

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

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Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association

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Subscriptions

THE O.G.A. Subscriptions (2s.) for 1915, are due January next. The Secretary would be very glad if they could be sent to her during the first two weeks of that month. She will then forward them to the Treasurer who will send the receipts.

The Secretary would like to draw attention to her change of address. The O.G.A. have started a Net Ball Team, which meets every Wednesday, at 3.45 p.m., at the Girls' High School. All Old Girls whether they can play or not-are most heartily welcomed.

O.G.A. Social.

THE Social held on October 22nd was the first event of the O.G.A. winter programme, and the fact that between sixty and seventy girls turned up bore excellent testimony to the success attending our functions during the last year.

It was a dreary damp night outside, but we soon forgot all about rain and mud in a good round of Musical Chairs.

Next came some dancing (quite a new feature at our gatherings), and after tripping around for some time, a little music proved very refreshing and restful.

Then we all trooped upstairs to the laboratory, not to go back to the old days, of cylinders and beakers, but rather to enjoy refreshments. There we found that Bunsen Burners and Tripods had been put to a more practical use than in demonstrating chemistry-namely, in keeping the tea and coffee at a temperature approaching 120°F.

On returning to the main hall, Miss Hewett spoke a few words to us about the Women's Emergency Corps and its work in the present crisis.

More dancing and music brought our evening to a close, and everyone said it was the jolliest Social we had held in the new School.

Those who contributed to the evening's success by music and recitals were: Winnie Bean, Muriel Dale, Linda Smith, Ella Lewis, and last but not least, Minnie Foxon, who led us in "Its a Long Long Way to Tipperary," and other martial tunes, and so we closed a very happy evening, with the singing of the National Anthem.

W. K. ROBBINS.

MEETINGS

On Monday, November 16th, the O.G.A. had a very interesting meeting. On the notices it was advertised as "War Pie, Bernhardi and Others," and many people arrived not knowing at all what to expect.

Miss Hewett, however, gave a most interesting *resume* of Bernhardi's famous book, and this was debated on and freely criticised by many present. This was followed by "five minutes papers" on The Kaiser, Emperor Frances Joseph, King of the Belgians, General Joffre and Lord Kitchener, written by Ruth Cunningham, Mary Reeve, Margaret Deards, Kate Day and Winifred Robbins, respectively. These papers were much enjoyed by the unusually large number of Old Girls present, and all the writers are to be heartily congratulated on giving such interesting accounts.

The January meeting is still undecided. It is hoped to be able to hold a Whist Drive as usual, but under present circumstances a meeting of this kind cannot be definitely arranged as early as this.

In February a meeting will be held somewhat similar to a meeting we held last year. When the Old Girls gave readings from different novels, contrasting the eighteenth century and early Victorian women with women of the present day. This meeting was so successful and so much enjoyed that this year another will be given contrasting the eighteenth century and early Victorian men with men of the present day.

In March the Annual Social and Business Meeting will be held. The one held last April was a happy combination, and we spent a very jolly time.

Life at Newnham.

As the title of this is not "Cambridge and the War," I must forego the temptation to describe the change that has come over Cambridge's streets and playing fields, the despair of lecturers and coaches whose classes are dwindling to the halt and the maimed, the knitting fever that has spread through Newnham's ranks until all heads are bent at every society meeting, and the agony I have to go through when trying to work to the pleasant strains of "John Brown's Baby," "Tipperary," and "Three Blind Mice" all at once. I must, instead, confine myself to the everyday affairs of College life.

