

“Have Mynde.”

The Queen's School
Annual,

EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

July, 1911.

CHESTER :
PHILLIPSON AND GOLDER, EASTGATE ROW.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



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The Chronicle.

The Coronation Year and the Coronation Number of Have Mynde! If strictly limited finances make it impossible for us to vie with "Special Numbers" in portraits of the Sovereigns, pictures of every ship that has ever been called "George," and cartoons of History up to date, at least our loyal enthusiasm has found expression in our Covers. Away with the merely artistic! Nothing less than Royal Blue and England's Red can indicate the fervour with which we join in the national aspiration, "God Save the King!"

The Prize Distribution took place on November 22nd. Mrs. Henry Gladstone was the guest of the occasion, and, after distributing the Prizes, gave the girls an interesting little address. The Chair was taken by Sir Horatio Lloyd.

The heartiest congratulations of the School and its friends will be given to Marjorie Imison, who has won an Open Scholarship at Girton College in Geology. This is the first time that a Scholarship has been awarded in this subject. Marjorie Imison will also hold the Nessie Brown Scholarship, instituted by Miss Nessie Brown, one of the original founders of the Queen's School.

In our last Number, we anticipated the triumph of the Chester Pageant, and proudly recorded the share we were allowed to take in it. We may not "fight our battles o'er again," but we are glad to report that we have mementoes of a most enjoyable event in two beautiful pictures of Episodes IV. and VI. presented to the School by Mrs. Woods.

At the end of the Autumn Term, the School enjoyed a Fancy Dress Dance, an unexpected aspect of which, communicated to the Editor, appears in subsequent pages. Consideration for the Beauty-sleep of the Kindergarten and the First and Lower Second Forms prevented these little people from receiving invitations to the Dance. Father Christmas, however, appeared the next day with a Christmas-tree, and discharged his functions so admirably that he received a pressing invitation from two little girls to visit them next year in South Africa.

Another unusual visitor to the School was a Hindoo gentleman, Chinappa, who lectured to us on topics which ranged from Tiger hunts to the Hindoo methods of teaching Geometry by means of Lotus-flowers growing in ponds.

On February 7th, Mr Stafford Webber paid his second visit to the School and gave a very interesting Dramatic Recital. The Programme was as follows :—

Part I. Scenes from Macbeth.

„ II. Miscellaneous—

Couples	<i>Anon.</i>
Chant Pagan	<i>Kipling.</i>
Scraps from a Hockey Lunch			<i>Punch.</i>
A Penance	<i>Anon.</i>
The Grammarian's Love-letter			<i>Punch.</i>
The North Wind	..		<i>Eugene Field.</i>
Fiddle-de-dee	..		
Nini, Ninette, Ninon			<i>Weatherley.</i>
Mon Ami	..		
Dialogue from a London Dinner			
Party	<i>Hope.</i>
Stories

The School gave a very successful Drill Display on March 29th. The Finals in the Inter-Form Competitions were an important part of the Programme. Miss Robertson, M.F.T.I., kindly acted as judge, and in the event, Form IV. Upper won in the Upper School and Form II. Upper in the Lower School. A large division of girls took part in the Jumping, the highest jump being 5ft. 6in. The Display ended with voluntaries on the Horse.

At the end of the Spring Term, Form IV. Lower gave the School an Entertainment, managed entirely by themselves with the assistance of Miss Jameson. The first scene showed the misunderstanding that might arise when a lady in search of a teacher of the newest methods of dressmaking, inadvertently visited the offices of a teacher of Modern Languages on the direct method. Next followed a most realistic presentation of the Wise Men of Gotham. The third item on the Programme was the dramatic triumph of the evening, if only because it provided a part for every member of the Lower Fourth Form. The fortunes of Red Riding Hood proved to be most intimately allied with those of Boy Blue, Bo-Peep, Miss Muffet and many other well-known characters. The fairies also played their part and proved themselves

expert in the most modern forms of dancing. Altogether, a most enjoyable and successful evening's Entertainment was provided.

Empire Day was celebrated by the recitation of patriotic poems in the morning, and Sports in the afternoon. The following were the recitations given :—

Form I. & II. Lower. *God save the King.*

G. Howitt, P. Mowle, M. Barker-Jones.

Form II. Upper. *The British Grenadiers.* M. Traves.

„ III. Lower. *Bruce to his Army.* J. Corfield.

„ III. Upper. *Battle of Agincourt.* J. Ayrton.

„ IV. Lower. *The Guides at Cabul.* A. Walker.

„ IV. Upper. *Admirals All.* E. Moore.

„ V. Lower. *Drake's Drum.* M. Burlingham.

„ V. Upper. *The Flowers.* C. Ayrton.

„ VI. *The Recessional.* K. Curlett.

The following were the winners in the Races :—

Potato Races. Z. Pritchard, K. Curlett.

Running. F. Gossage, P. Curlett, J. Corfield, D. Wynn
Evans.

Skipping. A. Bromley, W. Gerrard.

Obstacle Races. M. Wynn Evans, M. Imison.

Three Legged Races. M. Waller, K. Schröder,
M. Horton, M. Saner.

Balancing Races. J. Elliott, G. Howitt, R. Dutton,
M. Horton, M. Finchett.

Flag Race. Form IV. Lower.

At the end of the Summer Term, we had to bid farewell to Miss Barker, who was taking up work in the South of England. In her place, we give a warm welcome to Miss Baker.

The following additions have been made to the Library of Fiction during the Session 1910-11 :—

	Presented by
Lives of the Hunted—Seton Thomson.	Edna Williams.
Anne of Green Gables—L. M. Montgomery.	Doris Bates.
The Splendid Spur—A. T. Quiller-Couch.	Miss Clay.
Captains Courageous—Rudyard Kipling.	Dorothy Robinson.
Hunting of the Snark—Lewis Carroll.	Miss Jameson.
Rewards and Fairies—Rudyard Kipling.	Winifred Clough.
The Conquest of Canaan—Booth Tarkington.	Ruby Hale White.
North and South—Mrs. Gaskell.	Mollie Wood.
Lewis Rand—M. Johnston.	Miss Riley.
The Little White Bird—J. M. Barrie.	Miss Day.

The following gifts to the School have been gratefully received:—

Picture—The Port of London	G. Day.
Episode IV. {	Chester Pageant	Mrs. Woods.
Episode VI. }		
The 'Prioress's' Tale	Mrs. Woods.

Prizes.

UPPER SCHOOL.

Hastings Scholarship to the University of Liverpool—
Beatrice Tait.

<i>Queen's Scholar</i>	Kathleen Curlett.
<i>Hastings Scholar</i>	Margaret Dibben.

FORM VI.

DONOR.

<i>Mathematics</i>	Kathleen Curlett	.. John Thompson Memorial Prize.
<i>Physical Geography & Geology—</i>		
	Marjorie Imison	.. Old Girls' Association.
<i>Botany</i>	Kathleen Curlett	.. Mrs. Alfred Ayrtton.
	Marjorie Imison	.. Anonymous.
<i>Latin</i>	Kathleen Curlett	.. The Archdeacon of Chester.
<i>History</i>	Marjorie Imison	.. Sir Horatio Lloyd.
<i>History, Literature & French—</i>		
	Beatrice Tait	.. Sandford Memorial.

FORM V.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Jessie Brown	.. Sandford Prize.
<i>French</i>	Margaret Dibben	.. Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
<i>German</i>	Jessie Brown	.. Mrs. H. T. Brown.

FORM V.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Dora Johnson	.. Sandford Prize.
	Dorothy Riddell	.. Sandford Prize.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Winifred Clough	.. Mrs. Robert Roberts.
<i>English</i>	Winifred Clough	.. Anonymous.

FORM IV.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Dora Jones	.. The Sheriff of Chester.
	Marjorie Langton	.. The Sheriff of Chester.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Elsie Speakman
<i>French and German</i>	Marjorie Langton	.. Mrs. Gooddie Holmes.

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

FORM IV.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Esmé Moore	...	Anonymous.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Esmé Moore	...	Canon Spurling.
			Monica Holmes	...	Anonymous.
			Marjorie Brown
<i>French and Latin</i>	Esmé Moore
<i>English Language, Literature—</i>			Esmé Moore
<i>Scripture</i>	Marjorie Brown	...	Miss Howson.

FORM III.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Winifred Watson	...	Sandford Prize.
<i>Arithmetic</i>	Margaret Welsby	...	Anonymous.
			Phyllis Jacob	...	Mrs. Jameson.
			Winifred Watson
<i>English and History</i>	Margaret Welsby	...	The Sheriff of Chester.
<i>Distinctions in Examinations—</i>			Muriel Horton
<i>Scripture</i>	Muriel Horton

FORM III.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Phyllis Nixon
<i>Distinctions in Examinations—</i>			Constance Miln

LOWER SCHOOL.

FORM II.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Marjorie Waller	...	Sir Horatio Lloyd.
<i>Distinctions in Examinations—</i>			Irene Naylor
			Katharine Schröder	...	Mr. F. B. Mason.

FORM II.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Gwendoline Farquhar	...	Miss Eggers.
<i>Distinctions in Examinations—</i>			Sybel Mason
			Freda Gossage

FORM I.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Hetty Harris
<i>Excellence Book</i>	Marjorie Brown
			Madeline Chambres	...	The Head Mistress.
<i>Drawing</i>	Gladys Day	...	William Davies Memorial Fund.
			Olive Jones	...	William Davies Memorial Fund.
<i>Music—Fianoforte</i>	Catherine Ayrtton	...	Mrs. James Frost.
			Doris Bates

<i>Sewing</i>	Hope Atcherley	...	Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
			Winifred Watson	...	Mrs. Robert Roberts.
<i>Drill</i>	Elsie Brotherton	...	Anonymous.
<i>Games—General Excellence—</i>					
			Kathleen Curlett	...	Mr. Edward Giles.
<i>Hockey</i>	...		Marjorie Finchett	...	Anonymous.
<i>Cricket</i>	...		Sylvia Thornton Jones	...	Anonymous.
<i>Tennis</i>	...		Gladys Day
<i>Holiday Work</i>	...		Form Upper III.	...	Mrs. Henry Woods.

Public Examinations.

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

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD, JULY, 1910.

Higher Certificate.	Kathleen Curlett.	Class I. Biology.
		Class II. Elementary Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, (Trigonometry and Dynamics), History, Physical Geography and Geology.
	Marjorie Imison.	Class I. History, Biology, Physical Geography and Geology.
		Class II. Elementary Mathematics, Additional Mathematics (Trigonometry and Dynamics).
Higher Certificate ; Letters.	Gladys Day.	Physical Geography and Geology, Biology, Drawing.

LONDON MATRICULATION.

