayed by them all.

Oh! with what joy and what interest gay!
The girls chattered long of that wondrous Fridáy;
For which they would feign give thanks to Miss Clay,
With hopes that she, also, enjoyed the display.

S. THORNTON-JONES.

Note by the Editor—Miss Clay did.

TALES OF CHIVALRY.

Note by the Editor.—The Second Form has been inspired, by reading Arthurian legends, to attempt stories of its own. The following stories are among the results.

The Adventures of Sir Godfrey.

CHAPTER I.

At one time, there lived in Britain an Earl whose name was Harold. He had one son named Godfrey, who was much beloved by all the courtiers for his gentleness and politeness. He was also very strong and ready to help any one who asked his aid. He was a very good sportsman—better than some much more experienced men. This is how he showed his skill and courage once. One day, the Earl was having a tournament in his park, and when all the people were watching the men, a mad dog got loose and was going to the Earl, as it was his dog. It would have bitten him if Sir Godfrey had not shot the dog, although it was a very long way off.

CHAPTER II.

Now Godfrey thought that it was time he should leave home and go to Arthur's court to join in tournaments and seek for adventure. So bidding his father and mother farewell, he set off. On his way, he met a knight, and hoping this knight might be going to Arthur's court, he asked him whither he went. The knight answered: "I am going to avenge King Arthur upon Earl Louis of Devon who has been very troublesome of late and I am told that he has very strong forces; so will you come and help me?" "Yes, with much pleasure, I will accompany you," replied Godfrey: "What is your name?" asked the knight, "for mine is Sir Frederick and I am a Knight of Arthur's court." "I am Sir Godfrey" replied our hero. So they rode for a long time and then Sir Frederick said: "We have got to overthrow one knight, before we come to the Earl of Devon. Do you see those tents in the distance?" "Oh yes," said Sir Godfrey. "Those are the tents of Sir Kenneth that you see; we shall have to fight, for he will not let any man cross the river unless he fights him." So they overthrew Sir Kenneth and stayed the night at his castle. In the morning, they went on until they came to the Earl's castle

which was built on a rock and had passages to different parts of Devon, and it was said that the Earl used to smuggle things and hoard them up in his great rock cellars. It was also said that he stole maidens and made them wait on him, and if they would not be used to put them in a dungeon and only give them a very little to eat.

CHAPTER III.

When Sir Godfrey and Sir Frederick got to this castle, they told the servant what they wanted. The Earl was very angry and he came out and fought with Sir Frederick and he said: "If you kill me, you may have all my servants, my castle and all my lands." So they fought furiously for some time, and then Sir Frederick bore the Earl from his saddle, who dashed his head against a stone and was killed. Then they took possession of the castle and Sir Godfrey said he must go and seek more adventure and so they parted. Then Sir Godfrey rode for a long time and at last he saw by the road side a maiden; she was weeping bitterly and he asked her what was the matter. She said that her sister-in-law was in great trouble. A sorceress had turned her into an island and she would have to stay there unless a man could be found daring enough to swim to her with heavy armour on and without stopping. So Sir Godfrey said he would try, and after three attempts he did so, and he found that this maiden was very fair and decided that she must be his wife. Her name was Elfrieda. They went to King Arthur's court and were married before the King and Queen and lived happily till the end of their days.

FREDA WOLFE.

The Adventure and Death of Garnard.

CHAPTER I.

Many years ago, there lived in Wales a King called Uriel. He was a very good King and ruled over his dominions wisely and justly. He was loved by all his subjects and obeyed by all people. This King Uriel had a daughter named Olwen, who was fair as a lily. Many suitors came to claim the hand of the fair Olwen, but her

father would not have anyone, except the Knight who could find for him a man who could sharpen his sword for him so that, whatever person or thing he touched with it, it would shiver it to pieces. Many Knights tried, but no man could they find clever enough to do it. At last, there came to the Court, a Knight called Garnard, who said that he could sharpen King Uriel's sword himself. He was conducted into the King's presence and, bowing low, requested that he might try his skill. The King handed him his sword and watched the proceedings. Garnard first took out a whet-stone from his pocket and began to rub it up and down the sword. Then he put on it a bluish powder and rubbed it again. This time he found the sword as bright as the sun. He handed it to the King, who wishing to try its power, brought it down with a crash on Garnard's head. It killed him instantly. Olwen was very sorry for what her father had done in his excitement. She asked her father if she might go and see Garnard before he was buried, but her father would not let her go and locked her up in her chamber. But she got out through the window, and went to look at Garnard just as her father was coming in with his Knights to carry the dead body away. When he saw Olwen in the room, he ordered his Knights to take Olwen with Garnard and bury them both; so the orders were obeyed and she was smothered.

CHAPTER II.

Now in that land there lived a magician called Gurth. He was so sorry about Olwen's death that he made up his mind to go and ask the King if he would like Olwen to come back to him. So he went and asked him, but Uriel said: "If she will not obey me, I will not have her for my daughter any longer." So Gurth went home again; he was so vexed with the King that he caused him to have a severe illness and he died. His Knights all fled and his castle was left in ruins; now it is nothing.

BETTY BELL.



Correspondence.

NAPLES,
APRIL, 1905.

DEAR MISS GLASCODINE,

You ask me to write for "Have Mynde" a short account of my visit to Naples. I find it difficult to write anything fresh about such a well known place.