To begin by making an impression, let me tell you I am robed in all the splendour of a second year. It is true I have had to discard the saving cloak of ignorance the irresponsibility and freedom that belong to freshers, but I am amply repaid by the novel experience of seeing freshers leap up when I enter their rooms, and hold the door open for me to go out. Freshers are subjected to rather a rigorous treatment when they come up. From all quarters they get letters of the alphabet flung at them, and they are expected to answer intelligently when asked if they are going to try for C.U.M.S. or to join W.U.S.S. Then they have a continuous stream of people canvassing their pet societies, and I, when an innocent fresher, weakly succumbed to the first five before I began to think how I was going to get any work done. However, these freshers seem much wiser in their generation—a little too wise, in fact, for I haven't succeeded in making many of them join *my* pet society. I'm sure the greatest trials for them are to learn that they must not greet us unless we first smile at them, and to bear up stoically when we cut them. I must confess, however, that our set is bearing up a little too well.

The first thing that must be done after you have settled down is to form a society. About the middle of our second term we realised the gravity of the fact that we had failed in our duty in this respect and accordingly held a meeting to arrange preliminaries. We evolved a society for promoting originality, but as *Rule 5* is "Absolute secrecy on all matters appertaining to the aforesaid society on pain of excommunication," it's as much as my life is worth to divulge any of its secrets. However, I can assure you it's in a flourishing condition. On

this system you can imagine Newnham is teeming with societies. There is rather a hair-raising one of which I have lately become a member called G.A.P.S. or "The Gentle Art of Public Speaking." You sit in great tension round the President who has one envelope full of motions and one of the members' names, and she solemnly draws forth a motion and then a name, and the poor victim is allowed two minutes' grace before she is called upon to hold forth for three minutes on some such subject as "Is it better to be a giraffe with a sore neck, or a centipede with corns?"

I am afraid you will be getting an erroneous idea of the aim and object of College unless I drag work in somehow. We maths people are always getting accused of talking "shop," so I must skirt warily around the subject. Of course, the lecturers and coaches, knowing the best stimulus for making us work, are always telling us of the great things men and women have done up here, and it makes us want to do something to be worthy of such predecessors. I always say that, as my share, I'd like to take the Syndicate by the horns and compel it to give us the degree, but I'm afraid the only successful way will be to show we are fit for it. Accordingly we obey a stringent set of rules until the great day comes to set us free.

I believe the proper thing to do is to give a summary in the last paragraph, and the best I can offer is the historic sentence given by our porter, when asked what general impression he had of college life, "They h'eats and h'eats with h'intervals for meals."

(This is sometimes claimed by Girton for her stewardess, but, believe me, it rightly belongs to our porter.)

ELSIE HATCH

A Swiss Tour in War Time

AS a visit to Switzerland, our holiday was a distinct failure, but it was certainly a unique experience. Our first intimation of the serious turn that events had taken was when all the men-servants left to join the army, and everyone refused to take paper money. We were with a "conducted party" and so had had little intercourse with the villagers, and as the papers were printed in German we had not read them much. We immediately went to Interlaken and there, three days later, heard that there was war between Germany and Russia. We telegraphed home for more money and then joined our brothers up in the mountains.

After this our life became one long period of

monotony. We were shut in, we had very little money, and had to husband what we had with great care. Therefore long walks became an impossibility-as they caused hunger, and hunger is expensive to satisfy!

Our hotelier had agreed to charge us considerably less than the ordinary fees, but even then every day our money was dwindling and no reply had come to our telegram. So again we sent, and the outlay of several francs for this telegram was a great wrench.

In the meantime a committee of influential men had been formed in Grindelwald, to represent the interests of the British subjects detained there. They interviewed the British Ambassador and Consul at Berne, procured our passports and transacted all the necessary business. The vicar was the chairman and on three occasions specially urgent meetings had to be called on a Sunday, and it seemed so curious to see a business meeting presided over by the clergyman who in the morning had taken the service.

After eleven days had passed-and we still had received no money - our position was becoming so desperate that we again telegraphed. The next afternoon, as had become our habit through hunger and depression, we spent in bed; but to our great joy in the evening a reply came to our *third* telegram. No one who has not faced the immediate prospect of becoming destitute in a foreign land can appreciate the relief we felt!

