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Walthamstow High School Magazine

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Walthamstow High School

Old Girls' Association

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GOODCHILD. MISS E. COTCHING.

The annual General Meeting of the Association was held on April 14th and was very poorly attended, owing partly to holidays, but more to the unfortunate fact that several concerts had also been arranged for that evening.

The twenty-seven members who were present had an enjoyable evening. Each had an anagram given her, and an exciting time was spent in puzzling out the answers. The prize for this competition, which was won by Miss Smyth, was a copy of *Pickwick Papers*.

In the middle of the evening refreshments were handed round, and then the anagram answers were read. After this, a short business meeting was held, at conclusion of which a musical consequence was played. The prize, a copy of *Nicholas Nickleby*, was won by Hilda Griggs. After general conversation the faithful few returned to their respective homes.

The third annual Whist Drive of the Association was held on February 4th, and was, as usual, a success, socially and financially, in spite of the fact that our number was not as large as on previous occasions.

This time, therefore, only the long class room was used. It was quite transformed by the work of the Decoration Committee. Curtains at the windows, flowers and plants tastefully arranged, standard lamps, and covered floors effected the

change from school-room to drawing-room. The hall, too, was decorated with some of the plants kindly lent Mrs. Duke and Mr. Lewis.

The prizes were won by: Ella Lewis, Miss Oxley, Daisy Chappell, Mr. Cecil Lewis, Mr. Hazelgrove, and Miss Smyth.

A late arrival revealed an awkward predicament. One of the doors leading into the room had been locked so that a table could be used near it. The other unfortunately resented being made to do extra work, and showed its displeasure in a most effective manner-by shedding both handles. However, by the prompt action of one who rejoices in the privilege of being both a husband and a "brother," we were rescued before actual starvation occurred.

The School Year.

WE had the privilege of Professor Sadler's presence at our prize giving last November. We were very proud to have one to distribute our prizes whose opinion is so highly respected in the educational world; his lively and interesting speech was listened to with great enjoyment, and we hope that this visit will not be the last.

The school parties at Christmas seem to be developing into annual institutions, and they would be sadly missed. When the prize-giving occurs in the middle of a term, one feels the desire for a "grand finale," and anything more welcome or suitable than our parties cannot be imagined. They are pure enjoyment from start to finish.

The 1909-10 Net Ball Team deserves to be congratulated. They have not only upheld the standard of the School, but have raised it considerably. In the Association matches the play was particularly good, and we succeeded in playing in the semi-finals against St. Saviour's. Although we lost, it was an excellent game, sportingly played by both sides, and a real pleasure to watch. In other matches we have been remarkably successful, not having suffered any defeats. With regard to the Form matches may we be forgiven a pardonable pride if we seem to give prominence to the fact that the Sixth has attained to a long-cherished ambition and won the School Shield? Practically the whole of the present Sixth is leaving at mid-summer, and we greatly desired to leave "footprints in the sands of time" in the form of the Challenge Shield on the mantelpiece. So we plead extenuating circumstances if we seem to "gloat."

As is usual now after the last Form match, we have a tea for the team out of each Form, and the complete winning Form is invited. It should be

recorded that the Fourth, owing to their splendid play, were also invited en bloc. It was a very windy day, and after the match was over it rained hard. We had tea in the hall, and the opening of the door meant dust in your eyes and specks in your tea, but nobody minds that at School, and the devotion of the girls to buns and tea needs no encouragement. We were all very sorry to part with Miss Damon, even though it was only for a term. She has been far from well for some time, and it was thought necessary for her to have a complete rest. Her place is being filled by Miss Underhill, who is a personal friend of Miss Damon's, and so does not seem a stranger.

We played hockey during the winter, and at present there are rum ours that tennis is to be started shortly. We have already got the grass, but we hope to see more definite and progressive signs soon.

We have a new addition to the staff in Miss Litchfield, who came in January as Form 1. Mistress. She and Miss Smyth have their hands full this term with a preparatory of eighteen-the largest since the School opened.

On Empire Day we had our usual celebration in the morning; the address given by Mrs. Naldrett was enjoyed by everyone. In the afternoon we rode from School to Boadicea's Camp by brake. After spending about an hour there, we either walked or rode to High Beech, where we had tea. The brakes then took us home again. As always, this proved a most enjoyable and popular outing; over ninety girls went, including several from Preparatory. A great grief was experienced during the afternoon when our only "man" was lost for about a quarter of an hour. He was found, however, amid general rejoicings.

