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1/6.

JUNE.
1922.

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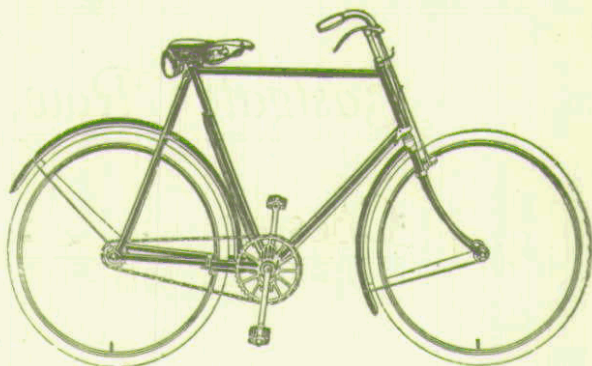
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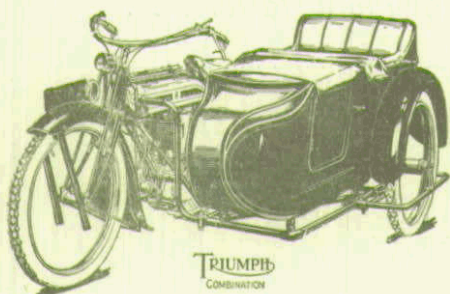
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"HAVE MYNDE."



The Queen's School
Annual.

EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

JUNE, 1922.

CHESTER:
PHILLIPSON AND GOLDER, EASTGATE ROW.

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The Chronicle.

It is a pleasure to put on record that for once the Editor sends "Have Mynde" to press without misgivings. Not only is the magazine solvent; there is money in hand, so helpful has been the income derived from advertisements and an increased circulation. It is not yet possible to reduce the price, but it is not only possible, but desirable to increase the size. The Editor takes the opportunity of informing her public once more that contributions are always most welcome and are always read with a sympathetic eye; especially if they are "legible" and written on one side only of the paper.

On July 5th the boarders had a great treat. By the kind invitation of Mrs. Bennett, they had tea at the Deanery, and afterwards they were taken all over the Cathedral by the Dean. There was no doubt as to their enjoyment—of all they saw and of all they were told. Moreover, it is not every "grown-up" who understands that you want to go up the Tower, whether there is a view or not. But the Dean knew all about that!

When the girls re-assembled in the Autumn Term, they were asked by Miss Clay to assist in a "good work" quite within their powers. During the Summer holidays, she had visited the isolated coastguard station at Hartland Point. It appeared that two coastguards at a time were on duty and during the winter months found themselves with little to afford them recreation. True, they had a few books, but they had had no new ones for some three years. The girls had only to learn of this need to engage enthusiastically in the collecting of holiday magazines and holiday books, with the result that two large packages were despatched to Hartland Point and a third to the Chester Royal Infirmary.

Prize Day in anticipation was an occasion of "shocks and alarums" as the plays have it. Major Barnston had kindly undertaken to distribute the prizes, but unexpectedly was summoned to London by his parliamentary duties. Happily, Mrs. Brown was able and willing to take his place and so all went well. In a very interesting address, Mrs. Brown spoke of the real end of education. It was not the mere acquisition of knowledge; if that were all, many would have ruefully to reflect how much they had forgotten of what they had painfully learnt. Education should produce the healthy mind trained to think, capable of judging and therefore of adapting itself to changing environment. She urged parents to help their daughters to "grow up," to be prepared to take a responsible share in the life of the home and of the community.

On December 1st, a Sale of Work was held in the Great Hall. Its object was to add to what is known as the Queen's School Fund. On this the school draws for contributions to the charities in which the girls are interested; notably, it makes possible the maintenance of a Cot in the Royal Infirmary. Again, there are improvements and additions desired for the School; these the Fund provides. It is always very gratifying to find a thoroughly sympathetic "Opener," and when Mrs. Garnett kindly undertook this rôle, an old friend of the School was welcomed; for her father, Mr. John Thompson, had for many years ably filled the office, first of Treasurer, later of Chairman. The occasion brought the most generous support of parents and the active co-operation of past and present pupils.

The popularity of School parties is unfailing. On the last occasion, growing numbers necessitated the substitution of two parties for the traditional one; even so, the Kindergarten held its own reception for Father Christmas on a third date. The Upper School met on the evening of December 16th for a dance; the Lower School had a party the following afternoon. At the latter, capital help was given by members of Form V., who had, during the term, undertaken the duties of "God-mothering" the Lower School Forms: they proved adepts at children's games.

With a view to practical instruction in Civics, a "parliamentary" election was held at the School during the month of February. All the necessary arrangements were made by the girls themselves under the able guidance of Miss Walton. The enthusiasm was tremendous. All sorts of unexpected capabilities were revealed: in particular, quite an appreciable number of girls proved possessed of a real flair for advertisements, and some striking posters were produced.

The Staff of the Queen's School always eagerly welcomes the interest of parents in the aims of the School and the work of the children; and to this end, from time to time, provision is made for Open Days. The idea is to invite visits from parents, when they may see work actually produced by pupils, and instruction actually being given under conditions approximating as closely as possible to the normal. Accordingly, parents of pupils from Form IV. Lower to Form VI. were invited to visit the School on the afternoon of March 17th and came in gratifying numbers. Perhaps the outstanding feature—because a new one—was the Eurhythmics class conducted by Miss Ayrton and Miss Whittam, who explained the purpose of all the exercises.

On April 4th, the School was visited by Miss Moore, of the Staff of the Jerusalem High School. The Queen's School girls

had for some time taken a special interest in the Jerusalem girls, of whose work and play and needs news came in letters from Miss Winifred Coate. They had already sent a small contribution to the decoration of a room in "Tabitha Cumi," but Miss Moore's address was so vivid as to stir up all to make another effort to help.

At the close of the Spring Term, Forms III. B. and IV. Lower gave very spirited dramatic scenes in illustration of their courses in history. A very youthful Themistocles from Form III. B. addressed his fellow Athenians with such passion as fully aroused their patriotism. Form IV. Lower presented the Election of Abbot Samson with a vigour that might have earned the commendation of Carlyle.

The School has reason to be proud of its "Old Girls" and for more reasons than academic successes. On April 4th and 5th, two "old girls," Doris Chrimes and Gladys Phyllis, volunteered to clean out the library, dust all the books and return them to their places. Now the greatest book-lover cannot contemplate book-dusting other than with aversion: books have such a capacity for absorbing dust. When it is taken into account that the one girl had to make a train journey to perform this unattractive "job," and that the other only began a well-earned holiday on April 4th, it may fairly be claimed that both demonstrated a real devotion to their old School and proved it ungrudging by rendering real personal service.

The progress of the work on the Playing Field, so kindly given to the School by Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brown, is watched with keen interest. The anticipation of all it will offer when completely laid out prevents any grieving over restricted opportunities for games in the present. When it is finished, the event, it is hoped, will be celebrated worthily. Meanwhile, games have been adapted to restricted conditions and supplemented by Nature Study Walks. Empire Day had to be marked by indoor festivities: our numbers have exceeded the accommodation of the garden. There was regret that the rejoicings must take place without parents to share in them, but such had to be, and the School enjoyed its historical tableaux by itself.



Gifts.

The following Gifts to the School are gratefully acknowledged :—

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Book : "First Aid to the Amateur Photographer" ... | Mr. W. R. Rose. |
| Specimens illustrating processes in Silk Making ... | Marjorie Imison. |
| Two Book Cases for the Library ... | Mr. L. V. Browne. |
| Grass Seed | Mr. G. P. Miln. |
| Boom for Gymnasuim | Mr. J. K. Wilkins. |

Gifts to the Library.

Books presented to the Library 1921—1922.

| <i>Name of Book :</i> | <i>Presented by :</i> |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A Book of Nature Myths | Eileen Prentice. |
| The Story Box | Eileen Prentice. |
| The Ruby Fairy Book | Eileen Prentice. |
| The Greater Triumph | Eileen Prentice. |
| More about Pixie | Mary Elwell. |
| The Day's Work | Kathleen Proud. |
| Grandmother's Garden | Constance Bateman. |
| Adventures of Two | Constance Bateman. |
| The Dragon of Wessex | Constance Bateman. |
| The Diamond Buckle | Constance Bateman. |

In Memoriam.

JOHN ELLIOTT, M.D., O.B.E.

The Queen's School shared the mourning throughout Chester at the death of Dr. John Elliott, and with good cause. Dr. Elliott had been at all times a staunch friend of the School. It will not be forgotten how, busy man as he was, he yet spared an afternoon to be present at the great Queen's School Bazaar, and was one of the speakers on that occasion. His advice, as Honorary Medical Adviser to the School, was always at the service of the Head Mistress, and was helpful on many occasions when expert knowledge was needed. The sympathy of all connected with the School went out to Mrs. Elliott, who is a Representative Governor.

THOMAS HODGETTS GORDON.

The School lost a very interested friend in the person of Mr. Hodgetts Gordon, one of the County Representatives on the Governing Body. Mr. Gordon was among the most faithful and most confident of the many friends of the School at a time of financial crisis. In spite of failing health, he was a punctual attendant at meetings. In him, "Have Mynde" was always sure of a reader!

JOHN FRANCIS JAYNE, D.D.

As Bishop of Chester, Dr. Jayne was, *ex-officio*, a Governor of the Queen's School. Himself a great scholar, education really interested him. In spite of the many claims on his time, he was not only a frequent attendant at meetings of the Governing Body, but was generally present at Prize Distributions, ready and willing to help by wise and encouraging words.

JOHN EDWARD MERCER, D.D.

It was a great satisfaction to all concerned with the Queen's School when Bishop Mercer joined the Governing Body. In him, it was recognised, the School had gained the help of a man of wide sympathies and the most far-reaching interests. His death was greatly deplored.

ETHEL RHODA MCNEILE.

Miss McNeile was of those whom the Queen's School is proud to remember as former pupils. From it, she went on to Girton College, and took 2nd Class Honours in the Classical Tripos in 1899. After some years devoted to educational work in England, she went out to India with the intention of studying Theosophy. It was not long, however, before her sympathies took a different turn, and she became a teacher in the C. M. S. Schools in Lahore, Benares and Agra. Being convinced that missionary work was best promoted by community life, she took up work among the Wantage Sisters. The disastrous effects of climate made a return to England for a prolonged change a necessity. Having completed her noviciate and made her profession, she was on her way back to India on the Egypt. When the vessel was rammed, she insisted on giving up her place in the boat to another, and went down with the ship.

Prizes.

Queen's Scholars ... Sylvia Nessie Brown.
Edith Wilkins.

FORM VI.

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Classics ... | Sylvia Nessie Brown ... | Old Girls' Association. |
| Mathematics ... | Sylvia Nessie Brown | John Thompson Memorial. |
| | Edith Wilkins | Miss Naylor. |

DONOR.

FORM V.—UPPER.

| | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|----------------------------|
| Mathematics ... | Kathleen Proude ... | Mrs. Somerset Bateman. |
| History ... | Nancy Rees ... | Mr. & Mrs. Noel Humphreys. |
| French ... | Rita Round ... | Mrs. Alfred Ayrton. |

FORM V.—LOWER.

| | | |
|----------------|------------------|--------------|
| Form Prize ... | Doris French ... | Miss Naylor. |
|----------------|------------------|--------------|

FORM IV.—UPPER.

| | | |
|----------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Form Prize ... | Muriel Corbett... | Mrs. H. T. Brown. |
| English ... | Marjorie Harry ... | Sandford Memorial. |
| Geography... | Mary Kemp ... | Mrs. Alfred Ayrton. |
| Mathematics] | Margaret Haworth ... | Mr. H. F. Brown. |
| | Joan Mott ... | Mr. H. F. Brown. |

FORM IV.—LOWER.

| | | |
|------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|
| Form Prize ... | Marjorie Potts... | Mr. Welsby. |
| Literature and | | |
| History ... | Margaret Allen ... | Sandford Memorial. |
| Scripture ... | Margaret Allen ... | Miss Howson. |
| French and Latin | Marjorie Potts ... | Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell. |
| Mathematics ... | Joan Trubshaw ... | |
| Physics ... | Ena Miller ... | Mr. Robert Jackson. |

FORM III.—UPPER.

| | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Form Prize ... | Ethel Blake ... | Mrs. Beck. |
| | Joan Chaplin ... | The Head Mistress. |
| | Queenie Millichamp ... | Mr. W. H. Denson. |
| Arithmetic ... | Ethel Blake ... | |
| French and Latin | Queenie Millichamp ... | Mrs. Stalterfoth. |
| General Excellence | Dorothy Beck ... | |
| | Dorothy Errington ... | |
| | Sybil Trubshaw ... | |

FORM III. A.

| | | |
|----------------|---------------------|------------|
| Form Prize ... | Marion Chignell ... | Anonymous. |
| Arithmetic ... | Barbara Bidwell ... | |
| | Ruby Dinwoodie ... | |

FORM III. B.

| | | |
|----------------|------------------|--|
| Form Prize ... | Violet Parker... | |
|----------------|------------------|--|

FORM II.

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Form Prize ... | Helen Caunce ... | Mr. & Mrs. Noel Humphreys. |
| General Excellence | Mary Cummings ... | |
| | Marjorie Payne ... | |
| | Brenda Strong ... | |
| | Elizabeth Shaw ... | |
| | Vivien Neville ... | |

FORM I.