Day after day our departure was delayed, but at last all arrangements were made and the date of our special train was fixed for the next Tuesday. On Sunday at church an announcement was made that a final extraordinary meeting would be held that afternoon, as some important news had arrived.

One of the great difficulties arose in the fact that the names of twenty-four people were placed on one passport, and if one of these refused to travel the passport became invalid. It required great tact to soothe everybody's fears and arrange everything, but the chairman, an Irishman, undertook to persuade each waverer, and did it most eloquently.

Then another blow was dealt. We were 492 British subjects in Grindelwald, and the Swiss authorities absolutely refused to take more than 400 on the mountain railway. No entreaties or persuasion would alter their decision. Ninety-two people must volunteer to stay behind, and at last this was arranged. For two days our names were placed on the waiting list, but on its being represented to the committee that our brothers had to return, and that we should be left unprotected,

we were placed on the list of those to go on the first train.

Each person was given a ticket for which we signed an I.O.U. to the British Government and were told to leave our luggage behind and to take with us enough food and water for three days and nights.

The purchasing of our provisions was an anxious time, and I will tell you what we seven took, allowing four meals per day per person, 81 sandwiches, 21 slices of bread and cheese, 20 eggs, 10 loaves, 8 litres of water and cold tea, 1 pot of marmalade, 2 pots of jam, 3lbs. of tinned beef, 7 tins of sardines, biscuits, muscatelles, chocolate, pears and lemons, and when we had this we couldn't carry much else, though we managed to bring through one suit case of clothes.

The momentous day arrived, and we were called at three in the morning. The whole village was lit up and everyone came to see us off. Gradually the sun rose and as we stood in our ranks in our numbered position, it really was a wierd sight. Everyone was carrying some strange article, while bottles and loaves protruded everywhere. We carried ours in a large towel that we had sewn up.

On our arrival at Geneva we met 400 more British subjects and were then placed in a huge "crocodile," to be duly inspected and given our numbered seats in the train, from which we were warned that we must not stir until we had reached Lyons. As we left the station some Swiss officers threw bundles of *Daily Mails* into our carriages and from these we learned for the first time to what an extent the war had spread. We had been in almost complete ignorance before.

Our journey was one long excitement. At Lyons we were received most enthusiastically by hundreds of soldiers, who sang the "Marseillaise," and in return we sang "God save the King,"-then we *talked*. They had just returned from the front and one soldier gave me a most graphic description of the charge of the Turcos, finishing with a vivid picture of how they had cut off the heads of their victims. We entrained again and passed slowly through France, meeting trains of fresh troops going to the front, with their engines and trucks all decorated with flowers; and others bearing the wounded back to the base. At every town the population turned out to cheer us, it was one long excitement.

Then night came and we tried to rest. Our efforts were not very successful, however, and directly it was daylight (about 4.30) we breakfasted and found that all our sandwich bread had gone sour,-a pleasant surprise!

Our train was so old that in our corridor four panes of glass were missing, and on two occasions the couplings broke, shooting the contents of the rack, bottles, etc., on to our heads. One lady was rather seriously injured and she was attended to by members of the staff of doctors and nurses who were on the train. The occupants of these two coaches were put into two of the already fully-occupied carriages and we went on.

We had taken three damp face flannels and a sponge and they were the only means of washing that we had during all this journey. At one small town we were met by the French soldiers and escorted to every house or shop that could supply coffee. The soldiers waited on us, and took us carefully back to the train; no stragglers were permitted. In this town we bought a big cake, a very welcome addition to our menu.