Kathleen Curlett. Qualified on the Higher Certificate with the addition of Latin.

CAMBRIDGE PREVIOUS EXAMINATION.

Sylvia Thornton Jones.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES MATRICULATION: Higher Alternative Papers.

Beatrice Tait.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD.

Lower Certificate.	Catherine Ayrton.	Class II. French, German, Arithmetic, Geography, Botany.
	Winifred Clough.	Class I. Additional Mathematics, English.
		Class II. French, German, Arithmetic, English History.

Dora Johnson.	Class II. Latin, French, Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English, Geography.
Dorothy Riddell.	Class II. French, Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English, English History, Botany.
Lower Certificate ; Letters.	Dorothy Robinson. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, Geography, Botany.
May Swire.	French, German, Arithmetic, English.

ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SCHOOLS EXAMINATIONS.

PIANO. *Higher Division* .. D. Bates, M. Chambres, Hope Atcherley,
Hester Atcherley, M. Burlingham.

Elementary Division. I. E. Imison, S. Mason.

Primary Division. M. Waller.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Preparatory Division. Honours. M. Barker-Jones, A. Bromley, H.
Walton, S. Mason.

Passed. H. Harris, D. Onions.

Division I. Honours. M. Brotherton, E. Brotherton, L. Gray, D. Jones,
M. Hughes.

Passed. H. Dutton, M. Waller, F. Gossage, E. Lee, H.
Walley, E. Mayne, K. Lee, C. Belton, M.
Guest, M. Brown, G. Lanceley, G. Farquhar.

Division II. Honours. M. Welsby, P. Nixon, E. Lee.

Passed. L. Read, I. Imison, C. Miln, P. Hoyland, D.
Whitley, M. Wynn Evans, K. Huxley, Z.
Pritchard, H. Salter.

Division III. Honours. M. Welsby, E. Hughes, M. Read, D. Hills.

Passed. W. Watson, W. Mason, A. Walker, M. Holmes,
D. Eason, D. Wynn Evans, E. Williams, L.
Harrison, K. Shuttleworth, D. Wildgoose, A.
Everett, M. Salter, P. Jacob, E. Moore, M.
Sparkes, E. Horton.

Division IV. Honours. E. Brotherton, D. Jones, M. Hughes.

Passed. M. Langton, H. Atcherley, D. Randles, M.
Hewitt, M. Burlingham, M. Brown, D. Hills,
M. Davies, L. Gray, M. Chambres, G.
Lanceley.

Division V. Honours. E. Horton, D. Jones.

Passed. M. Finchett, Hope Atcherley, D. Robinson, D.
Johnson, M. Onions.

Division VI. Honours. O. Jones, G. Day, Hope Atcherley.

Passed. M. Finchett, M. Brown.

At the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, etc., held by
the above Society, the following Awards were obtained:—

Commended—First Class—M. Finchett, for Hands, Life.

A. Williams, for Objects, Brushwork.

Second Class—P. Dodd, for Figures.

Third Class—M. Chambres, for Plants, Brushwork.
G. Day, for Figures, Life.
P. Dodd, for Botanical Drawings.

Fourth Class—A. Fielding, for Plants.
D. Gossage, for Figures, Memory Drawings.
G. Day, for Figures, Memory Drawings.
Hope Atcherley, for Botanical Drawings.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates:—

- Grade I.* D. Adams, H. Walley, M. Wynn Evans, E. Mayne,
H. Dutton, M. Guest, K. Schröder, P. Dodd, L. Williams,
M. Waller, K. Lee, D. Onions, P. Denson.
- Grade II.* D. Wynn Evans, D. Humphreys, A. Roberts, P. Hoyland,
I. Imison, W. Watson, C. Goulden, P. Jacob, E. Lee.
- Grade III.* E. Hughes, L. Harrison, H. Salter, K. Shuttleworth, W.
Gerrard, L. Parry, M. Holmes, G. Lanceley.
- Grade IV.* E. Speakman, D. Eason, G. Derham, M. Salter, M. Sparkes,
F. Marsden, L. Edwards, M. Brown, G. Read.
- Grade V.* Hope Atcherley, E. Horton.

The Coronation Procession.

On Coronation Day, we rose soon after 5 a.m. and departed in our host and hostess' motor-car for the Royal Society's Club, St James's Street, where we were going to see the Procession.

Although it was so early, there was a large crowd gathered on the pavement, and some of the people were seated on the curb, where they had slept all night, and were already looking very tired.

The decorations were beautiful, and on the way, we had an excellent view of the troops of soldiers marching from the various camps in Hyde Park. We had some difficulty in getting along, as already the streets were thronged with motors and carriages. We noticed one building that was particularly beautifully decorated with real red roses.

We arrived at St. James's Street soon after 7. At both ends of the street, there hung large canopies, upon which there was a crown, and all along the pavement, at regular intervals, were tall posts, ornamented at the top with blue vases containing pale pink roses.

At some distance from the Club, we had to get out of the motor and walk the remainder of the way. Upon arriving at the Club, after a little time, we had breakfast ; then we went to our seats. They were situated in a very nice position, and were in the first two rows on the ground floor, and under a canopy. We had an excellent view both down and up the street. At first, there was not a very great crowd on the footpaths, and we passed some time in watching the motor-cars arrive and the troops draw up along the street. We also saw several peers' and peeresses' carriages driving to Westminster Abbey, and looking very picturesque, with the coachmen and footmen in gorgeous livery and with powdered hair. Lord Kitchener drove down the street in a motor car with several other gentlemen, and he was very loudly cheered. We were much amused by one very haughty officer, who was riding up and down the lines of soldiers, shouting out orders. When everything was more settled, selections of music were given by the bands of the various regiments, which enhanced the gaiety of the scene. The bag-pipes of the Gordon Highlanders were, I think, the most attractive, though all the bands were very good. Later on, when the King and Queen were in the Abbey, the crowd increased, as the people who had watched the procession going from the Hall, now came to St. James's Street to see it return. At twelve o'clock, we had lunch at the Club. That took up some time, and when we returned to our seats, it was about one o'clock. We listened to the bands and watched the crowds for a while longer, and then we heard that the King and Queen had left Westminster Abbey at two minutes past two—earlier than had been expected. The troops stood at attention, and excitement prevailed as the beginning of the procession drew near. First came some Life Guards looking very handsome on their black horses, then a few Beefeaters, then the Royal Standard and the Royal State Coach, for this came near the beginning of the procession, as they were returning. The glistening of the beautiful golden ornaments could be seen right at the far end of the street, and as the coach approached, the band struck up, "God save the King," and all the people cheered, waved and shouted in the excitement of the moment. It was a lovely sight to see the King and Queen wearing their crowns and coronation robes.

The Queen looked very pale, but beautiful, and her diamonds glistened magnificently. We could not see so much of the King, as the Queen was nearest to us. It was indeed a gorgeous sight. Then followed a few more

Life Guards and then the carriage containing the Children of Their Majesties. The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary wore coronets, but the others had sailor-caps, which they seemed very tired of raising to the enthusiastic crowd. The Princess' lovely golden curls matched her coronet in hue. Then followed all the great Princes and Princesses, the Foreign Royalties and representatives, all wearing the gayest of colours, and the representatives of the Colonies. The Procession was a lovely sight, and one to be remembered for a life-time.

IRENE NAYLOR,

FORM III. LOWER.

Coronation Festivities in Chester.

In a place such as Chester, a coronation brings back memories of the celebration of coronations in which the city has participated many hundreds of years ago.

Ours is one of the most loyal cities in the Kingdom, as has been proved in the past. Chester was the last city to hold out for Harold the Saxon against William the Norman; that it has no City Plate earlier than 1645, is due to the fact that the older plate was sacrificed in the service of King Charles I.

Although the principal celebrations took place on Thursday and Friday, the entire week was devoted to festivities. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the band played selections in Grosvenor Park, the programme including a rendering of the "Ode to Chester," specially written for the Chester Pageant.

The Cathedral bells were the first to usher in the celebration of King George's Coronation.

At 10-30 a.m., a Service was held at the Cathedral, and crowds gathered in the Town Hall Square to watch the Mayoral procession wend its way from the Town Hall to the Cathedral. The procession entered the Cathedral

by the West doorway, where it was met by the Dean and the white-robed choristers with the Cross at their head. The impressive hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages past," was sung as the procession marched up the central aisle. A prayer for the King was offered by the Dean from the Nave pulpit, and then followed the Litany. Again ascending the pulpit, the Dean read the Epistle which contained the words: "Honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the King."

The Dean then made the following impressive proclamation:—

Brethren, I proclaim unto you George, the son of His Majesty, the late most gracious King Edward VII., as our undoubted King. His Majesty is solemnly anointed and then crowned in the ancient chair of King Edward. And being crowned, he is presented with the Holy Bible, the most valuable thing this world affords, wherein is wisdom, wherein is the Royal Law, wherein are the lively oracles of God. After the coronation of the King, the Queen also is crowned.

A fine rendering of the anthem, "Zadok the Priest," was then given by the Nave choir. The Service, which lasted just over the half hour, ended with the National Anthem, sung with the full force of the voices of the thousands of people seated in the Cathedral. After the service, the members of the civic procession entered the Town Hall and drank toasts to the health of the King and Queen.

In the afternoon, a children's service was held in the Cathedral, and was attended by 3,500 children. The processional hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," was magnificently sung by the choir, and when at the third verse the children were allowed to join in, the great Cathedral was filled with the music of childish voices. After the service, the elementary school children assembled in the Town Hall Square to sing the Coronation Hymn and "God save the King." After the singing, the Deputy Mayor read the Mayor's message to the children, which was as follows:—

Children of the City of Chester, you will be celebrating to-day the Coronation of our King and Queen, who reign over an Empire, the largest and noblest that the world has ever seen. In a few

years, you will be men and women, and on your shoulders the responsibility of the government of millions of men and women will rest. Ever remember that the flag—the Union Jack—which flies over you to-day, is the emblem of freedom throughout the world; and finally, as Lord Rosebery states:—"If any of you at any time should be tempted—as we are all tempted—to do something mean, or base, or vile, or cowardly, look up to that flag and forbear."

And when "Three cheers for the King" were called for, the force with which the children shouted, showed that they felt that their King was their friend. After the cheering had subsided, the children departed to their various schools for tea. A tea was also provided for the aged poor at the Drill Hall.

Meanwhile the bells of the Churches pealed merrily.

The streets of the ancient city have seldom presented a gayer scene, and in the principal streets, the owners of houses and other buildings seemed to vie with each other in the splendour and brilliance of their decorations. Many shopkeepers had stretched streamers of many-coloured pennons across the streets, and some magnificent Union Jacks were displayed.

