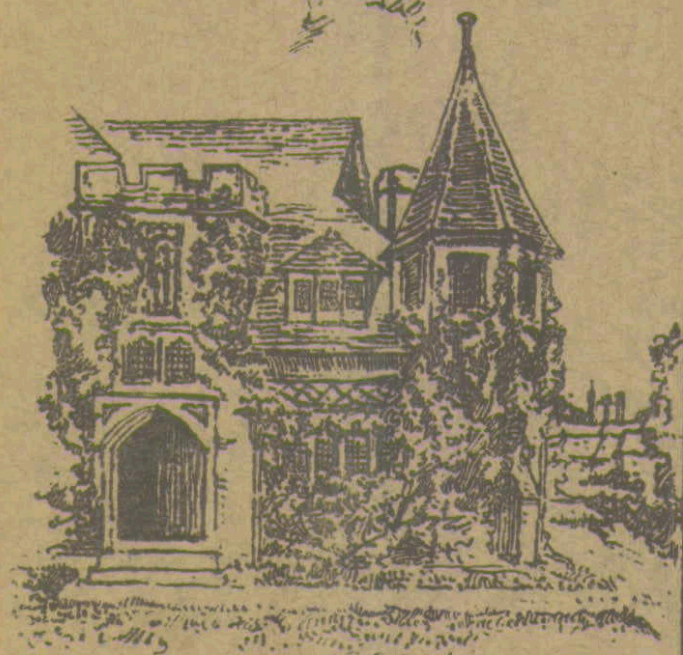


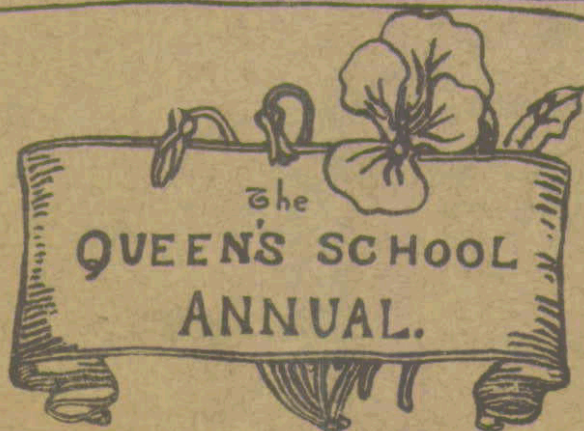
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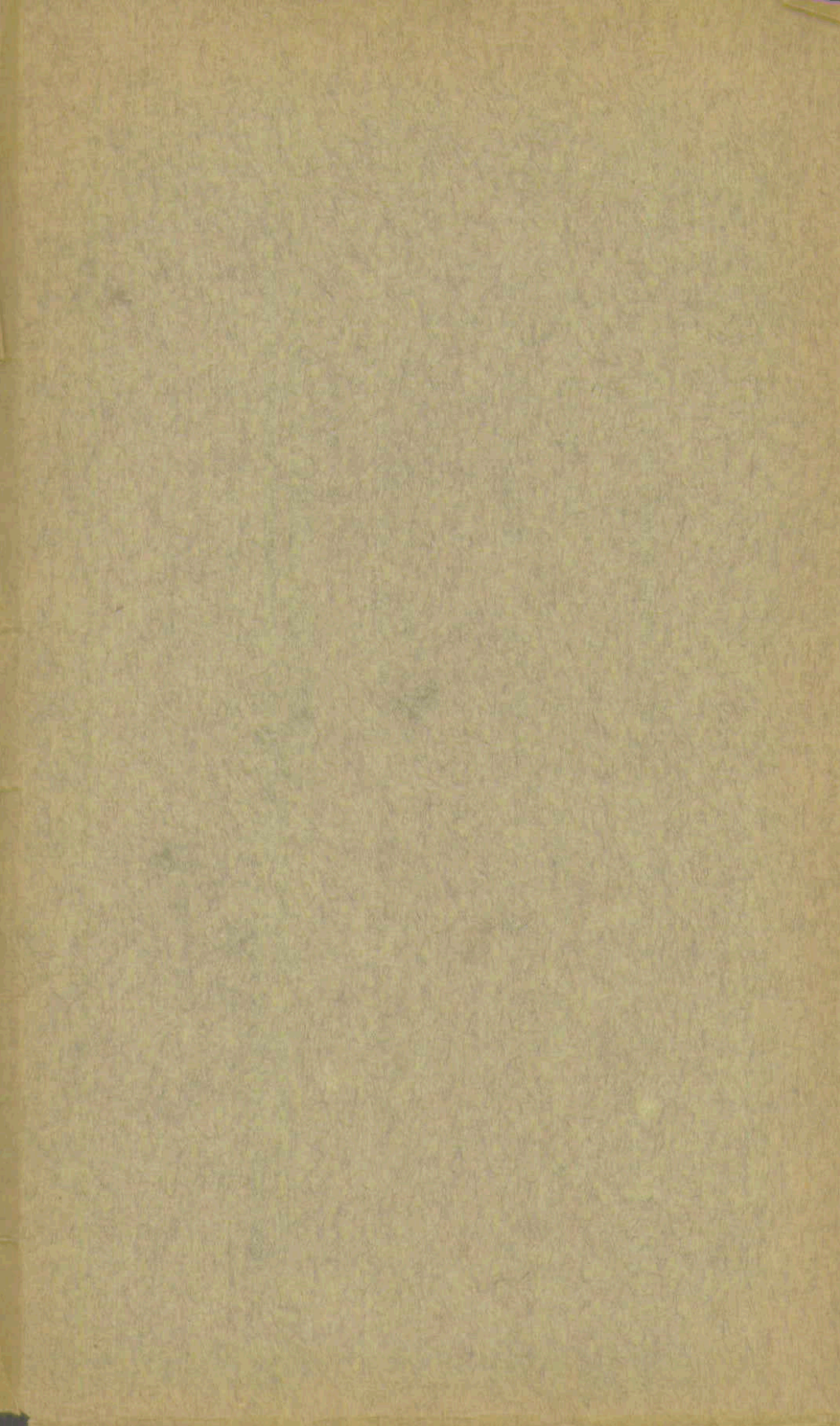
July

1914



The Queen's School.
Chester.





“Have Mynde.”

The Queen's School
Annual,

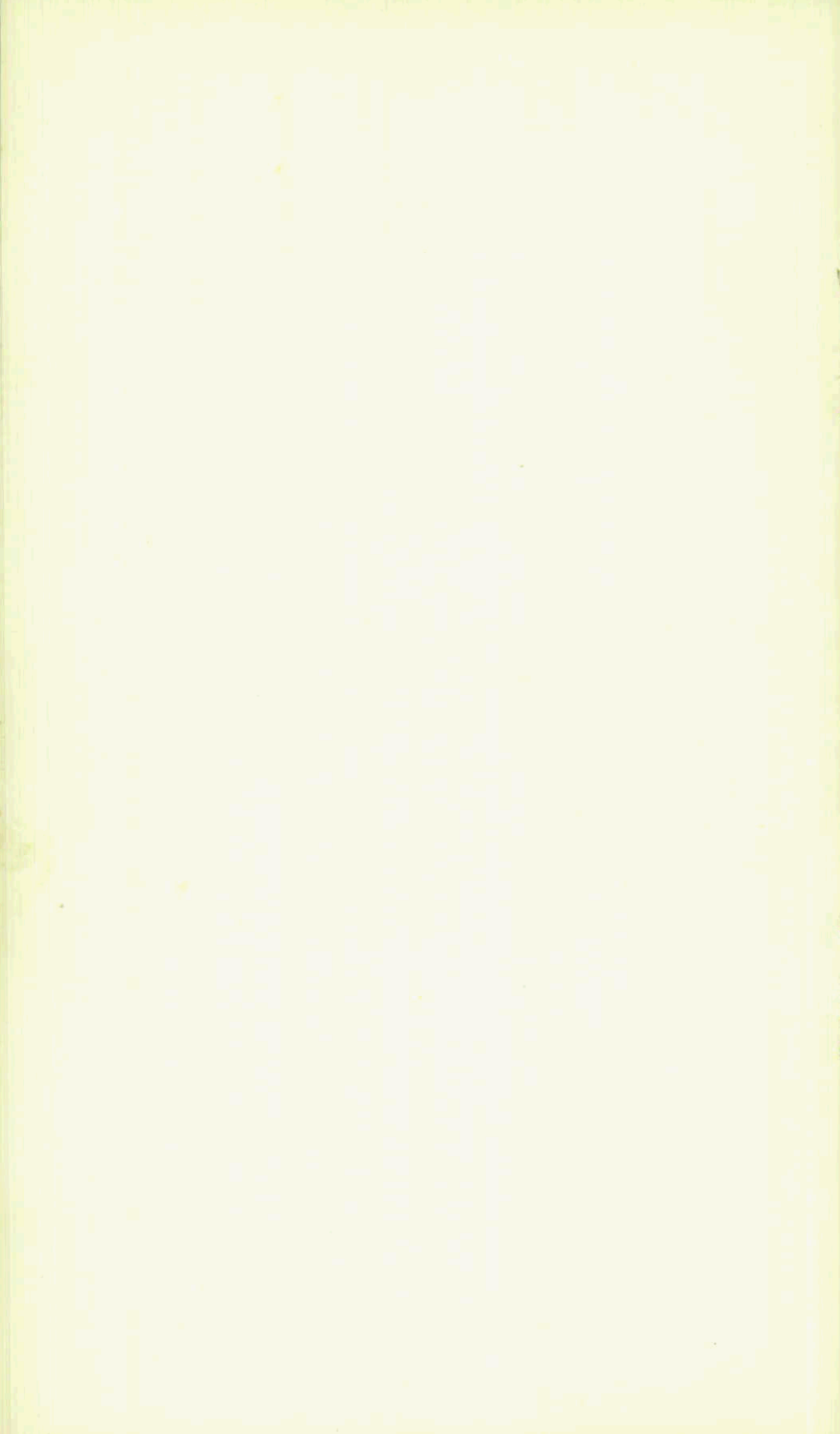
EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

July, 1914.

CHESTER:
PHILLIPSON AND GOLDER, EASTGATE ROW.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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The Chronicle.

What is a School Year? How many answers could be given to that question? Many parents would still reply: Dec. 31st. The Board of Education, educationally, would agree with the School Staff in fixing July as the close, and administratively would be in accord with the financiers who associate March with the end of things scholastic. The Editor has to recognise another limit in June when, having cajoled, coaxed, coerced contributors, elusive, diffident or recalcitrant as the case may be, into sending in their M.S., there is no longer a possibility of postponing the compiling of the Chronicle. The year now ending has had its full share of incidents and events, but for all time it will stand forth in the annals of the Queen's School as the year when the Great Bazaar was held, and fitly to commemorate it would call for the services of a Macaulay. The first whisper was heard in the Summer Term of 1913; the whisper rose to a swell in October and—but a “roar” which is the accepted climax of the phrase does not do justice to the state of affairs. There was no noise: there was order, organisation, experience, prescience, enthusiasm, capacity of every kind, business, artistic, dramatic, literary, creative. And the result of all was a Success which exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. Friends, well wishers, supporters sprang up everywhere, and amongst the proudest boasts of the Queen's School will always be that in its need it found such staunch supporters to help it through its dark day. Elsewhere in the magazine is found a detailed account of the Bazaar itself: here in the Chronicle is the place to put on record the deep gratitude felt by all responsible for the School to Mr. Walter Welsby, the Chairman; Mr. Alfred Ayrton, the Secretary; the Committee, Stall-holders and workers for their unflagging and unselfish work, and to the hundreds who as patrons, purchasers or in other capacities too numerous to record, contributed to the success of the Bazaar.

Prize Day was held on Friday, Nov. 28th, when the Marchioness of Cholmondeley kindly presented the prizes to the successful pupils. The Special Prize offered by Lord Aberdeen for the best essay on the combined mottoes “Have Mynde” and “Ad Vitam” was won by Margaret Welsby.

For the third year in succession, the Queen's School has secured a special award in the Exhibition held in London by the Royal Drawing Society. In the two previous years, Bronze

Stars have been gained; this year, a Silver Star has been secured for a very spirited sketch of a Football Match by Margaret Welsby, whose bold and original illustration of a Torchlight procession was "highly commended."

Another success, much prized by the Queen's School, has been the winning of the Cheshire High Schools Hockey League Challenge Shield. The trophy was held by the school for five years in succession; then it went a-wandering and now is returned to its first home. Long may it hang in the Great Hall!

The School Dramatic Entertainment which, in the ordinary course of events would have been given last autumn, was postponed to the paramount claims of the Bazaar, but none the less, a most amusing evening was provided under the management of Miss Hilda Giles in support of the Cot Fund, always an occasion of anxious thought towards the close of any year. It was a happy inspiration to give scenes from Dickens. Miss Giles was successful in getting together a very talented company which presented a scene from the *Pickwick Papers*, from *David Copperfield*, and from *Nicholas Nickleby*. A very agreeable interlude was provided by Dr. Bridge, who gave a most interesting account, illustrated by lantern slides, of the Dickens Country, which has its centre in Rochester.

During the current school year, we have had two visits from Madame Guérin, who makes a speciality of French Lectures for Schools. Her subject on her first visit was "Marie Antoinette," on her second "The Great Napoleon." Both addresses were as interesting as they were encouraging—even beginners had a proud consciousness of understanding. If the unfortunate French Queen's was the more sympathetic study, yet it was very interesting to hear of the boy Napoleon, his pride, his patience, and his doggedness, and Madame's skill in avoiding hurt to our English susceptibilities was a study in tact. She has our best wishes for her success in her tour of the United States.

Empire Day this year was anticipated by celebrations on May 22nd. The Entertainment was provided jointly by the Sixth and Fifth, which produced a most spirited version of "The Critic" after six rehearsals, and by the Middle School, which invited its fellows and the Staff to supper. The Kindergarten had a party in the afternoon, and we have its word for the success thereof.

An Advertisement Fancy Dress Dance at the end of the Autumn Term proved a successful innovation. So realistic were

many of the representations that they might have given rise to cordial approval on the part of owners of patent soaps, patent medicines, and patent starches—to name a few only of the wares advertised—had the proprietors been in the School Hall, “like little mice under a chair,” to see the living representatives of their goods.

At the end of the last Summer Term, we said good-bye very regretfully to Miss Douglas de Fenzi, Miss Pollard, and Miss Filmer. The former, happily, is not so far removed but what we may hope for a flying visit from her some day: she is Mathematical Mistress in the Surbiton High School. Our best wishes go with Miss Pollard in her removal to South Africa, where she is taking a post as Art Mistress in Pietermaritzburg. Miss Filmer is living at home at Southampton. We hear from her sometimes and hope to see her some day soon.