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|--|
| Form Prize ... | Myfanwy Ashforth ... | |
| General Excellence | Eileen Hibbert ... | |

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Scripture</i> ... | Judith Welsby ... | Sandford Memorial. |
| <i>Special Industry—</i> | | |
| <i>Upper School</i> ... | Doris Chrimes | Mrs. Elliott. |
| <i>Middle School</i> ... | Eileen Rowson ... | " " |
| <i>Lower School</i> ... | Kathleen Day ... | " " |
| <i>Music</i> ... | Mabel Davies ... | " " |
| <i>Sewing</i> ... | Maureen Adams ... | Dorothy Travers Memorial. |
| | Ena Fearnall ... | " " |
| | Clare Jones ... | " " |
| | Beryl Lloyd ... | Mrs. Stolterfoth. |
| <i>Drill</i> ... | Nancy Williams ... | " " |
| <i>Drill Challenge Cup</i> ... | Form III.—Upper | Miss Elfrida Stubbs. |
| <i>Games—General</i> | | |
| <i>Excellence</i> ... | Marjorie Eason | Mr. Gardner. |
| | Marjorie Payne | Games Club. |

SUCCESES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1920—21.

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Groups—

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English, History, French ... Anne Rees.

University of London—Matriculation ... Mabel Davies.

Anne Rees.

Edith Wilkins.

Additional subject—Latin ... Gladys Phillips.

At the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS,
AND MODELS, the following awards were made:—

Bronze Star.—Modelled Map ... Ruth Paton.

Class I.—Scientific Apparatus ... Judith Welsby.

In the Drawing Examination of the above Society a special prize for
Painting was awarded to Vera Gornall; a full Certificate to Doris Hincks.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|---------|-----|
| <i>Preparatory Division</i> ... | Honours | 40. |
| | Pass | 9. |
| <i>Division I.</i> ... | Honours | 33. |
| | Pass | 18. |
| <i>Division II.</i> ... | Honours | 26. |
| | Pass | 6. |
| <i>Division III.</i> ... | Honours | 19. |
| | Pass | 8. |
| <i>Division IV.</i> ... | Honours | 7. |
| | Pass | 4. |
| <i>Division V.</i> ... | Honours | 2. |
| | Pass | 3. |
| <i>Division VI.</i> ... | Honours | 2. |
| | Pass | 2. |

The Queen's School Sale of Work.

One of the commonest and most persistent superstitions of the present day is that Schools are bottomless mines of wealth; that the fact has not been generally realised; that some one institution, having made the Columbuslike discovery, need only write a well-conceived appeal to secure an income in perpetuity. Now the fundamental error is that each institution imagines that it alone has made the discovery and the result every term is apt to be dozens of appeals—all most appealing—and a rapidly dwindling bank account. To restore the funds, the Queen's School resolved to have a Sale of Work in the sure and certain knowledge that its friends would not fail it.

December 1st was fixed for the important event, and a most sympathetic "opener" secured in the person of Mrs. Garnett.

There were seven stalls—Confectionery, Flowers, Provisions, Leather-work, Packing, White Elephants and Needle-work.

The Confectionery Stall was undertaken by the "Old Girls," and, where so many contributed so generously, both of goods and money, it is impossible to particularise; but Mrs. H. F. Brown certainly gave a magnificent lead.

Flowers came from all quarters, and special thanks are due to Lady Grosvenor and Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell for splendid contributions.

The Provision Stall groaned under its load of good things, but not for long. Soon, all that was visible was a stretch of white cloth surrounded by baulked buyers.

The Leather Work Stall was most attractive, and owed its success to the unflagging energy and inventiveness of Miss Desgratoulet seconded by the Staff generally.

The "White Elephants" had rolled in in crowds and were most varied in kind, ranging from tea pots, toys and table centres to hat pins, pictures and safety razors. One part of the Stall was devoted to books, including a large number of children's. Articles disappeared rapidly, until nothing was left but the actual "White Elephant"—the centre-piece of the Stall. This, however, followed the rest; it was bought by an eager admirer, rolled up and carried away in triumph.

The Needlework Stall was well supplied with useful articles which found a rapid sale. It was gratifying to hear purchasers remarking that the Queen's School always produced useful needlework.

The Packing Stall had a busy afternoon, and the helpers worked hard in their corner of the Hall. It requires considerable skill to wrap up a jar of pickles, a bar of soap, a cake and a doll's hat without breaking or crushing anything; but such triumphs were achieved. There was soon a goodly array of parcels on the broad window sill to be "left till called for," and the pence gradually mounted up and helped to swell the grand total. Sincere thanks are due to Messrs. Phillipson and Golder, who made us a generous contribution of paper and string.

Bran tubs added their quota to our gains.

"Competitions" written in large letters attracted numerous visitors, who eventually found their way to the Kindergarten Room. Round the room were ranged varied and fascinating competitions, some of which taxed the ingenuity of the competitors. The entrance fee to most of them was 2d. In one corner, numerous candles stood crying out for someone to strike a match, and light as many of them as possible before the said match went out, the winner being the one who succeeded in lighting the largest number of candles. "Celebrities" past and present, puzzled many good folk, and not a few were shy of entering in case spelling should be taken into account! "Throw your penny in the plate, and get it out again," attracted many, and so easy did it look that many, many pennies swelled the fund. Spearing a bobbing cork in a bowl of water was very thrilling and attracted many of the younger visitors. Throwing bean bags into numbered holes drew many competitors. Guessing the name of a china dog (which, by the way, was Tweedledee!), and the number of peas in a pot, and, last but not least, the weight of a cake, were other competitions. Prizes were awarded to the successful.

Three class rooms in the Science and Hastings Wings had been set aside for tea, and the Laboratory presented the unwonted spectacle of boiling kettles, a seemingly inexhaustible supply of cakes and a stream of waitresses passing in and out for fresh supplies. From the point of view both of refreshment and profit, the teas were a great success.

Throughout the afternoon, the Hall was packed with purchasers; and when it came to the Entertainment provided by past and present girls under the direction of Miss Emily Giles, the only limit to the audience was the capacity of the Hall.

How splendidly the combined efforts of many served the end in view is evidenced by the very satisfactory balance sheet. Our warmest thanks to our kind friends and faithful supporters.

The Dance and Party at the Queen's School.

On Friday, the 16th of December, 1921, the Upper and Middle School were kindly invited by Miss Clay to a Dance held in the Big Hall.

The music for dancing was provided by Miss Hoadley and a number of girls, who each undertook to play for one dance. Miss Hoadley seemed indefatigable in her energies and made the dances go with a swing: the three cheers given her at the end showed real appreciation.

The Lancers were a great feature of the evening. In one instance, a sixteen set was formed—very bewildering, but great fun. Lancers, however, are somewhat strenuous, and the appetising refreshments and cooling lemonade were thoroughly enjoyed. Relays had to be formed for supper, as the girls were too numerous all to sit down together.

However, all good things come to an end, and after the long turn of "Sir Roger de Coverley," a large circle all round the room was formed for the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Three loud cheers were then given for Miss Clay, and all declared that they had spent a very enjoyable evening.

The following afternoon, Miss Clay gave a Party for the Lower School. The Fifth Form, who were also invited to entertain the guests, drew up a programme of games.

The Party began with Turn-the-Trencher, for which the forms were divided. Other games followed, and a Treasure-Hunt, arranged for the Third Forms, was received with great enthusiasm. Miss Clay gave a prize to the girl who had discovered the greatest number of hidden slips of paper.

Meanwhile, the First and Second Forms were in the throes of Musical Arms, some of the Fifth Form taking turns to play music for it.

The boarders provided real enjoyment, in the shape of a play—"Red Riding Hood." Realistic shrieks from Red Riding Hood, and howls from a terrifying wolf were truly thrilling. The curtain fell on the remains of poor Red Riding Hood—a cloak and two shoes.

A small person afterwards remarked that the play did not end properly, as Red Riding Hood ought to have been rescued from the wolf. All the same, the play was thoroughly appreciated.

Later on, everyone played Oranges-and-Lemons and heads were chopped off vigorously.

The guests seemed anxious for one or two dances, and breathless rounds of polkas and gallops ensued.

The Party then ended, as on the previous evening, with three cheers for the hostess, Miss Clay.

ENID PETTERS HUGHES.

The Music Club.

The Music Club has now been flourishing for a year and a half. The meetings are held about once a month, and at them we hear some of the music of the composer whose life is given in "Music and Youth" for that month. In this way, we have become acquainted with César Franck, Beethoven, Sullivan, Macdowell and other composers, since last June. I think we enjoyed the Beethoven meeting most of all, when a Sonata for piano, violin and 'cello was played to us. Another very interesting meeting—for the study of the Rondo—was held at the beginning of the autumn term. We are looking forward to a Chopin meeting shortly. It seems a pity—for them—that *all* the members of the Society do not manage to read their magazines and come to the meetings. Our best thanks are due to the music mistresses, and particularly to Miss Giles, Miss Ayrton and Miss Whittam, for all the trouble they take, not only in arranging meetings, but also in playing to us.

S. N. BROWN.

Truro Letter.

The High School,

Truro,

2nd June, 1922.

A request from the Editor to send a contribution to the School Magazine made me wish there were a sort of week-end aeroplane service between Truro and Chester. As there seems no immediate prospect of this, I must send some news of my doings for "Have Mynde."

At first, it seemed very strange to be a Head Mistress and to sit in an Office while people knocked politely at the door. The charm of this, however, soon wore off when I discovered that I must needs cultivate the art of writing a fairly intelligent letter though interrupted half a dozen times in the midst of it, and be ready to teach anything to anybody at a moment's notice, as I am the usual stop-gap when a mistress is away. Then there are complicated accounts and still more complicated time-tables, and above and beyond all this, the business of learning to know and understand the girls. So I really feel that this year I have been learning far more lessons than I have taught: certainly my spare moments have been few.

However, there is a tremendous interest in new work, new people and new places. The scenery is an endless delight, and I seize every opportunity to explore the country. Last week, I took our Sixth Form for an expedition to Perranporth, on the north coast, where the cliffs are magnificent and tremendous waves come rolling in. We went to see the ancient oratory of S. Piran, an Irish saint who came over in the sixth century on a shell, and was so holy that he did not sink. We also saw the Perran Round, where Cornish religious dramas used to be performed in a cycle rather like the Chester Plays. I have joined the Royal Cornwall Institution, a learned society which unbends so far as to organise delightful expeditions to places of historic interest. It is also trying to revive the Cornish language, but I have not begun that yet.

There is, indeed, wonderful material for the archaeologist and historian in the prehistoric periods and other traces of primitive days and in the whole history of the church in this country, with an architecture and ritual of its own. "Them heathen Romans," an old man said to a friend of mine, "was driven out by John Wesley": a statement which seems rather perplexing, though that great preacher is said to have exercised marvellous powers on his missions in Cornwall. But this is probably a piece of folklore relating to the battles between the Irish saints and the more or less heathen Cornish folk whom they came to convert.

My other hobby is gardening, and I find that my two gardens, one at School and one at the Senior Boarding House where I live, are a great source of pleasure to me. All sorts of beautiful things, such as arum lilies, mimosa and camellias, flourish out of doors in this atmosphere, which for a good part of the year is like a vapour-bath. I have reclaimed a bit of waste land at School, formerly sacred to old tins, and made of it a rose bed and herbaceous border with box edging. The roses and sweet williams and delphiniums are just coming out and the whole thing is charming, greatly to the surprise of our gardener, who is always a little pessimistic as to anything a mere "foreigner" like myself may suggest.

I will not attempt a comparison of Cornish with North Country girls, except to say that they both show the same disinclination to write accurate Latin.

But I do hope that many of you will decide on a holiday in Cornwall as soon as possible. I think I have fallen a victim to its charms, and I am sure you would do the same.

D. COATE.

The Calling East.

Having taken nearly three weeks to reach Constantinople by sea, it was something of a surprise to be told that one could return to England overland in four or five days. The long days spent at sea had made England seem very far away; and four days in the Orient Express is not long enough to break the shock of exchanging the wild bare landscapes of Turkey for the prosperous green scenery of England, not to speak of the difference in customs and conditions.

However, as the said shock was not experienced before a lapse of nearly eighteen months, perhaps it is a mistake to begin by referring to it!

I shall never forget the beauty of our arrival at Constantinople between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning. Although it was the end of November, the sun shone brilliantly and a heavy purple mist hung over Stamboul, making it seem more like a dream city than usual. Out of the mist rose the delicate minarets pricking against the sky, and the great domes of the mosques were like opalescent bubbles. Gazing upon this magic city hanging over a jade green sea, we felt it was a setting for romance rather than everyday life; but landing at the Custom House quay on the Pera side of the Golden Horn was a disillusionment!

Constantinople is really two distinct cities linked by a bridge over the Golden Horn—Pera, the abode of the Christian populations, and Stamboul, which is purely Turkish. The dignity and beauty of Stamboul put utterly to shame the sordid ugliness of Pera—Pera with its wretched and dirty streets, its huddled, haphazard buildings, and its debased-looking population.