With regard to the work, a good many girls are studying for examinations; either the Matriculation or the Junior and Senior Cambridge. We wish them all every success, and request them to make themselves worthy of being future citizens, and perhaps--who knows--Parliamentary members of Great Britain!

H. M. (*Form VI.*)

A Retrospect (*Concluded.*)

DURING the first term after the opening of the School there were fifty-nine girls in attendance, of these thirty-eight are still in touch with us, and of the eighty-one who were in attendance during the second term we can trace sixty; this is a very large proportion, especially when it is remembered that the opening was twenty years ago. Many of these

have still a very intimate connection with us. Margie Whittingham is a member of the Governing Body of the School; Nellie Chappell has two nieces and a nephew in the School; Ethel Calvel (then Ethel Slack), a daughter; so has Ada Hotine (Ada Powell); Ethel Gower (Ethel Barton), a son; Ethel Rainer (Ethel Griggs), a step-daughter; Lilly Clarke has two sisters; this is a record, the Clarkes are the only family of which we have always had a member from the opening to the present day; Florence Gower has a nephew at School, and is Editor of the Magazine; May Maud (May Clarke) is Treasurer of the Old Girls' Association. As well as those mentioned, there are many others of the original pupils whom we often see at School gatherings; this connection with the past is a very delightful feature of the School life, and one which we hope may long continue.

It will no doubt be interesting to many to hear particulars of the sixty of whom we have information: One (Bessie Gravatt) is dead, twenty-seven are married, eighteen are at home, eight are teaching, three are nurses, two are clerks, one is a matron and one a doctor of medicine; two of them won high academic honours: Hilda Whittingham took her medical degree and is now doing advanced research work in addition to professional engagements; Nellie Chappell took a First Class in Mathematical Honour Mods at Oxford, after winning an open Scholarship for the Royal Holloway College; she now holds the important post of Head Mathematical Mistress at St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews. Many other interesting facts might be noted about more recent pupils, but it is only the purpose of this article to give some reminiscences of the very earliest days, to which we are even now bound by many links.

Both Miss Billings and Miss Strudwick left us long ago. The former is married and lives in the United States; the latter went from us to Newnham College, Cambridge, and, after gaining a First Class in the Natural Science Tripos, lectured first at Westfield College, then at the Goldsmiths' Training College for some years. Now she is Headmistress of the Municipal School at Rotherham; her new buildings, containing everything that one could wish for an ideal school, were opened in May of this year; the School was fitted up and equipped under Miss Strudwick's own supervision, and everything has been done according to her plans, so it can be imagined that the arrangements are all exactly as they should be. Miss Robinson, who has been with us from the first, happily still teaching music in the School as energetically as ever, she still allows only the minimum of time necessary to reach Hoe Street

Station, she still always manages just to catch her train. Miss Kühn is teaching music in South Africa.

None of us who worked there as teachers or scholars, will ever forget our first quarters; certainly they were not what one would choose for a school; the desks, which are still doing duty and deserve to be speedily superannuated, were chosen, neither for comfort nor for capacity, but for the sole reason that they could be packed into smaller compass than any other pattern that could be procured. Chief among their many faults was the bet that when a girl had a fit of the fidgets, it was not her own writing which suffered, but that of the girl behind her, who, after great long suffering, generally indicated her annoyance by using the hair of the offender as a bellrope to make her opinions known. The curtains, which provided a very ineffectual separation between the class rooms (?) and the main hall, were rather sources of temptation than a means of stopping sound, but they did provide opportunity for practice in needlework, after their temptations had proved too strong to be resisted. Another of our trials was the irritating behaviour of the heating arrangements, which always seemed to choose the coldest days for being more than usually disagreeable. Our books had a way of disappearing at the weekend or making journeys into other desks; this unfortunate habit they seem to have handed on to their descendants, for the nomadic habit is still strong; we hope that this may be cured by a further change of residence. Of course, one never knew where a particular desk would be on a Monday morning, in spite of numbers carefully stuck on, for these came (?) off on Sunday: this uncertainty provided more amusement for the occupants of the desks than for the form mistress, and the beginning of the first lesson of the week was often delayed.

Naturally we had no provision for teaching Art or Science, and the Singing and Drilling lessons were audible to everyone in the building. We had not a square yard of ground for games or for morning break; fresh air we certainly had in plenty, even without open windows, for the building was a veritable "cave of the winds" and, though we had no Science laboratory, air currents could always be studied theoretically and practically; "where the draught came from" was a perennial problem which could never be thoroughly solved, for as soon as one was located, another one was felt from quite a different direction.