Presentations to the Library, 1913-14:—

			Presented by
“The Six-inch Admiral,”	by G. A. Best	...	Elsie Phillips.
“The Fifth Form at S. Dominic’s,”	{ by Talbot Baines	}	Marjorie Waller.
“The Master of the Shell,”	Reed		
“The Amulet,”	by Mrs. Nesbit	...	Diana Beck.
“Cousin Phyllis,”	by Mrs. Gaskell	...	Kitty Loud.
“Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,”	by C. MacFarlane	...	Doreen Britton.
“St. Bartholomew’s Eve,”	by G. A. Henty	...	Mrs. Edwards.
“Marietta,”	by F. M. Crawford	...	Monica and Joyce
			Corfield.
“Toilers of the Sea,”	by Victor Hugo	...	Kathleen MacDonald.
“The Adventures of Akbar,”	by F. A. Steele	...	Sylvia Brown.
“The Wind in the Willows,”	Kenneth Graham	...	Eva Harold.

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

Picture	...	Freda Gossage.
Silver Shield (recording Hockey success 1914)	...	Mr. Welsby.

In Memoriam.

FREDERICK WILLIAM SPURLING.

The School has experienced a great loss in the person of Canon Spurling, one of its Governors, who passed away on June 14th. At one time a Master himself in the famous Schools of Rugby and Westminster, he had a real and intimate knowledge of the needs and aims of a public school, and brought a sympathetic understanding to the Councils of the Queen’s School. His kindly and humorous speeches, addressed particularly to the girls, appreciative of their successes, encouraging in their disappointments, were looked forward to on Prize Days. The Queen’s School has a very real share in the City’s sorrow at his death.

Prizes.

<i>Queen's Scholar</i>	Margaret Welsby.
<i>Hastings' Scholar</i>	Muriel Horton.

FORM V.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Margaret Welsby	DONOR.
<i>Botany</i>	Margaret Welsby	Mrs. Alfred Ayrton.
<i>Scripture</i>	Esmé Moore	Mrs. H. T. Brown.
		Miss Howson.

FORM V.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Muriel Horton	Old Girls' Association.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Muriel Horton	John Thompson Memorial.

FORM IV.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Joyce Ayrton	The Hon. Mrs. Henry Gladstone.
<i>Mathematics</i>	Constance Miln	John Thompson Memorial.
<i>English and History</i>	Joyce Ayrton	Canon Spurling.
<i>Languages</i>	Constance Miln	Miss Birley.

FORM IV.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Marjorie Waller	Mr. E. Gardner.
<i>Distinctions in</i>	Irene Naylor	The Headmistress.
<i>Examinations</i>	Phyllis Nixon	Mr. H. F. Brown.
	Doris Onions	The Headmistress.
<i>English and History</i>	Irene Naylor	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Languages</i>	Marjorie Waller	The Archdeacon of Chester.
<i>Arithmetic</i>	Katherine Schröder	Mr. H. F. Brown.
<i>Scripture</i>	Marjorie Waller	The Countess Grosvenor.

FORM III.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Kate Loud	Mr. W. H. Denson.
<i>Distinctions in</i>	Doris Adams	Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
<i>Examinations</i>	Phyllis Dodd	Mrs. Robert Roberts.
<i>English</i>	Margery Traves	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Arithmetic</i>	Catherine Catherall
	Hilda Jones
	Kate Loud
	Helen Walley

FORM III. LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Diana Beck	Sir Horatio Lloyd.
<i>Distinction in</i>	Patricia Ford	Miss Elliott.
<i>Examinations</i>		

FORM II. UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Elsie Phillips	Miss Elliott.
<i>Arithmetic</i>	Clara Berney	Mr. E. Gardner.

FORM II. LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i>	Cicely Holmes
<i>Distinctions in</i>	Sylvia Brown
<i>Examinations</i>	Eira Mills
	Vera Hickey

<i>Essay</i> ...	Margaret Welsby ...	The Earl of Aberdeen.
<i>Excellence Book</i> ...	Joyce Ayrton ...	Sir Horatio Lloyd.
	Phyllis Beavis
<i>Drawing</i> ...	Margaret Welsby ...	William Davies Memorial.
<i>Music</i> ...	Joyce Ayrton ...	Mrs. James Frost.
	Kathleen Lovell
	Gertrude Rennet
<i>Sewing</i> ...	Margaret Elliott ...	Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
	Jean Woods ...	Mrs. Robert Roberts.
<i>First Aid and Nursing</i> ...	Marjorie Hewitt ...	Lady Mackinnon.
<i>Drill</i> ...	Gertrude Davies ...	Mr. W. Welsby.
<i>Games, General Excellence</i> ...	May Guest ...	Mr. W. Welsby.

SUCCESES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1912-13.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD, JULY, 1913.

<i>Higher Certificate.</i>	Hester Atcherley ...	Botany, French.
	Marjorie Hewitt ...	Botany, Drawing.
	Denise Hills ...	Drawing, Mathematics.
	Monica Holmes ...	Botany, Drawing, Mathematics.
	Esmé Moore ...	Botany, Mathematics.
	Margaret Welsby ...	Botany (distinction), Mathematics (distinction), Drawing
<i>Lower Certificate.</i>	Doris Bates ...	Class II. Arithmetic, English, Geography, Drawing.
	Muriel Horton ...	Class I. Arithmetic, English, Mathematics.
		Class II. French, Geography, German.
	Phyllis Jacob ...	Class I. Arithmetic.
		Class II. English, French, Mathematics.
	Gertrude Rennet ...	Class II. Drawing, English, Geography.
	Winifrede Watson ...	Class I. Arithmetic.
		Class II. Drawing, Mathematics.

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

SCHOOLS EXAMINATION.

<i>PIANO. Higher Division.</i>	G. Rennet.
<i>Lower Division.</i>	M. Jackson, B. Henderson, S. Mason, M. Waller.
<i>Elementary Division.</i>	C. Holmes, P. Dodd, D. Britton, R. Walley.
<i>Harmony.</i>	D. Bates (distinction).

LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATION.

<i>Silver Medal.</i>	E. Brotherton.
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THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

<i>Preparatory Division.</i>		Honours.	V. Hickey, M. Bodden, C. Holmes, S. Brown.
		Passed.	L. Ayrton, E. Mills.
<i>Division I.</i>	Honours.	B. Imison, P. Nixon, P. Mowle, P. Beavis, D. Britton.	
	Passed.	M. Gray, A. Dodd, J. Turner, F. Phillips, D. Freeman.	
<i>Division II.</i>	Honours.	M. Hewitt, M. Wynn-Evans, M. Gray, D. Beck, Z. Pritchard, W. Bebbington.	
	Passed.	M. Dodd, J. Ayrton, D. Woodroffe, J. Woods, H. Griffiths, G. Williamson, M. Lloyd, H. Maddocks.	
<i>Division III.</i>	Honours.	I. Naylor, F. Gossage, M. Trayes, E. Turner, H. Walley, M. Waller, S. Mason.	
	Passed.	M. Jackson, D. Jones, D. Adams, D. Hughes, G. Davies, N. Martin, D. Onions, P. Denson, C. Belton, C. Catherall, K. Schröder.	
<i>Division IV.</i>	Honours.	M. Hewitt, M. Wynn-Evans, Z. Pritchard, P. Nixon, P. Dodd, C. Miln, J. Ayrton.	
	Passed.	M. Dodd, P. Beavis, W. Bebbington.	
<i>Division V.</i>	Passed.	M. Gray, G. Rennet.	
<i>Division VI.</i>	Honours.	M. Welsby.	
	Passed.	M. Hewitt.	

At the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, &c., held by the
above Society, the following awards were obtained:—

Bronze Star (awarded by the Clothworkers' Company)			Phyllis Nixon	for Map modelled in Cardboard.
Highly Commended			... Sylvia Brown	„ Birds.
Commended ... Class I. ...			„ Margaret Welsby	„ Figures, Life.
			„ Phyllis Nixon	„ Figures, Life.
			„ Joyce Ayrton	„ Geographical Clouds.
			„ Cicely Holmes	„ Design for Collar.
Commended ... Class II. ...			„ Margaret Mills	„ Mathematical Drawing.
			„ Phyllis Dodd	„ Flowers.
			„ Gertrude Davies	„ Hands.
			„ Margaret Welsby	„ Objects.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN
NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates:—

<i>Grade I.</i>	A. Davies, P. Nixon, K. Parker, G. Gerhard, M. Eason, E. Phillips, H. Gott.
<i>Grade II.</i>	E. Turner, P. Ford, E. Boydell, M. Carter, D. Edwards, G. Williamson, C. Frith, A. Davies, R. Walley, M. Elliott, A. Dodd, B. Henderson, M. Roberts, H. Maddocks, M. Mounsey, E. Miln, A. Bromley, P. Mowle, M. Barker Jones, M. Richardson.
<i>Grade III.</i>	R. Bloom, J. Woods, M. Jackson, D. Woodroffe, D. Onions, M. Lloyd, M. Trayes, P. Dodd, H. Bibby-Denny, K. Loud, A. Jones, K. Schröder, K. Catherall, W. Bebbington, I. Naylor, D. Beck.
<i>Grade IV.</i>	P. Nixon, Z. Pritchard, D. Adams, A. Roberts, C. Miln, G. Davies, D. Hughes, W. Bebbington, M. Wynn-Evans, D. Jones, M. Guest.
<i>Grade V.</i>	M. Dodd, Z. Pritchard.

The Queen's School Bazaar.

It was in the middle of the Autumn Term, that there appeared the first public announcements of plans for the holding of a Bazaar, whose proceeds were to form the nucleus of a Reserve, or Endowment Fund for the Queen's School. The plan, conceived, in the first instance, by a few warm friends of the school, received almost universal support and approval. The support was of the most active kind—for almost immediately meetings were called and a Committee appointed, the members of which, from that time until the opening of the Bazaar, and indeed afterwards, laboured tirelessly and ungrudgingly for the cause. Working parties were convened, and until the middle of February, many "mothers" and friends devoted at least one afternoon in each week to the making of various useful and ornamental articles. Nor did their efforts end here, as was shewn by the fact that it was almost impossible to pay even a short call in any Chester house, without being invited to promise contributions in money or kind towards one or more of the numerous stalls.

The pupils of the school were not less enthusiastic than their parents, for under the guidance of Miss Smart, even the quite little ones produced numerous attractive household articles in raffia work, while their elders devoted their energies to the production of such novelties in stencilling as portières, curtains, bell-ropes, blotters, bedspreads, table and cushion covers, &c. In fact, so great was the demand for work of this kind, that Miss Desgratoulet and her band of workers had some difficulty in executing their numerous commissions. The preparations for the Toy Stall were another evidence of the interest taken by the girls in the forthcoming Bazaar, and by the beginning of February a large space in the lumber room was crowded with their offerings; for, almost everyone brought at least two toys, some of which came from places as far distant as Russia, Switzerland and Germany.

On the 13th and 14th of February, almost the whole of the Town Hall was placed at the service of the stallholders and their friends. The Assembly Room, which was hardly recognisable in its gay trappings of red and white, was, of course, the chief centre of attraction. Stalls laden with good things, extended the whole way round the walls, while in the centre were the beautiful plants and cut flowers so kindly sent by Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell and other friends.

The holders of stalls were as follows :—

Flower Stall	... Mrs. Patrick Campbell and others.
Lace and Perfume	... The Hon. Mrs. Henry Gladstone.
Copper Work and Madeira Baskets	... The Staff of the Queen's School.
Recreation Stall	... Mr. W. Cullimore and the Staff of the Queen's School.
Parents' Stall	... Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Mowle, Mrs. Miln, Mrs. Land.
Miscellaneous Stall	... Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Denson.
China, Glass and Pottery	... Miss Jayne, Mrs. Bridge, Mrs. Walker, Miss Elliott.
Sweets and Cakes	... Mrs. H. F. Brown and Mrs. Alfred Ayrton.
Provisions	... Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. C. Brown, Mrs. Fairclough Dutton, Mrs. Bates.
Household Goods	... Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Ambrose Roberts, Mrs. Norman Jones, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Schröder.
Tea and Supper	... Mrs. Welsby, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Cople- stone, Mrs. R. B. Wright, Mrs. Edwards.

Prominent among the goods displayed, was the beautiful oak chest made by Mr. Alfred Ayrton, a treasure that several hundred people made efforts to acquire. Other articles towards which public interest was directed included such contrasts as a copper plate warmer and a lady doll ; a vacuum cleaner and a toy dog ; a dinner gong and a game pie.

The Entertainments were most successful. Both "The Key to the Situation" and "A Joint Household" drew crowded audiences, and the only complaint heard was that neither of these comedies was given often enough to satisfy the demands of all their would-be patrons. The Children's Ballet was danced most daintily under the direction of Mrs. Broom, and to that, too, many people were unable to obtain admission.

Competitions and Sideshows at every turn lay in wait for the unwary, who were invited to smell and feel ; light candles, throw rings, admire electric trains, guess weights of cushions and cakes, until themselves bereft of sensation. For those who wished to peer into the future, or learn wholesome truths about themselves, the accomplished palmist, Madame Veda, was in attendance.

On the first day, the opening ceremony was performed by the Mayoress of Chester, Mrs. John Frost. Dr. Elliott presided, and, in a short speech, outlined the objects of the Bazaar and the needs which had led to its being undertaken. After the Mayoress had declared the Bazaar open, Mr. H. F. Brown moved a vote of thanks in which he first thanked Mrs. Frost for her kindness, and then emphasised the need for the Queen's School in the city. Mr. Alfred Ayrton seconded, and praised in the warmest terms the many workers who had laboured so long and so well.

The second day's opening was performed by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, in the presence of an even larger gathering than on the day previous. Mr. Gardner was in the chair. This time, the votes of thanks were both proposed and seconded by ladies. Mrs. Woods, speaking as a former Member of the Staff of the Queen's School, proceeded to shew that the modern higher education of women included the training of both heart and mind, and that college graduates were by no means the least notable of housewives. Mrs. H. F. Brown, seconding in the double capacity of parent and former pupil, reminded her hearers of the valuable lessons to be gained in school life.

The Bazaar itself was an unqualified success. All the Stalls did well, and one, the Miscellaneous, achieved no less a sum than £120. The teas and suppers were excellent, and were thoroughly appreciated alike by visitors and workers.

The total amount taken, as announced at the end of the second day's proceedings, was £570, a result which all those who worked so long and so earnestly must view with the greatest satisfaction.

M. J.

School Song.

Tune—"John Peel."

We are Queen's School girls,
 And we're Britons too;
 We have life before us
 And work to do:
 And whate'er it may be,
 We'll be loyal and true,
 And we'll always "Have Mynde" of
 The Queen's School!

We have fights to fight
 In our work and play,
 And to do our best
 Is the only way :
 Though we win or we lose
 Not in vain is the day !
 For we fight in the name of
 The Queen's School !

Now we learn at school
 Of our men of old,
 Who were faithful and loyal
 And fearless and bold :
 And the honour they gained
 Is for us to uphold !
 And we will ! In the name of
 The Queen's School !

We are heirs to the past
 And its fame's our own,
 But the present rests
 With ourselves alone !
 May the future believe
 That whate'er we have done,
 Was the best we could do for
 The Queen's School !

M. H. W.

The Pros and Cons of an Overseas Career.

"What work am I to take up when I leave school—and how can I best fit myself for that work?" This is the question which no doubt occupies the thoughts of many of the older and more intelligent girls in our schools to-day—and not only of the girls themselves but of their parents for them.