Still, it is only fair to say that Pera is interesting enough to the stranger. In few streets the world over could be seen a more cosmopolitan throng than in the Grande Rue de Pera, the principal thoroughfare.

Here are officers and men from the armies and navies of England, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey, in all the varied hues of their respective uniforms. Turkish women glide along in plain neat attire always of one colour—most commonly of black—worn sometimes with the *tcharchaf*, or veil over the face, but nowadays often without. Armenian and Greek women, clad in the crudest and brightest of tints, make wild splashes of colour. Less conspicuous are the different types of Western women busy over their shopping. Armenian business men, with large, hooked noses, and Greek

merchants, with watchful eyes, rub shoulders with refugees from Russia, offering their wares—anything from paper flowers and cheap toys to valuable furs or a millions worth of rouble notes (obtainable for a few pence)—without interest or hope. Georgians, from Wrangel's army, with astrakhan hats; belted waists drawn to a slenderness any woman might envy; daggers at their sides, long tunics swaying as they walk, carry their uniform with the swagger it merits. Less fortunate Russian soldiers, wearing the queerest assortment of clothes, chatter interminably as they promenade. Perfectly turned out Russian women, their peculiar charm unmistakable, show that all, among those who have sought refuge, are not reduced to beggary.

America is represented by her white-capped sailors and her ubiquitous Y. M. C. A. workers. Serbia, Bulgaria and Yugo-Slavia contribute representatives from their armies. The Teutonic type is by no means absent! Funny little Kalmuks, with flat, dark faces, turbaned Indian soldiers, Arabs and occasional Japs mingle with the crowd. Strange figures, wearing stranger clothes, which might belong to any or to no country, hover uncertainly . . . and, like a leit-motif running through this many-hued throng are the beggars—inevitable result of the Moslem faith—sometimes picturesque in their quaint rags, sometimes revolting in the terrible deformities which they display as their stock-in-trade.

Meanwhile, the roar of traffic is deafening and the spruce Turkish policeman in his grey and red uniform makes ineffectual efforts to control the crush of trams, motor cars and two-horse gharries, probably assisted in his task by a self-appointed British Tommy!

Such is the Grande Rue de Pera, "grandé" chiefly, and perhaps only, for its wonderful catholicity.

Descend to Galata by way of the Street of Steps and pause on Galata Bridge! On the left-hand is the magnificent harbour, where steamers are gathered from all parts of the world and where the grey warships are leashed. To the right lies the Golden Horn, busy and peaceful; along either bank a forest of masts (from the fishing boats); crossing and recrossing, going up and coming down, a kaleidoscope of gaily-painted caiques.

Cross the bridge and penetrate into Stamboul—what a contrast! The roar and bustle of a modern town is behind and a few steps will lead one—to the middle ages! True; modernity has crept over and established outposts in the shape of European shops; and clanging trams tear their way even through Stamboul; but one can soon escape them.

The stately Valideh Mosque, facing Galata Bridge and raised high above the street, stands sentinel, as it were, over Stamboul. At its base, the long, stone trough, filled with running water, in which the Moslem men perform their ablutions before prayer, is almost the first thing to strike the eye, and one sees at once that this is the domain of Islam.

The Stamboul of Pierre Loti still remains—the Stamboul of the sleepy cafés, where old men sit outside smoking their hookahs in a trance of contentment; of the silent, deserted streets; the wooden houses with their baffling grilled windows; the echoing grass-grown court yards; the ancient cemeteries with tumbling grave-stones; the hushed atmosphere of mystery! And in two words has Loti embodied (for me) the glory and the slow decay of those over-shadowing mediæval mosques—“magnificence mourante.”

Imagine yourself standing in the grey courtyard of one of these towering mosques. Sounds from the busy streets float on the still air. It is the hour for the call to prayer. Suddenly, far above you, a voice is heard rising and falling in a chant of unearthly, inexpressible beauty, which seems to come down from the blue heavens themselves. The lonely muezzin is standing high up on the gallery of a minaret, calling the Faithful to prayer As Byron says in a note to his poem, ‘The Giaour’; “the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.”

Santa Sofia is universally held to be the gem of gems among all the jewels of Stamboul. Certainly it stands alone for size, for richness and for historical association.

Many people consider that this unparalleled building should be returned to the Greek Church; and after the war, many hoped it would be. The idea of returning Westminster Abbey to the Roman Catholics would appear to be as reasonable! The Turks have held Santa Sofia since the 15th century; and if, on the one hand, their religious ideals have led them in some respects to deface rather than maintain its beauties, yet, on the other, it is now sacred to their religion and ennobled by their passionate reverence for it.

I have never seen a more impressive sight than Santa Sofia on the great night of Bairam. Bairam is the Moslem festival which follows the four weeks’ fast of Rhamazan, and it continues throughout the night. Every good Moslem in Constantinople is supposed to visit Santa Sofia for some period during that night, and if all do not go, at least many thousands do.

On this occasion, watching from one of the galleries, one saw a vast sea of Moslem men flowing into every space of that

enormous expanse—men not of one class, but of all classes, from the beggar and the rough soldier, to the rich and well educated, all wearing the kalpak or the red fez, all standing shoulder to shoulder, and, as one man, making the beautiful obeisances which form part of the Moslem prayers; while first one voice, then another, sometimes all, took up the wonderful chanting, always melodious, now appealing, now inciting—unforgettable.

Such a scene impelled one to feel that the Turks have made Santa Sofia their own and that to take it from them would be a crime religious as much as political. . . .

To continue with the night of Bairam—after leaving Santa Sofia somewhere about midnight, we drove all through Stamboul. The streets were alive with people (on this night Turkish women may remain abroad after sundown); the cafés were thronged; there was light and gaiety everywhere. Every minaret was illumined, and the Great Mosques showed huge plaques illumined with Turkish writing. The effect against the blue night sky was indescribably lovely, and,—is it poetic license or do I remember truly?—over all a crescent moon hung in the deep blue.

We drove on into the dark and solitary districts near the walls, through the desolate “burnt quarter”—dangerous to the wayfarer at night. Then we came to the Adrianople Gate in the Walls of Constantinople, passed through and were in pitch blackness, only the head-lights showing that we were driving through a cypress avenue.

At last we stopped at a small white mosque surrounded by cypress trees. We entered—crowds of people—and were guided upstairs to a balcony. Weird, dreamy music was being played and through spaces in the crowd we saw white figures whirling. These were the famous whirling dervishes. They wear tall hats, tunics, and long, white, pleated skirts, which fly out as they whirl. Their feet are bare.

They whirl round and round first slowly, gradually quicker and quicker, until at length they become frenzied or exhausted and fall down.

We remained watching and wondering for a long time, but still they whirled on and on, apparently entranced. At half-past three, we were too tired ourselves to wait for the end, and departed.

Then came the long drive back, the murmurous clamour of Stamboul in the distance,—the lights and the laughter again, the mosques with their open lighted doors and the silent streams going in and coming forth.

Finally, a cup of Turkish coffee and a bowl of yowat at a little café and then home across Galata Bridge, back to Western civilisation.

I have not even mentioned the beauties of the Bosphorous, the Old Seraglio, the Grand Bazaar—the thousand and one other wonders of Constantinople—but I must beg the Editor to forgive me!*

AUDREY WELSBY.

Books.

Some time ago I was asked to suggest some books suitable for girls to read. At once, as generally happens on such occasions, every title and author went from my mind, leaving it a blank. Since then I have been thinking of my own experience, wandering back along the paths of memory and greeting old favourites.

Reading was always my greatest pleasure, and anything was welcome as long as it was a book; indeed, on looking back now, I wonder how much I understood of some of the books I read.

I suppose we all pass through very much the same stages of development.

There is the early stage of fairy and animal stories when Hans Anderson, 'Peter Pan,' 'The Water Babies,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Brer Rabbit' and the 'Jungle Books,' help us to form a magic world in which we spend much of our time.

Later comes the adventurous age. School has passed from the kindergarten stage and has now become a deadly reality of decimals and French verbs. What is more natural than to enliven it with wildly improbable stories of school boys and girls and with tales of adventure and heroism? 'Stalkey & Co.', 'Pixie O'Shaugnessey,' 'The V. Form at St. Dominic's,' 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'Swiss Family Robinson' and 'King Arthur and his Knights'; these are some of the names that occur to me. I can still remember the thrills of reading "The Dog Crusoe" after an attack of chicken-pox: I read it a little while ago, but the glory had departed. Soon afterwards, we enter on the romantic stage. Our heroes and heroines must suffer and have a life of trouble—we ourselves are so often misunderstood about that time, we think. Then it is that Edna Lyall's books appeal to us, and others of the same nature, such as "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

* Certainly, if you will produce a second instalment. Ed.

Perhaps you will think I am not going to mention Scott and Dickens and other such standard authors. The taste for them develops at such different ages that it is difficult to assign them to any one particular stage. For myself, I had read most of Dickens' novels when I was fifteen and had thoroughly enjoyed them; but I only turned to Scott when "The Works of Sir Walter Scott in IV. Vols." was all in the house that I had not read. But the books were too heavy and bulky for one to read them comfortably curled up in a chair, which is really the most enjoyable way of reading, I think.

Many other old favourites come back to me, though I cannot remember when I first made their acquaintance: "Cranford," "The White Company," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Aylwin," "Westward Ho," "The Black Douglas," "Sir Toady Lion," "Two Years Ago," "Harold": a miscellaneous assortment, you may say. Well, yes, they are, but I have set them down just as the names came into my head, without any attempt at chronological order.

Good books, you see, are like good friends: they fit our every mood and improve on acquaintance. The characters become so familiar to us that we should recognise them if they suddenly came to life and met us in the street.

I know there is a settled idea in most girls' minds that so-called "standard" books are sure to be dull. I admit freely that some certainly do merit that description, but there are many that do not, and while there are so many people really worth knowing, waiting to become our friends, do you think it is worth while wasting our time over the effusions of Ethel M. Dell, Zane Grey or Charles Garvice? I am sure that most of their heroes and heroines would be extremely uncomfortable people to meet in every day life, and as to being friends with them—impossible.

G.M.H.

A Triolet of Exasperation.

I wish you would speak out.
 It's modesty? No doubt;
 Yet I have heard you shout.
 (I wish you would speak out.)
 Your answers I'll not flout,
 No matter what about.
 I wish you would speak out.
 It's modesty—*no doubt*.

The Queen's School Parliamentary Election.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT).

February the twenty-fourth was a momentous day of the Spring Term, for then three candidates invited the suffrages of the School electorate. Preparations for the election had been in progress for the greater part of three weeks. The first measure was the appointment of a registration committee to discharge the duties of Overseers of the Poor in drawing up a Parliamentary Register. After much debate, the qualifications for exercising the franchise were declared to be the attainment of the age of eleven and the occupation of a desk. A lodger's vote was conceded to such persons as resided in the School half the time. "Criminals"—persons who for their misdemeanours appeared on the "Black List"—were disfranchised. Charges of lunacy were successfully contested. The only person to suffer wrong was the Head Mistress, who had the Lord Chancellorship thrust upon her. Miss Day acted as Revising Barrister.

Three Candidates were nominated: Marjorie Harry who stood for Armament; Muriel Corbett, a Labour Candidate who supported Total Disarmament; Barbara Crosland, who advocated Partial Disarmament. Vigorous canvassing took place before the opening of School and addresses were given by the Candidates during recreation. The Hall and Corridors were papered with posters. The Armament party reckoned a poet among her supporters; Disarmament a competent artist; Partial Disarmament found epigrammatic vent for its feelings.

TO THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL CONSTITUENCY.*

A is for Armament, give it your vote—
 B for the Green Bow you wear on your coat—
 C-crosland and Corbett will lead you astray—
 D is the Danger in voting th' wrong way,
 E, our Excitement, forbids us to tarry,
 F, Fellow-voters, support Mr. HARRY—
 G is for Green, the right colour for all—
 H, when *we've* HARRY, *their* chances are small—
 I, Independence, which Armament means—
 J is for Jade and the brightest of Greens—
 K is the Knowledge of who'll best please you—
 L for the Lodgers and Lunatics too—
 M are our Meetings, both serious and long (?)
 N is the Notice desired for my song—

* By Judith Welsby.

O (oh!) the reply of the simple we find,
 P, the Poor Partiala can't make up their mind—
 Q are the Questions: "But what's it all for?"
 R the Ratepayers, 'eleven or more.'
 S for the Size of your bow and your Sense—
 T for my Temper; oh, some folk are dense!
 U for the 'Under-elevens,' poor things—
 V for your Vote, what importance it brings!
 W the Wisdom you show in your choice—
 X the 'Xuberance heard in your voice—
 Y is for You—Come along, do not tarry,
 Z for your Zeal, Let's give THREE CHEERS
 FOR
 HARRY ! ! !

Young and earnest electors were sometimes sorely puzzled by conflicting claims. A harrowing picture of a tank crashing over a trench bore the legend: "Armament—Is this what you want"? Immediately below was a no less distressing picture of street-fighting in Ireland, duly labelled: "Disarmament: Is this what you want"? No wonder a pessimist of eleven turned to a mistress with the remark: "I don't see much difference between Armament and Disarmament."