The Eastgate was a blaze of quivering flame, and the arch stood out boldly in white fire. On one side of the arch were the letters G.R. with the crown in the centre, and on the other the city arms.

The Northgate was decorated with garlands of laurel, blue and yellow hunting and the Royal monogram.

The Watergate was surmounted by masts bearing ropes of laurel and flags, and the letters G.R. 1911.

The Bridgegate was decorated in red and white with shields bearing the arms of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The Town Hall formed a blaze of colour, its bold outlines defined by white electric lights; the arches over the Mayor's Parlour were outlined in red and those of the main entrance in blue, thus introducing the national colour. The windows of the Mayor's Parlour were filled with portraits of the King and Queen, and these, when lit by strong electric lights, gave the windows the appearance

of stained glass: festoons of white lights were also used, and the electric lights had reflectors behind them to show up their brilliance.

For the day-time, the Town Hall was artistically decorated with flags and shields: the whole formed a brilliant and striking spectacle, and the general outline could be seen from a great distance.

The Court of Chester Castle was decorated with Venetian Poles, wrapped in red, white and blue, fitted with pennons and connected by coloured festoons, laurel garlands and various coloured ribbons. On each column, forming the court entrance, were flares of light, and the pillars were wreathed with fairy lights.

A splendid climax to the day's festivities was the illumination of the "Wizard Dee," and the scene was in keeping with those other river carnivals which drew such praise from the late King. In the evening, there was a strong breeze which interfered somewhat with the fairy light illuminations, and therefore on Thursday, the scene drew its chief beauty from the electric lighting of the banks and trees. There was a procession of brilliantly lighted boats, the place of honour being held by the royal barge of King Edgar, rowed by his eight tributary princes, an episode revived from the Chester Pageant. Then followed the decorated steamers and crafts. Viewed from either direction, the scene was equally impressive and beautiful; in one position, the gaily-coloured crafts were seen against the dark, imposing mass of the Castle, the Church of St. Mary's-on-the-Hill, and the City Walls. Then again, the boats, dancing on a sea of colour, showed bright against a sombre crowd of eager-faced people.

One of the most beautifully decorated launches was that occupied by Mrs. Yerburch and her party. A much decorated rowing boat in green, white and purple was labelled, "Votes for Women." The procession went as far as the Red House, and suitable music was rendered by the band, Nave choir and Glee club. Many of the boats zig-zagged across the river, startling the swans and cygnets out of their hiding places. Onlookers expressed their delights in "Hurrahs" and cries of:—"All hail, King Edgar, hail."

On Friday morning, the band played selections in various parts of the city. In the afternoon, sports for the

children of elementary schools were held on the Roodee. Although rain fell during the early part of the afternoon, the weather cleared for the beginning of the sports. At 5-30 p.m., the Mayor and Mayoress planted two cedar trees in Grosvenor Park, close by those planted by Mr. and Mrs. James Frost at the last coronation. Two silver and ivory spades bearing suitable inscriptions were presented to the Mayor and Mayoress. On Saturday evening, a bonfire was to have been lighted, but owing to the weather it was postponed until the following Wednesday.

And so end the Coronation Festivities in Chester with the good wishes of all citizens to their Majesties.

MARJORIE HEWITT,

FORM V., L.

A Sort of Meaning.

It was a hot day!

Alice sat under a tree and thought how hot it was. She thought how stupid the sheep were to go on munching and munching out there in the sun. She thought about Empire Day and whether she would run in the Three-legged Race with Ada, her best friend who was short and fat and couldn't run, or with Mabel, her worst enemy, who was tall and could run like the wind. A History book and a Geometry book lay open on her lap, and she thought she was learning them both at once. And she thought, too, about—oh, at least a million other things.

"But I can't think"—she murmured—"I *can't* think what Miss Teach'em means by saying that we must know the history stories though they aren't true, and that we must prove the theorems to be true before we can say we know them."

"Can you think all that and learn all that at the same time?" said a sarcastic voice in her left ear. "What a clever little girl you must be!"

"I can think at one time and I can learn at another time," murmured a mournful voice in her right ear, "but I never could do two things at once."

Alice looked round quickly. It seemed quite natural to find the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting on the grass beside her.

"Miss Teach'em says," she remarked, "that you can't learn without thinking."

"She's wrong," said the White Queen quickly, "I *can*."

"I didn't mean she said *you* couldn't."

"Why did you say so, then?"

"I didn't," said Alice hastily. "At least I did, but I meant to say—"

The Red Queen shook her finger severely at her. "Listen to me, and remember this is an Axiom of Existence. *If* you want to say what you mean never say you meant to say what you didn't say unless what you said isn't what you meant to say when you said it. Now repeat that." "I don't think I can," said Alice: "I didn't quite understand."

"I thought you didn't," said the Red Queen. "You're not as clever as you think."

"She'll say it later on," said the White Queen pleasantly. "And she doesn't *look* stupid. Let's examine her. I haven't examined anybody—oh, for ages and ages!"

"Not since yesterday," said the Red Queen sharply. "Do be more accurate."

"Who was that?" asked Alice, to turn the conversation from herself. "Was it anybody I know?"

"I have just told you that it wasn't anybody."

"It can't have been nobody," protested Alice.

"It was not exactly nobody," conceded the Red Queen. "But it was no man."

"Do you mean Ulysses?" asked Alice, proud to show her classical learning.

"I mean what I say," said the Red Queen. "When I say no man I mean no man, and when I say know This I mean know This. Now, *do* you know it?"

"Know what?" asked Alice with a start. "We never have examinations until July, and this isn't July."

"Why not?" asked the Red Queen.

"I don't know," Alice admitted, "but—"

"She doesn't know Chronology," murmured the White Queen. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, try her with History. Can you say the Kings of England?"

"Oh, yes!" said Alice confidently, "I've had heaps of Stars for saying them."

"That explains it," said the White Queen gazing up into the sky. "They're none of them there. I wondered why."

"But *that* isn't the reason," cried Alice horrified.

"What is then?" said the Red Queen.

"I don't know, but I'm sure—"

"She doesn't know Astronomy. And what do you mean by saying you have had heaps of Stars? Do you mean ninety-nine billions, six thousand and thirteen, or do you mean forty times as many as that?"

Alice blushed, "I really meant two," she said in a whisper.

"Then you don't know Arithmetic. Let's go back to the last remark but three. You *said* you could say 'The Kings of England.' Did you mean it?"

Alice got up, shut her eyes, and went straight through from 'William the Conqueror, 1066, to George V. 1910,' without stopping. Then she looked round in triumph. The White Queen was sound asleep and the Red Queen was muttering rapidly.

"While you have been saying all that gibberish," she remarked severely, "I have said 'The Kings of England' exactly eighty-two times!"

"But you *couldn't* have said them as fast as that," protested Alice.

"Contrariwise," said the Red Queen, "I could have said 'Them' much faster,—four times faster. You don't know History."

"Try her with Poetry," murmured the White Queen. "Something soothing and monotonous."

"Say the poem you are going to recite on Empire Day," the Red Queen ordered.

Alice began obediently:—

"There was a sort of man and he had a sort of
gun,
And sort of bullets made of sort of lead,
And in a sort of wood he found a sort of bird,
And he sort of shot it through its sort of head."

"Very monotonous indeed," said the White Queen approvingly.

"Very bad shot *I* think," snapped the Red Queen. "And you're *quite* wrong. You won't recite that on Empire Day. They won't let you!"

"It didn't sound *quite* right," admitted Alice.

"It didn't sound at all right," said the Red Queen severely. "Failed in Poetry."

"What *do* you learn at your School?" said the White Queen sleepily, "I can't think of anything more to ask you."

"Lots of things," said Alice indignantly. "French and German, and Geography, and Botany, and Algebra, and Geometry, and History, and Arithmetic."

"Wrong again," sighed the Red Queen. "Her White Majesty did not ask you what they taught you. She asked you what you *learnt*."

"I suppose you think I ought to say 'Nothing'?" said Alice rather crossly.

"If I meant you to say nothing I shouldn't ask you questions. You are an ignoramus; that is what *you* are."

"An Egregious Ignoramus," the White Queen declared.

"I'm *not*!" said Alice hotly.

"What is an Ignoramus?" asked the Red Queen.

"It's a sort of—" began Alice. Then she stopped. "I don't know," she said honestly.

"Wrong again," shouted the Red Queen.

"But I *said* I didn't know," poor Alice expostulated, almost in tears. "What is it?"

"*We* don't know," cried both Queens together. "Failed in Latin!"

"Let her have one more chance," cooed the White Queen. "Do you really know some Geometry?"

Alice dared not say she did. "I don't think—" she began.

"Then of course she doesn't," cried the Red Queen triumphantly. "It's all about thinking!"

The White Queen patted Alice's hand kindly. "Thinking makes your head ache, doesn't it, dear?"

"Not much," confessed Alice.

"Your head is too thick perhaps?" asked the White Queen pleasantly. Alice looked at her hastily. "She doesn't *mean* to be rude, I'm sure," she thought, "but the other one certainly does."

"She hasn't *got* any head, I think," said the Red Queen. "But there is a lot of Drawing in Geometry. Can you draw?"

"I'm not very good at figures."

"Can you do parallel lines?"

Alice brightened. "Oh, yes!" she said. "If two lines—I mean, if one line cuts two other lines—"

"Whereabouts?" asked the Red Queen sharply.

"At a point," said Alice. "It couldn't be anywhere else, you know."

"It might be at a railway station," said the Red Queen. "Do be more accurate. Just think if I had drawn a complete railway station on the board and then had to rub it out!"

"You couldn't rub out a railway station," said the White Queen thoughtfully. "Nothing short of dynamite

would do it." They both shook their heads and gazed at Alice solemnly. "But that's sheer nonsense!" she cried. "I mean,"—she corrected herself hastily, for she was a polite little girl—"it really—don't you agree?—it really *is* absurd."

"The right answer at last!" they both shouted. "Q.E.D. Q.E.D. *Now* say the General Enunciation once more."

"Go back to the very beginning," the White Queen prompted. "If you really mean to say what you mean—"

Alice shut her eyes and thought for a moment. When she looked round the Queens had disappeared, the sun was setting and she could hear the supper-bell in the distance.

"But I will say it," she said resolutely. "*I will.* If I really mean to sort of say—I mean if I say 'sort of,' when I sort of mean—. Oh dear, I never shall get it right. How silly I am! I must be an Egregious Ignoramus after all!"

Q E. D.

Court Circular in Elysium.

"This," said Achilles as he flung himself down in the shade of the shade of a tree, "this is very boring."

"Good my Lord, what has so ruffled your feelings?" enquired Mary Stuart with her usual sympathy.