While, however, this problem of careers for our daughters is becoming rapidly just as important as that of careers for our sons, it is in many ways more difficult and calls for a broader outlook and more careful organisation than has hitherto been possible. Much forcing of square pegs into round holes is now unavoidably going on every day.

This arises chiefly from the fact that there are fewer openings for women than for men in this country, and that those

openings are restricted to a few highly specialised classes. For the exceptionally gifted women of a certain type, there has probably never been a better prospect than in Great Britain to-day, but a great many girls are not endowed with just those gifts which can command success in this country, though they may possess others which, in the right surroundings, would be even more valuable. If then our view need be bounded by the coast line of these islands, we must perforce submit to the inevitable, but luckily for us this is not so. We can look beyond the seas for careers for certain types of our girls as for certain types of our boys.

This may, I fear, seem to parents a hard saying, but all those who really love their daughters must learn to face facts. Just as parents will unhesitatingly give up their daughter to what they consider a good husband though he may take her to the other ends of the earth, so they must learn to give her up to what is likely to be a good career, promising her happiness and success.

The enormous outpouring of our young men into the overseas dominions has brought about a very unsound state of things both in the dominions and at home. The surplus of men there is even more undesirable than the surplus of women here. All lovers of their country and the empire would wish to see the balance righted. Let us look then a little more closely at the possibilities for educated women in our overseas empire.

So much has been written of late years about these dominions, from what might be called the advertising point of view, that much angry disillusionment and disappointment have undoubtedly been caused. Women have gone out, many of them no longer young, expecting to find an Eldorado where much money is to be earned for a little very light work, under exceptionally pleasant conditions. Never were expectations more wide of the mark.

I cannot help thinking that if these ladies had taken a little time for reflection, they might have known that the conditions of life in a new country, where everything is in the making, and where women and women's labour are scarce, are not likely to be highly finished, or easy. Life in Western Canada, for instance, is a hard daily struggle with the ordinary everyday exigencies of life—how to get the dinner cooked, the beds made, the children's washing and mending done. These are the questions which absorb nine-tenths of the women in Western Canada to-day. But ease is not everything. Life may

be easier in England for a woman at the outset of life, but quietly, insidiously, the grey mists of old age, poverty and neglect close round her and stifle her with their chill breath.

There is no ease about the life in Canada. Like a boisterous wave, the hardness and strenuousness of life hits the newcomer in the face. But if a woman of the right sort can win through its rough turbulence, the reward comes with refreshing certainty. In a country where women and women's work are so greatly needed, not only will her work always command its money's worth, but her own individuality will count as it never could where women are so greatly in the majority. She will to her dying day have the blessedness of feeling useful and of value.

I have said, and say again most emphatically, that the women who go in for a career overseas *must be of the right sort*. What then, exactly, is the right sort of woman? And how can she best adapt herself for life overseas?

Obviously, for a life of hard work and effort, a woman must be young (from 20 to 35 is the best age) strong physically, energetic, courageous, and most important of all, *adaptable*. By "adaptable," I mean that she must like to try new conditions, and different ways of doing things, nor must she hark back weakly and sentimentally to the conditions of her life at home. She may love England in the bottom of her heart, but she must also be determined to like—even to love—the country of her adoption and all that belongs to it.

I have spoken of the need of better organisation in the selection of careers for our girls. Now this preliminary selection cannot, it seems to me, be anywhere better done than in the public schools of Great Britain and Ireland. By the time a girl has reached the Sixth Form, it should be abundantly evident to her school teachers, whether her talents fit her best for life in England, or life overseas. No doubt, the Head Mistresses of schools are constantly consulted by parents as to the future of their girls. Through the connection of the Head Mistresses' Association with the Colonial Intelligence League, they are now in a position to know exactly the type of girl suited for life overseas, and the direction her training should take. While it is better not to let girls start their life in a new country until they are between twenty and twenty-five, they cannot begin too young to prepare themselves for the kind of work in demand overseas. It is this absence of any organised preparation for the new life which has meant failure, or, at least,

a most unnecessarily hard struggle for many women who have gone out already.

We come then to the practical question:—What is the best training for a girl whose bent is towards colonial life?

The best preliminary training is, doubtless, the careful all-round education given in good schools. There is no profession I know of in Canada, or indeed in any of the Dominions, in which a good general education will not be of use. Owing to the mixed races inhabiting many parts of Canada, languages are specially useful. In Eastern Canada, French is most necessary if the highest salaries for secretarial work are to be obtained. Speaking generally, a good education will give that elasticity and receptiveness which enables the new comer to understand and adapt herself to her new surroundings. It also fits her for taking responsibility and exercising control over others when the occasion arises.

Next, it is absolutely imperative that the girl who intends to make a career overseas—whatever the actual profession she wishes to take up—must be trained thoroughly in domestic work. There is hardly a woman in Canada so rich, or so highly placed, that she does not occasionally have to lend a hand in her own kitchen or help in her own housework, while the great majority do the greater part of it for themselves. Even stenographers or book-keepers, living in a single room in a large city, find it most necessary to be conversant with domestic work. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining servants, the lodging-house “slavey” simply does not exist. The stenographer in Montreal or Winnipeg must take a furnished room in a “rooming house,” which she must keep clean and tidy for herself, and such meals as she wants, she must either cook for herself or eat “out.” Obviously, if the new comer has had a good training in domestic work, this will be a very much lighter affliction to her than if in these matters she is untrained, ignorant and slow.

Of course the profession for which a girl trains must primarily depend on her special talents and qualifications.

Space forbids my going in detail into the various openings, but the following quotation from our last year's Report will give a good general idea of the kind of work suitable to Educated Women. “Work has been obtained as Stenographers, Book-keepers, Nurses, Probationers, Home-Helps, Teachers in Public and Private Schools, Hotel Housekeepers and Supervisors, Matrons, Dressmakers, &c.”

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon both girls and their parents that no young woman should go out alone or "on her own." Not only are there dangers besetting them (some of them too terrible even to mention) but, so fluctuating and changeable are the conditions of employment in some parts of these new countries, that it is imperatively necessary to have, before starting, all the latest information available. There has, for instance, been during the last few months a "slump" in Canada which has considerably affected the question of colonisation for Educated Women. Fortunately, it is likely to be only temporary and only affects certain places. In spite of it, the Colonial Intelligence League has available at this very moment one of the best offers for work for a number of Educated Women that it has yet received. But a girl going out alone and unprotected would have no chance of being given such openings as those just referred to, and would experience very soon the ill-effects of the general depression in other ways. Speaking generally, it may be said that, done wrongly *without* the right kind of protection and advice, emigration for Educated Women is in every way undesirable and dangerous. Done in the right way *with* such protection and advice, it offers to the right kind of woman far greater opportunities of success and happiness than she would find here.

CAROLINE GROSVENOR,

Chairman Colonial Intelligence League.
(*For Educated Women*).

A Boating Holiday in France.

There is a little town close to the Belgian frontier of France where even the bank manager has never heard of Thomas Cook & Son, and regards with suspicion those "circular notes" which in most places are equal to current coin.

Here we found our boat the "Ray," a double-scutting skiff from Oxford, and, attended by the usual crowd of small boys and other leisurely persons, we washed off the grime that she had collected on her long journey, stowed her gear and our own luggage, and started out on a continuous voyage of nearly 250 miles by rivers and canals, which ended when we reached the Seine a little below Paris.

It was up stream for the first few days on the great River Meuse, which has locks and weirs like the Thames, and is a great international highway for barges. One of these we learned to know all too well: she was called "Atlantique" and was so huge that she could only get into a lock by hauling in her rudder, and then completely filled all the available space. Again and again we found this monster waiting for the first turn through and were greeted with excited cries of "Il n'y a plus de place" from the helmsman.

After all it did not really matter. It was very pleasant cradled on the water in the sunshine. There were no trains to catch nor even dinner to be hastened for, because we did not know where or when we should have dinner: there was a little Ardennes town marked on the map, a few kilometres further on, where we knew we should find an Inn with clean beds and an excellent dinner. Meanwhile, we had everything the soul and body could require.

The shopping for the day had an element of chance about it that added wonderfully to its zest. Apart from the "boulangeries" and "charcuteries" (the latter we soon decided to avoid) there was often in the little towns on the banks of the Meuse only one shop very appropriately named a "Famillistère." Here one could buy biscuits and bootlaces, and, if one arrived on an opportune day of the week, butter. These little towns are still very unsophisticated, but even they have not escaped the picture postcard.

Our boat created great excitement among the children of the villages we passed. They had never in their lives seen "un si petit bateau." We probably left a landmark in the short history of one small boy by taking him in the boat from one lock to the next, which happened to be close at hand. Even the horses turned round to look at us.

We rowed hard all the morning, but after our picnic lunch, proceeded leisurely through the hot sunny afternoons till tea-time, taking it in turns to tow, or sailing when the breeze permitted. The canal tow-paths were delightful places to walk along, bordered with wild flowers and shaded by continuous rows of trees—usually poplars—through which one looked down on the cornfields, meadows and roads of the pleasant land of France.

There were exciting moments in towing when a barge had to be passed—one never knew till the time came which rope

was going on top or whether one would have to jump or lie prostrate. Fishermen, too, along the bank had to be warned lest they should fail to duck their heads at the critical moment. Fishing by the way is highly popular in France and does not induce slimness.

On ordinary days, our rate of progress was from twenty to thirty kilometres, which brought us to our destination about six o'clock in the evening. The boat had to be disposed of for the night and then an Inn sought out for ourselves. Once or twice we were informed at the only possible-looking Inn in the place, that there were no rooms! We did not allow this inhospitality to interfere with our intention of staying at the said Inn—Gazing blandly at “Madame,” we would say, “*Quel malheur,*” and not budge from the doorstep. These tactics always ended in Madame finding the required apartments—perhaps with apologies for their state of unpreparedness.

No trouble was ever made about cooking a meal for us in the evening, and at Flize our appreciation of the good lady's cooking—especially a dish of fried potatoes served as a separate course—led to her presenting us with souvenir postcards and making us promise to come again and recommend her to our friends.

At another place—Le Chesne—we found all the best rooms already taken and had to mount up higher into a region of rafters and no ceilings. The rooms were all right, but one of them appeared to be a sort of garage for beds—it contained four large ones—and there was just room to squeeze between them to a few feet of floor space by the window.

French country towns are not too peaceful at night. People apparently retire late and rise early and converse long and cheerfully in the street; the pavements are cobble stones and there is a good deal of traffic; motor cars and bicycles travel in the small hours, blow horns, stop and start up again beneath one's window, and dogs and poultry make up the symphony.

Once we had rooms in a little house across the street from the Inn and were given the key and were told we should be quite “chez nous”; so we went to bed and locked the front door. In the darkness an hour or two later came sounds of knocking below—it was the waiter whom we had cut off from his bed!

We descended to the level of the River Aisne by a great chain of locks down the side of a hill—27 in all—and

practically continuous. This was a strenuous day, though we only covered 10 miles in actual distance.

At Rethel, a clean and pleasant little town, there was an indulgent banker who extended his hours of business to oblige us, and, after much anxious deliberation, exchanged the notes of Thomas Cook for good French money. Here, too, we purchased apricot jam in a bucket (like a child's sea-side pail with a lid) and kept it in the boat's locker as an extra for lunch and tea.

We made our afternoon tea in the boat by the aid of a wonderful furnace lamp that boiled the water in three minutes, and tea never tasted better anywhere. After it we once more rowed energetically till we reached our next stopping place.

Just after the junction of the Aisne and the Oise we came to Compiègne, where we stayed for a whole day in order to see the château there and also the great feudal castle of Pierrefonds, 10½ miles away across the forest.

The château at Compiègne is a huge barrack-like building outside, and within consists of an endless succession of historic state apartments, especially of the Napoleonic era, with wonderful tapestries and beds and furniture. The day was warm and we had grown used to living in the open air, so that we soon longed to escape from the close atmosphere of the château. But for him who rashly joins himself to the little flock shepherded by an official guide, there is no going back nor loitering nor hurrying on ahead; all doors are locked behind them, and an attempt to escape by a side staircase is met with a stern reproof and call to heel. When the grand tour was over, we were glad to sit down under the great trees in the grounds which, with the château itself, are State property and are used as a public park; smooth terraces and gay flower beds leading on to a long straight avenue merging at last in the forest.

Pierrefonds was most impressive, an immense white stone castle, dating from the 14th century, which towers over the tiny town below. Here Napoleon III. spent a great sum in restoration and the work is being continued by the present government, so that the effect is not as of a ruin of the past but as of a great feudal residence in its prime. A good deal of the finished interior was shewn to us—under strict guidance—but we were not allowed to explore the odd nooks and corners for ourselves as we longed to do.

Continuing our journey down the Oise, we now encountered great strings of barges, five together being towed by a steam tug. At each weir, huge locks have been constructed to take all these together, while other boats go through a smaller one, but in one place, the small lock being under repair, we found ourselves obliged to squeeze in with these monsters—feeling our little “Ray” a veritable minnow among Tritons. They were very considerate, however, and let us slip out before they began to move.

We found the bargees as a class quite friendly and pleasant throughout our voyage.

So, as all things must come to an end, we found the Oise emptying itself into the Seine at Conflans, and there bidding a regretful farewell to the little “Ray,” left her to find her way back to Oxford, while we began our journey homeward in a very hot and dusty railway carriage. In the morning on a French river—in the evening at Charing Cross. Pindar was quite right; water *is* the finest thing of all.

K. D., L. P. B. & H. F. B.

A Warning—and Afterwards.