As the Polling Day drew near, arrangements were made for the recording of votes. A Committee sat to make out ballot papers. Two rooms were set aside for polling-booths, one for the Upper School and one for the Lower School and the Staff. Science Room stools with dependent paper bags attached made excellent ballot boxes. To each polling centre were allotted four clerks and a presiding officer. As each voter entered, she was asked her name by the presiding officer and passed on to the clerk in whose register her name was entered. She then received a ballot paper duly marked and proceeded to one of the spaces divided off for the filling in of papers. Thereafter she dropped her paper in the Science Stool Ballot Box.

It is a highly regrettable fact that the most bare-faced impersonation supported by shameless perjury was attempted: the Sheriff herself had to admit that she was liable to a year's imprisonment for such malpractices.

The result of the ballot was as follows:—

Crosland (Partial Disarmament) 76 votes.

Harry (Armament) 53 votes.

Corbett (Disarmament) 38 votes.

The successful candidate duly thanked her constituents, and in reply to an impassioned appeal from the Lord Chancellor, promised that the wrongs of the Lords should have her early consideration.

Under Six Queens—Domestic Politics.

The ménage began with Francine. She threw the plates at us like a discobolus, and we lunched and dined in a hail of tinkling forks; the 'vin rouge' tottered as her feet fell, and she tweaked the heads off the wineglasses like Tarquin with the poppies. She had a regrettable habit of stuffing her "pantoufles" with newspaper, and left a trail behind her which was reinforced by dusters hanging on doorknobs. Now we had inherited from the last tenants a large stove, technically known as a Salamander, and answering to the name of Puffing Billy. Puffing Billy required two good meals a day of plain anthracite, but nothing would persuade the ruthless Francine that his delicate stomach rebelled against an erratic diet of lignite briquettes: he suffered agonies of indigestion, and emitted volumes of smoke. Indeed, his life became so precarious that we named him more suitably after his fellow sufferer 'le Lor' Maire'; but tender inquiries were less frequently met with the assurance that 'il vit encore,' for he died many times and in painful circumstances. "C'est un truc ça," said Francine, who was surprised and hurt when I finally summoned up my courage to give her her 'huit jours.'

So Francine departed to some other sphere of usefulness, and Suzanne ascended to the throne. Her first act was the abolition of 'le Lor' Maire.' He was dead at the time, and as a post-mortem examination revealed little hope that he would rise from his ashes, he was removed forthwith, a martyr to misunderstanding if ever there was one. Suzanne brought peace and plenty, and it was with sadness that her subjects saw her depart, taking with her, so to speak, her matchless "pommes de terre frites."

Marie I. (la Grande) was a dour Bretonne in whom periods of black silence gave way to bursts of gossip. She kept me au courant with all the doings of the quartier: how Madame l'Epicière had been deserted by her negro husband, a "professeur de boxe"; how the greengrocer's assistant had solved the riddle of his love affairs by cutting his throat in one of the rooms above us; that the young man who came to mend the bath had contracted an unfortunate marriage at the early age of eighteen; and again, that Madame l'Epicière was feeling pleased, as she had "retrouvé son nègre." Beyond my formal supervision of the Budget, Marie la Grande brooked no interference from me in affairs of state: a born despot, but, on the whole, a benevolent one.

After reigning over us for a year, Marie I. met her Waterloo on the balcony, where she habitually defied the laws of Paris by shaking dusters into the street after 8 o'clock in

the morning. There had been several diplomatic crises with the "agent," on this account, but she had nailed her duster to the balcony and her broom to the chimney-pots, and vowed to sweep the "agent" out of the rue du Rocher. One day, however, the goaded official summoned her to his presence, and the concierge's boy was despatched to fetch her down: what happened then is not clear, but it appears that the boy, the concierge and the agent danced on the door-mat, while Marie stood firm in her kitchen and turned a deaf ear to the echoing bell. "After all," she said later, with a shrug, "there was Monsieur's lunch to cook—I had no time for the 'agent.'"

Marie II. came in on a Saturday night and was deposed on the following Tuesday. She was the worst of all our rulers: had the Wash been available, she would undoubtedly have lost her baggage in it.

She was followed by Clothilde the Fat, a vast Lyonnaise with an unutterable, but not unuttered, contempt for the Parisians. 'Elle avait la langue très bien pendue,' and conducted a wordy warfare all over the quartier. One day, however, an 'histoire' with the dairy blazed up into open hostilities, and Clotilde, in her splendid isolation, felt that a change was unavoidable; she threw down her saucepans and abdicated. After a prolonged discussion, in which we managed with difficulty to participate, she reluctantly consented to cook the dinner for us that night: but later in the day, I came in to find the door barred against me, and only after establishing my identity through the keyhole was I cautiously admitted to the flat. Passing the dairy that morning, on her way back from market, Clotilde was moved to pull a face at Madame la Laitière, who rushed out of the shop like a fat spider after a bluebottle. The stout couple shot down the rue du Rocher, and up five flights of stairs, where Clotilde gained the flat and barred herself in.

Some days later, our gracious sovereign Marie III. ascended to the throne. Long live the Queen!

M.H.B.

Open Day.

On Friday afternoon, March 17th, the parents of girls from Form IV. Lower to Form VI. were invited to visit the School. The programme began with a display of Eurhythmics in the Great Hall. In the first part, the exercises dealt with

the technical side, and illustrated (a) Time-beating—2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in a bar, (b) Note values and various combinations of rhythms. The second part, illustrating the musical side, was represented by:—

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------------------|
| National Song | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Grieg.</i> |
| Minuet | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Ramsey.</i> |
| Two-part Invention | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Bach.</i> |
| Prelude | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Scriabini.</i> |
| Minuet for Sonata | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | <i>Grieg.</i> |

The above were "stepped" in unison or in two parts. A Beethoven Rondo gave an example of Free Movement.

The Eurhythmics were followed by Drilling classes. There was no display: the forms simply worked in their usual fashion.

Meanwhile, in the Chemistry Room Form IV. Lower was at work on experiments to prove that solids, liquids and gases expand on heating and contract on cooling. Later, Form IV. Upper presented experiments demonstrating the processes of filtration, evaporation and distillation. Form V. carried out experiments showing the composition of water, both analytically and synthetically.

Mathematical and geographical models were on view in the Laboratory.

The General Science Room was devoted to an exhibition of Drawings and Needlework. The drawings of Forms IV. illustrated a course of study in design, subject matter and border being treated harmoniously and carried out either in black and white or in two colours. Form V. exhibited examples of direct brush and pencil work and a few good Still Life groups in water colour. Three examples of musical expression were on view illustrating Debussy's "Little Shepherd" and Chopin's "Nocturne."

It was not possible to exhibit all the needlework. The articles shown were representative and sufficient to make plain the aim of the course—the development of the creative faculty, appreciation of harmony in colour and of simplicity of form.

In Form III. A. were collected the posters made in the course of the School Parliamentary Election.

All the classrooms were open to inspection. The number of visitors and the interest manifested were most gratifying.

Tabitna Cumi—The Girls' High School in Jerusalem.

On the 4th of April, a Lecture was given in the Hall on the Jerusalem High School for Girls, the Lecturer being Miss Moore, a member of its staff. Unfortunately, not very many were present owing to a dancing rehearsal held on the same afternoon.

After having been introduced by Miss Clay, Miss Moore spoke for some time on Jerusalem and its environs, describing the city itself and many of the characteristics of its inhabitants. Special mention was made of the long droughts to which the country is subject. The Lecturer related many interesting stories of expeditions made by the staff and girls, telling how Miss Coate's sister was often teased about being very holy, as she had, on one of these excursions, bathed in the Jordan. Miss Moore then described a visit to the Church of the Nativity on Christmas Eve, and said that hundreds of pilgrims annually passed through that Church, many of them having come from distant lands.

The second half of the Lecture was devoted to a description of the School itself, the pupils, their studies and games. There are in the School girls of many different nationalities, Jews, Greeks, Persians, Syrians and a few Russians. The object of Miss Moore's visit to England was to raise funds for the erection of new School buildings; the house in which the School is now carried on having to be returned to the Germans, who, prior to the War, occupied it.

At the close of the Lecture, opportunity was given to the girls to inspect a number of post-cards, photographs and curios, amongst which was a doll in native costume dressed by one of Miss Moore's pupils.

Subsequently, a sum of £6, made up of special subscriptions and a grant from the Queen's School Fund, was forwarded to the authorities of the Jerusalem High School.

MARJORIE HARRY.

Empire Day.

Empire Day has always been red-lettered in the School Calendar, the morning tending to edification, the afternoon or evening to festivity. No difficulty threatened the morning's

programme, but on responsible brows, fresh furrows were being ploughed in the effort to think of possible festivities when the School had outgrown the limits of the garden and the playing-field was not available. At last came inspiration: there should be an afternoon of historical tableaux, each form to produce one at least. Every girl was to take part; no one to spend more than sixpence on her dress; ingenuity must make good all requirements not met by that sum.

At 12 o'clock the School assembled for song and recitation, and it is satisfactory to record that the standard of performance marked a great advance on any previously reached.

The programme was as follows:—

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Short Address on "Citizenship" | ... | The Head Mistress. |
| Song | ... "The Recessional" | The Whole School. |
| <i>Recitations—</i> | | |
| Form I. ... | "The Green Fields of England" | Dorothy Wallis. |
| Form II. ... | "The Flag Goes By" | Margaret Turnbull. |
| Form III. B. ... | "Empire Day" | Mona Kelly. |
| Form III. A. ... | "The Soldier" | Patience Rigby. |
| | | Helen Caunce. |
| | | Kathleen Day. |
| Form Remove ... | "The Flag of England" | Jean Hunter. |
| Form IV. Lower ... | "The Song of the Dead" | Dorothy Anderson. |
| | | Marion Chignell. |
| Form IV. Upper ... | "If—" | Muriel Cowan. |
| | | Ruth Paton. |
| Form V. ... | Ecclesiastical xlv. v. 1—15 | Joan Chaplin. |
| Song ... | "For God and King and Right" | Phyllis Williams. |
| | | The Whole School. |

The Sixth Form was not asked to provide a recitation, but two of its members gave valuable assistance at the piano, Sylvia Brown in the morning and Judith Welsby in the afternoon.

At 2-30 p.m., the School re-assembled for the historical tableaux, every girl ready dressed for her part in the first half of the programme. Let it be said at once that the performance "surpassed all expectation," "beggared description" and was "most creditable to the young performers": well-worn phrases thankfully employed by a journalist inadequate to this occasion.

The actors were untroubled by limitations of staging which would have staggered their elders; the more impossible the situation, the more they rose sublime above ordinary conventions. The first tableau was heralded by blood-curdling yells and the major part of Form V. precipitated itself on to the platform. But a Fifth Form how transformed! Docile and orderly* girls "translated" into appalling ruffians, male and female. Followed an executioner dragging on Marie Antoinette who, amid execrations (French), was expeditiously guillotined and tidied away.

* Read "fairly orderly." Ed.

Then Form IV. Up. followed with the "Expulsion of the Rump." The Rump seemed fairly to deserve its doom for it carried on its business informally and quarrelsomely. Cromwell's Ironsides manifested every kind of military equipment save iron and were quite equal to taking away the "Bauble"—a Canadian club reposing on a well-worn and attenuated cushion from the mistresses' room.

Form IV. Lower manifested a taste for the painful and presented "Trial by Ordeal." A woe-begone prisoner, in spite of protests as eloquent as trembling limbs and shaking head could make them, was put to the ordeal of holding iron as red-hot as Pastel red could make it; then, bandaged with a vigour which knew little of Red Cross lectures, he was dragged tottering from the stage.

The Remove is large and the Remove is energetic, so it presented two tableaux. The first was the "Dubbing of a Knight," and seeing the passion for realism displayed, it was a wonder that the audience was spared the bath and the minatory butcher with chopper. This scene was followed by the "Marriage of Henry of Navarre," identifiable by virtue of his white plume lest, peradventure, he should be mistaken for Viscount Lascelles. The speed of that marriage might have awakened envy in the hearts of many who have submitted to longer ceremonial torture.

Form III. A. spared us nothing of the terrors of the Inquisition from a plenitude of devils on the dresses of the condemned to the thumbscrew and the rack worked with an energy which did credit to the torturers as honest workmen.

Form III. B. presented "When did you last see your Father?" and although the tender-hearted were touched, they at least enjoyed a few moments respite from horror.

Form II. went far afield. They showed us "Hawkins' Slaving Expedition." The vigour with which the innocent blackamoors capered on their native shore must have made an almost irresistible appeal to men on the look-out for potentially active labour. They were kidnapped with unexpected ease; their captors soon had them safe aboard an apparently expansive lugger and rowed away with redoubled energy until they reached the piano—pardon! a market for their ill-gotten wares.

Form I. fairly mystified an audience whose imaginative faculty was already tensely stretched. Nine young persons in assorted mackintoshes disposed themselves in three orderly rows and began gravely to roll from side to side. The power of suggestion was inadequate until two "varlets" appeared

with a curved seat soon to be occupied by a kingly figure bearing a crowned stair-rod. Then we had it! Canute was failing to rule the rapidly encroaching waves. Awe at the unparalleled audacity of the conception kept us dumb for a moment: then the cheers of the audience reverberated to the very roof.