"It's the same thing as usual," grumbled the war-like shade. "As I told Odysseus, better be a live dog than a dead lion. I am tired of hunting the shadow of a leopard with the shadow of hounds, and killing it with the shadow of a spear."

"It must be unsatisfactory," agreed the Queen. "I myself find little to quicken the pulses in the passion of a ghostly Bothwell and the devotion of a shadowy Babington. And as for my red-haired Tudor cousin, why, her ghostly tantrums and jealousies cease

to amuse. Of course," she added pensively, "haunting gives a change. I have so many Country seats to visit. But I remember, you classical heroes never recross Styx."

"Not to my taste," growled Achilles. "There's your friend Katharine Howard now, who returns at times to Hampton Court just to shriek and be dragged once more to execution. I shouldn't want to be slain again by that cur Paris."

At that moment, faint sounds reached them on the faint breeze. "Look yonder," said Mary rising; "something must have happened. Hither comes Master William Shakespeare and many with him. Let us go meet them." Achilles got up. "Pray don't be too swift-footed," protested the fair Queen; "and your shield is very broad."

"Sorry," said Achilles, and shifted the broad-orbed shield to his back and shortened his stride.

A merry throng was advancing, all talking together. In front came Master Shakespeare, bending deferentially to his companion, the red-haired, farthingaled and brocaded Tudor Queen.

"We will stay here," said Elizabeth, and indicated a gentle slope. "Gentlemen, bring hither seats."

"Achilles," interjected Mary hastily, "bring me the Westminster Coronation Chair." She dropped into it at once, and turned with a sweet smile to meet Elizabeth's angry glare.

"Minion!" burst out the English Queen: but Raleigh stepped forward with a low bow. "Permit me, Your Grace," said he, "to offer you the throne of Ormuz and of Ind. And if my poor cloak may serve—" He spread it on the footstool of the throne.

Elizabeth took possession of the jewelled throne without deigning another glance at her rival. Mary smiled. "Jewels are very uncomfortable to sit on," she observed to Achilles, who leaned on his spear beside her.

"Nay but," interposed Socrates pacifically, "let us enquire of this most excellent Shakespeare. Where hast thou been, best-beloved Poet?"

"I have been in the world, good Master Philosopher," answered Shakespeare.

"And now thou hast returned to Elysium?"

"Even so, good Socrates."

"Then must thou have had some cause for coming back. Tell me now—" At this moment, Elizabeth again broke in impatiently. "Master Socrates, thou art not now in Athens, and indeed, how the good burgesses endured thee, I cannot think. Now, Master Play-wright, where have you come from?"

"From Chester, an it please Your Grace."

"Ha, and how fare the Legions?" demanded a warlike shade, whose helmet was crowned with two scarlet feathers. "I love the good folk of Chester and they are not unmindful of me. Witness the honour done me in their Pageant. *Non omnis moriar*," he murmured.

"For the Legions, I know not, noble Agricola," answered Shakespeare, "though I saw two warriors in the street, clad in much-pocketed yellow array; but mine errand was to a gentler scene."

"Marry come up!" said Queen Bess impatiently; "where have you been, man? Speak up, Master Shakespeare. It is unlike you not to come to the point."

"Pardon, Your Grace," replied the poet, bowing low—"I went to the Queen's School."

"O tempora! O mores!" ejaculated a betogaed shade. "A spectre gets a night out and spends it in a school!"

"And how were the boys employed?" demanded another. "Busied about their Grammar, doubtless?"

"Not so, by your leave, good Master Orbilius," responded the poet with a twinkle—"the boys were girls"—

"Girls!" repeated the shade; "*varium et mutabile*."

"And they were dancing," continued Master Shakespeare.

"Dancing!" sighed Mary Stuart.

"Ah!" interrupted Elizabeth, "the English ever were graceful dancers. Was it not so, Master Ambassador?" She turned to a stately Spanish Don.

"Madam," he responded, "once I saw a dance divinely rendered by a peerless dame. I never profaned the memory by gazing on any other dancer."

The ghost of a blush rose to the cheek of Queen Bess, and she flirted her fan.

"I thought," observed Mary Stuart, audibly, to the attendant Achilles, "I thought we were to hear the experiences of Master Shakespeare; but if my good Cousin is merely going to hear her courtiers their compliments—" She paused expressively.

"Our Sovereign Lady would fain hear of thine experiences," said a serious-looking courtier, who, up to this time, had sat by, shaking his head.

"Right, my Lord Treasurer, right as ever, Burleigh. Go on, Master Shakespeare."

"So, an it please Your Grace, I went to the Queen's School and found myself in a Hall, lighted by a dim and diffused light. All was bustle and excitement."

"Go to! Keep they not some order?" demanded the Tudor Queen.

"It was not an hour set apart for learning," explained Master Shakespeare; "it was, so I heard one maiden say to another, their Yule tide Party."

"So! Snap-dragon and bringing in the Yule-tide log."

"Not so, by your leave; 'twas dancing and dancing only, save when the dancers slipped away to partake of cakes and some strange drink they called Lemonade. But at first, methought that some of the most notable of my companions here had followed in my footsteps. For presently I espied a comely maiden, arrayed all in black velvet, and I was told that she was the beauteous Mary, Queen of Scots."

"A pretty reverence," said the shade of Mary Stuart; "you said the maiden was comely?"

"Reverence," snorted Elizabeth. "They had not dared to travesty *me*, I trow."

"There was none red-haired enough, belike," sweetly suggested the rival Queen.

"Then I saw," continued the Poet hastily, "a fair young squire, arrayed right notably in ermine."

"Care they naught for the Sumptuary Laws?" put in a grave Monarch with a forked beard.

"And she wore purple and green and white feathers in her bonnet, and I heard her tell another that so she paid reverence to the Suffragettes."

"And who be they?" demanded the Queens.

"That I may not well say," replied Master Shakespeare, "but I think, belike, they are some modern Amazons. Then, too, I saw one that, meseemed, must have survived from thy cargoes, good Sir John Hawkins. 'Twas a figure arrayed all in red, and it said, 'Me Sambo,' and its face was as black as any goodwife's kettle."

"By the soul of King Harry," burst out the astonished Admiral, "was there found an English maiden to demean herself by playing the part of a nigger?"

"Ay," replied the Poet, "and all applauded, and said never was there so goodly a disguise."

"Nay, nay," interposed Raleigh good-humouredly, as Hawkins spluttered in wrath; "times change, old comrade. Be content. Though in our day, too, no maiden could refuse a dress, pretty or ugly, if so be it were new."

"There was a jester, too," continued Shakespeare—"he might have been mine own Touchstone—Though verily never before have I seen one so slim. Methought he looked as slippery as an eel."

"And, prithee, which of this strange company danced the stately pavane?" asked Mary.

"None, gracious lady, their dances were not known to me. Sometimes they seized each other round the waist, and twirled and twisted. Strange, by my fay, was it to see archer and page entwined in close embrace, whirling in dizzy circles down the room. Stranger still to see a tall peasant woman from Ireland swing round some Highland duinhewassel almost off his feet. Once, I saw many couples stand up together—it seemed they would dance some set dance which they called Lancers, or sometimes, Kitchen Lancers; and in one such, I saw together a maiden hung all over with plates—"

"Plates!" echoed his audience.

"Ay, plates, so please you; from Derby as I was told, and much esteemed by these strange moderns."

"Verily, their thoughts run much on the kitchen, Dame Quickly," observed a tall yeoman to a stout shade beside him.

"And well, too, Master Harry Baillie," she snapped; "where had been thy Tabard Inn but for the goodwife?"

"There was dancing with her a Welshwoman, in steeple-crowned hat," continued Shakespeare, "and next her, a tall dame in mitre headdress of good King Edward's day. Then there was a beauteous damsel from the East; but, fair ladies, strangest of all, as seemed to me, there were Grandmothers."

"Grandmothers!"

"Even so. Those rosy-cheeked girls were arrayed, not a few, as their own Grandmothers—"

"By my halidome!" exclaimed Queen Bess, "they be mad indeed—for youth to ape old! Go to."

"Why not," whispered Mary, "when we have so notable an example of age posturing as youth?"

Elizabeth heard, and glared at her furiously. Then Socrates intervened once more—"Tell me now, is it not true that all who are young must indeed grow old?"

"It is true, unless they die," replied a grave courtier.

"Then, good Englishman, whom men call Bacon, is it not also true that the babe learns to walk that he may hereafter play the man?"

"True, O Socrates," admitted the English sage.

"Then is it so unfit that youth should learn to grow old gracefully?"

"Oh, havers! as my Scotch subjects would say," exclaimed Mary, rising; "Achilles!"

Lut the mighty Greek was in converse with a monkeylike man dressed as a Jockey.

"What ho! my hero," cried the latter, "how goes the English?"

"Rippin'! Ar!" replied Achilles. "Come along, old man, and let's have the latest." He took the other's

arm and nodded to a form crouching, with dishevelled hair, in the gloom. "Oh! buck up, do, Cassandra," he exclaimed impatiently as she rose and pointed at him with accusing finger; then he passed on with a shrug.

"ὅτοτοτὸ δᾶ," shrieked the prophetess. "O Achilles, bulwark of the Greeks, how art thou overthrown, and the fair language of Greece with thee! That thou, the hero of song, shouldst stoop to the senseless jargon of a Barbarous people! Ἀπολλων, Ἀπολλων, ἀγυῖατ ἀπόλλων ἐμός." She fled wailing down the grove.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, 1910.

Last summer the Passion Play was much discussed; every illustrated paper published reproductions of the official photographs, every review and magazine contained one or more articles on it. Such photographs and such articles may well have caused some questioning to arise in the minds of the more thoughtful. How is it that the Passion Play of a little Bavarian village, performed as the fulfilment of a vow, can attract the attention of the world? Those who did not themselves visit Ober-Ammergau may have thought that the answer lay in the beauty of the spectacle, and the skill of the actors; they may have wondered whether it was right to make a show, an object for tourists, of the central fact of our religion.

But to visit Ober-Ammergau and to see the Play is to silence these doubts and to make a different answer to the question inevitable. It is an experience never to be forgotten, one which must make an indelible impression on the life of the spectator. For he realises then that the Passion Play makes its appeal to the world, because it makes the appeal of Christianity—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me"; and that the strength of the appeal is due to the single-hearted aim of the Ober-Ammergauers so to produce their play, that they may indeed lift up CHRIST, present to the world the Love of God Incarnate.