It had been, Molly opined, a rotten (anglicè, most unsatisfactory) day, such as must come at times when one lives amongst persons of limited understanding and relatively unlimited power. The day had begun amiss. Molly just couldn't get up when she was called. She came down after everyone else was at table, and having posted her breakfast in a way to render breathless all beholders, whirled out of the house, ungloved, but, as a concession to fussers both at home and at school, not gloveless; her mother calling after her something for which she plainly could spare neither time nor attention. Arriving at school late, she was challenged to produce her umbrella. So silly just because some Lower School kid had lost hers! Kids should really be more careful. Anyhow, reverent seniors should not be expected to bring theirs on a fine day to encourage such carelessness. So having torn off her outer raiment, she tore off down the corridor and ending her wild career with a really brilliant thing in slides, came up in the arms of Miss Fermer, who insisted that she should retrace her steps, and return at a more normal rate of progression. Meanwhile, the door of Hall shut and prayers

began; Molly, the victim of mistaken particularity, would be counted late, and would incur an order mark for which her fellows would call her to a reckoning: that was the worst of belonging to a Form so absurdly virtuous that it discouraged Order Marks. Then began the business of school proper, and began prosperously. All Molly's sums were right; Molly was duly commended and tried to look as if she did not feel the commendation well deserved. "Five excellent" would be a set off to some calamities—father always appreciated sums being right. Oh, bother! No blotting-paper, and it was useless to try and sneak a piece out in class—it was well known that Miss Seer had eyes all round her head. So there was the "excellent" gone, for had not the last exercise borne a note admonishing Molly to furnish this useful addendum to an exercise book? The bell rang, books were got out, and a general move was made to the Science Room. Now for a good time; there was something really enthralling about Nature Study; it gave you something to do. Miss Magick produced sticks of rhubarb to be cut up. How jolly. Into her pocket went Molly's hand: no knife. "Be quick and begin," suggested Miss Magick. Molly's head went engagingly on one side. "Please, Miss Magick, may I borrow a knife off—I mean, from -- Prudence." "Why, Molly, where is your own?" Well, you see, last night my little brother wanted to carry a knife in his pocket. You see he is not generally allowed one; and so, I thought it would be sort of nice to let him have it." How touching it sounded! Surely it was Miss Magick's cue to say something now; at present she was simply regarding this Good Samaritan with unwinking gaze and Molly squirmed uncomfortably. "Well, Molly?" "Well, you see, I forgot to ask him for it again—I'm awfully sorry." "Last week," observed the inexorable Miss Magick, "it was your india-rubber you had forgotten. No, Molly, you must not bolster yourself up on other people's carefulness. Take the rhubarb home and do your class work at home. And do give 'I forgot' a holiday." Molly assumed the air of a patient cherub; even Miss Magick was a disappointment at times though normally "awfully nice." She watched the praiseworthy Prudence cut her rhubarb up just the wrong way and itched to snatch it and the knife out of her idiotic hands. How could Miss Magick bear to show that duffer all over again how to do it? Miss Magick was—no she wasn't, or she would have understood about that knife. Ugh! What a thing to have to carry home that lump of rhubarb. Bell again! Literature. Well, that was all right if it happened to be a day when there weren't too many questions. Miss Story was not half bad sometimes in the things she told you. Books out. Enter Miss Story. "We will begin on the new book to-day." Molly's jaw dropped. Goodness!

More trouble. Prompt action would probably be the best. Up went her hand. "Please, Miss Story, may I share with Agnes?" (Appreciative grin from Agnes and a look of inquiry from Miss Story). "I don't think my book's come." "How is that, Molly? Did you order it?" "Oh, yes, Miss Story," round eyes indicative of pained surprise that the mistaken Miss Story could imagine a sin of omission on Molly's part. "When did you order it?" No good; out it must come; "Last night," in a subdued voice. "Then of course it hasn't come." And the misguided Miss Story imposed the—as she considered—appropriate penance.

By this time, the sorely buffeted one was supine under the blows of fate. She only rallied when the lunch bell rang. Hurrah! Two large currant scones would revive her drooping spirits. How slow the other girls were getting their buns! Now it was Molly's turn. A wild chase round her pocket: no pennies. Well, really it was too bad of mother to let her go without them. Miss Vernon, presiding over the lunch table, was looking inquiringly. "Please, Miss Vernon, I've forgotten my pennies. I'll bring them to-morrow—truthfully." "Really, Molly, this is the second time this week. What do you think would happen if everyone were so forgetful?" What a remark! Of course the hundred and fifty did not all forget on the same day. Surely Miss Vernon could remember such a little thing as who owed lunch pennies. What a pity it was impossible to lay this view of the case before her in concise and simple terms. As it was, perhaps it was best to take the scones meekly and depart to the playground.

Apparently fortune had had her fill of persecuting Molly, for the rest of the morning passed uneventfully enough. Over dinner and during dinner recess, Molly's drooping spirits revived. It was games afternoon, and the games captain was beginning to regard Molly with an eye of favour. You could depend on a captain, a *girl*, to appreciate real merit. At that moment, up came the captain. "I say, Molly, have you got the list of girls in your form who want new ties?" Poor Molly! Ashamed and discomfited at last, she stammered out a halting apology. The captain glared at her. "Really Molly, you're chronic!" was her withering comment, and with a look of disdain she turned on her heel.

Now if Molly's mother had been as some mothers pictured by Molly, she would have bestowed much sympathy on her daughter. As it was, she only asked if she had not heard her call after her to take her lunch money; wasn't Miss Vernon vexed? Molly mumbled something uncomplimentary, where-

upon Molly's mother said that if she had been Miss Vernon, she would have let Molly go without lunch; further, that Molly must go to bed half an hour earlier and see if she could get up punctually the next morning and try to be less forgetful.

"Forgetful!" Grown-ups were mad about forgetfulness. Of course, it was easy for them to remember; they *were* grown-ups with no important and exciting things to think about. Some day—happily still distant—Molly herself would be a grown-up. She would wake up one morning, be twenty-one years old, never again want to do anything that she ought not to do; remember all she ought to do; be wholly virtuous, and oh, so dull! At this point, Molly rose from her seat on her bedside, grunted disgustedly, undressed, stumbled over her boots and got into bed.

Presently—it seemed a very little while afterwards—she awoke with a start. It was broad daylight; the clock pointed to a quarter to eight. That idiot Jane had forgotten to call her! She rang the bell furiously. Jane appeared. "No, you can't have any hot water, Miss. Cook forgot to get some sticks yesterday, so there's no fire this morning. No, I didn't call you this morning, Miss. I forgot; but I called everyone else." Exit Jane.

Molly scrambled up and hurried down to breakfast. "Tea? No thank you. Isn't there any coffee?" "You must do with tea this morning," said her mother decisively. "I forgot it was early closing day yesterday and there is no coffee in the house." Well! Things were coming to a pretty pass, thought Molly. Somewhat sulkily, she finished her breakfast and got ready for school. Picking up an umbrella, she suddenly observed that it bore the name legible on the piece of regulation tape of the tiresome "Kid" who had made such a fuss about losing it. Rather red in the face, Molly presented it to its owner at the school door. What a bore! Why wasn't the door open? It always did open the moment the clock struck and Molly wanted to look over a lesson before school. Just then, the door did open, and Miss Young cheerfully remarked that she had forgotten to look at the clock, it was very late and the girls must be quick. Molly stared. A nice thing indeed if mistresses took to forgetting. The grown-ups all seemed mad.

Geography lesson. "I meant to give you rather an exciting lesson," began Miss Magick, "but the man has forgotten to send the plasticene. So now we will go over the physical features of the British Isles. Write out the names of

all the rivers on the East Coast. My dear Molly, why are you staring? Come, begin."

And so it went on. There were no scones, only biscuits for lunch because Cook had forgotten to give the order to the baker; no ball for cricket because the captain had forgotten that a new one was wanted. And last and worst abomination, there would be no cricket match with Overthayre because as the Overthayre secretary telegraphed to explain, they had forgotten the time of the train had been altered and had missed the only one that would bring them to Minster in time for play. Molly burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" said a voice. "My dear child, you will be late again. Get up at once." It was Molly's mother coming to see why Molly was not getting up.

Molly rubbed her eyes. So it was only a dream after all—she got up and dressed more carefully than usual, and, that day, wore so pensive a look that Miss Young hopefully opined that Molly was really growing more thoughtful.

Now if this were a proper story, it would end with a description of Molly as a reformed character gently leading thoughtless girls into the Paths of Careful Considerateness. What really happened was this.

For the space of some sixty hours, she entertained a well-tryed conviction that Mothers were a Useful Institution and as such deserving of encouragement.

For two whole school days—to wit, Thursday and Friday—she regarded Mistresses as Awesome and Impeccable Models of Admirable and Unattainable Virtues.

Thereafter, she was Herself: a self that very gradually and almost imperceptibly improved.

Years afterwards, she deplored the thoughtlessness of the rising generation.

First Aid in Canada.

A brilliant October morning: bright and with a tang in the air. Later it would be a day of Indian summer, but now ice stiffened the rope of the bucket and ice lay at the bottom of the well. Julia shivered as she hurried across the pasture, with a pail of buttermilk in her hand.

"Micky, Micky," she called, and Micawber, a half-grown calf, came galumphing along and thrust his head into the pail with such energy that most of the buttermilk lay spilled upon the ground. Micky cherished a theory that, if once his nose could penetrate the bottom of the pail, fathomless depths of buttermilk would be disclosed, and to-day he pushed and banged so wildly that Julia gave up the unequal struggle and left him careering blindly across the prairie, the pail firmly wedged between his rudimentary horns and his protesting mouth.

Julia turned her attention to the pig-trough. It was dry as a bone, and nineteen pigs stood clamouring round it. Splash! Into the well went the bucket and out again, and the nineteen pigs, believing this one pailful their only hope, squealed and grunted yet more vociferously and scrambled over one another to catch the few remaining drops.

"If you don't take care, you little idiots," cried Julia, "you'll go in. Get out, Jehoshaphat," she continued, turning to kick the encroaching monarch. Jehoshaphat scurried thence, but, at that moment, Jehu, seeing his opportunity and fired to great deeds by the prize beyond, attempted to leap the well-mouth. But ambition over-vaulted itself. His take-off was bad: a frantic scramble with two all-too-short fore legs, a squeal, a moment of painful silence,—and Jehu was forty feet below at the bottom of the well!

"John, John," cried Julia, appearing breathless at the door of the barn: "John, there's a pig in the well!"

"For the land's sake!" cried John. Over went the milk-pail. "A pig! Which? Not a big one?"

"Yes! No! A middle one. One of the J's! Jehu, or Jonas! It doesn't matter!" came in a breathless flutter.

"Doesn't it!" said John, and down the well he went too, digging his toes into the interstices of the boards that lined the sides.

"Got him!" he said at length, from the remotest recesses of the earth. "Throw down the rope. Gently, now! Now pull! Can you pull him up?"

Could she? Jehu was six months old, fat, and well-liking,—the rope was thin and the distance great.

"Come along!" she said, and hauled. Very, very slowly the rope came up. A mighty effort, and Jehu's head and shoulders, encircled by the rope, appeared to view: a supreme struggle, and he lay unconscious on the grass, while his inquisitive brethren nosed around.

A minute later, John appeared and bent over the prostrate form.

"He can't be drowned," he said, "all in that little moment. Did he hit his head going down?"

"I don't know," said Julia, doubtfully. Scraps of First Aid lore flitted through her brain. "If it's drowning, I can do Sylvester or Schäfer; and if it's concussion, keep warm in a cool place and apply ice to the forehead. In any case," she continued, brightening, "treat for shock. Run and get some brandy, and I think I'll treat for drowning."

Do you know the difference between Sylvester and Schäfer? Sylvester would be admirable, no doubt, if a pig had any forearms to speak of, but I defy the most experienced Royal Humanitarian to dig a fat pig's elbows into his sides; so Schäfer it had to be. Jehu's tongue was pulled out, his throat cleared, his chest raised, and Julia, leaning over him, rhythmically pounded his lungs, heroically forgetting that, under ordinary circumstances, nothing would have induced her to touch a pig even with the tips of her fingers. Warm rugs were piled upon him, hot irons placed at his heels, and John, kneeling before him, applied smelling salts and a looking-glass alternately to his snout. But this is a sad tale, for Jehu did not respond to treatment. An hour's perseverance made no impression on him. Obstinate, like all his race, he *was* dead and remained so; and Julia was his sincerest mourner.

"I would so have loved to thrill them all at home by saying that I had saved life in the Far West."

"As it is," said John brutally, "you can thrill them even more by saying that you helped to kill a pig. And a prize pig, too! Woe is me for Jehu! But at least it isn't Jemima," he added, softening, "and he may help to catch coyotes."

So the corpse was carried away in a wheelbarrow and deposited on the prairie, and the good hunting that ensued lightened his loss to John.

But Julia bewailed Jehu, and still more, the fallibility of the Red Cross Manual.

Of course, it *may* have been concussion after all, — in which case—!!

C. S.

The Royal Visit to Chester.

Chester, on the 25th March, 1914, gave the lie to the occasionally heard remark, that she is sleepy. Possessed by an overwhelming desire to show their loyalty, the citizens did their utmost to welcome Their Majesties, who on this red letter day paid a visit to the ancient city.

The sun after arousing forebodings by its non-appearance on the day before, on the actual day followed the example of the inhabitants and came out decked in all its brilliance.

By nine o'clock, the sound of many footsteps could be heard; by ten the city was full; by eleven it was crowded.

Chester was en fête, bunting and decorations were profusely displayed along the royal route, and everyone in holiday attire was glancing merrily about them, basking in the glorious sunshine, and admiring the many attractions and interests which the city on that morning afforded.

The Town Hall Square, where the most important event of the day took place, was a feature of great interest; the Royal Stand prettily draped in pale blue and white, and tastefully decorated with greenery, was fixed in front of the King's School. Four more stands were erected for spectators and soon after eleven, these and all available standing room were completely full.

The men of the guard of honour formed from the Cheshire Regiment and looking their best in scarlet uniforms with the renowned oakleaf granted them by George II. in their helmets, were in their places at an early hour; a small detachment of

men from the Yeomanry and Royal Army Medical Corps were drawn up hard by. Two large bodies of dismounted cavalry and infantry marched through the square on the way to their places along the royal route. Nurses from the Infirmary and First-Aid Detachments, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, added to the brightness of the scene.

About twelve o'clock, expectation ran high, the time was rapidly drawing near to the crucial moment of arrival; those who were to be presented had already taken their places in the Royal Stand; motors containing the Mayor and Mayoress and other functionaries of the city had driven off, conveying their occupants to the station to meet Their Majesties. There were a few minutes of breathless anticipation, a hush of expectancy falling on the waiting crowds; then a far-off sound of cheering was audible, gradually increasing in volume and sound, as the royal carriage slowly came towards the square. Headed by a splendid detachment of the Liverpool Police mounted on superb horses, the procession came into view, stopping in front of the Royal Stand, where the King and Queen, stepping from their carriage made their way, the King to inspect the Guard of Honour, and the Queen to the Royal Stand.

Thus the culminating moment had arrived, and all eyes were fixed on the two central figures, who alone held the stage, before so large an audience.

After the Recorder had read the loyal address, His Majesty had graciously responded and numerous presentations had been made, the King was graciously pleased to operate a switch, which opened the new wings of the Chester Infirmary; almost immediately in response a rocket was fired, signifying that the opening had taken place.

The object of their visit being accomplished, the King and Queen leisurely returned to their carriages. Chester, true to its past, showed that it was loyal to the core, for the Royal Visitors received a splendid send off. Before the last notes of the National Anthem had died away, cheer after cheer rang through the Square, making the ancient walls resound again. On their way to the station, Their Majesties waited a few minutes at the Smithfield in order to hear seven thousand of the school children sing the National Anthem.

Their Majesties, after expressing their delight, continued their way to the General Railway Station and at one o'clock entered the royal train, leaving behind a remembrance and a loyalty of feeling, not likely to be forgotten in a city which, through the ages, has shown such faith and love towards its sovereigns.

M. V. N. S.

Ode to Cricket.

Hence, loathed Hockey, sport
 In muddy fields and blackest weather born,
 In dripping rain forlorn :
 'Mongst horrid whacks and shrieks most foully fought.
 Find out some uncouth field
 Where chilly Winter spreads its leaden sky,
 And umpire's whistles cry ;
 There beneath showers of mud and lawless sticks,
 As painful as thy kicks,
 Maim us no more, and TAKE thy Hockey Shield.
 But come, thou summer game of cricket,
 Bearing bat and ball and wicket ;
 Haste thee, sport, and bring with thee
 Hat-trick, likewise century,
 Yorkers, lobs and wanton breaks,
 Drives, and cuts, as 'Ranji' makes,
 Forward-play and canny glides,
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And, if I should worthy seem
 Put me in the cricket team,
 To dwell with thee for evermore
 Till I make a decent score.