Of course I came under the usual impressions—expecting to find a town beautifully situated on a lovely bay, with squalid noisy streets and a large number of thieves and beggars; and Naples is, indeed, beautiful at this season of the year, early April. There are groves where oranges and lemons are hanging on the trees; camelias and wisteria blossom profusely, maiden hair grows plentifully wherever there is a little damp soil; and yesterday we had the pleasure of finding white heather near an extinct volcano.

But how can one convey an idea of what a noisy street in Naples is? All kinds of small wares are hawked about, each man or boy sings out his goods in loud, harsh voice; bells are ringing—Church bells, cow bells, goat bells, for the poor cows and goats live in the streets, and are milked at the doors of the houses; when they are not wanted they rest on the door steps or in the shadow of the walls.

Numerous donkeys are in use and, like the people, they know how to use their tongues and have equally harsh voices: an Italian bray is quite a different sound from a quiet English one. When I passed a cabstand, each coachman clacked his whip, drove towards me screaming "Madame," or "Volle," then following his hubbub could be heard the peculiarly solemn chant of a funeral advancing. The coffin was preceded by about twenty men dressed in costumes of blue and white calico, completely covering them from head to foot, with the exception of two little holes for their eyes; next followed the mourners each carrying a lighted candle. The deceased, in this case, had belonged to some fraternity.

In this beautiful climate, naturally, much work is done out of doors. The women sit in groups knitting and talking, chiefly the latter; the front room is open to the street, for the wide doors can be thrown quite back. Even in the most frequented streets, one never feels quite safe in Naples; thieves abound everywhere and rob in the public places in broad daylight. It has been my custom to wear a little Russian-leather bag fastened to my belt. A little while ago I suddenly felt a wrench and saw a man's heels disappearing quickly down a side street. The policeman to whom I appealed, shrugged his shoulders, the Italians who were near only smiled; I smiled too, for I knew there were only a few coppers in the bag! But after this experience I found a safer place for my purse.

Unfortunately, the day I ascended Vesuvius, there was not a particularly good view from the summit, though as we ascended, there were delightful glimpses over the surrounding country. To reach the Mount, it is necessary to take a long drive of two hours through some of the most squalid streets of Naples; then we entered the electric railway which ascends the mountain through very fertile country; Almond, Cherry, and Pear Trees were in blossom, their bright and delicate colouring, contrasting with the darker hill and the blue background, was very striking; now and then, there were glimpses of that fascinating azure of the sea below and the towns glittering on the edge of the Bay. But, gradually, the scenery changed and the landscape was transformed into a desert; all around were the remains of lava streams, now no longer flowing, but changed into solidified masses of a dark brown colour. Far up above, one could see the mighty cone of ashes, its column of smoke rising black against the sky.

On leaving the electric train, we entered a funicular, which, in about ten minutes, took us within 250 yards of the summit; this final ascent must be made on foot or in a chair carried by four men, or one can be pulled up by ropes.

Every traveller is obliged to take a guide. I shared one with two French ladies, but his presence and protection seemed very unnecessary, for the path was crowded with people and the men dangled their ropes in front offering to pull one up for two francs. While we were ascending the cone, little puffs of white steam issued from the ground; it was difficult to climb, treading on ashes and dust, but to rest was impossible, the soles of our boots grew so hot; many were indeed quite burnt. We met elderly men coming down looking rather white in the face and supported on each side by guides; ladies, pale but with set determined expressions were carried in chairs by men. At last we reached the summit, and clouds of white steam enveloped us. Suddenly there was a rumbling noise, the steam was driven aside by an ascending column of ashes and stones, which caused us all rapidly to withdraw from the edge; but there was no danger, the guides know from the direction of the steam on which side of the crater the eruption will take place. Some people stayed long enough to see three of these eruptions, but one seemed to be enough for us, especially as the great heat caused us discomfort.

While at Naples, it was inevitable that I should visit Pompeii. On our arrival at the station, the ruined town with its ancient walls, columns and houses could be seen above us. At some distance behind it arose Vesuvius, and, close beneath, lay the Bay of Naples, along whose shores we had just been travelling.

The town itself was larger than I expected, the excavated part being about the size of Chester within the walls. The streets are very narrow and paved with blocks of lava; on both sides are raised pathways for foot passengers; at intervals were stepping stones by which they could cross the street.

All the principal houses were locked, but the guides had keys and admitted us into any particular one we wished to see.

The best frescoes, mosaics and statues have been removed to the Naples Museum; only one newly discovered house is to be seen in its entirety. There is the bright little garden in the peristyle containing several marble basins into which little cupids pour water. The walls of the rooms are gay with frescoes on a background of red or yellow.

We saw several temples, two forums, a basilica, and some baths. Finally, we visited the Museum, in which were casts of the victims as they had succumbed to those deadly fumes. Some had covered their faces with their hands, evidently to protect them from the burning ashes, and their clenched hands and set teeth showed how they had suffered.

Outside, the day was cloudless, butterflies were fluttering from flower to flower, lizards sunning themselves on the brown walls of the houses. Only a faint white cloud above Vesuvius distinguished it from the neighbouring mountains of Castellammari; at night, that white cloud looks like a pillar of fire.