The visitor who would fully appreciate the Play must first learn something of the character of the Bavarian peasant. We spent a week at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, just twelve miles from Ober-Ammergau, and there we discovered the simplicity and friendliness of his character, and came to prize the invariable "Grüss Gott" of his greeting. We learnt, too, how strong and how real is his religion. As a matter of course, it enters into his whole life; it is the rule and not the exception for him to attend daily Mass. And if this is true of Garmisch, the religious feeling of the Ober-Ammergauers is stronger, for they regard themselves as consecrated to the fulfilment of their vow. It is all so simple and so natural; we felt at once that the mere desire to make an impression was alien to their nature.

We walked from Garmisch to Ober-Ammergau up the old Pilgrims' Way, the road judged too steep for use now, but up which, of old, all the pilgrims toiled, on horseback, in litter or on foot. We came to Ettal monastery, the monastery which watches over Ober-Ammergau. From Ettal it was not far to Ober-Ammergau, the little village in the mountains.

The first sight was disappointing. It is a long straggling village, and was then full of booths on which were displayed mementoes of Ober-Ammergau and its Passion Play. Everywhere the Tourist gazed and questioned; he overshadowed the villagers, and we began to wonder if, after all, it was just a show, planned to attract visitors in their thousands.

But the day of the performance silenced these doubts. The religious significance of the Play is at once emphasised. On Sunday morning, we were roused at five; there was a Service in the little English Chapel and Mass in the Parish Church, which all the actors attend. The Play begins at 8, and the visitor needs the remembrance of the quiet morning hour to keep the right spirit in the midst of the eager, jostling crowd of spectators.

The Theatre is a huge building. The semi-circular auditorium is roofed in, but the greater part of the stage is open to the sky; birds fly in and out, and the mountains form the background. On either side of the stage are the houses of Pilate and Annas, and the free space, open to the heavens, represents the streets of Jerusalem, in which great crowds surge to and fro in moments of excitement.

In the centre is a large, covered building where the more important scenes take place.

Each scene begins by the entrance of the Chorus—men and women garbed in white, representing Guardian Angels. The Prologue-Declamator refers to the coming scene and explains the connection with the Old Testament scene, of which a tableau is shown, while the Chorus sings an appropriate song. The music of the Play is adequate; it is simple, dignified and solemn.

Before the first scene, the Prologue welcomes the spectators and sounds the keynote of the Play :—

“ Welcome, welcome to all, whom here the tender love
Of the Saviour unites, mourning to follow Him
On His journey of suffering
To the place of His burial-rest.

Who from far and from near, all here have come
to-day,
They all feel themselves now joined in brothers' love
As disciples of one LORD
Who has suffered death for all.

Who gave Himself for us, with compassion and love
Even to bitter death. To Him let us lift up
Our gaze and our hearts too,
With love unfeigned and gratitude.

Up to Him let us lift all our thoughts and our souls,
Pray with us, yea with us pray, as the hour comes,
When the debt of our sacred
Vow we pay to the supreme GOD.”

The Play opens with CHRIST's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The streets are lined with enthusiastic crowds; all is life, colour, movement and joy. Then CHRIST enters, riding on an ass. At once we felt that Anton Lang's representation of our LORD would not jar. Nothing could exceed the quiet dignity, beauty and simplicity with which he played the part.

In quick succession follow the cleansing of the Temple and the consequent angry plotting in the Sanhedrin against our LORD. In striking contrast to this scene, where all the littleness and greed of humanity are shewn, comes the simple poignant appeal of the parting at Bethany between CHRIST and His Mother and friends. We feel with them a sense of awe and mystery at the

strength of His determination and the evident suffering He endures.

The scene of the Last Supper stands out as absolutely satisfying in its presentation. There is the same restraint, the same tenderness and awe. The LORD washes the feet of His disciples, gazing into the face of each, seeming to read their very souls. The Institution of the Eucharist follows; it is very simple but extraordinarily impressive. The disciples do not understand—nor do they understand the tender counsels, taken from S. John's Gospel—but they obey, silent and awestruck, feeling that here is something beyond their comprehension, yet, even because of that, tremendously significant.

The agreement of Judas with the Sanhedrin, the Agony and the Betrayal complete the first part of the Play.

After the two hours' interval, the spectator returns to witness Trial after Trial. They are tedious in their insults, but they bring home to one, as never before, what that night of humiliation must have meant. The wonderful, yet absolutely simple dignity of CHRIST shines out in contrast.

We are spared none of the suffering; the Crucifixion is so real that it is an enormous strain to witness it. It is indeed a relief to see the tender care for the dead CHRIST, the reverent Descent from the Cross.

The Resurrection is, of necessity, scarcely sufficiently impressive, but the hymn of adoration to the Ascended LORD, with which the play closes, sends the spectator home "in calm of mind, all passion spent."

Our feelings were, indeed, much stronger than that. For the time, it was as if we had been living in Jerusalem 1900 years ago, and yet, living so that we saw far more clearly than was possible then, the significance of the events, because we interpreted them in the light of the Christian experience of the ages.

DOROTHY L. OWEN.

Greywing.

It was hung high up on the dusty, sunbaked wall, a little wooden cage with a piece of wire netting nailed clumsily across the front. Above, below and around it, an arid waste of bricks, radiating the hot sun fiercely; not a scrap of shade nor a breath of air to relieve the torture of the unhappy little occupant. Poor little Greywing! A solitary captive in her cramped prison, she had lived three days of utter misery, crouching with drooping wings and unseeing eyes, unconscious of everything save the weary passage of the hours. True to the pigeon instinct, her only thought was Home; Home, where the great sycamores grew, and the low, broad, gabled, old house with its inviting grey roofs spread itself out contentedly in its spacious gardens; Home, where her brothers and sisters preened themselves in the sun and sailed in airy circles, high above the tree tops. That was life indeed!

Sick with longing, Greywing closed her little ruby eyes, and wearily put her head under her wing; but the next moment, she was roused from her torpor by the sound of a chair scraping across the rough flagstones below, and the quick footsteps of a child. Motionless, she watched whilst the child, on mischief bent, placed the chair beneath the cage and climbed on to it. She had just time to see a small, grimy hand undo the door of her prison, when there was a scream and the chair, which had been standing on uneven flags, suddenly overbalanced and precipitated the terrified child on to the ground.

Without waiting to see the result, Greywing darted through the open door, and soared upwards into the quivering, blue air, like a soul released, rejoicing in its freedom. Unswervingly, following her instinct, she sped over the smoky chimneys and sordid roofs until dirt and squalor were left far behind, and the green fields opened up gloriously under the golden afternoon sun. On, on, over wood and moor, until the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the rosy, evening clouds floated in the heavens like islands in a sea of blue and gold. And when night fell and the shadows deepened softly over the land, she sank into the leafy twilight of a spreading oak, and the night breezes whispered her to rest.

But the rising sun, as it mounted over the hills, saw her once more on her journey, for many weary miles still stretched between her and the haven of her hopes.

At first, she flew with joyous heart, but with the growing heat of the day, she began to flag and gaze round wistfully for water. Below were only monotonous rows of houses, that reminded her painfully of her captivity, and parched streets in which dirt and dust were equally mixed. Clearly, there was no water here, but Greywing would not turn aside; onward, ever onward was the refrain to the song of Home that her faithful, little heart sang unceasingly. The squalid streets were now beginning to broaden out into open thoroughfares, and monster buildings and lofty steeples to rear their summits into the hot, blue sky. Slowly and yet more slowly, Greywing's silvery pinions beat the air, and she descended ever nearer to the grey, smoky roofs. But at last Nature could hold out no longer, and she was obliged to sink on to the stone coping of a building, which looked down on a sea of moving traffic and an ant-like swarm of human beings in the crowded street beneath.

Suddenly, the keen sighted, little eyes were gladdened by a gleam of water in a horse trough far below. A second's hesitation, and Greywing had dropped swiftly into the whirling maze of traffic, and with every sense alert and quivering, lighted on the edge of the momentarily deserted trough. It took, perhaps a minute to quench her burning thirst; then once more, Greywing spread her wings and rose up far above the house tops, far from the haunting fear of capture, and started again on her homeward journey.

Leaving the city behind, a mere speck on the horizon, she took her way across a wild, open moorland, until a low range of hills, wrapped in the purple haze of distance, rose slowly into view. Beyond those hills lay—Home!

Her weariness forgotten, Greywing sped on with increased courage, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on those far, familiar hills; and when the setting sun began to cast long shadows, she had gained their wooded slopes, and was struggling, with fast ebbing strength, to reach the summit. At last! Nearly spent, she fluttered limply on to the upstanding rock that marked the highest point. Below, the dark verdure of the woods lay like a mantle on the gentle incline, in sharp contrast with the ripening

hayfields, while the river, winding like a silver ribbon between the gently undulating slopes, lost itself in the distant plains. Above stretched God's blue heavens, infinite and sublimely at rest.

At the base of the furthest slope, half hidden in trees stood a low, wide spreading house, broad gabled and blue roofed. Greywing, crouching on the rock, a little, weary heap, saw it, and it alone. She heard not the stealthy step behind, nor saw the arm about to throw. Something whistled through the air, a crippling blow struck the quivering wing as it raised itself for flight, and Greywing knew she had received her death blow.

Feebly, blindly, she fluttered out into space, trembled for a second in mid-air, then fell rapidly down, down into the grassy dell below, where the stream bubbled happily on its course, and the little, starry anemones formed a carpet of white: and a rabbit, nibbling the young verdure, was frightened by the soft thud of a lifeless, little body, which dropped into the grass beside it. Night crept over the valley and the stars looked down coldly through the leafy canopy, but the wind mourned sadly for the brave, little spirit that had passed.

M. BROTHERTON.

FORM V. L.

Night.

(An exercise in versification.)

The shadows rest o'er tree and nest,
 The stars shine forth in all their glory;
 One singing bird can still be heard,
 For the nightingale chants forth her story.
 But now her wondrous song is gently dying, dying,
 And night winds in the trees are softly sighing, sighing.

PHYLLIS JACOB,

FORM IV. LOWER.

Slumber Song

Sleep on ! Sleep on ! my baby sleep.
 Dream on ! Dream on ! in the twilight deep.
 Around thy cradle shadows fall,
 The soft wind sways the foxgloves tall ;
 Down in the forest all is still
 Save the silvery voice of the rippling rill.
 The twinkling stars smile down on thee
 And seem to whisper, " Sleep ! and see
 In your dreams the wonderful land,
 Where fairies are dancing hand in hand,
 With flowers of soft and delicate hue,
 Sprinkled with drops of sparkling dew."
 So dream, my darling, dream and rest
 With your sleepy head on mother's breast.

M. BURLINGHAM.

The Knave of Hearts.

The King and Queen sat on their throne, with all their courtiers around them. The trembling Knave was dragged into the room, and was pushed and pulled towards the King by several men-at-arms, while the executioner followed behind, with an air of great expectation.