Let me wander through the gate
 To where the match begins in state,
 Where the teams are robed in white
 Ready for the coming fight ;
 And Queen's School girls come forth to play
 On a sunshine cricket day.
 Let me find some sunny corner
 There to watch our local Warner,
 While the summer sunshine blazes
 On a pitch bereft of daisies.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the cricket field it measures :
 Knowing players who inspect
 The pitch—this has a fine effect ;
 Captains on whose anxious brow
 Labouring cares are resting now.

And if you first ball should take
 Let no qualms your courage shake ;
 Let there be no "*Rotten* luck !
 "So-and-so is out for duck !"
 When the ball approaches you
 Mind you hit it hard and true,

While we watch it as it scuds
Through the hedge, into the spuds.

When the other side go in
All resolved to score and win,
Let no fielder fall asleep
In the hazy, drowsy 'deep,'
Dreaming in the chequered shade
Of the score she *might* have made.
Let our bowlers mind their pitch
Even if they can't be Hitch,
While neat-handed 'cover' snatches
All and sundry useful catches.

Soon the game draws to a close,
When we cheer our former foes :
Stumps are drawn, and speedily
We adjourn in quest of tea,
And settle down to drink and eat
With stories told of many a feat.
When that vacuum inside,
Is completely satisfied,
Then we wend our homeward way
Having had a rattlin' day.

These delights if thou canst give,
Cricket, 'tis for thee I live.

Ode to Hockey.

Hence, vain, deluding game,
The sport of Summer, without reason played !
How little you were made
To satisfy our energy ! How tame !
Dwell in some idle ground
And fancies fond of centuries possess,
As thick and numberless
As hungry gnats that hover round your pitch,
Or nettles in the ditch,
Wherein the ball refuses to be found.

But hockey, hail ! thou Winter sport
Of glorious battles, hardly fought,
With ball too visible and white
To hit the orb of human sight,
With trusty stick, deftly to wield,
Grace once again our playing field.
Come, and keep thy wonted state,
With gym-dress, boots, and student gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,
Lest rain should spoil our nice new ties.

Behold the two teams take the field
To fight the battle of the shield :
Supports contemplate their team,
Breathless excitement reigns supreme.
Mute silence does not hold for long,
The umpire's whistle deigns a song,
'The centres, resolutely 'square,'
Bully as if life ended there,
While half-back checks some mighty stroke
As if it were the merest joke.
Then from the scene of muddled play
Some forward deftly breaks away,
And, dribbling the field's long length,
She aims to shoot with all her strength,
But, missing it, she next is seen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold some wandering back
Despatch the ball with mighty whack.

O lemon, cousin to the lime
Come hither, love ! 'Tis now half-time.
And each puffs out : " My word, it's hot !
" O but they are a hefty lot ! "

Let no one mar a promised goal
By basely failing to control
Her high-flown stick, that's out to kill,
Hear the indignant whistle shrill !

Who may not know the joyous sense
Of bounding past a dazed defence,
Or tackling some approaching foe,
And leaving her, to puff and blow.
Thus for victory we contend
Till the game draws to an end.
When having cheered right lustily,
Our minds and bodies fly to tea.
While we make merry with our foes
The afternoon draws to a close,
And frosty night begins to fall
And evening steals into the hall
Through leaded windows, great of height,
Casting dim religious light,
All unheeded : as we chatter,
Busy cups and saucers clatter.
Comfortably weary we
Drown dispute in much good tea.

Days like this if thou can'st give,
Hockey, 'tis with thee I'll live.

M. H. W.

To Bagdad by the River Euphrates.

(A Friend's Experiences, communicated by B. Lorimer).

We started from Alexandretta for Antioch en route for Bagdad on a broiling day and in the comfortless conveyance known as a "prairie schooner." Our next stopping place was Aleppo, where preparations had to be made for the voyage to Bagdad. The party consisted of myself, a Circassian guard, an Armenian cook and a native mechanic. Our first stopping-place along the river was to be Deir Khafir Khan. Our road lay through small villages composed of beehive-shaped mud huts. In spite of scanty vegetation, there were thriving flocks of sheep. The shepherds appeared to be contented people, for they were always singing at the tops of their voices, and it often happened that they were audible before visible. Arrived at our destination, my courage failed me when confronted with the dirt of the Khan guest-chamber, and at the cost of offending the proprietor, I pitched my tent outside the door.

Our next stop was Meskene, on the Euphrates, when we bade farewell to our carriages and took to the Shahtour, or river boat. Our departure was delayed by a strong wind and we gratefully accepted the kind invitation of the shipping-agent to shelter in his hut: a kindness for which, he lost no time in informing us, "Baksheesh" was due to him to the amount of two medjdes (6s. 8d.)

Our Shahtour was about 20ft. long by 10ft. broad. The boat simply floats down the river, the oars only being used for steering, so our rate of progression was not reckless. The first rousing incident occurred at Abou Harera. I was lunching, when in rushed the Circassian, seized a gun and rushed out again, overturning my table in his haste. I followed with my revolver to see what was happening and found three Arabs fully armed, standing on the bank and shouting "Haj el Darb" (right of way). None of us answered. "If you don't come to side, we fire," one cried. That was exactly what we were waiting for and immediately *we* fired, taking care to aim high. Evidently they were unprepared for this, for they took to their heels, and only when they had reached shelter did they attempt to fire, and then their shots went wide. I heard afterwards from one of my boatmen that robbery was no unusual thing on the Euphrates.

Immediately on the river banks, there are villages, but behind these stretches the desert. The inhabitants cultivate

oats, barley and Indian corn. They are a friendly people and often greeted us with the Prophet's greeting, "Selaam Alezkoum," to which we duly responded, "Alezkoum Selaam." In spite of these politenesses, however, my boatmen would never respond to their pressing invitations to us to land at night; somewhat pointedly they would explain that our boat was "Milan Askar" (full of soldiers). On one occasion, we nearly came to blows and only escaped by our mechanic's convincing our friends (?) that we were in possession of the more deadly weapons.

The most important place at which we stopped was Anah, a typical Arab town consisting of one street three miles long, but so narrow as hardly to allow of the passage of a carriage. At Jelvja, we left the river and the journey to Bagdad was finished in carriages.

The Twenty-Second of May.

Yes, there was certainly mystery; likewise noises; also traces: times, too, when the Sixth and Fifth forms might be discovered, not exactly *stealing* away, but *transferring* themselves, now to Abbey Square, now to Rowton, and anon foregathering on Saturday—mark the Saturday—in the Great Hall at School. Then came a day when, after the Infirmary clock had twangled out four o'clock and the School electric bells had shrilled the end of Afternoon School, there arose on the hushed air the smart "tap tap" of the hammer, and investigation in the playground revealed the presence of TWO MALES, the one hard at work constructing, the other equally hard at work conversing. And traces? The sudden dearth of coloured chalk and the omnipresence on the boards of a film, now cærulean, now verdant, bespoke the creative impulse at work. Days passed and other signs supervened. Silent forms, intent on their errand, flitted through the cloisters and bore in hand vessels closely veiled. Last of all, the calendar spake, and announced the month of May passed into its third period, and then "Admiration hooped the wonder," and Empire Day stood proclaimed.

A sunny world smiled on the anniversary, or rather, on its proxy, for though flags might float on the twenty-fourth, festivities must take place on the twenty-second. Morning witnessed the austerer celebrations, the efforts of the First and Second to cope with the verbal involutions and mazes of "Rule Britannia," the recitations of the Lower and Middle School; but afternoon ushered in the junketings. Then did the Kindergarten

celebrate Games in which, like the Ancients of old, each competitor proved his or her worth and departed with the due reward of prowess. Followed tea and more games, and then the most hygienically disposed of Forms wended its way homewards and, sequentially, bedward soon after half past five.

Golden Phœbus had not thought of steeping "His fiery face in billows of the West" when the School re-assembled—to be precise, at 7 p.m. A surprising sight met the view. Benches, and more benches, and chairs of varying degrees of stability stood ranged in long rows; a seemly space and then—the stage! The early visitant, haunting the Hall betimes like an over-conscientious ghost ready to go on at 11-55 p.m. instead of midnight, perceived a modest dais carpeted—well, not from the looms of Persia or of Ind, but—carpeted. A "flat" reared itself behind the stage, and depicted the towering fort of Tilbury lording it o'er a martial scene where bristled one cannon. Before more could be discerned, two resolute scene-shifters cut off the view by erecting a curtain; *erecting*, not drawing: indeed, there supervened a gymnastic display of raising and precipitating groundward two lofty pillars linked by an unpretentious yoke of common cord from which depended sheeny folds of sateen. The exercise, be it remarked, promised perfection in this as in other details.

At length, the audience had taken its place; blinds were drawn to cut off the light of day; the electric lights went up, the curtain went down, and three exquisites strolled from the wings and mounted the stage from the front. Mr. Puff spake and the play had begun.

Where all showed genius, it is difficult to particularise. Mr. Puff evinced a character in which alternated bonhomie, enthusiasm, despair, appreciation, in fact the well-known blend labelled "artistic temperament." Mr. Sneer was so bored that he would probably have departed from the stage and the play alike prematurely, had there been the possibility of his extricating himself from his position on the middle chair of three. Mr. Dangle showed such a solicitous affection for his own person that it is to be hoped that he was at once an orphan and a bachelor. Sir Christopher Hatton turned out his toes in shoes of such unapproachable perfection that, had he done nothing more—and he did much more—he would have been a joy. Sir Walter Raleigh was a worthy companion, the Earl of Leicester an irresistible suppliant. The patriotic Governor of Tilbury Fort was, in relation to his daughter, as matter of fact as any human father. Lord Burleigh graced his chair and shook his head to admiration. The love-sick Beefeater was most

imposing, and while it was a matter of regret that he should have to abandon a garb so picturesque, it remained to admire the celerity with which he shed his yeoman cocoon and stood revealed as the butterfly gay courtier. Don Whiskerandos was a worthy rival who died with so much feeling that it was not surprising that he refused to accede to Mr. Puff's request and harrow his own and our feelings by a third demise. For the rest, it may be said that the sentinels were admirable studies in still life, and that the Prompter was as callously indifferent to the tenderest feelings of a playwright as ever was any stage manager or producer.

And now the ladies, who, making their appearance at a late development of the plot, come second to the actors in this veracious review also. The two Nieces so aptly duplicated each other's charms that they might have been a pair of mantelpiece ornaments come to life, and their exterior likeness was but the type of the identity of feeling which led to the thrilling impasse from which the Beefeater set them free. But Tilburina! And her Confidante! Never do we desire in a long life to see any one madder. Ophelia seemed to have been her inspiration in the conception of the part, but then never had Ophelia the fortune to find her every action doubled by her faithful companion. To be mad in White Muslin must appeal to the inmost heart of any artiste, but to have induced Concurrent Madness in Calico is to know a triumph indeed.

The entertainment was brought to a conclusion by the singing of "Rule Britannia" and—uncontemplated by Mr. Sheridan, who probably never foresaw that he would be adapted to make a Schoolgirls' holiday—with the singing of a spirited School Song composed for the occasion by Margaret Welsby.

Then came cheers for Miss Spurling as initiator, for Miss Day and Miss Desgratoulet as producers, and for Mr. Ayrton as, by Special Appointment, Scenemaker to the Company.

Empire Day in the Kindergarten.

On Empire Day we had some races. It was a beautifully fine afternoon, so we were able to have them in the garden.

For many days we had practised running, crawling, hopping and walking very quickly. Then on Empire Day we were ready for the running, crawling, hopping, shoe, potato and obstacle races.

The shoe race was such fun because we had to wear grown up people's shoes and it was very difficult to run in them. We all enjoyed the obstacle race the most, because just before the end of it, we had to dress up in coats and gloves and run home. These did not fit us and looked very funny.

After we had finished our races, Miss Clay gave us some beautiful prizes, and to our surprise, we had all won one.

We all felt very tired after running so many races, so Miss Clay asked us if we would like to have tea. This made us feel much better, and we were soon ready to run into the garden to play games. We played "Cat and Mouse," "Nuts and May," and "The Family Motor Car." "The Family Motor Car" was a fine game, but we had so many accidents that we were all kept very busy trying to mend our car. However, after some time we managed to get back to the Queen's School without being hurt, and it was then time to say "Good-bye" and run home.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Wisdom from the Kindergarten.

In the Autumn Term, after a talk about fruits, the following was suggested for the Nature Calendar (a record of *observations* made by the children themselves).

"Adam and Eve picked the apples in the Garden of Eden."

When the bulbs were beginning to grow, the following discussion on whether one bowl contained crocuses or scillas took place.

First boy.—"I wonder what those flowers are in that bowl; I think they are crocuses."

Second boy.—"That they are not, they are sinners!"

The children were learning the following lines of a hymn:

"See the shining dewdrops
On the flowers stewed."

One little boy's version was:—

"See the shining dewdrops
On the flowers stewed."

When saying the hymn, "All things bright and beautiful," no one could remember the third verse. "The rich man in his castle," etc.

One baby suggested, "The parson in his pulpit."

Animal Lore.—Asked what a tiger was like, a small boy replied, "It is an animal like my jersey"—a striped one.

The Fairies.

(An Exercise in Versification.)

I strayed one bright night in a fair little glen,
And there beheld dancing some quaint, funny men;
They hopped with such joy, and they skipped with such glee,
I knew them to be the gay little gnomes free,
Who dwell underground on a dark, sombre night,
But dance upon earth when the moon's shining bright.

I gazed with much joy on this wonderful sight,
(There was envy combined with my simple delight
For I could not dance like those folks I had seen),
And I heard the commanding words "Room for the Queen!"
And saw then a fairy step on to the throne
Who cried: "Oh, my courtiers, your work you've not shown.

"So bring out the treasures you've made underground!"
They turned to obey, but I heard a strange sound,
And, over the hilltop, as plain as could be
The warm sun was rising behind a great tree,
Then, all in a moment, quite bare stood the throne,
The sweet glen was silent, and I was alone!

M. TRAYES.

The Queen School Debating Society.

President	...	J. M. HEWITT.
Secretary	...	M. H. WELSBY.

Motion:—

"That the Disadvantages of War outweigh the Advantages."

Held on Wednesday, March 11th, in the General Science Room.

Proposer	...	J. M. Ayrton.
Seconder	...	D. Bates.
Opposer	...	M. V. N. Sudds.
Seconder	...	Z. M. Pritchard.