Form VI. next took the stage. A stately lady entered, followed by a grandee with an abnormal taste in colour even for a Spaniard: crimson and strident blue and the purplest purple clothed his person. Apparently the lady found him a little dazzling, for she soon dismissed him. Thereupon, two heads gradually came into view and two bodies conveyed the heads through a very fragile window. Prince Charles and the exuberant Buckingham were, we recognised, wooing the Infanta with an energy which might have daunted a less fastidious lady and made her decline the strain of matrimony with so tempestuous a suitor.

There followed an interval during which the double-rôled changed their dresses and others took much-needed fresh air in the garden. On re-assembling, the audience was presented by Form IV. Lower with the "Preaching of the First Crusade." Many a divine might envy Peter the Hermit's capacity for exciting a crowd, while deploring the foot-stamping which must have made the strain on the preacher unnecessarily severe.

The Remove again produced two scenes. In the first, Columbus was seen pleading with a parsimonious Ferdinand for a trifle towards his expedition. To avoid this troublesome importunity, Ferdinand departed; whereupon his Queen filled the adventurer's hat with chains of pearls, brooches and gauds innumerable, with which he wisely departed, strewing a few unconsidered trifles as he went. Before the next scene, we blushed: once more Joan of Arc suffered at the Stake, but with an element of modernity which would intrigue her if she ever concerns herself with mundane affairs. A large electric torch was disposed at her feet, and it was observed that she took considerable pains to keep it burning.

Form III. B. showed us Guy Fawkes with his fellow-conspirators engaged in their nefarious design of blowing up the Houses of Parliament. His lantern was so large that he might almost be said to have courted discovery.

Form II. showed the "Dissolution of a Monastery." The rapacious robbers carried off a large bag stuffed out by a pair of diminutive candlesticks.

Form V. re-appeared garbed as England, Scotland and Ireland, and built up a Union Jack to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," "The Wearing of the Green" (singularly inappropriate), and "Rule, Britannia."

Thereafter, the whole assembly sang the National Anthem and then dispersed; some to resume their normal garb, others with commendable good will, to restore the Hall to work-a-day conditions.

So ended a most successful "Empire Day."

My Most Exciting Experience.

My most exciting experience happened in India, when we were staying in Bangalore, in the Province of Mysore; it was about seven years ago, when I was eight years old.

The Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, was at that time in Bangalore, reviewing the troops, and my Mother, two sisters, and myself, were going to see him pass in State through the Curzon Gate.

We were driving in a gherry (carriage), and the syce, or native driver, asked us if we would like to go through the bazaars and native quarters of the town, to the Maidan (parade-ground), as the way was shorter; Mother consented.

One can imagine the feelings of the Indians to Europeans at that time, for it was just after Lord Hardinge had recovered from the effects of being bombed at Delhi. At Bangalore, the mob had written in chalk on the gates of the Residency where he was staying: "If we don't catch you here, we will catch you at Calcutta."

When we reached the bazaars, we found that there was a seething mass of natives, all trying to get to the Maidan, and it proved very difficult to make any progress through the crowds.

The syce had such difficulty in forcing a passage for the horse through the dense mass, that he began to strike out with the whip on each side of the carriage. This of course simply infuriated the mob, many of whom were of high caste.

In India, caste is second only to religion in importance, and a man of comparatively low caste, such as the syce, touching one of higher caste, polluted the latter for some period, according to native belief.

Just as matters had almost reached a climax, a drunken native reeled under the horse's head, and fell beneath the carriage, which, however, passed over him without hurting

him seriously. This infuriated the mob even more; individuals began to scream and yell, and to jump on to the gherry steps, in the endeavour to pull the syce down from his seat.

Fortunately, a native police-inspector came by, calmed the crowd, and eventually made way for the gherry to move on. He had the drunken man carried away, and himself holding the horse's bridle, led it through the crowds to the gate of the native quarters, where we were delighted once again to encounter our own countrymen.

M. COWAN (FORM IV. LR.)

My Most Interesting Experience.

Last summer, we went to the Isle of Mull for our holidays, and whilst staying there we decided to visit Iona, the ancient burial place of the Scottish kings. We motored to Phionford, the ferry for Iona, and we were fortunate in choosing a perfect day.

For the first twelve miles, the road stretches like a white ribbon over miles of purple moorlands; then it curves round Ben More with Loch Na-Keal on one side and the lofty mountain on the other.

Here, like an emerald in its setting, is the green island of Ulva, where Lord Ullin's daughter was drowned. In the distance are the Outer Hebrides and the Isle of Staffa. Then we drove round Loch Scridain, another stormy sea-loch, where seals can be seen sporting among the rocks. It is 50 miles from Tobermory to Phionford, so it was nearly one o'clock by the time we reached the ferry.

Phionford cannot boast of many city attractions, for one small shop supplies the needs of the inhabitants. The rocks around the bay are pink granite, and the sea is so deep a blue that it seems unreal. Shaggy highland cattle wander over the silver sand. We were rowed across the Sound of Iona in a small boat with an enormous sail. The Island is about eleven miles long; a curious feature is that there are no trees. As Iona is a lonely out-of-the-way place, it was surprising to see a great many visitors there.

We went first to the monastery; only the ruins of the walls remain, and what appears to have been the refectory; it has been planted with a wide border of brilliant flowers, and the effect amongst the old stone is delightful. Then we walked

across the fields to the cathedral, which has recently been restored and presented by the late Duke of Argyll to the Church of Scotland. In front of the West door is St. Martin's Cross. The interior of the building is quite small and not very remarkable, although most interesting. There are several old tombstones around the walls; they are beautifully carved, as are the pillars and the woodwork. Adjoining the churchyard is a walled-in enclosure where are the tombs of the old kings. The last king buried there was Duncan, who met his death at the hands of Macbeth. It is a remarkable fact that, in this little burying ground and underneath the cathedral, there are more kings buried than in any other place in the British Isles. It is also something to remember that from this little island went forth the messengers who spread Christianity throughout England, and Scotland. Some of the stones are carved with effigies of the kings, and others are plain.

After visiting the cathedral, we had lunch in one of the two quaint little hotels, and it was time to start our homeward journey. With many regrets, we climbed down the stone quay and took our seats in the boat, the old sailor pushed off, and soon we were once more in Phionford. It was the most enjoyable day I have ever spent, and if I have another chance of visiting Iona, I shall certainly take advantage of it.

RUTH PATON (FORM IV. LR.)

I Forgot!

Forgetfulness is as old as Creation. You know how the flowers were given their names and the little blue flower could not remember what it had been called. But God the Father said to it, 'Forget *me* not.'

From the time we are two to the time when we are twenty-one some one is always reminding us not to forget. In nursery days it is Nurse. 'Miss Jane,'

Did you wash your hands?
 Did you brush your teeth?
 Did you strip your bed?
 Why did you bang the door?
 Why did you slide down the banisters?
 Why are your fingers sticky?
 Why did you tease the baby?
 Why aren't you in bed?

'Oh Nurse, I forgot!'

And we all remember Nurse's answer: 'You would forget your own head if it were not fastened on to you!'

At School too it is just the same:

Where are your pens, pencils, india-rubber, protractor?

Why didn't you change your shoes?

Why are your corrections not done?

Why did you talk in the corridors?

Why didn't you give in your homework?

'Oh, Miss Brown, I forgot!'

One of those very learned people who have long names like 'Psychologist' and 'Psycho-Analyst,' and who tell us how our minds work, says that we forget the things that we don't *want* to remember.

'Oh, but I *meant* to remember my shoes, pencils, india-rubber, protractor, silence rule, homework. I *meant* to remember my corrections. Honest Injun, I did!'

Perhaps there is a difference between wanting to do a thing and meaning to do it. Just think about that for a minute or two.

'I forgot' is Hard-hearted, Unkind and Selfish, but not always. There is a true forgetfulness which, like the sun-dial that only counts the happy hours, forgets cross speeches, black looks and dull days, and only remembers the lovely things that are worth remembering. But no one *truly* forgets her shoes and pencils and corrections and all the other things. What she says to herself is, 'Oh, bother!' or 'Oh, I can't be bothered,' and, curiously enough those two little speeches mean exactly the same. They mean 'I can't, won't, or shan't remember,' but they do *not* mean 'I don't remember.'

Why don't grown-up people forget things?

Do you think they don't?

No one likes to remind them, but they try very hard to remind themselves, running about with diaries and shopping lists and knots in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and wrinkles on their foreheads. If they could not remember when they had Nurse and Miss Brown to help them, you can imagine that it is far more difficult when they have only got knots and lists and wrinkles.

The Editor expected me to make this amusing. But, 'I forgot.'

C. SPURLING.

The Autobiography of a Sixpence.

I was lying in bed one night, when I had a curious dream. I dreamt that I was a sixpence, and that another sixpence was with me, and he told me the story of his life.

"I am really quite old," he began, "although I still look bright, as I became a sixpence in the reign of Queen Anne. I remember being dug out of the mountain in Mexico where I lived. I came across to England, where I was naturalised by having Queen Anne's head put on one side of me, and the arms of this country on the other.

I then set out into the world, where I passed from hand to hand. I journeyed about many different parts of England, and once I went to Wales; but I soon returned. As it was my nature to roam, I was quite pleased with my lot. But I was bitterly grieved when, one day, I was put into a tin box by an old woman. I found many of my kind were imprisoned with me. I stayed there for about ten years, and during that imprisonment, I only saw the light three times. At last the old woman died, and another woman opened the box, and released us. I was, however, not to have my liberty for long, for I had hardly changed hands twice when an old man took me, and kept me for many years. When at last I got free, I found that it was the reign of Victoria, and I was, of course, considered quite old. I passed from hand to hand again, and once I was given to a little beggar-girl. I have bought many toys and, I hope, given many people pleasure. At last I grew so old and dirty, that I was taken with a number of other coins, and placed in a furnace. I came out bright and shining again, and having been re-naturalised, I went forth into the world once more. I played a great part in the Boer War, where I saved the life of a soldier, for a bullet that was meant for him, hit me, and bounced off. I was then taken home with great care, and put carefully into a glass case. After a while, however, the soldier took me out and gave me to the tax-collector, as I was the last sixpence he had.

"As you see," the sixpence continued, "I have a little hole in me; that was made by a lady, who, because her lover had given me to her, put a thin silver band through me, and then hung me from her bangle. There I remained for many years, until at last she dropped me, and I remained in a street for a few days. At last my present owner picked me up, so here I am, and though I am afraid I am not much use now, I still like to think of all the things I have done." Here he stopped, and suddenly I woke up, and found myself in bed.

MARION CHIGNELL (REMOVE)-

The Horrors of Composition Writing.

I feel sure that people make out that writing compositions is far worse than it really is. I grant that it is rather an ordeal sometimes, and that it is not always convenient to remember that "you" or "one" or too many "peoples" are forbidden. But, personally, when I do remember such rules, I feel justly proud of myself; and in spite of whatever scathing remarks I may find at the bottom of my composition when returned, I feel that there is still hope for me, if I can occasionally remember those troublesome rules.

Worse even than being faced with numerous rules is, I think, to be told to write a composition on something about which I know practically nothing. I find nothing so dreadful and tedious as to sit waiting for the spirit to move me, with a piece of paper in front of me on which is only the heading jeering at me, as it were. The clock seems to tick quicker than it has ever done before, and I realise that I am not,

"Filling the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds worth of distance run,"

as Kipling says.

Then suddenly—I have an inspiration! I scribble for dear life in case I forget it before I can record it.

More weary waitings and hurried scribbles, until, with a sigh of relief, I put the date and shut my book with a bang; wondering if, when the mistress corrects it, she will be as relieved to get to the end as I am!

BARBARA CROSLAND (FORM IV. UP).

Reminiscences in a Welsh Farm House.

No, not Jones—it was Underleigh our name was. When my great grandfather first came into this-country, "the old English gentleman" they was always after calling him—but he didn't like that. "It's the same as the other folks I want to be, not different," he says, so he called himself Mr. Jones. My mother was a Gay, and we all have our mother's name, so Gay we all are, Gay-Jones—but she said, if she had known, Underleigh we should have been, only she didn't know till too late. The old home is our own now, we bought it. Three years ago it was that the estate was sold, and they were good, they wanted us to buy our farms. It was a great day. Ann Jane and Frank they went up to the Town Hall where the selling was, but I stayed at home to mind things. And all the

neighbours were there, and Ann Jane and Frank were sitting there in the front row. "Do you want to buy," said the neighbours?" "Yes, I do," said Ann Jane. "But how much will you give?" "I will give my price and not one penny more," she said. "But perhaps your price won't buy it." "I mean to buy it," she said. So they were all looking and wondering, but she didn't say her price, Ann Jane didn't. So the bidding began, and Tyn-Veg, our old home, was first to go. Sixty-five acres there were to the old farm, and some good timber for felling. Frank, he was bidding for it, and Ann Jane sat by him saying nothing. At last £1,300 it was and Ann Jane had got it. Oh, they clapped and they clapped and they clapped!

But it was just getting late, and still the telegram didn't come, and there was I, waiting and waiting. At last a long way off I saw the boy and he came and put the telegram into my hand—but I couldn't open it. So I thought what I would do. I took it up to Mrs. Coulter. She opened it for me, and when she read it aloud, she wept.

So the old home was ours and Ann Jane did not give her price, for £1,600 was her price and not a penny more.