"Now, Sir, what have you got to say for yourself? How dared you steal Her Majesty's tarts, varlet?" cried the King.

"But I did feel so hungry," said the Knave feebly ; and the courtiers around him nudged each other, and tittered. The Knave blushed furiously.

"Hungry ! Ho ! Hungry ! repeated the King contemptuously ; "it was something more than hunger, I'll be bound !"

"Your Majesty is always right!" said the Knave, briskly; "for I now confess that such was the case. The tarts were so very well made that few could have resisted their charms!" Here he looked appealingly at the Queen, who loved flattery, and Her Majesty began to relent, and whispered to her husband that no doubt the Knave's temptation was very great.

"Tut!" exclaimed the King, "I should have thought you would have had more sense, wife! What have I to do with such barefaced flattery? The fellow deserves a good flogging,"—here the executioner's face fell—"and I will do it with my own hand!"—here the executioner shed a few tears of mortification.

The cringing Knave crept up, and the King raised his sceptre. Crack! crack! crack! "Oh!" thought the Knave, "will he never leave off? And before all the court, too!"

"Now, Sir," said the King, giving the Knave a last resounding hit, and rubbing his own aching arm, "bring back those tarts, or another beating shall be yours!"

Then the Knave, aching in limb, and scarlet with mortification, cut open his full sleeve, and from it fell the mangled and sticky remains of the tarts—those beautiful tarts which had cost him so much! He sadly handed them to the King, vowing inwardly to steal no more. "No, not for a hundred tarts!"

MARGARET WELSBY,

FORM IV. L.

An Adventurous Journey.

I never realised, until our journey to Port Erin, the absolute truth of the saying: "It never rains but it pours." We laugh now when we look back on our experiences, though we did not think them amusing at the time—far from it.

There were six of us; Father and Mother, Marie, a young French cousin, Hugh, Eva and myself.

I must say men and boys are a great nuisance during packings or preparations; they always seem in the way—at all events, ours do—and they joke about women's unpunctuality, while they are far worse themselves.

We had ordered the cab to come at 8-30, but by 8-15, Father was calling up the stairs, in thundering tones, to know if, after a week's preparations, we were not *yet* ready. At 8-20, we saw a cab in the distance, driving towards our house, and in response to Father's vigorous warnings and injunctions to hurry, it drew up at our gate. Father and the driver proceeded to load up the luggage and had succeeded, after many sighs, grunts and groans, in heaving the two heaviest trunks on the top, when an excited servant from lower down the road rushed up saying: "Excuse me, but that is our cab. This is the driver I bespoke last night." Sure enough, it was theirs, and all the luggage had to be taken down again. The driver was rather cross and drove off to his destination muttering about some people's "interferingness," a remark which Father pretended not to hear.

Our cab arrived soon afterwards, and we were shortly en route, with only the slight mishap that Jock, our little puppy, could not be found. We were giving him to an Aunt at Liverpool, who would meet our boat-train and take him off our hands. After three or four minutes' distracted search, we found him blissfully gnawing a bone in the cab itself.

We had rather an uncomfortable ride, as Father sat with his watch in his hand, saying: "We'll miss the train, and consequently the boat; don't blame *me* for it." Fortunately, we did not do either.

We arrived at Liverpool, but saw no Aunt to take the puppy. So Mother told Father, Hugh and Marie to go on with the luggage, and we would follow in a few minutes, as Auntie would be sure to turn up and we had over three-quarters of an hour before the boat sailed.

There were two boats sailing that morning, one at 9-30 and one at 10-30. After ten minutes' agonized waiting, we perceived Auntie coming, delivered up the dog and hurried off for the boat, which seemed to be berthed right at the other end of the stage. We struggled through dense masses of people, keeping a sharp look-out for our kith and kin, and asking numerous officials: "Where is the 10-30 Isle of Man boat?" But one and all replied:

"Not alongside yet." and indicated the place she would take. So we stood aside and began to look round for the others and the luggage.

Presently, we spied Marie and Hugh and worked our way to them. They told us Father had bidden them to wait there for us, while he had the luggage put on board. Hugh said the early boat had not yet sailed, owing to some slight accident to the machinery, but was the one alongside then, which had just cast off the gangways. We all looked carelessly at it and simultaneously shrieked: "There's Father on the deck!" He heard us: we saw him rush excitedly up to a man in uniform and gesticulate wildly, pointing to us. The man shook his head and I suppose Father lost his; for he rushed to the side, and in spite of an ever-widening stretch of water between the deck and the landing-stage, jumped ashore with not an inch to spare. We all turned white; I am sure, Mother clasped his arm with a sob of thankfulness, so, to relieve the tension, I pointed to a notice board facing him and made a feeble joke:—"A fine of 40 shillings will be imposed on any person passing between the steamers and the stage except by the gangways." Then we all laughed and felt better. Alas! it was our last laugh for some time! Mother asked after the luggage—Father pointed to the receding steamer and said: "On board."

A chorus of expostulation arose—"All of it?" "All the *wraps*?" "Umbrellas?" "All the sandwiches and grub?" (This in tragic tones from Hugh.)

But the climax came, when Father reluctantly admitted that it was all just dumped down anyhow on the deck, including Mother's dressing bag, with all her jewellery,—watch, rings, bracelets, pendant, purse inside! We were aghast to think of all our precious possessions lying about unclaimed on the crowded deck of an Isle of Man steamer.

The only thing to be done was to telegraph to the steamer Shipping Offices at Douglas, asking for someone to go down and meet the steamer as it docked, and claim the luggage until our arrival by the next boat.

It appeared that Father, thinking the 9-30 boat would have sailed, only asked for the Isle of Man boat: hence the dreadful mistake. Sending the telegram took some time; when we got on board, we naturally found all the best, sheltered seats taken. There was nothing to do, but make the best of a bad job and face the 4½ hours

sail across, thinking ruefully of our warm wraps, picnic hamper, and umbrellas.

We sat among the other passengers, and kept close together for warmth. The wind was piercingly cold and it was no comfort to hear a thin-featured, vinegary-looking lady remark to her companions: "*Just* look at those poor children! *So* unsuitably clad! All the money evidently spent on finery—*All show!*"

We arrived at Douglas in the pouring rain, and tramped to the Steamship Offices at the end of the Pier to claim our lost property. The delay entailed caused us to miss our train connection to Port Erin, so with 2½ hours to wait, we all went to a restaurant and had a good meal. Here something happened to Father about which we yet chaff him.

While we were on the steamer, Father had been seated next to an old gentleman, and on getting up from his chair, absentmindedly picked up *his* umbrella and walked off with it. The old gentleman ran after him with, "Excuse me, but you have taken *my* umbrella." Father went awfully red, as every one seemed looking at him, and apologised profusely.

Later on, when we were coming out of the restaurant, we met this same old gentleman. Father had all our *six* umbrellas under his arm. The gentleman stared, then, with a twinkle in his eye, nodded significantly at the six umbrellas and said: "*Yè've had a good day!*"

We "retreated in disorder" to the station, where we caught the train, feeling thankful we were at last near the end of the journey. Just before our arrival at Port Erin Station, we were suddenly roused by a horrified exclamation from Father. He was holding up for Mother to see—a letter! It was the one she had given him to post a week ago, to Mrs. Creegeen, our landlady, engaging the rooms, and giving date of our arrival!!!

Words failed us all! It seemed the climax.

Two hours later, behold us established in rooms overlooking the bay, happy and warm, with our trials and tribulations already half forgotten.

J. B.

Nature Notes.

(The following are extracts from notes of observations made by a member of the Queen's School Natural Science Society. Unfortunately, the numerous and excellent illustrations cannot be reproduced).

March 26th—Illustrations of Twig of Chestnut:—(1) just bursting; (2) wider opened; (3) with a few scale leaves removed from bud. The Horse-Chestnut is not a British tree. The clusters of flowers show that it is not a native, they are so luxuriant. The resting buds are very heavy and swollen-looking, and covered with sticky gum. This gum is a protection to the bud against insects and cold.

Illustrations of:—(1) Twig of Lime; (2) resting bud enlarged; (3) bud with most scale leaves removed.

The Lime ought to be called the Linden. It is less sturdy than the Chestnut. The bark is slightly furrowed. The branches grow horizontally. There are Lime trees round the Chester Cathedral Churchyard.

April 21st—First Swallow seen.

April 26th—First Cuckoo heard.

May 18th—First Corncrake heard.

June 14th—Wild Columbine found in a damp meadow by the River Alyn, at Gresford.

J. AYRTON,

FORM III. UPPER.

The Queen's School Association of past and present Pupils.

The Annual General Meeting was held in the Queen's School on Friday, 8th July, 1910, at 3 p.m. Thirty-two members were present. Miss Clay took the chair at 3-15.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

The re-election of Hon. Secretaries (G. Humfrey, K. Day) was proposed by H. Drinkwater, seconded by L. P. Brown, and carried unanimously.

The Treasurer's Account was read. It showed a surplus of £17, without counting this year's subscriptions.

It was proposed by L. P. Brown "that a sum, not exceeding £10, be transferred from the General Account to the Cot Account." This was carried unanimously.

The re-election of the Cot Treasurer (M. Dickson) was proposed by N. Day, seconded by D. Lewis, and carried unanimously.

The re-election of the Cot Secretaries (G. Humfrey, E. Boscawen) was proposed by E. Wolfe, seconded by H. Greenhouse, and carried unanimously.

The nomination and voting for 5 Committee Members were proceeded with next.

The question of life-membership was discussed. The majority agreed to D. L. Owen's motion "that it should be possible to become a Life-Member of the Association on payment of one guinea."

The question of Members who had paid their subscriptions for 10 consecutive years becoming automatically Life-Members was discussed, but left over till the next meeting, the Secretaries being instructed to find out how many Members would thus become Life-Members.

The proposal made last year to extend the duration of the Annual Meeting was referred to the Committee, with instructions to see to what extent hospitality could be offered.

It was proposed by L. P. Brown, seconded by O. Burges, and carried unanimously, that a prize of one guinea should be offered annually to pupils of the Queen's School by the Old Girls; the prize to be awarded in Form VI., the subject of distinction to be left to the discretion of the Head Mistress.

A hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding, and editing "Have Mynde," was proposed by H. Greenhouse, seconded by D. Lewis, and carried unanimously.

Officers for 1910-11—

Hon. Secretaries—K. Day, G. Humfrey.*Hon. Treasurer*—M. Cooper Scott.*Cot Secretaries*—G. Humfrey, G. Boscawen.*Cot Treasurer*—M. Dickson.*Committee*—Marjorie Dixon, Jessie Beswick,
L. Phyllis Brown, H. Drinkwater,
W. Ayrton, K. Curlett (Form VI.)