The Proposer said that of course War was not an unmingled evil—it had its advantages, and it was therefore impossible to

make sweeping statements about it. No one could deny, however, that War entailed an immense cost in blood and money; that it wasted valuable lives, and destroyed happiness. "War," she said, "has been called a 'school for heroism': it is not the only occupation that can lay claim to that distinction. War has been called the 'key to progress': surely it is rather an impediment to progress, since it temporarily paralyses trade. War has been called the 'source of peace'; the former seemed a quaint method of promoting the latter." She went on to say that if War was to be judged by its fruits, in accordance with the wishes of its advocates, it most certainly could not bear the test: it warped character; it undid the good produced by peace; and what was more ridiculous than that two men, with no quarrel, should be called upon to murder each other? War was said to be an agent of civilization; but surely an invention such as that of steam-locomotion did far more in this direction: it was steamships, not War, that rid the seas of pirates. England's successes in America were due to the fact that she adopted peaceful methods, where other nations resorted to butchery. She concluded her speech by quoting from the Duke of Wellington, Carlyle, and others who have expressed their opinions on War.

The Opposer said that of course War was an evil, but that it was also productive of good. It was, moreover, inevitable, as it was the only means of settling national disputes. In the long run, the motives for War were such as to justify it, and it served to punish crime that would otherwise pass unquestioned. If the process of War were evil in itself, the results were good: it served to discipline character as no other occupation could, as might be seen from the example of the Romans. Again, War alone opened up new countries to civilization and, further, developed the civilization of the opposing nation in its medical and surgical sciences; its engineering—ships, guns, bridges, aeroplanes, and innumerable other inventions. "And last, but not least, of the many benefits derived from War," she said, "is the splendid occupation which the Army and Navy give to so many men. Though a vast amount of money is thus spent, it could not be better employed than in giving a large number of men the means of earning their living, and gaining a splendid training and a wider outlook on life by the travel they undertake. If some of the men, seen hanging round street corners with nothing to do and no backbone in them, were only to enlist, England would be a better place."

The Seconder to the Proposer said that she had listened with interest to the Opposer's speech, as she had been anxious to

see what arguments could be brought forward on behalf of such a cause. She said that War influenced the whole world, and penalised countries not actively engaged in the struggle: England had suffered severely in the American Civil War. As for the heroic side of war, surely it was more heroic to explore for the good of science, or to save life rather than to destroy it. "People talk of the thrills of War!" said she, "It is War that brings out the savage animal in man! Personally, I have always thought that the animal in man was the part to be disposed of." She went on to say that no country at War could be prosperous; its trade was crippled, its debt enormously increased—here she cited statistics to prove her point. As for the training, once a War was over, those who had fought were either incapable of settling down again, or if they wanted work, were unable to get it.

The Seconder to the Opposer rose and said that War not only brought out the heroic qualities in men, but also in women, who showed their courage and sympathy by nursing the sick and wounded. She went on to say that, among the savage tribes of Central Africa, War disposed of the surplus population which would otherwise die of slow starvation. Her next point was that England owed her supremacy chiefly to War, and not only to her victorious ones, but also to her reverses, for her conquest by the Normans resulted in great social progress.

The Secretary said that War was an evil which advancing civilization ought to bring to an end; that it frequently led to nothing, as in the case of the Balkan War, where a few insignificant nations were trying to cut each other's throats; or else it was unjust in its decision. Instead of dying out, War was becoming more ghastly and more like cold-blooded murder; so much so, that, instead of getting rid of bad blood, it merely spilt good blood. She insisted that she was not a Pro-Boer, but that if Krüger had merely been disposed of before being allowed to go so far, the Boer War might have been avoided; England might have resorted to arbitration, and as the Secretary lucidly explained, "she ought to have done so even if she couldn't." She concluded by saying that War was unsatisfactory, because it afforded scope for unscrupulous ambition; because it frequently wasted lives to no purpose; because it entailed huge expense and endless misery; and because it always gave the verdict in favour of brute force.

The Proposer got up and said the Seconder to the Opposer had very extravagant ideas as to the best means of getting rid of a superfluous population.

R. Dutton retorted that it was cheap and effective. She went on to say that it was ridiculous to talk of War being abolished when it was often the only means of settlement.

The Secretary suggested arbitration.

"It wouldn't be impartial," said R. Dutton.

The Secretary retorted that there was no reason why it shouldn't be, and that even if it were not, War was not, either; and arbitration was less ghastly and less expensive.

The Seconder to the Proposer said that Alaska was given to America by arbitration.

R. Dutton said that Alaska was not worth fighting about, and gave a scientific opinion on its climate.

B. Imison rose and said that she was convinced that there would have been trouble in South Africa even without Krüger.

The Secretary replied that Krüger had urged on the Boers, and that had the Uitlander question been submitted to arbitration, Krüger would certainly have been condemned and removed.

B. Imison said that the Boers would then have made War.

The Secretary said that without Krüger the War would have come to a close very much sooner.

M. Holmes rose and said that War was no lasting profit, even to the victor; commerce was practically destroyed, and progress was so hampered by debt that the victor sank from glory to trade depression. Furthermore, she said, it was ridiculously inconsistent that, while the aim of modern science was to preserve life, War wantonly destroyed it.

The Seconder to the Proposer said that she had been much struck by the remarks of the opposing Seconder on War as a means of evoking women's sympathy. There was plenty of sickness at home without carrying on a War.

The Seconder to the Opposer said that if there was some sickness at home, in War there was MORE.

"Charity begins at home," said the Secretary.

"Exactly," said the Seconder to the Proposer. "In the South African War, there were floods of incompetent women, whose uncalled-for sympathy consisted chiefly in a desire to get their names in the paper."

"And does the member imply that Florence Nightingale was useless in the Crimea," said R. Dutton, "and that she went to get her name in the paper?"

The Secretary announced that she did not think any woman would try to nurse the wounded to get her name in the paper, but that she did think War gave far too much scope for personal ambition on the part of the combatants.

R. Dutton said that War was the most sporting way to settle a difference, and that the sympathy was generally for the weak side.

The Secretary retorted that if the weak side deserved sympathy, it ought not to be penalized because the one means of settling a dispute gave the verdict to the strong side.

K. Lovell replied that the weak side could become the strong side.

"Will the member kindly explain?" said the Seconder to the Proposer.

K. Lovell said that she didn't know much about history, but that the Monmouth rebellion was an example of weak becoming strong.

"The Monmouth rebellion has nothing to do with the point," retorted the energetic Seconder.

The President here referred again to the question of surplus population. "Why kill surplus men," said she, "when there are not enough men as it is?"

The Secretary suggested that the surplus populations might be transported to Canada.

The suggestion met with scorn from the Opposer, who replied that it would be too cold for savages from Central Africa.

"But why have a War to dispose of them?" asked the President. "Why not kill them?"

"How would *you* like to be killed because you were surplus?" said B. Imison.

"I'm not a savage," replied the President with dignity.

B. Imison objected to this distinction, and was called to order for wandering from the point.

The Opposer said that it should be obvious to all that force was the only means of settling the dispute with an uncivilized nation; moreover, she said that it was greatly to the advantage of the uncivilized nation to be conquered, as it invariably improved its social conditions.

"No doubt;" said the Secretary, "but how would *you* like someone to bayonet you, all for your own good?"

"Not to the point!" exclaimed R. Dutton, "we are regarding the question from the national standpoint. Exploration is always an advantage to the explored, and exploration means War, as a rule: therefore War is an advantage."

The Proposer said that personally she would resent being explored.

The Opposer corroborated R. Dutton's assertion. "Can you give an example?" said the Secretary.

"Yes, I *can*!" said the Opposer, promptly. "The last Egyptian War in which Kitchener was general, is an example."

"Then if Egypt was being explored, how do you explain the fact that Kitchener's army was partly made up of Egyptian troops?" asked the Secretary.

"Personal influence," replied the Opposer conclusively.

K. Lovell said that War was absolutely good, and referred to the glory of Agincourt and other British victories.

"All very well for the winning side," said the President.

The President then called upon all those who had not yet spoken to express their opinions: this they did as shortly as possible.

The motion that "The Disadvantages of War outweigh the Advantages" was carried by ten votes to eight.

M. H. WELSBY, Secretary.

The Drill Display.

A Drill Display is no novelty at the Queen's School, but to hold it at the Town Hall is; and that has been, by the kindness of the Mayor of Chester, this year's innovation. The Display was given to afford parents some opportunity of seeing the year's work in this part of their children's education, and this, judging by the generous applause accorded, was much appreciated. The exercises were wonderfully varied and carried out with admirable precision: when once the word of command had been given, the girls performed the complete set of movements without further prompting or direction. The little ones appeared all dressed in white; their elders produced in a different way a no less pleasing effect in their workmanlike blue gymnasium dresses and white shoes. Perhaps the most effective exercises were the Intwisting Wands, the Flag Drill, the Clubs and the Free Exercises, though the girls themselves would probably give their vote in favour of the more thrilling display of Vaulting.

The full programme is given below.

PROGRAMME.

1. Step Marching.
 2. Junior Wand Exercises—Forms I. and II.
 3. Canes—III. Upper.
 4. Dumb-bells.
 5. Intwisting Wands—V. and IV. Upper.
 6. The Horse: Vaulting.
 7. Flag Drill—III. Lower.
 8. Country Dances: (a) The Black Nag—III. Upper.
(b) Gathering Peascods.
 9. Clubs.
 10. Free Exercises—V. and IV. Upper.
 11. Jumping.
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The Advertisement Dance.

December 12th, 1913.

To the uninitiated, my preparations for an evening of frivolity might have appeared a little unusual, even eccentric. To begin with, I did my hair in two short plaits, and tied them up with red and pink ribbon. Then I put on an evening dress

of normal type, but covered it with a nightdress which boasted of a large muslin frill by way of collar. Then I acquired a basin and spoon, and my preparations were complete.

The explanation of this rather unusual proceeding was that Miss Clay had invited the Queen's School to an Advertisement Dance, and I was to appear as a unit in a compound advertisement which demonstrated the soothing and cheering properties of Fry's Cocoa.

An Advertisement Dance is much more attractive than an ordinary Fancy Dress Party. It is so difficult to think of anything new for the latter, and the result is, that everyone is tired of meeting such characters as Dutch Girls and Robin Hoods, Gipsies and Boy Blues, Cowboys and Fairy Queens. There is, however, no monotony about an Advertisement Party. It affords a wide scope for taste and originality, neither of which was lacking at the Queen's School Dance.

It seemed that some of the posters with which one had become familiar outside railway stations had suddenly grown tired of their hoardings and craved a more animated existence. Pretty Polly, of Dry Soap fame, minus her basket of clean linen, danced with Rhoderic Dhu, who seemed quite at home without his Highland background. Turkish ladies faced the world unveiled in order to shew the marvels wrought by Icilma Fluor Cream, and a neat nurse carried a baby which was being eternally fed with Allenbury's Food.

Many of the dancers were reminiscent of the pages of the Strand Magazine. We felt that there was something strangely familiar about the small girl in stiff muslin and white socks, with the enormous bow in her hair; but we found it impossible to decide whether she encouraged the sale of a dental preparation or a sweetmeat.

Other characters were easy to identify: for instance, anyone wearing a picture of an animated robin with a very scarlet breast, could not possibly have represented anything but "Robin" Starch. Mrs. Noblett, too, was familiar to anyone who frequents Watergate Street.

Other characters were not even vaguely familiar; in fact, some were puzzles of the most complicated nature. We racked our brains in vain over the identity of a lady dressed in white muslin with a black hair-ribbon and sash, and carrying a key and an egg whisk!

The key and the egg whisk were typical of the strange objects which were found scattered about the room—Nurse Allenbury soon grew tired of her charge and deposited it on a hard bench in a deserted corner of the room. The baby, thanks no doubt to its excellent food, behaved with the utmost tact, and never so much as uttered a sound. Other properties were such objects as:—An enormous tooth brush which would have done good service in sweeping floors; a hand mirror, a shepherd's crook and a tin purporting to contain Benger's Food.

Before dancing began, about half-an-hour was devoted to solving puzzles of identity. This was no easy task, and in some cases it was an impossible one without the help of a few hints. Towards the end of the evening, Doris Bates was announced as the prize-winner, but even she had not been able to guess more than two-thirds correctly.

We regretfully collected our properties and said good-bye to Miss Clay at the conclusion of what had proved to be the most enjoyable School Party that we could remember.

Entertainment in aid of the Queen's School Got Fund.

The entertainment for the Got Fund was arranged by Miss Hilda Giles for the Old Girls. It took place at the Campbell Memorial Hall, on December 6th, 1913, and consisted of scenes from the works of Charles Dickens.

On this occasion, the "Old Girls" were helped by others—most of whom were well-known in Chester.

The scenes chosen were:—

FROM "THE PICKWICK PAPERS,"

"AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION."

Scene—Mr. Pickwick's Chambers in Goswell Street.

Mr. Pickwick	A. Matheson.
Mrs. Bardell	C. Desgratoulet.
Mr. Winkle	M. H. Scorer.
Mr. Snodgrass	H. K. Douglas.
Mr. Tupman	W. Cullimore.
Sam Weller	E. C. Preston.
Master Bardell	J. Elliott.

FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

"MISS TROTWOOD MAKES UP HER MIND."

Miss Betsey Trotwood	A. C. Scott.
David Copperfield	J. Elliott.
Mr. Dick	M. H. Scorer.
Janet	E. Brotherton.
Mr. Murdstone	H. R. P. Gamon.
Miss Murstone	M. Dickson.

FROM "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

"THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR."

Mrs. Nickleby	R. Baker.
Kate Nickleby	J. Beswick.
The Gentleman Next Door	E. C. Preston.

Two performances were given, an evening and an afternoon one, when tea was provided during the interval between two scenes. The arrangements for tea were made by Miss Day and proved a great success from the treasurer's point of view (and it is to be hoped from the visitors'). At the evening performance Dr. Bridge delighted the audience with his lantern lecture on "Round about Rochester with Charles Dickens." This lecture was as much appreciated by the actors who were enjoying a well-earned rest on the stage behind the curtain, as by the audience before the curtain!

The Ladies' Orchestra conducted by Miss E. Giles played:—

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-----|-----|--------------------|
| 1. Norwegian Dances | ... | ... | <i>Grieg.</i> |
| 2. (a) Mystic Beauty | ... | ... | <i>Finck.</i> |
| (b) Nights of Gladness | ... | ... | ... |
| 3. Danse Piedmontesi | ... | ... | <i>Sinigaglia.</i> |

The members of the Orchestra were:—

1st Violins.	2nd Violins.
Miss Duckworth.	Mrs. Lindan.
Miss Grantham.	Miss N. Delany.
Miss C. Darby.	Miss Wigham.
Viola.	'Cello.
Miss Taylor.	Miss Macfie.
	Miss Parry.
Pianoforte ...	Mrs. Macdonald and Miss J. Ayrton.

The Hall was decorated with artistic posters advertising the play—posters which had been designed and executed by Old Girls; Mabel and Elsie Brotherton, Gladys Day, Blanche Jones, Muriel Nicholls, Marjorie Finchett and Ruth Welsby.

Mr. Matheson and Mr. Preston are both so well known that nothing need be said of their acting powers. As Mr. Pickwick, the former excelled himself—he was inimitable. Mr. Preston had hard work taking two parts, Sam Weller and The

Gentleman Next Door, and surely Dickens himself could have found no fault in his rendering of those two characters. To many, Mr. Scorer was a stranger, but he helped them to spend so enjoyable an evening that they hope to see him again.