At last we arrived at Paris and found a fresh train waiting on the opposite platform for us. We bundled our things into it, and escorted by the British Committee of Paris, tried to get some coffee, but by this time we were a thousand strong and one buffet was not equal to serving us. So many had to go away disappointed and drink their water (preserved with spirit by order of the doctors) that had been brought from Grindelwald. I can safely say that carriage was the hardest and most uncomfortable in which I have ever travelled. We took it in turns to sit on the coats, etc., that we had, so as to be able to obtain a little relief. At Dieppe we were allowed to go straight on the boat and we slept on the deck. It was very dirty as the staff had had no rest for five days, and it had been constantly filled with refugees. The stewardess was lying asleep on the floor of the ladies' saloon, utterly worn out, and even our falling over her didn't wake her up. In the morning we tried to get breakfast, and a miserable meal it was, rancid butter, not enough coffee, and bread. Here we finished up the last of our jam. On the voyage ticket collectors approached each passenger, and had a friendly little conversation with them. If they were not quite satisfied that they were British subjects they were given red tickets and on disembarking all holders of red tickets were asked to step aside and were examined by the police, so great was the fear of spies entering.

When we stepped ashore at Folkestone and saw men in civilian clothes, and everything going on as usual, we could hardly credit it, and when it was arranged for us to travel Pullman it was too wonderful. And then the attendant told us we could wash in a beautiful place all rosewood and silver, and then served us a dainty tea; and the train didn't stop every minute', and soldiers with drawn

bayonets didn't spring up everywhere. But I think the greatest marvel of all was-that the train from Liverpool Street to Hoe Street seemed *quite fast*.

KATE DAY.

Examination Successes.

Cambridge Higher Local.

GROUP A.(Class 2) and H : V. Adams, D. Clay
Group A and H: B. Westall

Cambridge Senior Local.

C. Bayne. M. Dale. O Drake. W. Ferry. E. Grace.
E. Jennings. E. Martin. G. Philpott. C. Pritchard.
G. Thompson. W. Wagstaff. K. Whitfield.

Cambridge Junior Local.

L. Campbell. K. Hayes. B. Jones. K. Koller. D.
Warren.

Associated Board (R.A.M. and R.C.M.).

Lower Division: V. Jones, F. Jones, O. Thomas
Elementary Division; C. Griffiths

Weddings.

ALLBROOK-.HOWLETT.-On August 27th, 1914, at St. Mary's, Walthamstow, Annie Howlett to Mr. A. Frith Allbrook, of Cazenove Road, Stoke Newington.

MARCHANT-COTCHING.-Elsie's marriage to Mr. Ernest Marchant was celebrated at St. Mary's, Walthamstow, on November 21st, 1914, by special license. The Rev. H. Dewhurst, of St. Andrew's, Leytonstone officiated, and delightful music was rendered by Mr. F. Griggs.

Elsie arrived most punctually, looking positively radiant. She was dressed in blue with a picture hat of velvet to match trimmed with a dull shade of rose-pink, and carried a sheaf of pink roses and violets.

Considerable excitement prevailed owing to the fact that-well! It was "Cotching's" wedding, and had been arranged in a few days; and she was delighted to see so many Old Girls in the church.

The bridegroom, who was most self-possessed, was attired in the uniform of a corporal, and is serving his country with the U.P.S. at present in camp at Epsom. We are glad to know he will not be going abroad till January.

Their brief honeymoon was spent at ---- (excision by censor), in excellent weather.

Altogether it was quite the most romantic wedding we have ever attended and we wish them all the best of luck.

LUCAS-WHITTINGHAM.-A most interesting ceremony took place on December 23rd, at Wood

Street Union Church, when Margie Whittingham was married to Mr. Roy Lucas of Johannesburg.

The bridal group looked extremely pretty when one caught a glimpse of it between nodding feathers and ribbons, principally belonging to the hats of old High School girls.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Alec Ritchie, wore a handsome dress of white Liberty satin draped with Indian lace. Her embroidered net veil was fastened with clusters of orange-blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white flowers.

The four bridesmaids included Muriel and Beatrice and two small cousins. They all had dresses to tone, the elder being in silk crepe of a deep apricot shade, with brown satin sashes, and hats to match; and the two younger in silk crepe and chiffon, with baskets of brown chrysanthemums in place of the bouquets the others carried. The flowers and gifts of pendants and brooches were from the bridegroom.