One of the loveliest spots near Naples is Amalfi. I stayed for a while close to the sea and could hear the waves breaking on the shore beneath. The air was sweet with the scent of flowers; at a short distance, some Italians were singing to a mandoline accompaniment, the bass being provided by a boy who blew into what looked like a stone vase—a very primitive method of producing musical sound. It was an ideal Italian night.

I hope that some day those of the readers of "Have Mynde" who come here may be enabled to make a longer sojourn than was possible in my case, and see this charming place under equally favourable conditions. With this wish I will bring my letter to a close.

L. Y. ASHINGTON.

SCALE HOW,
AMBLESIDE.

DEAR MISS CLAY,

As I am the first Queen's School Girl to go to the House of Education, a description of our life here will, perhaps, interest the readers of "Have Mynde."

Work begins in the morning at 7 o'clock with one hour's work before breakfast. We work again from 9 until 1 with a short break which is chiefly occupied with drilling. The afternoon is devoted to walking, one hour on ordinary days and two hours on half-holidays being the minimum time allowed; in the winter, however, hockey takes the place of walks.

Classes are resumed from 4-30 to 6-30, and the time between 7-45 and 9 p.m. is spent in writing reports. Prayers are at 9-15 p.m., immediately thereafter, we go to bed and all lights are extinguished at 10-15 p.m.

Every Thursday Evening, an Entertainment is given, consisting either of Music or of a Lecture on Authors or Musical Composers. These Entertainments are entirely arranged by the students; on special occasions outsiders are invited to be present.

One of Miss Mason's ideas is to revive the lost art of walking; consequently, we go for "bird" walks when the habits of birds are studied; "nature" walks when flowers and plants are examined, and "geography" walks when mountains and lakes are observed. Nature note-books are kept for the record of these walks, and all the interesting objects met with are illustrated with the brush. To avoid "cliques," a "walk list" is made, so that each student has a different partner each day; no one is allowed to go out alone.

To encourage the study of nature, each student has two small gardens under her special care. These are arranged and planned by the Rev. Mr. Tuckwell. Only wild flowers are grown, and each garden must contain only one order of flowers.

Situated in the College grounds is a small practising school attended by children ranging in age from six to eighteen years. The children are taught by the students who go to the school in turns, three at a time, for a week. Further to increase experience in teaching, each student, in her second year, is supposed to spend six weeks of her summer holidays in probationary teaching.

The work done at the House of Education covers a wide field, Ethics, Psychology, and the History and Philosophy of Education being given a prominent place. Modern Languages—French, German and Italian—are taught on the Gouin Method. Handicrafts, including basket-making, book-binding, chair-caning, wood-carving, and beaten brass work form a part almost of each day's work. On Sundays we attend the Parish Church, and in the afternoon Miss Mason holds Bible meditations.

The College is situated in its own beautiful and extensive grounds. From the terrace, where Wordsworth walked, there is a magnificent view of Windermere, Rydal, Helvellyn, and the surrounding country. The slopes of the terrace are clad with larch trees, which are very pretty in the early spring when their fresh pale green appears.

If anyone wishes to know more about our life at Scale How, the best advice I can give her is to come and experience it for herself. I am quite sure she will thoroughly enjoy the course of training, and never regret the time spent here.

Yours sincerely,

PATTY C. NEVITT-BENNETT.

Extracts from Helen Sheringham's Letter.

POONA,

22ND FEB., 1905.

We have just arrived home from a fortnight's camping. We went 100 miles in all, out of which I walked 75. Going up the Ghauts, the carts were drawn by bullocks, and it was so steep that it took us 5 hours to get up the 6 miles. We had to go by night, as the heat is too much by day. So you can imagine us left at a strange place at 3-30 a.m. It was nearly dark, as there was no moon, and we could not pitch the tents. We lay down on a hay-bed, smothered in blankets; you can have no idea how cold it was, with a strong E. wind blowing. We started off again 3 hours later, as we found that we had such a bad camping place. Several times we got awful shocks, as the bullocks went so near the edge.

We visited some wonderful caves made by Bhuddists about 2,000 years ago. Some were on the top of the others—all were carved out of the solid rock. To reach the upper ones, we had to go right through the rock, up roughly hewn stairs. Outside, the carving was lovely—men, women, and all sorts of animals. There were no partitions in one cave which was about as big as the hall, but there were great pillars all the way along, octagonal in shape, and all along the walls were carvings of elephants with a man and woman sitting on each, with their arms round each others necks.

Unfortunately, some parts of the cave have been destroyed by the Hindus, who have built a temple up there—a very grand one. The front is all hung with old bells. Inside, facing the door, was a very big common looking-glass, and hung up inside were heaps of little glass balls, coloured ones, like those you see on Christmas-trees. I have been inside one temple, but I had to take off my shoes to do so.

We were very much amused at one place. We camped opposite a big tank, which the "Patel" (head man of the village) told Pater, contained "very good drinking water." But, as a few moments later, we saw several natives wash themselves and their clothes in it, we were glad to find there were other means of obtaining water.

Obiter Dicta.

(The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed.)

Caliban's grievances against Prospero were that, first of all, he had treated him with kindness, had given him "water with berries in it," had taught him how to speak and shown him the sun and moon, and then, afterwards, he had turned round and treated him with great harshness.

Of course Caliban had behaved very badly, but perhaps he was too great a beast to have known when he had done wrong; and if he did know, it was, to some extent, Prospero's fault for teaching him all physical things without any moral training.