It is impossible to give everyone their due when space is limited, but, that the whole entertainment was a great success may be gathered from the fact, that, like *Oliver Twist*, the audience asked for more.

Each scene was made more realistic by the charming scenery, painted for the occasion by the hall Steward, Mr. Wedgewood.

As a result of the entertainment, the Old Girls were able to hand over to the treasurer of the Cot Fund nearly twenty pounds.

The Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

The Annual General Meeting of 1913 took place on Friday, 11th July, at the Queen's School. Miss Clay took the chair at 3-10 p.m. Twenty-seven Members were present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and passed. Letters of regret for non-attendance were received from twenty-two members.

The re-election of officers:—(Treasurer, M. Scott; Secretaries, K. Day, R. Spencer; Cot Treasurer, M. Dickson; Cot Secretary, G. Humfrey), was proposed by Mrs. H. F. Brown, seconded by R. Welsby, and carried unanimously.

The Treasurer's Report, which showed a satisfactory balance, was read; its adoption was moved by N. Day, seconded by J. Beswick, and carried unanimously.

The Cot Treasurer's Report, being printed in the Magazine, was taken as read. Its adoption was moved by K. Day, seconded by Mrs. Smith, and carried unanimously. It was brought to the notice of members that "recommendations" to the General Infirmary can be obtained from the Cot Treasurer.

The confirmation of the transference of £2 from the general funds to the Cot fund, to meet last year's (1912) deficit,

was proposed by Miss Glascodine, seconded by Mrs. Krauss, and carried unanimously.

A report of the action taken by the Committee to increase subscriptions and raise funds for the Cot, was read by the Secretary. Miss Clay announced that Miss Hilda Giles had kindly consented to get up an entertainment in aid of the Cot in the late autumn. After some discussion, it was proposed that a committee meeting be called before the end of September; that Miss Hilda Giles be invited to attend; that power to co-opt committee members for the management of the entertainment be given to the committee, and that Miss Clay and Miss Giles be empowered to take the Masonic Hall for a date at the end of November, if possible. Proposers, Mrs. Brown and M. Scott; seconders, Mrs. Ayrton and N. Day.

The nomination and election of five committee members then took place.

The election of Miss Riley as an honorary member was proposed by K. Day, seconded by C. Ayrton, and carried unanimously.

The proposal by Miss Clay that a message of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Mason and Family, on the death of Mr. Mason, was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Association Officials was proposed by Miss Clay, seconded by Mrs. Coleridge, and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding and editing "Have Mynde," was proposed by Mrs. Brown, seconded by M. Humphry Williams, and carried with acclamation. In reply, Miss Clay spoke a few words about the crisis through which the Queen's School had just passed—safely, thanks to loyal friends.

Officials for 1913-14 :—

Treasurer—M. Cooper Scott.

Secretaries—K. Day, R. Spencer.

Cot Treasurer—M. Dickson.

Cot Secretaries—G. Humphrey, R. Spencer.

Committee—Mrs. Ayrton, Mrs. Brown, N. Day,
R. Welsby, R. Evans, H. Atcherley,
(representing Form VI.)

After tea in the cloisters, some of the members inspected the new wing. Meanwhile, a cricket match, Past *v.* Present Girls was going on. The scores were—Old Girls, 65. Present Girls, 27.

Association Notes.

We are glad to hear that Dorothy Stewart is still happy in her studies. Last year she was offered a demonstratorship in Zoology, the subject in which she had distinguished herself in the London B.Sc. She declined the appointment, however, as she wished to work at Physiology. We wish her all success.

Even as we go to press, Marjorie Imison is probably in the throes of the Examinations for the Natural Sciences Tripos. She has our sympathy and best wishes and we look to her to provide us with an interesting paragraph for our next number.

We are pleased to hear that Margaret Dibben, who is working for her degree at Manchester, has been awarded the "Old Ashburnians" Scholarship, which is held in Ashburne Hall, the University Residence for Women Students.

Beatrice Tait has had her Hastings Scholarship renewed for a year, and is taking her Degree Examination at Liverpool this term. Good luck to her!

Congratulations are offered to Gladys Day on having completed her South Kensington Art Teachers' Certificate after three years' work at the Liverpool School of Art.

An enterprising Old Girl is Evelyn Meade, who has gone out to Saskatchewan, to be a student at the Normal College of Saskatoon. We wish her every success in the teaching career in Canada for which she is fitting herself.

Success in another sphere has been won by Kathleen Allington Hughes. In the recent Welsh Ladies' Golf Championship competitions at Tenby, she won the Lady Windsor Cup for the best aggregate three gross scores in the meeting.

At the end of last Summer Term, Dr. Bridge severed his connection with the School. It was thought a good opportunity by the Staff and Old Girls to offer him a small token of their appreciation of his work at the School. Subscriptions were invited and a sufficient sum was collected to present him with a handy complete edition of Scott's Works in a revolving book-case. The following acknowledgment was received from Dr. Bridge:—"The gift and the little address which accompanies it have given me intense pleasure and will always remind me (though I do not think I shall want reminding) of the many happy years I spent working with you all." Dr. Bridge has not lost his interest in the School. At the Dramatic Performance of Scenes from Dickens given in November in aid of the Cot Fund, he delivered a most interesting short lecture, accompanied by lantern slides, on Rochester and Dickens' connection with that town. The sincere thanks of all Old Girls

interested in the well-being of the Cot are here offered to Dr. Bridge for his kind help.

Miss Pollard sails for Pietermaritzburg on July 9th to take up a post there as Art Mistress. Our good wishes go with her and are only tempered by regret that she will be separated from us by so many leagues of ocean.

We have good news of Miss de Fenzi, who is at the Surbiton High School as Mathematical Mistress.

The Queen's School Cot.

It is well known that very important additions have been made to the Infirmary, and that the Children's Ward is now transferred to one of the new wings. With it, of course, has gone the Queen's School Cot, and it may not be amiss to remind readers of "Have Mynde" of its claims on their support. Founded, in the first instance, as a memorial to two little pupils of the Queen's School, it should also prove a means for Queen's School girls to manifest their sympathy with those less happily circumstanced than themselves. Every year, the sum of £25 has to be raised for its maintenance, and while it must be admitted that this is a large sum to be produced by a school, a continued yearly subscription from every past girl, even though it were no more than *one shilling*, would go far to lighten the Treasurer's anxieties. As it is, too often the greater part of the sum has to be got together by some special effort, such as an entertainment; and though that may be an exciting method, it does not speak for the same general realisation of an obligation, the same individual effort on the part of all. Will those who leave the school at the end of the present term, make the good beginning of undertaking, each as she may, to contribute to the recognised "cause" of her old School? The Treasurer, who has faithfully and devotedly performed her difficult task, is Miss Mabel Dickson, Mayfield, Hoole, Chester. She is pleased to receive subscriptions at any time, though October is the month for which they are asked. It may be added that Miss Dickson will supply "recommendations" to any Queen's School subscriber who writes to her to ask for one.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Miss Hilda Giles and all who co-operated with her in producing the very successful dramatic entertainment for the Cot in November last. A Dickens Evening was a novelty in Chester and, as it proved, a very attractive novelty. The sum of £17 1s. 2d. was cleared when all expenses were paid, a most important contribution to the Cot Fund.

THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND ACCOUNT, 1913-14.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance in Bank, 1912	... 10 8 8	By Miss Humfrey, Printing, Stamps, etc.	0 11 0
" Subscriptions	... 9 17 0	" Expenses of Entertainment, December, 1913	7 11 6
" Phillipson and Golder and Miss Day from Entertainment	... 25 3 0	" Bank Book	0 2 1
" Bank Interest	... 0 5 6	" Infirmary	25 0 0
		" Balance in Bank	12 9 7
	<u>£45 14 2</u>		<u>£45 14 2</u>

DICKENS ENTERTAINMENT ACCOUNTS.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Phillipson and Golder for Tickets Sold	20 6 0	By Phillipson and Golder for Printing, etc.	1 13 3
" One copy of Dickens ...	0 0 6	" Siddall for Linelight ...	0 15 0
" Miss Day for Tickets at the Door, Tea and Programmes ...	4 16 6	" "Cheshire Observer" Advertisement ...	0 15 0
		" "Chronicle" Advertisement ...	0 7 6
		" Burkinshaw ...	0 6 3
		" McHattie for Plants ..	0 5 0
		" Sadler for Printing ...	0 9 0
		" Pride and Sons for Make-up ...	1 1 0
		" Hire of Campbell Memorial Hall, Lighting, etc. ...	1 18 6
		" Stamps ...	0 1 0
		" Balance... ..	17 11 6
			<u>£25 3 0</u>

June 3rd, 1914.

Games.

TENNIS CLUB.

SEASON 1913.

Only one outside match was played this season, besides the League Tournament. The form shown by the Queen's School girls did not compare very favourably with that of the other schools they met. It is to be hoped that, after another season's steady practice, they may prove more successful.

The Queen's School played a match against Howell's School, Denbigh, on Saturday, 21st June, at Denbigh. Three events were played:—

1st Double	{ Lilian Read. Betty Imison.	Won by Howell's School.
1st Single	... M. Welsby.	Won by Howell's School.
2nd Single	... E. Moore.	Won by Howell's School.

The Annual Tournament of the Cheshire High Schools Lawn Tennis League was played on the ground of the Sale Tennis Club. The day was fine, but dull and rather cold. The Queen's School champions, M. Welsby and Lilian Read, won their match against Sale High School in the first round, and then had to meet Higher Trannmere High School. The girls of the latter School played a splendidly steady game, their volleying being especially good for girl players. They beat the Queen's School in the Second Round, and came out victors in the Final:—

First Round—

{ Macclesfield High School.	
{ Higher Trannmere High School.	Won by Higher Trannmere, 5—6, 6—5, 7—5.
{ Sale High School.	
{ The Queen's School.	Won by the Queen's School, 3—6, 6—0, 6—3.
{ Northwich High School.	
{ Altrincham High School.	Won by Northwich, 6—1, 4—6, 6—4.
{ Wallasey High School.	
{ Stockport High School.	Won by Stockport, 5—7, 6—3, 6—2.

Second Round—

{ Higher Trannmere High School.	
{ The Queen's School.	Won by Higher Trannmere, 6—3, 6—4.
{ Northwich High School.	
{ Stockport High School.	Won by Stockport, 6—2, 6—2.

Final—

{ Higher Trannmere High School.	
{ Stockport High School.	Won by Higher Trannmere, 7—5, 6—3.

The Final of the Inter-form Tennis Tournament was played on Tuesday, 22nd July, and resulted in a victory for form V. Up. The following are the results of the first and second rounds:—

First Round—(best out of 15 games)—

{ III. Up.	{ S. Mason.	
	{ E. Turner.	
{ IV. Lr.	{ K. Brown.	
{ (owe 15)	{ M. Guest.	Won by IV. Lr., 8—0.
{ IV. Up.	{ B. Imison.	
	{ P. Gray.	
{ V. Lr.	{ L. Read.	
{ (owe 15)	{ R. Dutton.	Won. by V. Lr., 10—8.
V. Up.	{ M. Welsby. }	Bye.
	{ E. Moore. }	

Second Round—

{ IV. Lr. ...	
{ V. Lr. ...	Won by IV. Lr., 10—8.
{ (owe 15)	

Final—(best out of 3 sets, both scratch)—

{ IV. Lr.	
{ V. Up.	Won by V. Up., 3—6, 6—3, 6—2.

HOCKEY.

SEASON 1913-1914.

OFFICERS: *Captain* ... M. Welsby.
Secretary ... E. Moore.
Treasurer ... W. Watson.

MATCHES.

November 7th	...1st XI. v. MISTRESSES and 2nd XI.
	Score 9—1.
November 8th	...1st XI. v. DENBIGH.
	Queen's School scratched owing to bad weather.
November 15th	...1st XI. v. WALLASEY GRANGE, at Chester.
	Score 23—0.
November 22nd	...“A” XI. v. MISS BAKER'S GYMNASIUM XI.
	Score 3—5.
December 5th	...1st XI. v. OLD GIRLS.
	Scratched owing to bad weather.
January 30th	...1st XI. v. OLD GIRLS.
	Draw—5 goals all.
January 31st	...1st XI. v. DENBIGH, at Denbigh.
	Score 1—4.
March 6th	...NAVY v. ARMY.
	Score 7—3.
March 27th	...2nd XI. v. WALLASEY GRANGE, at Wallasey.
	Score 5—0.
March 28th	...“A” XI. v. MISS BAKER'S GYMNASIUM XI.
	Score 1—5.
April 3rd	...OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.
	Score 8—4.

FORM MATCHES.

Form III. Up.	}	Forms II. & I.	}	III. Up.	}	} V. Lr. 10-0.
Form III. Lr.		III. Up. 3-1.		3-1.		
Forms IV. Up. & Lr.	}	V. Lr.	}	V. Lr.	}	
Form V. Lr.		3-0.		6-3.		
		Forms VI. & V. Up.				

Matches were arranged between the 1st XI. and 2nd XI., and between the 2nd XI. and 3rd XI., but, unfortunately, had to be scratched for various reasons.

LEAGUE MATCHES.

February 21st—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. MACCLESFIELD (Semi-final).
Score 5-0.

This match was played at Crewe. The Queen's School backs and half-backs played a sure game, and their forwards pressed hard. The Macclesfield defence was good.

March 14th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. NORTHWICH (Final).
Score 10-1.

This match was also played at Crewe. The second half was more exciting than the first. Northwich played pluckily throughout the match, but especially at the end. Their backs, however, played so far down the field that it was impossible for the Queen's School forwards to combine well.

D. Hills and Z. Pritchard were substitutes in both League Matches, and played splendidly.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL ELEVEN.

M. Sudds, M. Guest, K. Brown, Z. Pritchard (substitute), R. Dutton (1), D. Hills (substitute), J. Ayrton, E. Moore, M. Welsby (5), P. Beavis (2), C. Miln (2).

RESULT OF LEAGUE MATCHES.

RESULT OF LEAGUE MATCHES.				
Sale	}	Northwich	}	} Chester 10-1
Northwich		3-0		
Macclesfield	}	Macclesfield	}	
Altrincham		Altrincham (scratched)		
Chester			Chester 5-0	

THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL XI.

Last season's hockey was good. The 1st XI. regained the Challenge Shield of the Cheshire Hockey League. In these matches especially, the team played well, remembering that good individual play is useless without good combination in play.

The 2nd XI. improved after Christmas, when several girls joined the club, who promise well for next season.

Of the younger members of the club, it can only be said that if, in a few years' time, their play equals their present zeal, they will provide the Queen's School with a good eleven.