Before then, I remember once the agent came to see what wanted doing, and his wife she came too and they went all over. You see those stairs? Well, there used to be a hand-rail. Nasty old thing it was, we burnt it for firewood in the winter, so when Mrs. Roberts came there was no handrail. But she said nothing, and another day the other agent came in his car, and his wife and they were all talking together and were telling what a wonderful woman Mrs. Roberts was; she could see through a stone. But while they were talking, Mrs. Lanton, she said, "Why, Miss Jones, you do want a new hand-rail!" "It's not Mrs. Roberts is the wonderful woman," I said, "it's Mrs. Lanton. Mrs. Roberts can't see through a stone, she can't see through a step-ladder, it's Mrs. Lanton can see through a stone. Why, Mrs. Roberts never saw that I wanted a new handrail!" Out I said it before Mrs. Lanton and all; and a new handrail I got and a fine one too, as you can see.

Last year, what must they do but they wanted me to go to London. So I went for a month, and we motored about, and in the evenings we went to theatres and concerts. Dear me, tired I was, until I got used to it; it took me a week. Then, I thought, I must go and see Mr. and Mrs. Vernon; so often have they stayed with me, what would they say if I came to London and didn't go to see them?

I gave Mr. Lanton the address, and we motored till we got to the Marble Arch. Then he stopped. "But these are *mansions*," he said. "It's a mansion I want," says I. So we came to the house, and "Would I slip in quietly by the back door?" "It's the front door I want," says I. The butler opened the door and I saw Miss Thompson just behind him. "Miss Thompson," says I, "it's me." Oh, and Miss Thompson was pleased; so we went together to the drawing room, where Mrs. Vernon was. "Why, Wales in London!" says she—oh and they were pleased to see me—and we talked and we talked.

I told them, did I tell you, Miss, how we got Duke, a fine horse he is, the best in all the country round. Prince, he was getting too old, and they wrote to Frank that there were some army horses to be sold at Shrewsbury.

So Frank he went off, at 4 in the morning he had to go to catch the train. And he came first to the place. There were eight horses—good ones—but none of the others were like Duke. So Frank, he says, "I have come for a horse and I will take the best one, says he. "That's my horse," says he. Just then came up a gentleman, driving up very fast in his motor, and he wanted to take Duke. So then they offered Frank any of the other horses, but "the best, or none," says Frank—so he took Duke. Then they said: "it will be eight hours before he can be brought out of the siding into the station; will you call for him to-morrow?" they says. "To-night, or not at all," says Frank, so he waited and it got dark. At home I wondered what could have happened to Frank; at last I got so anxious I could wait no more. So I slipped out into the lane and went along, and it got darker. At last I thought I heard voices: "*It's some gipsies coming*," says I, and I slipped through the gate into the park. At last I heard it was a neighbour's voice, and then I thought I heard Frank, so I went out into the lane. Frank was riding Duke, and so high up he looked, I wondered as he came along in the dark. So we got Duke home and he was so lovely, so shining and so bright and such a good worker, not like the mare for she runs and we cannot leave her in the cart. Yes, you shall see the new caif. She came the day you arrived and sure I was up all night. We generally name the new calf after the visitors, so the last one was named Penvale, because she came when Lady Penvale was here. This one we have named after you, Miss; Peggy, she is, for Margaret, and so we shall remember the day you came.

E. G. WOODS.

Civics in Action.

For the Queen's School girls of to-day, a new subject has been added to what may be considered an already overcrowded school time-table, and room is made for it not only that you may be equipped with accurate information on certain important matters, but also that you may be encouraged to take an active part in the duty of Citizenship.

The girl who, on leaving school, settles down to a leisurely life at home, with no responsibility but a few domestic duties and no outside interests but golf, tennis and dances, is not making a fair return to the community for the advantages she has enjoyed in education, and is proving herself altogether unworthy of them.

Whether you are going to be a lady of leisure or one of the busy people who are nevertheless willing to give up an evening or so every week for the good of the city, begin by glancing through pages 32-36 of the latest edition of the Chester Directory headed "Information for Social Workers," in order to get some idea of the various fields of activity. Notice how mistaken the common idea is that Social Work is altogether a matter of helping people *in distress*; its main concern is with citizens in normal circumstances—to make their lives healthier and happier. In different ways, it deals with people of all ages, from the tiny babies at the Infant Welfare Centre, through all the school ages and the time when boys and girls are entering industry, through their active lives as citizens until they reach old age. A very large part of this work is in the hands of public bodies such as the Departments for Education and Public Health, the Old Age Pensions Committee and so on. To share their responsibilities you must, as a rule, first be elected to the City Council, though there are many possible openings for suitable women outside that body in connection with Education.

You will naturally gain experience first in association with one of the voluntary bodies.

Like all up-to-date towns, Chester has a head quarters for all branches of Social Work:—The Council of Social Welfare Offices at present at 23, Upper Northgate Street. Have a talk with the Secretary, who is always willing to give advice and to put possible workers into touch with the special type of work they feel attracted to.

For most girls just leaving school, there is nothing more suitable than helping to provide recreation and training

for normal children and girls in connection with either Girls' Clubs, Girl Guides or Play Centres. Any special aptitude you possess, such as music—vocal or instrumental—folk dancing, First Aid and Nursing, needlework, swimming, can be made good use of in this work.

Information about Girls' Clubs can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of their Federation, who is also to be found at the Council of Social Welfare Office.

The great advantage of joining the Girl Guides is that, with its world-wide organization, it can provide a regular and systematic training for Guiders as well as for Guides, to fit them for increasing responsibility as they gain experience and rise in rank.

Here, on the mention of training, let me urge everyone who possibly can to take a definite course of it for social work at one of the neighbouring Universities, either as a preliminary or after some practical experience. It will save you from making lots of mistakes. If you have to learn by experience only, try not to resent a little friendly criticism when it is offered by those who know what they are talking about. Voluntary workers are only too apt to make anything of the kind an excuse for immediate resignation.

And make the work you undertake voluntarily if anything more a matter of conscience than any other—like a "debt of honour" to which the gambler gives a first claim on his purse just because it is *not* recoverable by law. Many branches of Social Work which were at one time carried out entirely by voluntary workers now employ paid ones only because the former proved so unreliable. It is up to you young citizens to set us a higher standard. Everyone has to go away from home sometimes, but sufficient notice could at least be given in time for a substitute to be found.

As you grow more experienced in Social Work, a much wider choice opens out. Besides general District and Case Work, there are, to mention only a few, the After Care of Disabled Soldiers, Home Teaching of the Blind and, in connection with Crippled Children, there will shortly be a splendid chance of useful work for qualified V.A.D's.

Side by side with any voluntary work that you may undertake, keep in touch with what is being done by your City Council. Even if—at present—you may not be eligible to vote until you are 30, you can still through membership of such a body (non-party) as the Chester Women Citizens' Association, take an active part in civic and national life, and

more young members—of 18 and upwards—are much needed by that Society. Among other advantages, it will give you experience of committee work and opportunities of learning to speak in public, which will prove of great value if you ever wish to become a Poor Law Guardian, a Town Councillor or a Member of Parliament.

Who knows what noble ambitions the Queen's School Disarmament Election may not have already awakened? Well—make a beginning!

L.P.B.

A New Way with Difficulties.

"I can't do it." "There is no such word as 'can't' in the dictionary." How inevitable was that retort and how intensely resented! Certainly, the grand-parents of the present generation seemed to revel in puzzling their juniors with verbal quibbles: there was that other—"King Charles walked and talked ten minutes after his head was cut off." Yet apart from the tameness of the score, the innuendo against our "parts of speech," the elders were in the right in checking "can'ts." There is nothing more deadening, nothing more productive of failure than entertaining the expectation of it.

Of late, Psychology has been coming into its own. Once regarded as a fantastic and unpractical study, it is now claiming as its sphere, if not the world, then almost all that is animate in it. The comic papers are a sure index to the vogue of any movement, and for some weeks now, M. Emile Coué has usurped the place of the bricklayer in "Punch." Every one at least has heard of him.

When so much and so admirably has been written, lectured and preached by experts on this subject, it is well to anticipate criticism by defining the purpose of this article. The popularity of a subject is often its worst enemy. Even amongst the well read, there is much vague if glib talk about Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion, with little definite comprehension of its scope, its aim and its mode of practice. The young folk who pick up their information from the conversation of their elders hardly realise whether a new conjuring trick, a new religion or a new joke is under discussion. Yet for them, in their daily difficulties and duties, auto-suggestion would be a powerful ally, and it is in the hope of showing them how to use this power that this article has been written.

"I never could do Algebra and I know I never shall."
 "I hate Latin; I never can remember about those old Sub-junctives." "I did mean to do it, but I always forget."
 "It's easy for other people, but I can't help losing my temper." Any one can easily add to the chorus; it remains to consider the remedy.

Everyone recognises in herself an active mind or consciousness which has full play when she is enjoying a game or zestfully working. What is not so frequently recognised is the existence within us all of a something which grows busy from time to time without apparently our doing anything to set it in operation. Sometimes it sends us day dreams when we are so little conscious of any mental—or other—activity that we come to ourselves with a start when an indignant voice says, "You are not attending in the least"; or—more welcome-sound—the tea bell rings. Then we become mere Marjorie or Joan again, instead of being a wonderful princess. At other times, this strange power does us a useful turn. We have been worrying ourselves in the effort to recall a name which is always on the point of recurring to our memory, but does not quite. Then at last when the effort has been abandoned and other occupation sought, up pops the missing name into our memories like a practical-joking Jack-in-the-Box.

Now it is this sub-conscious, as it is called, that we want to bring to our help. It can become a good servant if we treat it well; but it can be a freakish imp of mischief if the chance is given it. If we consider the melancholy chorus quoted above, we soon see that each lament dwells on what was not or could not be done, not on what might have been done. "Algebra—impossible," is the summary of the first; "hateful Latin" of the second; "I have a first-rate bad memory," the third; "I have a most superior brand of bad temper," the last. In other words, each lament dwells on what is lamentable, not on its very desirable opposite. And the freakish sub-conscious gets hold of it and registers: "'Algebra impossible,' 'Latin hateful,' 'Bad Memory,' 'Vile Temper'! Very well. I'll see that it is so." This is not really just the way it is done, but it represents fairly enough practical effects.

Now all these suggestions, as they are called, were, in their nature, negative. The helpful course is to try a positive suggestion. Thus, although the bad-tempered person, taking stock of her shortcomings, may recognise with dismay that she is irritable, is easily angered, is always making good resolutions and just as often breaking them, she should not say to herself: "I won't be irritable to-day; I won't lose my temper." If she does, the imp within her will register "irritable," "lose my temper": it is a perverse power! On the other hand, what she must do is to say to herself: "I am

going to be quite even-tempered to-day and find every one most agreeable." There is one other precaution to take. It is not much use to gabble that observation to herself as she runs across the playground to join a set at tennis. That is flouting the sub-conscious. She must settle down quite quietly for a few minutes somewhere where she will not be disturbed, put out of her mind all thoughts of every kind, and then say slowly and clearly to herself some fifteen or twenty times: "I am going to be quite even tempered to-day and find every one most agreeable." Then, as in the fairy tales, it will "come true." It is an excellent plan to choose the sleepy moment before dropping off to sleep or before complete wakefulness in the morning for the exercise selected.

"The exercise selected": that suggests that there is some scope for self-examination to find out our weaknesses, and for will, that is to say, the determination that we want to cure certain faults. But when the discovery has been made,—the fault detected; when our will or our better selves have decided that the fault must be remedied; then hunting and resolving must come to an end. We need then that quietness of mind in which the sub-conscious hears us describing to ourselves the realisation of the beautiful idea: "I am going to be contented," "I am going to be cheerful," "I am going to be considerate," or whatever it may be. But it must not hear, "I *will* be cheerful," or it will be as if the sub-conscious said to itself: "Oh! 'Will'? That's it, is it? Will away, then, but it's not my business." And instead of making the mental picture of contentment, it just turns its back, as it were, on the whole affair.

It is not suggested that the absolutely impossible can be achieved. No one is likely to shoot up from 5 feet to 6 feet 3 inches by saying over and over again, "I am growing fast to-day." Nor will the unmathematically disposed become Einsteins by saying, "I am going to understand my Algebra lesson to-day." Nevertheless, it is not unlikely that the short person may presently hear some one say, "I really think Miss Short is growing"; and at least, however unmathematical, a girl will be in a better condition of receptivity, *i.e.*, of taking in ideas, than if she entered on the lesson miserably convinced of imminent failure. So 'Couéz-vous'!

Association Notes.

All Queen's School people will learn with pride that two "Old Girls" now sit upon the Magistrates' Bench. In October, 1921, Miss Kathleen Allington Hughes was made a J.P. for Denbighshire, and in May, 1922, Mrs. H. F. Brown took her place on the Bench as a J.P. for Chester.

The Queen's School can now boast of at least three recently qualified medical women among the Old Girls. In July, 1921, Dorothy Stewart passed the examination of the London Conjoint Board and is now fully qualified, being a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. She was at once appointed House Surgeon at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Dover, and held the post until January. Since then she has acted as Medical Officer of Health for Fulham. Joyce Ayrton, during the session 1920-21 at the Charing Cross Medical School, gained 9 prizes out of 15 offered, and 2 certificates. Her successes include: "The William Travers" prize for Midwifery and Gynæcology; "The Pereira Prize" for Clinical Work in Wards; "The Samuel Bird Special Prize" for best all-round student; prizes for medicine, midwifery, gynæcology, pathology and bacteriology, pharmacology and therapeutics and psychological medicine, and certificates for hygiene and public health and ophthalmology. In October, 1921, she qualified by passing the examinations of the Conjoint Board, and is now L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S.