Tea was served in the Cloisters at 4 p.m. Afterwards, some members took part in a Tennis Tournament. The winners were Miss Barker and Doris Bromley.

Other Members took part in a Golf-putting Competition and Archery. Sylvia Thornton Jones won the Golf-putting prize, and Marjorie Humfrey Williams the prize for Archery.

Association Notes.

Congratulations are offered to the following "Old Girls" on having won academic success in the past year—

Marjorie Dixon, B.A. (London), 2nd Class Honours in History.

Annie Jones, B.A. (Liverpool).

Edna Lloyd, 1909, B.A. (London), 2nd Class Honours, Classics.

1910, B.A. (Wales), 1st Class Honours, Greek; 2nd Class Honours, Latin.

Marjorie Swire, Higher Local Certificate, Distinction in History; 2nd Class Hons., English Literature and Mathematics.

Helen Sheringham is to be congratulated on having two stories published in "The Royal." May they not be the last!

Miss Winifred F. Anderson, who left the Queen's School 10 years ago to join the staff of the Rondebosch High School, Capetown, has been appointed Head Mistress of the Port Elizabeth Collegiate School for Girls. Hearty

congratulations are offered to Miss Anderson, and best wishes for success in her new position.

The "Mission Field" for April, 1911, contains a short account of the work of Sybil Baker-Wilbraham in India, with a photograph of herself and colleagues with their Bible Class of native women. Sybil Baker-Wilbraham is at work in the Telugu Mission (S.P.G.), and is stationed at Nandzal, 20 hours journey, by rail, from Madras.

Games.

CRICKET SEASON, 1910.

OFFICERS :	<i>Captain</i>	...	Sylvia Thornton Jones.
	<i>Secretary</i>	...	Gladys Day.
	<i>Treasurer</i>	...	Beatrice Tait.

June 25th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH.

The result was a win for the Queen's School by six runs.

Queen's School, 51 runs.
Howell's School, 45 "

July 18th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. Q. S. MISTRESSES.

The result was a win for the School XI. by 21 runs.

Queen's School, 40 runs.
Mistresses 19 "

A General Games Meeting was held on the first Friday of the Autumn Term to vote for holders of the Games Prizes, and the following were elected :—

<i>General Excellence</i>	...	Kathleen Curlett.
<i>Hockey</i>	...	Marjorie Finchett.
<i>Cricket</i>	...	Sylvia Thornton Jones.
<i>Tennis</i>	...	Gladys Day.

TENNIS CLUB.

SEASON 1910.

The first match of the Season was played against the Birkenhead High School, at Oxtou, on Friday, 10th June, at 4-30. The events were

HOCKEY.

SEASON 1910—1911.

OFFICERS :	<i>Captains</i>	...	K. Curlett.
			M. Finchett.
	<i>Secretary</i>	...	Q. Horton.
	<i>Treasurer</i>	...	D. Jones.

MATCHES.

Nov. 11th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. WALLASEY GRANGE.
Wallasey Grange scratched on account of weather.

Nov. 19th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, at Chester.
Score 0—8.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS.
Old Girls scratched on account of weather.

Feb. 10th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. OLD GIRLS.
Play had to be stopped soon after half-time.
Score when stopped 2—3.

LEAGUE MATCHES.

Feb. 25th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. SALE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
on the Hoole Cricket Ground, Chester.
Score 3—3.

This proved a most exciting match, as both teams played fast and well—the score at half-time being 2—2. Then, soon after half-time, our team scored a goal and the score was 3—2 until, in the last five minutes, the Sale team put in a goal, making the game a draw.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL ELEVEN.

Q. Horton; K. Curlett, M. Davies; M. Welsby, D. Bates, L. Cartwright;
P. Curlett, D. Johnson (2), M. Finchett (1), M. Imison, D. Jones.

LEAGUE MATCH.

March 11th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. SALE GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
at Brooklands.

Score 0—2.

This, again, was a very exciting match and very well fought.

THE CHESTER HIGH SCHOOLS HOCKEY LEAGUE.

RESULT OF MATCHES, 1910-1911.

Wallasey	}	Birkenhead	}	Macclesfield	}	Sale	
Birkenhead		6-2					
Macclesfield	}	Macclesfield	}		}		}
Northwich		4-0					
Sale	}	Sale	}	Sale	}	1-0	
Stockport		(Stockport scratched)					
Chester (bye)				2-0			

QUEEN'S SCHOOL XI.

At the end of the Season, the XI. was not the same as the XI. playing in the Autumn Term, for, several girls having left at 'Xmas, their places were filled by other members of the club.

The play of the XI. was greatly improved towards the end of the Season; the combination was better and the play faster, while the defence was surer. The School will be sorry to lose in M. Finchett, K. and P. Curlett, three of its most promising players.

Colours were gained by M. Welsby, D. Bates, P. Curlett, K. Curlett, Q. Horton, D. Jones, L. Cartwright.

<i>Goal</i> —	Q. HORTON.	Works hard, but rather unsure. Played very well in the League matches.
<i>Backs</i> —	M. DAVIES.	Improved towards the end of the Season, but must try to be much quicker.
	K. CURLETT.	An excellent back and has played well the whole Season; she would, however, be more successful if she did not try to do all the work of the team.
<i>Halves</i> —	L. CARTWRIGHT.	Plays fairly steadily, but on the whole, much too slow.
	D. BATES.	Does not always keep her place.
	M. WELSBY.	Very reliable half-back and has done excellent work in the matches.
<i>Forwards</i> —	D. JONES.	As a forward, is much too slow and must learn to keep her place better.
	M. IMISON.	Her work in League matches was so good that it could be wished that she had practised with the team all the Season.
	M. FINCHETT.	Has worked and practised very steadily but play a little disappointing in matches through over-anxiety.
	D. JOHNSON.	A successful forward to whom most of the School goals are owed.
	P. CURLETT.	A most promising forward.

THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND—BALANCE SHEET, 1910.

[illegible]

Examined and found correct, 16th June, 1911,

(Signed) WALTER CONWAY,

Hon. Auditor.

BIRTHS.

- HARTLEY.—To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hartley (A. Caldecutt), on 10th Aug., 1910, a son, Gerald Leicester.
- PERKINS.—To Mr. and Mrs. Perkins (Eva Dodds), on 12th Aug., 1910, a daughter, Evelyn Audrey.
- THODAY.—To Mr. and Mrs. Thoday (G. Sykes), on March 16th, 1911, a son, David Robert Gabriel.

MARRIAGES.

- ARCHER—EASTON. On 6th June, 1911, at Delgany Church, Co. Wicklow, by the Rev. C. F. Archer (Uncle of the Bride), assisted by the Rev. W. Mortimer Weir, Rector of the Parish, Neville Loftus Richmond, youngest son of the late Thos. Ogilvie Easton, J.P., of Liverpool, to Eileen Margaret, eldest daughter of Archur M. Archer, M.D., J.P., of Bellevue, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.
- BIRCH—ROGERS. On 1st Oct., 1910, at Christ Church, Chester, by the Rev. J. G. Birch, assisted by the Rev. Frank Howson and the Rev. F. S. M. Bennett, Vicar of the Parish, Charles William, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers, of Chester, to Dorothy Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Birch, of Corville, Chester.
- BRANDRETH—PHILLIPS. On 15th Sept., 1910, at the United Methodist Chapel, Helsby, Gilbert Norton Phillips, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, to Martha Louisa, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brandreth, of Helsby House, Helsby.
- BRANDRETH—VERNON. On 27th April, 1911, at the United Methodist Chapel, Helsby, Luke Vernon, of Brighton, to Marion Lewis, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brandreth, of Helsby.
- BREFFIT—ARCHER. On Jan. 18th, 1911, at Castleford Parish Church, by the Rev. R. Gardner-Smith (Rector), assisted by the Rev. G. A. B. Chamberlain (Curate), Herbert John, only son of the late Mr. John Archer, of Brighton, to Margaret Frances, eldest daughter of Mr. William Breffit, J.P., of Manor House, Glass Houghton.
- FINCHETT—DICKSON. On 4th Nov., 1910, at St. Mary's-on-the-Hill, Chester, by the Ven. Archdeacon Barber, Edward Devereaux, third son of the late James Dickson, J.P., to Gertrude, fifth daughter of the late W. H. Finchett, of Chester.
- GORDON—CATTO. On 20th Oct., 1910, at All Saints' Church, Bondjah, Asia Minor, by the Rev. Robert Ashe, Thomas Sivewright Catto, of New York, U.S.A., youngest son of the late William Catto, of Peterhead, to Gladys Forbes Gordon, elder daughter of Stephen Gordon, of Bondjah, Asia Minor.
- HEYWOOD—BOWDON. On 25th April, 1911, at Frodsham Parish Church, by the Rev. Canon Blogg, Marjorie Cunliffe Heywood, second daughter of the late Mr. A. S. Heywood, of Frodsham, to Reginald Bowdon, son of the late Mr. Reginald Bowdon, of Frodsham and Warrington.
- TAYLOR—WILLANS. On 1st Sept., 1910, at S. John's Church, Chester, Kyrle William Willans, of Rugby, son of the late P. W. Willans, M.I.C.E., to Hero Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Mr. James Taylor, F.R.C.S., J.P., Haygarth House, Chester.

WOOLLISCROFT—HASWELL. On 14th Sept., 1910, at Bidston Church, by the Rev. Canon S. Cooper Scott, Vicar of S. John the Baptist, Chester, assisted by the Rev. T. M. Standring, Vicar of the Parish, William Henry, eldest son of Mr. C. G. Haswell, Chester, to Maria Carter, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Woolliscroft, Cloughton, late of Chester.

DEATHS.

CHADBURN.—On 28th December, 1910, at her residence, The Terrace, Hawarden, Ann Chadburn (late of the Queen's School, Chester), aged 64 years.

HARDING.—On 11th Feb., 1911, at The Nook, Backford, after a few days' illness, Jessie Helena, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Harding, of Backford, aged 21.



The Governing Body and Staff of the Queen's School, 1911.

Patroness:

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Governors:

Chairman: HIS HONOUR SIR HORATIO LLOYD.

Deputy-Chairman: E. GARDNER, ESQ.

Ex-Officio:

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Representative:

T. HODGETTS GORDON, Esq.

JOHN JONES, Esq., J.P.

COL. E. EVANS-LLOYD, J.P.

T. S. PARRY, Esq.

R. T. RICHARDSON, Esq., J.P.

MRS. ROBERT ROBERTS.

F. SKIPWITH, Esq., J.P.

E. M. SNEYD KYNERSLEY,
Esq.

REV. CANON SPURLING.