There are several of Ariel's songs in the "Tempest," and from what can be gathered from them Ariel himself does not seem to be a fairy with much purpose. His great idea is to have freedom, and when he gets it the way he will use it is to lie in a "cowslip's bell," or fly on a bat's back. He loves to dance on the sea shore and sing and have nothing to do. He likes to play, but would not think of doing any work. Ariel is like the other fairies and elves. He has not much brain, and seems like a butterfly—born for the sun and flowers. One could not imagine him on a wet day. His work (if he had any) would be to gather honey with the bees, though he would not be quite so industrious.

Presentation to Miss Ashington.

Several of the old girls have subscribed for a small presentation to Miss Ashington, in token of their affectionate regard.

This sum was collected last Autumn, but the presentation has not yet been made, as Miss Ashington, who is still in Italy, wished it deferred until her return.

Miss Ashington writes: "I cannot tell you how overwhelmed I feel at the kindness of the old girls of the Queen's School, in thinking of me. It is good of you all, and I value very much your remembrance of me and am very grateful for the kind thoughts you have of our intercourse in the past. I only feel how very little I did for you all. Perhaps some time or other I may have the news of the Subscribers, in the meantime will you thank them in my name.

The following are the Subscribers:—

F. Holland	O. Burgess
E. Naylor	E. Day
N. Naylor	E. Douglas
K. Day	A. Caldecutt
N. Day	B. Cawley
R. Day	C. Fraser
S. Baker	M. Savage
G. Baird	A. Scott
G. Bell	R. Scott
M. Carney	O. Sheringham
M. Horton	O. Sykes
B. Middleton	M. Warmesley
S. Sellar	M. Brandreth
D. Walthall	K. Hughes
L. P. Brown	"Mary"
M. Beswick	D. Elwell
J. Beswick	M. Broadbent
M. E. Broadbent	M. Donne
D. Broadbent	N. Francis
J. Burgess	

Public Examinations.

*The following Successes have been gained by Pupils of
the Queen's School during the last year.*

OPEN SCHOLARSHIP TO ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.
Dorothy Owen.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1904.
English—1st Class. Marion Ashton. Distinctions in English Language, Literature, Anglo-Saxon, Middle English. Awarded prize, £3, by the Oxford and Cambridge Examining Board.
English—1st Class. Dorothy Owen. Distinctions in English Language, Literature, History of English Literature. Awarded centre prize for English at the Hamptead Centre.
English—1st Class. Ivy Ellis. Distinctions in History of English Literature.
English—3rd Class. Patty Nevitt Bennett.
German and French—1st Class. Marion Ashton.
French and Latin—2nd Class. Dorothy Owen.
French—3rd Class. Ivy Ellis.
Mathematics—2nd Class. Agatha Owen.
Music—1st Class. Marion Ashton.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD EXAMINATIONS,
JULY, 1904.

Lower Certificate.	Elizabeth Gardner. 1st Class in Mathematics, Scripture, English History.
" "	Marjorie Dixon. 1st Class in Arithmetic and English History.
" "	Mona Smith. 2nd Class.
" "	Evelyn Meade. 2nd Class.

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

School Examinations, 1904.

Piano.	<i>Higher Division.</i> A. Bird, E. Archer, E. Lloyd.
	<i>Lower Division.</i> E. B. Jones, H. Sheringham, C. Atkin, A. Woodcock.
	<i>Elementary Division.</i> M. Holmes.
Violin.	<i>Higher Division.</i> G. Breffit.
Singing.	<i>Higher Division.</i> G. Breffit.
	<i>Elementary Division.</i> D. G. Holland.

CENTRE EXAMINATION, 1904.

Singing. *Elementary Division.* M. Caldecutt, G. Lloyd Jones.

ANNUAL SCHOOLS' EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY.

Ruth Welsby. Highly Commended. Feathers.
Enid Boscawen. Commended. 2nd Class. Original Illustration. Flowers.
Joyce Elwell. Commended. 2nd Class. Flowers. Botanical Diagrams.
Gwladys Schen. Commended. 2nd Class. Leaves.
Ruth Welsby. Commended. 2nd Class. Sketch in Cathedral Cloisters.
Kathleen Dufton. Commended. 3rd Class. Brushwork.
Doris Heywood. Commended. 3rd Class. Flowers, Fruit, &c.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND, JUNE, 1904.

Division I.—Honours: R. Welsby, J. Harding, D. Hyde, P. Owen, D. Aston, M. Imison, P. Knowlson, L. Hornby, I. Beswick, G. Day, M. Smith.
Passed: A. Bebington, V. Boscawen, C. Archer.
Division II.—Honours: L. Webster, G. Nicholls, S. Hornby, D. Woolliscroft, O. Jones, D. Stewart, J. Elwell, M. Okell.
Passed: E. Gardner, M. Nicholls, D. Hornby, M. Browning, H. Hulse, R. Spencer, B. Tait, G. Davies.
Division III.—Honours: E. Smith, M. Aston, C. Smith, G. Humphrey, M. Simpson, E. Wolfe, U. Stafford, D. Ellis, M. Okell, H. Greenhouse.
Passed: B. Stephen, N. Archer, D. Heywood, M. Hicks, M. Walley, G. Maddock, G. Finchett, A. Bird.
Division IV.—Honours: D. Woolliscroft, D. Stewart, C. Williams, S. Hornby, L. Webster, A. Jones, E. Boscawen, D. Cunningham, R. Welsby.
Passed: B. Jones, E. Lloyd, P. Owen, E. Gardner, G. Nicholls.
Division V.—Passed: E. Gardner, S. Hornby.
Division VI.—Honours: R. Welsby. (Group).
Passed: M. Bowers. (Group and Design).