<i>Goal—</i>	M. Sudds.	Shows promise of becoming a successful goal.
<i>Backs—</i>	M. Guest.	Did splendid work in all matches.
	K. Brown.	Plays a good game as a rule.
<i>Half-backs—</i>	D. Bates.	Works hard, but is too excitable.
	R. Dutton.	Has shown a keen interest in the welfare of the club, and proved a most reliable centre-half.
	M. Dodd.	Very enthusiastic, but was unable to attend many practices.
<i>Forwards—</i>	J. AYRTON.	Has improved. If she develops a stronger stroke, will creditably fill a somewhat difficult position.
	E. MOORE.	Works hard, but has not yet overcome her habit of falling over the ball.
	M. WELSBY.	Did excellent work, both as a player and captain of the team.
	P. BEAVIS.	An enthusiastic but rather clumsy player.
	C. MILN.	A forward to be relied on, and a clean shooter.

CRICKET SEASON, 1913.

OFFICERS: <i>Captain and Secretary</i> ...	M. Welsby.
<i>Treasurer</i>	W. Watson.

MATCHES.

V. UP. AND V. LR. v. IV. UP.

The result was a win for the Upper Fourth by 66 runs.

IV. Up.	123 runs.
V. Up. and V. LR....	57 „

QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1ST XI. v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH (at Chester).

The result was a win for the Howell's School by 42 runs.

Howell's School	82 runs.
Queen's School	40 „

QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1ST XI. v. OLD GIRLS.

The result was a win for the Old Girls by 25 runs.

Old Girls	52 runs.
Queen's School	27 „



BIRTHS.

- FURNESS.—On January 8th, 1914, at "Leylands," West Kirby, to Mr. and Mrs. John Furness (Mary Finchett), a daughter, Barbara.
- GIBBS.—On October 16th, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibbs (Ruby Arnold), a son, Robert Winton Arnold.
- GAMON.—On April 14th, 1914, to Mr. and Mrs. Gamon (Judith Clough), a daughter, Joan Averil.
- HUNTER.—On 16th August, 1913, at Tarvin Hall, Chester, to Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hunter (Mary Davies), a son.
- SULLIVAN.—On March 16th, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sullivan (Connie Williams), a daughter, Norah Elizabeth Patricia.
- VENNER.—On August 1st, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. Luke Venner (Marion Brandreth), a daughter, Margaret Waring.
- WISE.—On July 30th, 1913, at Nelson House, Coldharbour, Poplar E., to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wise (Dorothy L. Owen), a daughter, Margaret Dorothy.

MARRIAGES.

BOSCAWEN—BROUGHTON. On July 8th, 1913, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, Vera Edyth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boscawen, of Trevalyn Hall, Rossett, North Wales, to Captain Henry John Delves Broughton, Irish Guards, elder son of Sir Delves Broughton, Bart., of Doddington, Nantwich, Cheshire.

HICKS—COLE. On August 20th, 1913, at S. Margaret's Church, Wrenbury, by the Rev. H. W. Bradley, Vicar, Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Edward C. Hicks, of Newhall Cross House, Aston, near Nantwich, to Oswald John Buxton Cole, eldest son of Mr. Oswald Cole, Chief Constable of Oxford.

HORNBY—MATHEWS. On March 28th, 1914, at S. Oswald's Church, Chester, by the Rev. L. C. A. Edgeworth, M.A., Dorothy Marianne, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hornby, of Bache Cottage, Chester, to Conrad Westway, second son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mathews, of Hillside, Tavistock, Devon.

HART-DAVIES—SALE. On January 31st, 1914, at S. Stephen's Church, S. Kensington, by the Vicar, the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour, M.A., Doris, youngest daughter of Thomas Hart-Davies, of Chester, to Alfred Vincent Sale, eldest son of Charles V. Sale, of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

JONES—MORTON. On February 21st, 1914, at Holy Trinity Church, Chester, by the Rev. J. Atkinson, Vicar of S. Mary's, Bootle, Enid Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Jones, Esq., of Chester, to the Rev. Douglas Morton, Vicar of S. John's, Waterloo, Liverpool.

MASON—EVANS. On September 17th, 1913, at S. Paul's Church, Rock Ferry, Violet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Saxonhurst, Rock Ferry, to Vivian Evans, son of Mrs. Evans, of Oxtown.

OKELL—DUTTON. On October 30th, 1913, at Christ Church, Galle Face, Colombo, by the Rev. W. J. Hanan, Winifred A. C. Okell, of Littleton Old Hall, Chester, to F. Gilbert Dutton, Hemingford Estate, Parakaduwa, Ceylon.

DEATHS.

DAVIES.—On April 5th, 1914, at Lache Hall, Chester, Charlotte, third daughter of the late Samuel and Elizabeth Gore Davies.

SIDDALL.—On April 25th, 1914, John Davies Siddall, J.P., aged 69 years.

SPURLING.—On February 10th, 1914, at 9, King Street, Chester, Clara, the beloved wife of Frederick William Spurling, Canon Residentiary.

SPURLING.—On June 14th, 1914, at the Residence, Chester, Frederick William Spurling, Canon Residentiary, formerly Tutor of Keble Coll., Oxford.

The Governing Body and Staff of the Queen's School, Chester, 1914.

Patroness :

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Governors :

Chairman : E. GARDNER, ESQ.

Deputy-Chairman : W. H. DENSON, ESQ., J.P.

Ex-Officio :

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Representative :

COL. EVANS LLOYD, J.P.

T. HODGETT GORDON, Esq., J.P.

D. L. HEWITT, Esq., J.P.

JOHN OWENS, Esq.

T. S. PARRY, Esq., M.B.

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

Mrs. ROBERT ROBERTS.

F. SKIPWITH, Esq., J.P.

E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY, Esq.

R. P. WALLEY, Esq., J.P.

W. WELSBY, Esq.

Co-Optative :

MRS. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL. | THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Clerk to the Governors :

J. THORNELLY, Chartered Accountant, 16, Corn Exchange Chambers,
Chester.

Head Mistress :

MISS BEATRICE CLAY, B.A., LONDON,
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 FINLAYSON, M.A., Univ. of Manchester.

MISS MARIS, Newnham Coll.; Natural Sciences Tripos.

MISS SPURLING, Oxon.; History Hons.

MISS STEWART, B.A., London; Bedford College.

MISS DESGRATOULET.

MISS JAMESON.

MISS SMART, Kindergarten.

Visiting Teachers :

Physical Culture—MISS BAKER.

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

Dancing—MRS. BROOM.

Class Singing—MISS E. GILES, A.R.C.M.

Painting—MISS J. BESWICK.

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).
- **Andrews, F. and E., 5, Coudray Road, Southport.
- Ashington, L. Y., 34, St. Martin's Fields, Chester (Honorary).
- Atcherley, Hope and Hester, 44, Hough Green, Chester.
- Ayrton, Mrs. A. (Winifred Brown), Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Ayrton, C., Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Bates, D., Post Office, Lougheed, Alberta, Canada.
- Bell, Mrs. C. (G. Thompson), Jacobs' Saddlescomb, Sussex.
- Beswick, J. and L., Sunny Bank, Queen's Park, Chester.
- Birch, Miss A., 105, Down's Road, Clapton, London, N.E. (Home). The High School, Glasgow (Term) (Honorary).
- *Broadbent, M., The Hollies, Latchford, Cheshire.
- *Bromley, D. and L., 4, Exton Park, Chester.
- †Brown, Mrs. H. F. (L. P. Humfrey), 18, Curzon Park, Chester.
- Brown, Jessie and Marjorie, Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester.
- Brotherton, E., Helsby, via Warrington.
- Burges, O., Whitford, Hoole, Chester.
- *Cole, Mrs. (M. Hicks), 26, Compton Avenue, Brighton.
- †Coleridge, Mrs. (M. Westmacott), Beswada, Kistna District, Madras Presidency, India, and Arle House, Meon Stoke, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.
- Chambres, M., Mold, N. Wales.
- Cooper, Mrs., The Grange, Sandown, Isle of Wight (Honorary).
- Crooke, Dorothy, at 19, Bennethorpe, Doncaster.
- **Curlett, K. and P., Eastleigh House, Little Eastleigh, near Winchester.
- Cooper, J., The Hollies, Sandbach, Cheshire.
- Day, K., N., R., Rowton, Chester.
- Day, Gladys, Bryntirion, Chester.
- Davies, Miss C., Intermediate School for Girls, Llanelly (Honorary).
- Davies, Miss M., Wycombe Abbey School, Bucks. (Honorary).
- Davison, Phyllis, Moulton College, Toronto.
- de Fenzi, Miss C. Douglas, 66, Audley Road, Hendon, London, N.W.
- *Dibben, M., Caldecote Rectory, Nuneaton.
- Dickson, M., Mayfield, Hoole, Chester.
- Drinkwater, H., Cartwright Gardens Club, London, W.C.
- Eason, D., 21, Cambrian View, Chester.
- Easton, Mrs. (E. Archer), at Bellevue, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.
- Evans, M., Norton Hall, Runcorn.
- **Evans, Ruth, S. Peter's Vicarage, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

- Filmer, Miss A., 128, Portswood Road, Southampton (Honorary).
- Gardner, E., Fairview, Tattenhall, Chester.
- Gallaher, Miss K., Feniscowles, Abbot's Langley, Herts. (Honorary).
- †Gibbs, Mrs. (R. Arnold), 31, Park Place, Cardiff.
- Giles, Miss H., 47, Nicholas Street, Chester (Honorary).
- Glascodine, Miss L., Glanmôr, Langland Bay, The Mumbles, S. Wales (Honorary).
- Gray, Lesley, Homecroft, Crewe.
- **Greenhouse, E. and H., 1, Eversley Park, Chester.
- Gossage, F., Dorincourt, Upton Heath, Chester.
- Harold, E., 4, Grove Road, Wrexham.
- **Hartley, Mrs. (A. Caldecutt), The Sycamores, Legh Road, Knutsford.
- Hewitt, E., Roseacre, Hough Green, Chester.
- Holmes, M., 31, Lorne Street, Chester.
- Hornby, S., 8, Victoria Pathway, Queen's Park, Chester.
- Horton, Q., Holly Bank, Ashton Hayes, Chester.
- *Hughes, K. Allington, Bryn-y-Groes, Gresford, N. Wales.
- Humfrey, G., Homewood, Hartford, Cheshire.
- *Imison, M., Heatherlea, Runcorn, Cheshire, and Girton College, Cambridge.
- *Jones, A., 4, Church Street, Northgate, Chester.
- Jones, Mrs. Clement (E. Boscawen), Friends' Hall, Ness, Cheshire.
- Jones, Dora, 63, Lightfoot Street, Hoole, Chester.
- *Jones, Dora and Olive, 15, Chichester Street, Chester.
- *Jones, Mrs. Hugh (E. Stuart Douglas), Pwll Glas House, Mold.
- Krauss, Mrs. (A. Brown) and Phyllis, c/o Mrs. Ayrton, Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Lanceley, G., The Cross, Malpas, Cheshire.
- Laybourne, F., 1, Hunter Street, Chester.
- Lewis, N., Ty Maen, Oswestry, Salop.
- †Lorimer, E. A., Alexandretta, Syria.
- Mackenzie, Miss, 50, Hobart Terrace, Adswood Lane, Stockport (Honorary).
- **Marsden, M., The High School, Stockport.
- †Meade, E. de C., 5, Didsbury Park, Didsbury, Manchester, and The Training College, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.
- Meredith, H., Stanley Villas, Runcorn.
- Middleton, B., The Newlands, Adlington, near Chorley, Lancs.
- *Oldmeadow, N., Haywood House, 89, West Parade, Lincoln.
- Onions, M., Queen Alexandra's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, London, N.E.
- *Owen, P. M., Rother View, Sandhurst, Kent.
- Pollard, Miss F., Girls' Collegiate School, Pietermaritzburg, S. Africa (Honorary).
- Powell, Miss, at S. Mark's House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds (Honorary).

- Pryce-Brown, Miss, Mission Anglicane, Antananarive, Madagascar (Honorary).
- *Randles, B. and D., Two Mile House, Wrexham Road, Chester.
 Rennet, G., Cluny, Queen's Park, Chester.
 Riley, Miss, 31, Shepherd Street, Stoke-on-Trent (Honorary).
- †Roberts, Mrs. (G. Cawley), Eversley, Box 192, Bulawayo, Rhodesia, S. Africa.
- Rossiter, Miss, The High School, Beverley, Yorks. (Honorary).
- Rutherford, Miss, 26, Belmont Street, Glasgow (Honorary).
- **Sandford, E. and E. H., 5 Hartley Road, Exmouth, Devon.
- Scott, M. Cooper, S. John's Rectory, Chester.
- Sheringham, O. & H., Flaxmoor, Caston, Attleborough, Norfolk.
- *Shuttleworth, K., Curzon Park, Chester.
- †Smith, Mrs. (G. Thornely), Blaenau Point, Chester.
 Smith, Mona, 9, White Friars, Chester.
- Spencer, R., 19, West Lorne Street, Chester.
- Stewart, D. M., 8, Rosemont Mansions, Lithos Road, S. Hampstead, London, N.W.
- Stokes, Miss, Beaumont, Cranbrook, Kent (Honorary).
- **Sturt, Mrs. (Hilda Spencer), 30, Whitefield Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.
- Tait, B., 35, Carrington Street, Parkway, Liverpool.
- †Thornely, M., Rake House, Helsby, Warrington.
- **Thornton-Jones, S., Chantry House, Beaumaris, N. Wales.
- Turner, Phyllis, Stone House, Cheyney Road, Chester.
- Walker, Agnes, Chorlton Hall, Mollington, Chester.
- **Walley, L., Dysart House, Nantwich, Cheshire.
- Walthall, D., The Cottage, S. Asaph, N. Wales.
- *Watson, C., Shavington Avenue, Hoole, Chester.
- Welsby, R., Chichester House, Chester.
- Williams, L., 66, Watergate Street, Chester.
- †Williams, M. Humphrey, St. Mary's Mount, Flint, N. Wales.
- Williams, G., 24, Hough Green, Chester.
- **Wise, Mrs. (D. L. Owen), Nelson House, Coldharbour, Poplar, London, E.
- White, Ruby Hall, The Chalet, Philipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
- Woods, Mrs. (Miss Skeat), 39, Barton Rd., Cambridge (Honorary).

One asterisk (*) denotes that the Subscription for 1913-14 has not been paid.

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

† Denotes a life member.

The attention of Members is drawn to the Life Membership obtainable on payment of one guinea. It is thought that this arrangement may benefit especially Members resident abroad.

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

Notices.

The Editor of "Have Mynde" would be glad to receive at any time contributions to the Magazine. The following rules should be observed :—

1. There should be a margin on the left hand side.
 2. Articles should be written on one side of the paper only.
 3. The writing should be easily legible.
 4. The M.S. should be folded as little as possible.
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The Secretary of the Association will be glad to receive notices of any events of interest in the life of Members of the Association. They can be sent to her at any time during the school year, and to be available for publication should be sent in not later than May 31st.

It is particularly requested that changes of address may be notified.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, the Queen's School, Chester.

Stop Press !

June 19th.—This morning comes the news that Marjorie Imison has obtained Second Class Honours in the Natural Sciences Tripos, Part I., at Cambridge. This is a worthy sequence to a college career which began with an open Scholarship in Geology.