R. P. WALLEY, Esq.

Co-Optative:

MRS. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL. | THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Clerk to the Governors:

MR. F. B. MASON, Solicitor, 19, Newgate Street, Chester.

Head Mistress:

MISS BEATRICE CLAY, B.A., LOND.

Associate and late Reid Scholar of Bedford College, London.

Staff:

MISS DAY, B.A., Lond., Univ. Coll. of North Wales; Univ. Coll., London; Ecole Normale d'Institutrices, Amiens.

MISS MACKENZIE, B.Sc., Wales.

MISS MARIS, Newnham Coll., Cambridge; Natural Sciences Tripos.

MISS RILEY, Oxon., Royal Holloway Coll., Classical Mods. Hons.

MISS SPURLING, Oxon., History Hons.

MISS POWELL, German.

MISS POLLARD, Drawing.

MISS BAKER, Physical Culture.

MISS FILMER, Kindergarten.

MISS DESGRATOULET.

MISS JAMESON.

VISITING TEACHERS:

Pianoforte—MISS E. GILES, A.R.C.M. MISS MACDONALD, A.R.C.M.

MISS STUART DOUGLAS, A.R.C.M.

Class Singing—DR. BRIDGE.

Singing—MISS STUART DOUGLAS, A.R.C.M.

Drawing and Painting—MISS PYE, MR. WARMSLEY PRICE.

Dancing—MRS. BROOM.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF PAST AND PRESENT PUPILS.

Anderson, W. F., Girls' Collegiate School, Port Elizabeth,
S. Africa (Honorary).

Ashington, L. Y., at Ifield Vicarage, Crawley, Sussex
(Honorary).

~~W~~ Andrew, F. & E., 5, Condray Road, Southport.
~~W~~ Arnold, R., Oakridge, Gabalfa, Cardiff. *Penybryn 31. Park M. Cardiff.*
~~W~~ Ayrton, Mrs. A. (Winifred Brown), 3, ~~Chichester Street~~ *Cashfield, Llanham Road*
Chester.

~~W~~ Baker, E., 29, Gladstone Avenue, Chester. *43 Bournville Gardens Clapham Park London S.W.*

~~W~~ Baird, M., Overton House, Congleton (Home).
Cheltenham College (Term).

~~W~~ *Beswick, M. & J., Sunny Bank, Queen's Park, Chester.

~~W~~ *Bennett, P. & C. Nevitt, 22, Hough Green, Chester.

~~W~~ Bell, Mrs. C. (G. Thompson), Seryah, I. S. Ry., via
Motipore, India.

Birch, A., 105, Down's Road, Clapton, London, N.E.
(Home). The Garnett Hill High School, Glasgow
(Term) (Honorary).

~~W~~ **Body, M. (Bird), 1224, 14th Avenue West, Calgary,
Alberta.

~~W~~ **Brandreth, E., Helsby House, Helsby, Warrington.

Brown, Jessie, Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester.

~~W~~ Brown, Mrs. H. F. (L. P. Humfrey), 18, Curzon Park,
Chester.

~~W~~ *Brown, G., The Firs, Hartford, Cheshire.

~~W~~ *Bromley, D., 1, Exton Park, Chester.

~~W~~ **Boscawen, E., Trevalyn Hall, Rossett, N. Wales. *Jones*

~~W~~ Broadbent, M., The Hollies, Latchford, near Warrington.

~~W~~ Burges, O., Whitford, Hoole, Chester.

~~W~~ Butler, Mrs. (M. Hutton), Sedgemoor Rectory, Wiltshire.

~~W~~ *Caldecutt, M., 1, Abbey Green, Chester.

life member Coleridge, Mrs. (M. Westmacott), Bewada, Kistna
District, Madras Presidency, India, and Arle House,
Meon Stoke, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.

Cooper, Mrs., The Grange, Sandown, Isle of Wight
(Honorary).

~~W~~ Day, K. N. and R., Rowton, Chester.

~~W~~ *Day, E. and G., Bryntirion, Chester.

Davies, Miss C., Intermediate School for Girls, Llanelly (Honorary).

Davis, Miss M., Wycombe Abbey School (Honorary).

✓ Davison, P., Moulton College, Toronto.

* Davies, D., Brook House, Saughall Road, Chester.

✓ Dickson, M., Mayfield, Hoole, Chester.

* Dixon, M., Fern Lea, Northwich.

✓ ~~Douglas, E., Maes-Feg, Mold, N. Wales.~~ Jones

✓ Drinkwater, H., Grosvenor Lodge, Wrexham.

✓ Easton, Mrs. (E. Archer), at Bellevue, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

2* Elwell, D. & J., Neyoddfraith, Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

2 Evans, M., Norton Hall, Runcorn.

2* Gardner, E., Fairview, Tattenhall, Chester.

✓ ** Gardner, M., Saughton, Chester.

✓ Giles, The Misses E. & H., Baths Street, Chester (Honorary).

Glascodine, Miss L., Glanmôr, Langland Bay, The Mumbles, R.S.O. (Honorary).

Gallaher, Miss K., Fenis-cowles, Abbots Langley, Herts., and "Wintersdorf," Southport (Term) (Honorary).

✓ Greenhouse, E. & H., 1, Eversley Park, Chester.

✓ Hartley, Mrs. (A. Caldecutt), The Sycamores, Legh Road, Knutsford.

Hickox, Mrs. (Miss Walker), Abbotabad, North-West Frontier Provinces, India (Honorary).

✓ Hicks, M., ~~Broxton~~, Chester. *Newhall Cross, Aston W Northwich*

Henchman, Miss, 2, Park Street, Macclesfield. (Honorary)

Hornby, S., 8, Victoria Pathway, Queen's Park, Chester.

✓ Hughes, K., Bryn-y-Groes, Gresford, N. Wales.

✓ Humfrey, G., Hilderstone, Hartford, Cheshire.

✓ *resigned* ** Holmes, R., Ashcroft, Hough Green, Chester.

James ** Jones, A., 28, Cambrian View, Chester. *Sylvia 4 Church St. Cam Northgate*

** Jones, B., Tattenhall, Chester. *Miss Clement - (S. Do. Caen) Friends Hall, Jess, Cheshm*

James Knowlson, T., 4, Hesketh Park Mansions, Queen's Road, Southport.

✓ Krauss, Mrs., c/o Mrs. Ayrtton, 2, Chichester Street, Chester.

Langley 10 Monfield Grove Heaton Moor, Stockport

Langdon, Miss, The High School, Derby (Honorary).

✓ Lewis, D. & N., Ty Maen, Oswestry.

✓ Lorimer, E. A., Alexandretta, Syria.

- Macdonald, Miss, 3, Abbey Square, Chester (Honorary).
- ✓ Marsden, M., The High School, Stockport. *19, Stafford Kinay*
- 3 ** Meade, E., 5, Didsbury Park, Didsbury, Manchester. *15, Camden Pot*
- 3 ** Meeson, H., Biana, Shavington Avenue, Chester. *Shavington*
- 3 ** Mence, Effie, Astwood, River Bank, Wanganui, New Zealand.
- ✓ Middleton, B., The Newlands, Adlington, near Chorley, Lancs.
- 2 Mill, F. & G., 62, Devonshire Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool.
- 3 ** Nicholls, B., 43, Cambrian View, Chester (Home).
Lady Margaret College, Oxford (Term).
- 1 Oldmeadow, E., Arndene House, Newbridge Road, Bath.
- ✓ Owen, P., Shirley Rectory, Derby.
- ✓ Owen, D. L., c/o Mrs. Collisson, 134, King Henry's Road, S. Hampstead, N.W.
- 1 Parry, M., Llysefor, Mold, N. Wales.
- min Powell
3. Mark's House
woodhouse Lane
Leeds -
- ** Perkins, Mrs. (E. Dodds), Denmark House, Ely, Cambridgeshire.
Prize. Brown Mrs. 72. Margaret St. Cavendish Sq. W.
- Randles, B. and D., Two Mile House, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- ✓ Roberts, Mrs. (G. Cawley), Eversley, Box 192, Bulawayo, Rhodesia. *Life member -*
- Rossiter, Miss, The High School, Beverley, Yorks. (Honorary).
- Rutherford, Miss, 26, Belmont Street, Glasgow (Honorary).
- 3 ** Sandford, E. & E. H., 5, Hartley Road, Exmouth, Devon.
- 2 * Savage, M., Curzon Park, Chester.
- ✓ ** Scott, M. Cooper, St. John's Rectory, Chester.
- ✓ Sheringham, O. & H., Caston Attleborough, Norfolk.
- ** Smith, C. Cathcart, 64, Hough Green, Chester.
- ✓ Spencer, R., 29, West Lorne Street, Chester.
- ms. Stuart
30. Whitefield R.
ashton on
mery.
- ✓ Spencer, H., Aysgarth, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.
- ✓ Stewart, D. M., Edgar House, Chester (Home).
- Bedford College, Baker Street, London, W. (Term).
- Stokes, Miss, Beaumont, Cranbrook, Kent (Honorary).
- The George Watson High School, Edinburgh (Term).
- 2 * Storrar, D., *Bryntirion*, Chester.
- 2 * Sykes, O., Croes Howell, Rossett, N. Wales.
- ✓ Tait, B., 87, Huskisson Street, Grove Street, Liverpool.
- 1 Thoday, Mrs. (G. Sykes), 25, Halifax Road, Cambridge. *Redcliffe R.*
- ✓ Thornton-Jones, Sylvia, Chantry House, Beaumaris, N. Wales (Home). *Arthurton m Chester*

- | ~~Warmsley, M. & L., 29, Halkyn Road, Newton, Chester.~~
- * Walley, M., Cotton Abbots, Waverton, Chester.
- ✓ Walley, L., Dysart House, Nantwich, Cheshire.
- * Walthall, D., The Cottage, St. Asaph, N. Wales. *mailcraft House*
- | Welsby, R., Chichester House, Chester. *Doughton, Essex*
- ✓ Williams, C. & L., 66, Watergate Street, Chester.
- | Williams, M. Humphrey, St. Mary's Mount, Flint, N. Wales.
- | Wolfe, E. & P., Broomhurst, Newton, Chester.
- Woods, Mrs., 39, Barton Road, Cambridge (Honorary).

One asterisk (*) denotes that the Subscription for 1910-11 has not been paid.

Two asterisks denote that the Subscription has not been paid for two or more years.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the General Meeting of 1909, the names of those who have not paid a Subscription for the last two years, will, in future, be omitted from the list of Members.

The attention of Members is drawn to a resolution passed at the General Meeting of 1910 whereby it was made possible for anyone to become a Life Member on payment of one guinea. It is thought that this arrangement may benefit especially Members resident abroad.