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN
NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates:—

Grade I.—A. Bebington, J. Harding, M. Aston, L. Hornby, E. Barton, N. Oldmeadow, M. Brown, R. Dean, M. Wade, M. Robertson, F. Sumner, E. Manifold, D. Hyde, M. Brownlie, M. Robinson, I. Frith, P. Wolfe, J. Elwell, D. Aston, M. Ford, H. Hulse, M. Parker, M. Williams, V. Boscawen, C. Archer, O. Jones, D. Davies.
Grade II.—D. Williams, E. Boscawen, J. Cooper, M. Walley, C. Atkin, J. Brown, M. Browning, N. Archer, E. Wolfe, M. Swire, E. Veerman, D. Drew, R. Spencer.
Grade III.—D. Heywood, L. Jones.
Grade IV.—B. Jones, D. Woolliscroft, M. Okell.

The Queen's Scholarship, founded in Memory of the Jubilee of H.M. Queen Victoria, has been awarded to Marion Ashton (retired) and Ivy Ellis.

The "William Davies" Prize was given this year for Literature, and awarded to Marion Ashton.

A Hastings' Scholarship was gained by Marion Ashton, who is studying Music at the Royal Conservatoire of Munich.

Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

The Annual General Meeting of the Association took place at the Queen's School on Friday, 10th June. The weather, which had been threatening in the morning, proved delightfully fine, and permitted of tea in the cloisters as usual.

Miss Clay took the chair at the Business Meeting at 3-30 p.m. Forty-five members were present. Letters of regret for absence were received from the Misses F. Mill, M. Marsden, D. Sheringham, A. Duggan, M. Roberts, B. Middleton, F. Birley, E. Jones, E. Sandford. The Secretary read the Minutes of the last Meeting, which were approved. The re-election of the Hon. Secretaries (Misses Caldecutt and Day) was proposed by Miss F. Andrew, seconded by Miss M. Savage, and carried unanimously. The re-election of the Hon. Treasurer (Miss Cooper Scott) was proposed by Miss Day, seconded by Miss Broadbent, and carried unanimously.

The Cot Treasurer (Mrs. W. L. Davies) read her account, which was passed by the Meeting. Miss Clay gave expression to the feeling of regret felt by the Association on Mrs. Davies' retirement, together with their gratitude for her long and hearty services. The election of Miss Mabel Dickson as Cot Treasurer was proposed by Miss Glascodine, seconded by Miss M. Broadbent, and carried unanimously.

The re-election of the Cot Secretary (Miss A. Caldecutt) was proposed by Mrs. Davies, seconded by Miss O. Burges, and carried unanimously.

The Treasurer of the "Mrs. Sandford Memorial Fund" (Mrs. W. L. Davies) read her report, which was adopted by the Meeting.

The re-election of Miss Glascodine as Sub-Editor of "Have Mynde" was proposed by Miss C. Alletson, seconded by Miss M. Minshull, and carried unanimously.

During the voting for the five Committee Members, we received the rare pleasure of songs from Misses Ella Douglas and Alice Caldecutt, and a violin solo from Miss Baker-Wilbraham.

It was suggested by Miss Clay, that, with a view to obtaining a larger attendance of Members at the General Meeting, Members living in or near Chester might offer hospitality to those whom distance prevented from attending. Immediate response for next year was received from Mrs. W. L. Davies, the Misses Butler and Reynolds, and others.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding and for editing "Have Mynde," which was proposed by Miss E. Douglas, seconded by Mrs. W. L. Davies, and carried unanimously.

After tea, twelve members took part in a Tennis Tournament, which was won by the Misses Margaret Broadbent and I. Burges.

The Officers for the year 1904—5 are:—

Committee—

Mrs. W. L. Davies.
Miss F. Mill.
" M. Savage.
" Margaret Broadbent.
" D. Broadbent.
" Ivy Ellis (Form VI).

Ex-officio—

Miss Alice Caldecutt, *Cot Secretary*.
" M. Dickson, *Cot Treasurer*.
" Glascodine, *Sub-Editor of "Have Mynde."*
" Cooper Scott, *General Treasurer*.
" A. Caldecutt, } *General Secretaries*.
" K. Day, }

Association Notes.

All Members of the Association are reminded that they can give great pleasure by communicating items of interest, either concerning themselves or old girls with whom they happen to be in touch. Since last year, the members mentioned below have enlarged their spheres of usefulness, and have, we hope, carried Queen's School training and tradition with them out into the world.

Miss Gertrude Thompson (Mrs. Bell) is now living in India and is much pleased with her new home.

Miss Alice Coutts (Mrs. Taylor) holds a post in the Government Hospital at Singapore.

Miss Rosa Day has been appointed "Sister" of a Ward in the Northern Hospital, Liverpool.

Miss Marion Ashton is studying Music at the Munich Conservatoire.

Miss Mary Bowers, the second Queen's School girl to take up Kindergarten work, is now preparing for her second Kindergarten Examination at the Fröbel Institute, S. Kensington.