The Rev. W. Hetherington officiated, and in his address said some very nice things about Margie which we all felt were thoroughly deserved. Hymns were sung and a solo rendered by Mr. William Anderson, a cousin. The bridegroom, with Mr. Hermann Olivier of Johannesburg as best man, was as self-possessed as one could wish and his responses were most audible. But in spite of his being an M.R.C.V.S., and shortly leaving to devote his talents in the service of the Empire, he chiefly received our attention on this occasion because he was Margie's husband.

Performances of "The Rivals" will take place on January 21st, 22nd and 23rd, at the School. There will be some sixpenny tickets available for Old Girls, but these will be limited as proceeds are to be given to charity.

Chat.

MARY REEVE is to be congratulated on many artistic successes during the past year. She has obtained a silver medal at the National Competition, for a stained-wood box, and was awarded a book prize for some illustrations, and a commendation for a still-life group. Besides that she received a silver medal for figure composition at the Regent Street Polytechnic.

A concert has recently been given at the Baths, for the relief of local distress. This was organised principally by Old Girls, and achieved a great success, many of them also helped by singing, playing, reciting and programme selling.

Dorothy Shadwell gave an amusing recitation from *Punch*, and a fine interpretation of "The Admiral's Ghost"; Charlotte Cunningham sang some songs which were composed and accompanied by Mr. Frank Griggs; an audible voice said, "I like this girl," which is a fitting tribute to her performance. Ella Lewis, who accompanied the songs sung by her brother-in-law-Mr. George Foxon was partly responsible for the encores he received.

Walthamstow has been honoured by visits from Mrs. Parker-Lord Kitchener's sister-and Lady Jellicoe. The visits were for the same purpose, namely to open clubs for the wives of soldiers and sailors.

Lady Jellicoe came to St. Andrew's Hall-in the parish of the Rev. E. Ogden -and a charming photograph appeared in the *Daily Graphic* of Mrs. Ogden (Alice Wise) and her husband, welcoming our Admiral's wife.

Some of the Old Girls who were contemporaries of Elsie Morris - now Elsie Tongue-have wondered how she is faring in her home at Lille. We have heard that she managed to leave with her husband and son, but fears are entertained for her home, which happens to be in a dangerous part of the town, the Germans having shelled a church a few yards off. Typhoid fever has now broken out-and with two such invaders it will probably be some time before the place is habitable.

I am sure she has our deepest sympathy when we look round at our own cherished belongings.

Jessie Foxon has taken a post in Canada, and is now nurse at Havergal College, Toronto. We hope to have an article from her in a future Magazine expressing her opinion of the Canadian school girl.

Births

CLARKE.-On April 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Clarke (Violet Douglass), a son, Leslie Douglass.

HASELGROVE.-On August 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cliff Haselgrove (Gladys Self), a son, Dennis Cliff.

COLLIN-BISHOP. - On October 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Collin-Bishop (Alice Houghton), a son, Edmund Collin.

RAINER. - On November 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rainer, a Daughter, Kathleen Edla.

FOXON – On December 2nd, to Mr and Mrs, George Foxon (Edith Lewis), a son, Lewis Arthur.

Two Sonnets.

IT is the gloaming of an eve in June,
And all the brilliant colours of the day
Have gone with waning light. The crescent moon
Alone shines beautiful, and pours its ray
Through the soft twilight. All is quiet and still
Save for the drowsy murmurings of the wings
Of insects in the air, and on the hill
The dew is falling where the darkness clings
Now on the sleeping forest. Round and round
In the dim light the bat flits here and there,
Leaving his hiding-place without a sound
And wheeling past me through the cool night air;
So silently away glides day's sweet light,
And gently fall the shadows of the night.