Betty Imison, in June, 1921, passed the Final M.B. of the Liverpool University with 2nd Class Honours. Later, she passed the Conjoint Board Examination and is now L.R.C.P. She holds, at present, the post of House Physician at the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool.

Diana Beck has passed the 2nd M.B., B.S., Part II., (London).

Irene Naylor has recently been awarded the Social Training Certificate (which is given in conjunction with the Oxford Economics Diploma). As part of her course, she wrote a paper, based on personal investigation, on the Dairying Industry in Cheshire. Subsequently, she worked in Herefordshire on the Rural Industries' Survey, under the Development Commission, and made a short investigation into the wood-working industries of that County, with special reference to small rural craftsmen.

Congratulations on academic successes are also offered to: Muriel Jackson, who took an Honours Degree in Botany at the Manchester University in July, 1921, and has just been appointed Assistant Mistress at the Mount School, York; Trudie Adams on passing the Liverpool Intermediate Arts Examination; Nancy Rees on passing the London Matriculation Examination. Hearty congratulations and good wishes also go to Phyllis Dodd. In September, 1921, she passed the Painting Examination of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, and on that examination has been awarded a "Royal" Exhibition. This takes her to the Royal College for three years, with a grant of £90 per annum.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Pryce-Browne, of the Mission Anglicane, Antananarive, Madagascar, in response to a gift of dolls sent from the School last July :—
“We had great excitement on Saturday. I went down to the station to the Customs to get the dolls. Most of them had borne the journey well. Some almost refused to wake up again, but with vigorous shakes, opened their eyes at last. Four have gone to hospital with broken legs and arms, and one to the mortuary with a smashed-in head! But the others are all very well, and how fearfully smart they are! And that quaint little boy in a blue jersey! The children are now waiting impatiently for the end of term to get them as prizes. Will you thank all the girls so much for the tremendous trouble they took. The dolls are so beautifully dressed, such lovely underclothing and stockings. I had nothing in hand for prizes, and now these will just come in. It is good of you all, and many, many thanks. It is very good of you to help with the Breveté girl too.”



THE CHESTER QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND ACCOUNTS.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1921.

| RECEIPTS. | | £ | s. | d. | PAYMENTS. | | | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|-----|-----|----|----|-----------|---|-----|------------|-----------|----------|
| To Balance in hand brought forward | | .. | 8 | 0 | 7 | By Chester General Infirmary Subscription | ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| " Subscriptions and Donations | ... | ... | 13 | 4 | 0 | " Postages and Stationery | ... | ... | 0 | 19 |
| " Bank Interest | ... | ... | 0 | 7 | 9 | " Balance at Bank | ... | ... | 10 | 13 |
| | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | <u>£21</u> | <u>12</u> | <u>4</u> |

Examined and found correct,

WALTER CONWAY,

Hon. Auditor.

JUNE 6TH, 1922.

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

The Annual General Meeting was held on Friday, 1st July, 1921, in the Hall.

Thirty members were present. Miss Clay took the chair at 3-15. Letters of apologies for absence had been received from thirty-eight members.

The Minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The following new members were declared duly elected :—Mrs. Dickinson (Miss Petty), Miss Bailey, M. and T. Adams, C. Berney, D. Britton, N. Carson, L. Collins, A. Crowe, G. Davies, K. Davies, B. Elliott, G. Gerhard, G. Gowing, P. Lawson, L. Nickless, E. Mills, N. Roberts, R. Walley. One member (Mrs. Lake) had resigned.

The Honorary Treasurer (Mrs. Alfred Ayrton) read her Balance Sheet. Its adoption was proposed by Miss Clay, seconded by N. Day, and carried unanimously. Mrs. Ayrton remarked that owing to the increased number of life-members the position was financially unsound, as the interest on invested capital did not cover expenses. It was decided to postpone any action for a year.

The Cot Balance Sheet was read, and its adoption proposed by the Hon. Treasurer, M. Dickson, seconded by Mrs. Ayrton, and carried unanimously.

The existing officers were proposed for re-election by Mrs. H. F. Brown, seconded by Mrs. Greening, and elected unanimously.

Officers for 1921-22 :—Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Ayrton ; Hon. Secretaries, K. Day and J. Brown ; Cot Treasurer, M. Dickson ; Cot Secretary, Doris Edwards. Committee :—Mrs. H. F. Brown, Miss H. Giles, O. Phillips, D. Britton, M. Elliott ; Form VI., E. Wilkins.

Miss Clay commented on the increased size of the Magazine, due to advertisements, which cover the increased cost.

The question of a Badge, raised by E. Stubbs, was discussed. By a show of hands, it was found that the School Coat of Arms was preferred to the motto, "Have Mynde." The matter was referred to the Committee, which was to get designs and tenders, and have a Badge ready for the next meeting.

Miss Clay announced that there would be a Sale of Work in the Autumn Term, in aid of the Queen's School Fund. She drew attention to the Balance Sheet of the Fund, and commented on the method of appropriating the money.

It was proposed by Mrs. Brown, and seconded by Mrs. Coleridge, and carried by the meeting, that the Old Girls take a Stall.

An appeal was made to Old Girls to offer themselves as Girl Guide Officers.

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding and editing "Have Mynde," proposed by Mrs. Brown, seconded by Mrs. Coleridge, and carried with acclamation.

The day was very fine, and after tea in the Cloisters, a "knock-out" tennis tournament took place, in which K. Allington Hughes and Sylvia N. Brown were the winners.

BIRTHS.

- BROWNE**—On October 26th, 1921, at Chichester House, to Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick Browne (M. Welsby), a son, John Meyrick.
- DUTTON**—On October 12th, 1921, at Didsbury, to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton (D. G. Holland), twin daughters.
- PHILLIPS**—On August 19th, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Norton Phillips (P. Brandreth), a son, David.
- STOKES**—September, 1921, at New York, to Mr. and Mrs. Stokes (P. Beavis), a daughter.
- WEBB**—On 17th March, 1922, at the Nursing Home, Victoria Road, Penarth, to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Webb (M. Barker Jones), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- DRINKWATER-KEELING**—On July 26th, 1921, at Manchester Cathedral, Hilda, only daughter of Dr. Drinkwater, Lister House, Wrexham, to the Rev. Charles Paul Keeling, Rector of Christ Church, Heaton Norris, Stockport.
- IMISON-REDSTON**—On January 26th, 1922, at the Parish Church, Runcorn, by the Rev. F. C. Sellar, Marjorie, second daughter of Mrs. Edwin Imison and the late Mr. Edwin Imison, of Heatherlea, Runcorn, to Thomas Vincent, seventh son of Mrs. Redston and the late Mr. Redston, of Stroud, Gloucestershire.
- WALKER-DUNLOP**—On April 19th, 1922, at S. Oswald's Church, Backford, near Chester, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Chester, assisted by the Rev. Canon J. M. New, Agnes Maitland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson Walker, of Chorlton Hall, near Chester, and The Barony, Maughold, Isle of Man, to John Kinninmont, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dunlop, of 33, Exeter Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
- WELSBY-INWOOD**—On 6th September, 1921, in the Lady Chapel, Chester Cathedral, by the Precentor, Ruth Humfrey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welsby, Chichester House, to Percy William, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Inwood, Dundee.

DEATHS.

ELLIOTT—On December 19th, 1921, John Elliott, M.D., O.B.E. Medical Adviser to the Queen's School.

JAYNE—On August 23rd, 1921, at his residence, The Quarry, Oswestry, the Right Rev. Francis John Jayne, D.D., formerly Bishop of Chester and Governor of the Queen's School.

LINAKER—On April 3rd, 1922, at Frodsham, Ruth Linaker.

MERCER—On April 28th, 1922, the Right Rev. John Edward Mercer, D.D., formerly Bishop of Tasmania and Governor of the Queen's School.

MCNEILE—On May 21st, Ethel Rhoda McNeile (Sister Rhoda), drowned in the sinking of the P. and O. liner, "Egypt."

Games 1921—1922.

TENNIS 1921.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|-----|------------|
| OFFICERS: <i>Captain</i> | ... | ... | M. Elwell. |
| <i>Hon. Secretary</i> | ... | ... | S. Brown. |
| <i>Assistant Hon. Secretary</i> | ... | ... | M. Eason. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | ... | ... | P. Mills. |

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| TEAM— <i>1st Couple.</i> | <i>2nd Couple.</i> | <i>3rd Couple.</i> |
| M. Elwell. | M. Eason. | J. Welsby. |
| K. Proud. | S. Brown. | N. Rees. |

MATCHES.

BIRKENHEAD HIGH SCHOOL v THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

Away—Result—Lost.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL STAFF v QUEEN'S SCHOOL GIRLS.

Staff won by 35 games to 16.

CRICKET.

| | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-----|--------------------|
| | <i>Captain</i> | ... | M. Eason. |
| TEAM—V. Gornall. | | | E. Petters-Hughes. |
| P. Williams. | | | S. Brown. |
| M. Eason. | | | N. Brooking. |
| M. Corbett. | | | C. Bateman. |
| J. Taylor. | | | V. Page. |
| | | | D. Anderson. |

MATCHES.

June 29th—

QUEEN'S SCHOOL FATHERS & GOVERNORS v QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1st XI.

Result—Lost 52 to 86 for 5 wickets.

July 8th—

HELSEBY LADIES v QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1st XI.

Result—Lost by 58 to 116.

QUEEN'S SCHOOL STAFF v QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1st XI.

Result—Won by 54 to 48.

HOCKEY.

OFFICERS: Captain ... S. Brown.
 Hon. Secretary ... S. Brown.
 Assistant Hon. Secretary M. Corbett.
 Hon. Treasurer ... J. Welsby.
 Committee—Above and J. Taylor.

1st XI.—B. Crosland, J. Taylor, E. Wilkins, J. Trubshaw,
 S. Brown, (Capt.) C. Bateman, D. French, M. Miln, M. Corbett,
 P. Waymouth, S. Trubshaw.

MATCHES 1921.

October 28th—
 QUEEN'S SCHOOL STAFF v 1st XI.
 1st won, 5 to 2 goals.

November 25th—
 SIR J. DEANE'S SCHOOL, NORTHWICH v QUEEN'S SCHOOL.
 Home—Lost, 4 to 2.

1922—

March 4th—
 TRANMERE HIGH SCHOOL v QUEEN'S SCHOOL.
 Home—Won, 2 to 1.

March 3rd—
 DAY GIRLS "A" v BORDERS.
 Day Girls Won, 3 to 0.

March 10th—
 QUEEN'S SCHOOL OLD GIRLS v 1st XI.
 Won, 2 to 1.

March 25th—
 SIR J. DEANE'S SCHOOL, NORTHWICH v QUEEN'S SCHOOL
 1st XI.
 Away—Lost, 6 to 0.

2nd XI.—M. Milligan, J. Welsby, (Capt.) P. Williams,
 N. Brooking, D. Anderson, G. Dutton, M. Crawford, M. Potts,
 N. Williams, V. Pritchard, M. Allen.

MATCHES.

March 10th—
 OLD GIRLS v 2nd XI.
 Draw, 3—3.

SIR J. DEANE'S SCHOOL 2nd XI v QUEEN'S SCHOOL 2nd XI.
 Away—Draw, 2—2.

HOCKEY COLOURS 1921—22.

M. Miln, P. Waymouth, B. Crosland.

NET-BALL.

Form Matches—L. IV. } Up. IV. } Up. IV.
 Up. IV. } V. }

GAMES PRIZES 1921.

Senior—M. Eason. Junior—M. Payne.

The Governing Body and Staff of the Queen's School, 1922.

Patroness:

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Governors:

Chairman: F. GARDNER, Esq.

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

Ex-Officio:

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Representatives:

G. BARLOW, Esq.

MRS. H. F. BROWN, M.A.

C. P. COCKRILL, Esq., J.P.

MRS. ELLIOTT.

MISS C. KEITH DOUGLAS.

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

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

J. SHERIFF ROBERTS, Esq.,
J.P.

F. SKIPWITH, Esq., J.P.

E. M. SNEYD KYNNEERSLEY,
Esq., M.A., J.P.

W. WELSBY, Esq.

Co-Optative:

MRS. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL. | THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Clerk to the Governors:

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

Head-Mistress:

MISS CLAY, B.A. (LOND.)

Associate and late Reid Scholar of Bedford College, London.

Staff:

MISS DAY, B.A. French Hons., Lond.; Univ. College.

MISS GEE, B.Sc., Nat. Sci., Hons., Wales; Univ. College.

MISS HOADLEY, B.A., Class. Hons., Lond.; Westfield College.

MISS MACDONALD, M.A. Edin.

MISS NEDHAM, B.Sc., Lond., Royal Holloway College.

MISS WALTON, B.A., Hist. Hons., Lond., Bedford College.

MISS BUCKLE (German).