Miss Hilda Spencer also is working for the Kindergarten Certificate at Kidderminster.

Miss Ethel McNeile, who has held the post of Classical Mistress at the Simla Roman Catholic College for the last two years, is at present studying at Oxford for her Teachers' Certificate.

Miss Ruth Owen is a Probationer at the Children's Hospital, Pendleton.



Games

1904—1905.

CRICKET.

OFFICERS: *Cap'tain* ... A. OWEN.
Secretary ... D. L. OWEN.
Treasurer ... I. M. ELLIS.

Only four matches were played this season, as the "Fathers" were unable to get up an XI. against us again. The Queen's School won two, lost one, and the fourth was a draw.

MAY 28TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS.

Q.S., 1st innings, 37; 2nd innings, 28. Old Girls, 1st innings, 34; 2nd innings, 24.

This was rather early in the season, and no good scores were made. The highest for the Queen's School was 9, by I. Ellis. For the Old Girls 11, by D. Owen. The Queen's School won the match by 7 runs.

Queen's School XI.: I. Ellis, R. Welsby, M. Caldecutt, H. Meeson, A. Owen, P. Owen, D. Johnston, H. Greenhouse, G. Finchett, A. Jones, G. Day.

Old Girls' XI.—R. Scott, J. Walmsley, M. Savage, D. Owen, A. Finchett, D. Finchett, R. Bird, A. Caldecutt, L. Veerman, M. Viggars, P. Brandreth.

JULY 1ST—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS (Return).

Q.S., 1st innings, 40; 2nd innings, 26. Old Girls, 1st innings, 55; 2nd innings, 116.

The match was played on Boughton Hall ground. The school play was feeble both in batting and fielding, and the Old Girls won an easy victory by 105 runs. The highest score was 44, made by E. H. Sandford for the Old Girls.

Queen's School XI.—D. Stewart, R. Welsby, M. Caldecutt, I. Ellis, P. Owen, H. Meeson, A. Owen, C. Finchett, D. Johnston, A. Jones, P. Knowlson.

Old Girls' XI.—J. Walmsley, E. Sandford, N. Finchett, R. Day, R. Scott, R. Bird, M. Savage, D. Finchett, M. Viggars, N. Day, P. Brandreth.

JULY 2ND—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH.

Q.S., 1st innings, 39; 2nd innings, 55. Denbigh, 1st innings, 25; 2nd innings, 10.

Win for the Queen's School by 58 runs. The School play was considerably better than on the day before, especially the fielding, and the bowling of A. Owen, D. Stewart and G. Finchett; 5 of Denbigh's wickets fell for 0 in the 1st innings, and 6 in the 2nd innings.

Queen's School XI.—D. Stewart, R. Welsby, M. Caldecutt, I. Ellis, P. Owen, H. Meeson, A. Owen, C. Finchett, D. Johnston, A. Jones, P. Knowlson.

JULY 12TH—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. SOUTHPORT PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

Q.S., 1st innings, 75; 2nd innings, 31. Southport, 1st innings, 84; 2nd innings, 4 for 3 wickets.

This was the first time that we had played a Physical Training College, and the match resulted in a draw. Our fielding was better than our opponents', but they were stronger in batting. Three splendid catches were made for the Queen's School, by I. Ellis, at mid-on, by A. Owen and D. Stewart at point. The top score for the Queen's School was 36, made by A. Owen.

Queen's School XI.—D. Stewart, C. Finchett, M. Caldecutt, H. Meeson, I. Ellis, P. Owen, A. Owen, R. Welsby, D. Johnston, H. Greenhouse, A. Jones.

The General Meeting was held on July 19th, when the following officers for 1905 were elected:

Captain: H. Meeson. *Secretary:* I. Ellis.

Treasurer: M. Caldecutt (left), G. Humfrey.

Holder of Cricket Prize for 1904: P. Owen.

Only two members, the Captain and one other, of last year's team have left, but D. Stewart, a promising member of the XI., is unfortunately unable to play this year. This leaves us without two of our best bowlers. The fielding, as usual at the beginning of the season, needs practice. Some fielders have got into the habit of stopping with one hand and throwing in with the other. All fielders should remember the following rules:

1. Never take your eye off the ball.
2. Don't wait for the ball to come to you, but go to meet it.
3. Field the ball and throw in with one hand and one movement.
4. Aim at the bails in throwing in; the wicket-keeper should always keep the wicket between herself and the ball.

HOCKEY.

SEASON 1904—1905.

OFFICERS:
Captain ... H. Meeson.
Secretary ... D. Lewis.
Treasurer ... E. Gardner.

This year a Hockey practice was arranged for those in the Lower School who were too young to join the regular Club.

At the General Meeting, held at the end of the Easter Term, the following Officers for next season were elected:—*Captain*—H. Meeson. *Treasurer*—G. Finchett. *Holder of Hockey Prize*—P. Owen. In accordance with the rules, last season's *Secretary*, D. Lewis, remains in office.

MATCHES.

Nov. 19th, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. BIRKENHEAD HIGH SCHOOL.

Score 14—0.

Our opponents had only played Hockey for a few terms and were very weak, so that we scored an easy victory.

Forwards—D. Stewart, R. Welsby, P. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson (Captain).
Halves—O. Rushton, I. Ellis, D. Lewis.
Backs—J. Elwell, E. Gardner.
Goal—G. Finchett.

Dec. 3rd, 1904—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH.