L. BERRY (V.A.)

What think the restless waves as onward rolling
Ceaseless, tireless, with monotonous roar
That seems, to freakish fancy, to be tolling
A long, deep knell for victims of the war;
Now, dashed in fury 'gainst a rock gigantic
Receding but to come with greater force,
To hurl itself again with efforts frantic
Watched by sea-gulls shrieking discord hoarse?
This fury is the expression of their hatred,
Against a foe so arrogant and base.
But now comes peace, their fury is abated
And of the recent tumult leaves no trace;
The sighing winds join with the rolling crest
To sing a dirge to honour those at rest.

K. HAYES (V.A.)

At the Crèche.

AT the crèche we look after about eighteen babies daily whose mothers are obliged to earn their living. We have them from the age of a fortnight to five years. Everyone agrees that these first years are the most important of a child's life, both physically, mentally, and morally. The friends who are so kind as to help us to give good food, warmth, and airy surroundings to these little slum children are really doing a great deal for the future citizens of Walthamstow. Of course with so big a family our time is largely taken up in satisfying the physical needs of the children, but we try to teach them good manners, and cleanly kindly habits. Though at times hard, it is most

fascinating work. We often watch miracles happening thin, ancient-looking, wailing babies changing into fat, young-looking laughing infants, dull and apparently stupid children become bright, normal, mischievous mites – vicious tempers gradually disappearing, and all kinds of bad habits dropping off. Of course we have discouraging happenings sometimes, as when a tiny baby who is getting on beautifully falls off, because its mother, having as she proudly says “buried three,” thinks she knows more about feeding than we do, and so gives it “sausages and mashed” or “fish and taters”; or another of whom we are very proud, disappears, and we never know why. However, the affection of the children, and the gratitude of the mothers amply compensate us for the unpleasant side of things.

AN OLD HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

High School Girls and the Belgians.

We can do very little for our friends from Belgium, but every Monday a box is placed in each room for contributions from the girls. We give what we like but it must be our own. The collection, not counting what is given by the Staff, amounts to an average of a guinea a week, and is devoted to the Belgians of the Wood Street Centre. Feminine activity finds expression in knitting. Wherever you go, you see nothing but wool, hear nothing but the clicking of needles. It is knit, knit, knit from morning till night.

On Wednesday, November 18th, we spent a most enjoyable time entertaining our Belgians. Miss Hewett, on the previous Friday, asked Forms V I. and Va. if we would undertake this task, and the idea “caught on.” That afternoon we had a Council of-not war, when we decided, in addition to other items, to enact a Cinema Play. It was to be something really big. Our esteemed Chairman-Lou Reeve-selected certain girls to write a play and after school on Monday, these were read aloud. A show of hands decided that Leslie Campbell's was the best. Girls were chosen for the various parts, and we dispersed. Next day, the first and only rehearsal took place, and we had done our best in preparation for the morrow. Rather a rush!

At 6.45 on Wednesday, we assembled at the High School and marched down to Wood Street. Never was such a happy, high-spirited party! Miss Hewett, Miss Richardson, Miss Goldwin, and Miss Chappell came with us, and Mr. Sharman, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Tyler, who are doing such a lot for the Belgians, were also present. We found

everything as cosy as could be. The Belgians are just like a happy family. The majority speak Flemish only but a few know French. The eldest is a dear old lady of 84, who sat by the fire and smiled. The youngest is about 17 months-just as dear, and makes an even more pathetic case, for the child seems to have lost its parents, and we can trace none of her relations. It is a puzzle how she came here, she was the centre of interest and we all crowded round, trying to coax her to play, but with little success. She has taken a fancy to one of the women and will go to no one else. To be sure, as "mother" held her, the little one did condescend to shake hands all round.