MISS DESGRATOULET, Nat. Fræbel Union.

MISS JAMESON, Maria Gray Training College.

MISS MORRIS, Manchester Univ. Teachers' Cert.

MISS WAKEFIELD, Nat. Fræbel Union; Kindergarten.

Visiting Teachers:

Pianoforte—MISS EMILY GILES, A.R.C.M.

MISS ARROWSMITH, A.R.C.M. MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M.

MISS WHITTAM, L.R.A.M., A.R.M.C.M. MISS YARWOOD, A.R.C.M.

Violin—MISS McCULLAGH.

Class Singing—MISS EMILY GILES, A.R.C.M. MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M.

Eurhythmics—

MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M., & MISS WHITTAM, L.R.A.M., A.R.M.C.M.

Drawing and Painting—MISS DOGETT.

Physical Culture—MISS BLYTH, Osterberg Phys. Tr. College.

Dancing—MISS HAMMOND.

House Mistress—MISS JONES.

Assistant House Mistress and Secretary to the Head Mistress—

MISS DUCKWORTH.

List of Members of the Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

- †Abel, Winifred, Rockfields, Frodsham, Warrington.
Adams, D., Glenside, 26, York Road, Harrogate.
Adams, T. and M., Kingswood, Frodsham, *via* Warrington.
†Anderson, Mrs. (M. Dibben), Empangeni, Zululand.
Anderson, W. F., Girls' Collegiate School, Port Elizabeth, S. Africa (Hon.).
†Atcherley, Hope, 44, Hough Green, Chester.
Ayrton, Mrs. A. (Winifred Brown), Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
Ayrton, C. Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester, Music Mistress on the Queen's School Staff.
Ayrton, J., Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Bailey, Miss, Howell's School, Llandaff (Hon.).
Baker, Miss R., American Commission for Serbia, Res-avska, 18, Belgrade (Hon.).
Baker, Miss K., Rødean School, Bloemfontein, S. Africa (Hon.).
†Barlow, Mrs. (Margaret Brown), 26, Huntingdom Road, Cambridge.
Bateman, C. The Grammar School, Coleshill, near Birmingham.
†Beck, Diana, Thornhill, Hoole Road, Chester, Student at the London School of Medicine.
†Bell, Mrs. C. (G. Thompson), Jacob's, Sedlescombe, Sussex.
*Belton, C., Craigside, Sandy Lane, Boughton, Chester.
†Berney, C., 76 Gladstone Avenue, Chester, Training for Elementary School Teaching.
Birch, Miss, 105, Downs Road, Clapton, N.E., and The High School, Glasgow (Hon.).
Brandreth, E., The Firs-on-the-Hill, Helsby, *via* Warrington.
Briant, M., Helsby, *via* Warrington.
Briant, E., Helsby, Medical Student, Liverpool University.
†Britton, D., 6, Glan Aber Park, Chester.
†Brooking, Mrs. (F. White), The Cedars, Helsby, *via* Warrington.
†Brown, Mrs. H. F. (L. P. Humfrey), J.P., 18, Curzon Park, Chester.
*Brown, J. Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester, Bank Clerk.
*Brown, M. Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester, Clerk in her father's business.
Browne, Mrs. (M. Welsby), 23, Rue du Rocher, Paris.
- Carson, N., Hough Green House, Chester.
*Carter, K., The Poplars, Chapel Lane, Frodsham, Private Governess.
*Cartwright, M., Greystones, Oswestry, Salop.
†Chrimes, D., Carthage, Gresford, N. Wales.
†Clegg, Mrs. (G. Lanceley), Meadow Bank, Willaston, Birkenhead.
Coate, Miss, The High School, Truro (Hon.).
†Coleridge, Mrs. (M. Westmacott), Arle House, Meon Stoke, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.
*Collins, L. Dinton, Lime Grove, New Malden, Surrey.
Cooper, Mrs., Kinross, Sandown, Isle of Wight (Hon.).
Cooper, Mrs. (E. Utley), 14, Gatelif Road, Clubmoor, Liverpool.
Crooke, D., 2, Steward Place, Wellington, Salop, Clerk.
Cranko, Mrs. (Miss Stewart), (Hon.).
Crowe, A., Woodhouse, Aldford, Chester.
- *Darlington, N., Woodlands, Weston Road, Runcorn.
Davies, Miss C., Intermediate School for Girls, Llanelly (Hon.).
Davies (Miss M.), 507, Guy Street, Montreal (Hon.).
Davies, Freda, West Bank, Main Street, Frodsham, *via* Warrington.
Davies, Kathleen, West Bank, Main Street, Frodsham, Training as Norland Nurse.
*Davies, Gertrude, 8, Dee Hills Park, Chester.

- †Davison, Phyllis, 18, Moss Grove, Prenton, Birkenhead, and The County School for Girls, Bromley, Kent.
 Day, K., Rowton, Chester, Mistress on the Queen's School Staff.
 Day, N., Rowton, Chester.
 Day, R., Rowton, Chester, on the Nursing Staff, Bowden House, Harrow-on-the-Hill.
 de Fenzi, Miss C. D., 66, Audley Road, Hendon, London, N.W. (Hon.).
 †Denny, H. Bibby, Eldon Villa, Flint, North Wales.
 †Dent, Gwendolen, Curzon House, Chester.
 Dickinson, Mrs. (Miss Petty), (Hon.).
 †Dickson, M., Mayfield, Hoole, Chester.
 Dodd, M., 13, Lumley Road, Chester, Bank Clerk.
 Dodd, P., 13, Lumley Road, Chester, Student at Royal College of Art, South Kensington.
 †Dunlop, Mrs. J. K. (A. Walker), Lynwood, Holmesdale Road, Seven-oaks, Kent.
 Dutton, R., Red Court, Church Walks, Llandudno, Assistant Mistress (History) at the Manchester High School.
 Edwards, D., Kaleyards House, Chester, Clerk in her father's business.
 Elliott, M. and B., 24, Nicholas Street, Chester.
 †Ellis, Mrs. (L. Laird), Tramway House, City Road, Chester.
 †Elwell, M., Capenhurst Rectory, Birkenhead.
 *Evans, M., Norton Hall, Runcorn.
 Evans, Mrs. (Miss Mackenzie), 50, Hobart Terrace, Adswold Lane, Stockport (Hon.).
 Filmer, Miss A., 8, Portswood Park, Southampton (Hon.).
 Freeman, D., 17, Brook Lane, Chester.
 Gallaher, Miss K., Feniscowles, Corsham, Wilts (Hon.).
 Gerhard, G., Stamford Lodge, near Chester.
 †Gibbs, Mrs. (R. Arnold), 16, Victoria Park, Weston-super-Mare.
 Giles, Miss H., 8, Abbey Square, Chester (Hon.).
 *Gillespie, Mrs. (A. Owens), Heatherstone, Higher Prees Heath, Whitchurch.
 Glascodine, Miss L., Glanmôr, Langland Bay, Mumbles, S. Wales (Hon.).
 Glyn Davies, Miss, County School, Abergele (Hon.).
 *Gornall, C. and E., Ribblesdale, Grappenhall, Warrington.
 †Gray, Peggy, Homecroft, Crewe, Private Secretary.
 †Greening, Mrs. (E. Brotherton), Beechfield, Helsby, via Warrington.
 *Griffith, Hera, 7, Upper Northgate Street, Chester.
 Guest, May, Ashfield, Helsby, via Warrington.
 Harry, M. Ferney, Queen's Park, Chester.
 †Hartley, Mrs. (A. Caldecutt), The Sycamores, Leigh Road, Knutsford.
 †Healey, Mrs. (M. Hewitt), Egerton, Heywood, Lancs.
 *Henderson, B., 70, Hough Green, Chester, Clerk in Army Pay Offices.
 †Hewitt, Eva, Roseacre, Hough Green, Chester.
 *Hincks, Doris, Plas Gwyn, Minera, Wrexham.
 †Hollamby, Mrs. (J. Cooper), c/o C. Cooper, Esq., Balgownie, Hoole Road, Chester.
 †Holmes, E., 47, Hough Green, Chester.
 *Holmes, M., 33, Cambrian View, Chester.
 Huggill, Mrs. (G. Day), 127, Bedford Street, Liverpool.
 †Hughes, K. Allington, J.P., Bryn-y-Groes, Gresford, N. Wales.
 †Humphreys, Honour Noël, Caer-y-Caeë, Hoole Road, Chester.
 †Imison, E., Heatherlea, Runcorn, Cheshire, and Royal Infirmary, Liverpool.
 Inwood, Mrs. P. W. (R. Welsby), c/o Royal Naval Dockyard, Valetta, Malta.
 †Jackson, M., Avenham, Dee Banks, Chester, Assistant Mistress, the Mount School, York.
 †Jones, A., 4, Church Street, Chester, Assistant Mistress at City and County School, Chester.

†Jones, Mrs. Clement (E. Boscawen), 38, Maida Vale, London.
 Jones, Mrs. Hugh (E. Stuart-Douglas), Garmon Villa, Mold, N. Wales
 (Hon.).

Keeling, Mrs. (H. Drinkwater), Christ Church Rectory, Heaton Norris,
 near Stockport.

†Lawson, P., 22, Liverpool Road, Chester.

*Lovell, K., Albury, Lache Lane, Chester, Teacher in Cherry Road
 Elementary School, Chester.

Maris, Miss, Lindfield, Cambridge, and Bedford High School.

Martin, N., Oakdale, Saughall, Chester, Elementary School Teacher.

Maddocks, H., 29, High Street, Mold, N. Wales.

†Mason, S., 39, Liverpool Road, Chester.

†Meade, E. de Courcy, 16, The Parade, Porth Rhondda, Glam., S. Wales.

*Mills, E., 29, Liverpool Road, Chester.

†Naylor, I., Beeston Towers, Tarporley, Cheshire.

†Nickless, L., 2, West Lorne Street, Chester.

†Nixon, P., c/o Miss Perry, Northlands, Chichester Street, Chester,
 Teacher in S. Michael's Schools.

*Onions, M., 7, Church Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

†Parchment, Doris, 41, Cheyney Road, Chester.

†Phillip, O., Bryn Goleu, Erddig Park, Wrexham.

Phillips, Elsie and Gladys, 20, Eaton Road, Students at the Liverpool
 University.

Polack, Mrs. (Irene Meredith), Glamis House, Frodsham, via
 Warrington.

Pollard, Miss F., 35, Grove Park Gardens, Chiswick, London, W.4, and
 Chesterfield High School (Hon.).

Powell, Miss, at St Mark's House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds (Hon.).

Pryce-Browne, Miss, Mission Anglicane, Antananarive, Madagascar
 (Hon.).

†Prentice, E., The Church House, Neston-by-Chester.

†Proud, K., Braystones, Frodsham, via Warrington.

†Redston, Mrs. (M. Imison), 11, Meriden Street, Coventry.
 Riley, Miss, 31, Shepherd Street, Stoke-on-Trent (Hon.).

†Roberts, Mrs. (G. Cawley), Eversley, Box 192, Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

*Roberts, N., Calton House, Hawarden, Flintshire.

Rositer, Miss, The High School, Beverley, Yorks. (Hon.).

†Rowson, Mrs. (Florence Challinor), Newlyn, Frodsham, via Warrington.

Rutherford, Miss H., 17, Huntley Gardens, Glasgow (Hon.).

†Rylands, Mrs. (S. Thornton Jones), Range Hill Camp, Wellington,
 Nilgiris, S. India.

Sandford, E., 15, The Beacon, Exmouth, Devon.

Shaw, S., Brook House, Bunbury, Tarporley, Cheshire.

Smart, Miss, Peterborough Secondary School (Hon.).

†Smith, D., Blacon Point, Chester.

Spurling, Miss, Hope Rectory, Minsterley, Salop, and Ellis Llwyd
 Jones Hall, Old Trafford, Manchester (Hon.).

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†Stewart, Barbara, Pennholme, Salterton Road, Exmouth, Music
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†Tait, B., 34, Norland Square, Holland Park, London, W., Assistant Mistress at Notting Hill High School.

†Tait, M., c/o Mrs. Frank Forder, The School House, Skipton-in-Craven.

†Thornely, M., The Rake House, Helsby, via Warrington.

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Vernon, P., 128, Lexham Gardens, Kensington, W.8, Private Secretary.

Walley, H., The Limes, Tarporley, Cheshire, qualifyng as a Dispenser.

Walley, R., The Limes, Tarporley, training at Liverpool School of Domestic Science.

†Walthall, A. D. D., Wygfair Isaf, S. Asaph, and 172, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

†Watt, Mrs. (B. Lorimer), Smyrna, Asia Minor.

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†White, R. Hale, The Chalet, Philipsburg, Centre Country Pensylvania, U.S.A.

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†Williams, M. Humphry, St. Mary's Mount, Flint, N. Wales, Assistant Mistress, King Edward's School, Birmingham.

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Woods, Joan, 71, Hough Green, Chester, Student at School of Domestic Science, Liverpool.

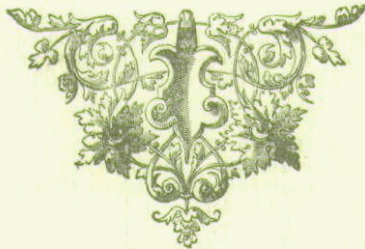
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