Score 0—2.

A hard game, which at first seemed very even—no goals having been scored at half-time; but in the second half we could not hold out, and Denbigh scored 2 goals.

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

Halves—O. Rushton, I. Ellis, D. Lewis.

Backs—J. Elwell, E. Gardner.

Goal—G. Finchett.

Feb. 6th, 1905—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. MISTRESSES.

Score 7—0.

As usual the Mistresses' team was partly made up of Old Girls, but they played two short.

Mistresses—C. Langdon, E. James, A. Finchett, N. Day, H. Dent, K. Day, H. M. Giles, M. Donne, G. Rossiter.

School Team—J. Elwell, R. Welsby, P. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson, O. Rushton, I. Ellis, D. Lewis, D. Holmes, E. Gardner, G. Finchett.

March 18th, 1905—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH (Return).

Score 2 all.

This is always one of our hardest matches, but on this occasion the team played with most creditable determination against a really stronger XI., and succeeded in drawing a match in which they have been defeated three consecutive times. At half-time Denbigh's score was 2 to our 0; but the Queen's School increased their efforts, and P. Owen scored a good goal shortly after play began again. No more goals were scored on either side until three minutes before time was given, when after a most exciting struggle in our opponents' circle we scored the equalising goal. All the team played up well, especially G. Finchett and P. Owen. Many more goals would have been scored by Denbigh but for the splendid defence of our goal, while our centre forward would most probably have scored again had the other forwards been able to keep up with her pace. Our centre half was unable to play.

Forwards—J. Elwell, R. Welsby, P. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson.

Halves—O. Rushton, E. Gardner, D. Lewis.

Backs—D. Holmes, N. Archer.

Goal—G. Finchett.

March 25th, 1905—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. BROUGHTON AND CRUMPSALL HIGH SCHOOL, MANCHESTER.

Score 8—3.

The match was somewhat interrupted by the rain—but it was a fairly hard game though our opponents had not much combination and several of our team did not play up to their usual standard, the right wing especially being continually out of her place.

Forwards—J. Elwell, R. Welsby, P. Owen, H. Greenhouse, H. Meeson.

Halves—O. Rushton, E. Gardner, D. Lewis.

Backs—D. Holmes, N. Archer.

Goal—G. Finchett.

HOCKEY.

Once, years ago, Deva's banks felt the tramping,
Of stern Roman warriors that marched on the foe;
Once Chester's walls heard the clashing of armour
Of Norman and Saxon—that's long years ago.

Later Dee's fields saw the conflict of English,
Who for King or for Parliament laid down their life,
Still, 'neath the Queen's School, they quake at the battle
Of emulous warriors who join in the strife

Chorus: Of glorious, furious, uproarious Hockey,
Who minds the bruises or thinks of the pain,
On with it, in with it, hot and triumphant:
Bully and Corner and bully again!

Still do the warriors in strife that is friendly
The valiant XI., nerve firm and head cool,
Stand to give fight on the meadows of Deva,
Win one more match for the fame of the School

Chorus: At glorious, etc.

Who shall say vain tho' the issue seem trivial?
For the courage, endurance and energy bold
Resolution and discipline firm and unflinching
Of the Roman and Saxon and Norman of old

Chorus: Are in glorious, etc.

Tennis Club, 1904.

The Tennis Season was a very enjoyable one; several matches were played with other schools and, though the Queen's School did not always come off victorious, yet these matches served to stimulate the energy of the old members of the club, and brought forward fresh talent in new girls and girls who had come recently into the upper school. Gwen Humfrey, Dorothy Stewart and Phyllis Owen shew very fair promise of taking creditably the places of the champions we lost at the end of the season. These girls came to the fore in the tournament, held among the club members. The Final Round was unfortunately hindered from completion by wet weather, but there was no doubt that Agatha Owen, to whom the other players in the final scratched, was the Champion. However, as she already held a Games' Prize, the Tennis Prize was handed on to Gwen Humfrey.

The following matches were played in the season:—

Queen's School v. S. Elphin's, Warrington.

1st Single, won by Agatha Owen, 8—6.

2nd Single, won by S. Elphin's, against I. Ellis, 8—1.

Double, won by S. Elphin's, against M. Bowers and G. Humfrey, 8—3.

S. Elphin's thus won by 2 events to 1.

Queen's School v. Sale High School.

1st Single, won by A. Owen, 6—2, 6—1.

2nd Single, won by G. Humfrey, 6—0, 6—3.

Double, won by I. Ellis and D. L. Owen, 4—6, 6—2, 6—0.

The Queen's School thus won the three events.

The Queen's School v. Howell's School, Denbigh.

First Single, won by Agatha Owen, 6—3, 6—3.

2nd Single, won by Howell's School, against Gwen Humfrey, 6—2, 4—6, 6—4.

Double, won by Howell's, against Ivy Ellis and Mary Caldecutt, 6—3, 6—0.

Howell's School won by 2 events to three.

A match, "Day Girls" v. "Boarders," resulted in a win for the "Boarders" by two events to three. The champions for the "Boarders" were Miss Langdon and Gwen Humfrey (1st Double), D. L. Owen and Ivy Ellis (2nd Double), and P. Knowlson (Single); while the "Day-girls" were represented by Miss Day and A. Owen, D. Stewart and P. Owen and Hilda Meeson.