Pianoforte solos by Doris Atkins, Hilda Farmer, Winnie Berry, and Kathleen Attenborough were greatly appreciated, as well as the duet by Peggy Robbins and Ethel Holmes. Lou Reeve recited in French and was heartily clapped by those who did not understand, and even more heartily by those who could appreciate. Cora Bayne gave us one of her delightful dances. The dignified sixth, robed in drill tunics, enjoyed the healthy exercise of a country dance. Some of the girls in Va. made fine shepherds, and danced with their lady-loves as gracefully as if they had been born and bred in the country. The Belgians really enjoyed this; they are peasants and it appealed to them. Two or three in our corner took arms and were just going to join in, when they were restrained with difficulty by another who grew quite alarmed.

The audience was pleased with everything, but the real "hit" of the evening was undoubtedly the Cinema Play. On such short notice, it was marvellously well done. Lou was the heroine and her lover was the hero cowboy, Dorothy Windle. The Belgians fell in love with these two, who might have been paid experts. You should have seen the agonised expression on the lovers' faces as they were literally torn asunder by the heroine's father-Doris Atkins. The choicest scene was when the heroine's "small sister" -the writer of the play-was a hidden and interested witness of their bear-or-lover-like hugs. Lou wore her hair in plaits and had a picturesque sailor-blouse. The hero was in correct cowboy attire, and the "small sister" had white socks, with a huge bow on her hair. Doris Atkins was another favourite, for she made a splendid man in an ordinary light-grey suit and hat. Of course, there was a villain,-and a dark one, Olive Beauchamp, who was a champion Mexican. Nancy Liddiard took the part of mother, and Winnie Gowen was the parson. The whole play was quite orthodox and the acting was excellent.

Two or three in our corner, who were rather excitable, stood up and flaunted their little English with "Hip, hip, hurrah"! "It's all right," and "It's very good," which appears to have been all they could say apart from "Good Night." When they had quieted down a little, Winnie Gowen sang "Tipperary" and of course, we all joined in the chorus. We also sang the Belgian, French, Russian, and English National Anthems. We had to go then, as it was 8.30 p.m. and they like to go to bed early. However, it seemed as if they did not want to leave us, for they came to see us off at the gate, amid many a noisy "Good Night" and "*Bon soir.*" We certainly had as good a time as they did and were sorry it was all over. On the serious side, no one could respond with more out-and-out heartiness than we to the call of hats off and three cheers for Belgium!

G. JENNINGS.

A Song of the Sock.

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

Knit, knit, knit,
While our men are using the guns,
And knit, knit, knit,
We soon shall be rid of the Huns.
A man may feel a coward
Who must in his office lurk,
But a woman has always a sock to knit,
And this is a Christian work.

O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers who knit!
It is not the wool you are wearing out,
But those who knitted it.
Knit, -knit, -knit
How swift are the hands of the clock,
Knitting I am, with a three-ply wool,
A thing that is meant for a sock.

But why don't I talk of yours?
Your bed sock of shape unknown,
I dread to see the final result,
It seems so like my own,-
It seems so like my own,
Even to the stitch that's gone,
Ah me! that wool should be so dear,
And socks so soon get worn.

Oh! but to buy a hat,
Trimmed with feathers or flowers sweet,
To put that upon my head,
And new shoes upon my feet.

For only one short hour
To buy as I used to buy,
Before I knew the cost of wool
And how soon an ounce would fly.

Oh! but for one short hour,
A respite, however brief!
The blessed leisure for sleep or book,
Or time to indulge in grief.
A little flirting would ease my heart,
But now there is no male,
Flirting must stop and I must knit,
To keep him hearty and hale.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyes that gave her great pain,
A woman sat in dishevelled attire,
Knitting her purl and her plain,
Knit! knit! knit!
How swift are the hands of the clock.
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Sock."

W.W.

A Sunday Kindergarten is starting at Higham Hill.
Funds are low and each child needs a chair, these
chairs can be bought for one and eightpence. Are
there any Old Girls who would like to help? The
money should be sent to Mrs. Ogden, 409, Higham
Hill Road.

*Women's Printing Society, Limited, Brick Street,
Piccadilly, W.*