A "Tennis League" of the Cheshire High Schools was formed in the Autumn of 1904. Six Schools have joined, of which the Queen's School is one. It is hoped we shall do our best to carry off the trophy kindly offered for competition by the Headmistresses.

The Queen's School Bazaar.

Once in two years, the Queen's School holds a Bazaar, the proceeds of which are devoted, partly to the fund for giving country holidays to poor children who, otherwise, might never see a green field, and partly to School purposes.

This is the year for the Bazaar to take place, and we are all very pleased to have Mrs. James Frost's kind promise to open it for us on July 15th. Contributions to the Stalls will be gratefully accepted and visitors no less heartily welcomed.

BALANCE SHEET—QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND, 1904.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand	...	4	13 9
" Subscriptions	...	17	17 10
" Proceeds of Entertainment	...	5	5 0
			<hr/>
	£27	16	7

PAYMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
By Printing, Postages and Stationery	...	0	17 8
" Chester General Infirmary	...	25	0 0
" Cash in Bank	...	1	18 11
			<hr/>
	£27	16	7

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Examined and found correct,

WALTER CONWAY,

24th March, 1905.

Hon. Auditor.

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MARRIAGES.

ALLENBY—On October 14th, 1903, at St. George's Church, Llandudno, *Lily Allenby* to *Herbert Petch*.

CARNEY—On April 26th, 1905, at the Congregational Church, Newport, by the Rev. H. Elwyn Thomas, *Mabel Evelyn*, youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. Carney, Newport, to *W. Gordon Minchin*, son of the late Captain W. B. Minchin, Dublin.

HART-DAVIES—On the 8th March, 1905, at All Saints' Church, Hoole, by the Vicar, the Rev. F. Anderson, *Frederick Mercer Jones, C.A.*, third son of Alderman John Jones, the Spinney, Chester, to *Hilda*, eldest daughter of T. Hart Davies, Newton-by-Chester.

THOMPSON—On October 19th, at S. Mary's Church, Chester, by the Rev. Lionel Garnett, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rev. H. Grantham, Rector of the Parish, *Claude Leonard*, son of G. H. Bell, Esq., of Onslow Gardens, S.W., to *Alice Gertrude*, youngest daughter of John Thompson, Esq., of Netherleigh House, Chester.

BIRTHS.

BROWN—On September 6th, Mrs. Harry Brown (L. P. Humfrey), a daughter.

PATRICK—On Nov. 24th, at Bedford, Cape Colony, Mrs. James Patrick (Myfanwy Lowe), a son.

PATCH—On March 25th, Mrs. Herbert Petch (Lily Allenby), a son.

ROBERTS—On February 22nd, Mrs. Cecil Roberts (Gertrude Cawley), a daughter.

DEATHS.

BROWN—On March 22nd, at her residence, Richmond Bank, Boughton, Chester, *Nessie Brown*, in her 91st year.

PRYCE BROWN—On the 17th November, at 47, Parkgate Road, Chester, suddenly, *Josephine*, widow of Captain W. Pryce Brown, 7th Royal Fusiliers.

General Knowledge Paper.

Two prizes are offered, one to girls over, and one to girls under, thirteen for the best answers to the following questions.

The Examination will be held in the Examination weeks at the end of the term. Each Candidate must be provided with a copy of the magazine. Any works of reference may be consulted, but verbal information will not be given at School.

1. Why do you expect fine weather when the blind cords are slack?
2. Why does a piece of paper, held before the fire, curl up at the edges?
3. Why is there a small hole in the lid of a teapot?
4. What ought you to do if the curtains caught fire?
5. What remedies are there for a bee sting?
6. Starting from the Queen's School, name in their order the towers on the Chester Walls, and write anything you know about them.
7. What has been, and now is, the dedication of Chester Cathedral?
8. What connection had the following with Chester: St. Werburgh—St. Oswald—Ralph Higden—Henry VIII.—Handel—Charles Kingsley—Randolph Caldecott?
9. "The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day." Who was the author of this line, and when did he live?
What peculiarity is there in the tolling of the Curfew in Chester?
10. What is the meaning and origin of the signs:—&c., £, /, d, lb., @, \wedge . Explain the following abbreviations:—e.g., pro. tem., infra dig, i.e., p. p. c., viz.
11. Explain the following:—"A mare's nest"; "the * Greek Calends"; "a Jeremiad"; "a Jehu"; "a peeler"; "a duck's egg."

12. In what books do the following characters occur:—John Ridd—The Duchess—Mowgli—
* The Rose of Torridge—Betsy Trotwood—Sancho Panza—Meg Merrilees—Mr. Casaubon—David Balfour.
13. Where do the following quotations occur and in what connection:—
* (a) "Barkis is willing."
(b) "There is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion."
(c) "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."
(d) "Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage."
(e) "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."
(f) "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."
(g) "'Tis Greece but living Greece no more."
(h) "They also serve who only stand and wait."
14. Bacon says:—"Every honest man that hath his heart well planted will forsake his King rather than forsake his God; and forsake his friend rather than forsake his King, and yet will forsake any earthly commodity, yea and his own life in some cases, rather than forsake his friend."
Give one example of each of these choices.
15. Who is at present:—Prime Minister, Chancellor of Exchequer, Leader of the Opposition, President of the French Republic, President of the United States of America?

N.B.—Questions marked with an Asterisk are for girls over fourteen only.