Thinking of all these discomforts we were able to leave our temporary abode without one pang of regret, and even the fact of its being our first home could not make us cast one longing look behind us. We did not grumble then; of all foolish things the

most foolish is to complain of things which cannot be altered, but now, looking back after twenty years, it is rather pleasant to be able to unburden one's mind and say how difficult and uncomfortable it all was, and to wonder how one got through those first fifteen months, and then one remembers that one was twenty years younger, and probably saw a comedy in what would now look more like a tragedy.

Yet with all our difficulties we did manage to work well and earnestly, to enjoy our life thoroughly, to make lasting and close friendships, to form habits of industry, obedience, self-discipline and loyalty, and the memories of that now distant time are pleasant and worthy of recollection.

Old Churches

THOSE who are interested in ecclesiastical architecture would find much to occupy their time and thought in the county of Norfolk. We were strolling in a little village two miles inland, a short distance from Cromer, and found that there are many beautiful and interesting churches—mostly fifteenth century work—within easy cycling or driving distance. The country through which one passes is very attractive, and often prettily wooded, and the woods are in such excellent condition that one can take bye-lanes where motor-cars hesitate to come. True, one's progress is somewhat impeded by an occasional flock of sheep, but this only adds a spice of variety to the attractions of the ride.

One delightful ride is through Holt to Binham, taking the two Walsinghams on the return journey. Binham Priory differs from the majority of churches in this neighbourhood, being a good example of late Norman and early English work. The west front in the latter style is particularly beautiful.

Another two or three miles and Old Walsingham Church is reached, where there is the most perfect collection of old carved oak benches with poppy-heads that we have ever seen. These old benches remain in their original state without any restoration. Another interesting feature is a "Peter's pence box" in its original position near the altar.

New Walsingham is a very little distance from the older village, and strikes one as the quaintest and most out-of-the-world little place I've ever seen. The Abbey grounds and ruins are fairly interesting, while the church contains one of the most beautiful fonts in England, as well as many other interesting features.

Another ride in an opposite direction would be

through North Walsham to the little village of Worstead, where there is a large church with a very fine decorated tower. This church, although interesting, has no particularly striking feature.

A church of more varied interest is that of Salle. Though, so far as we know, the village or rather hamlet has never had importance as other places in this district have had it, the church is of almost cathedral proportions. This church has also a very fine tower, in the perpendicular style, and also contains some well-carved misereres. But the glory of the building is the ceiling, particularly in the chancel and transept, where there is some lovely fan tracery carved oak. Unfortunately this church is in such repair that it is not even water-tight and the three-decker pulpit and "horse box" pews, although interesting, are not objects of beauty.

Cley again has a very fine church, whose size testifies to the importance of the place in the middle ages. This church, too, has varied attractions. The south porch is a fine example, while the decoration on the north side would alone merit a visit. Inside is a good font, and some beautiful saints' niches in the nave. The divergence between those on the north side and those on the south is striking, the decoration in one case being figures and in the other more ordinary ornaments, while in the south aisle are some curious grotesques. This church being partly decorated and partly perpendicular in style is interesting in another way, in that one may puzzle out-most probably wrongly-the history of the church as written in the stones themselves.

Blakeney Church is only a mile or so away, but is less interesting than Cley, as the restoration has been so complete that there is an air of trim neatness that robs the building of some of its charm. The early English chancel with its seven-light window, however, is very beautiful, while the lantern tower outside the church has its own interest.

Besides these few churches which stand out in my memory there are many more, which have not any special feature but are interesting as showing the traces of alteration from century to century.

M. M.

Spring, in and around Epping Forest.

"Chief, lovely Spring, in thee and
thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen,
While water, earth and air attest His
bounty."

The Seasons, THOMSON.

SO many people more capable than myself have written in praise of Spring, both in prose and verse, that it seems a big subject for an amateur to tackle. However, even the most casual observer in a walk through our beautiful Forest must be struck by the charm of this season.

Spring has always been my favourite of all the seasons, and now that I live right on the borders of Epping Forest I am able to get more enjoyment from it than when living in Walthamstow.

The bird-life is very interesting at this season, the mating and nesting is over, and now very often the robin and other of the numerous wild birds in which our forest abounds can be seen with their little ones, feeding them and teaching them the first rules of flying. Late in February or early March I heard the lark's first notes in the meadows behind our garden. This little fellow seems to always cheer us with the hope of Spring, and very early every morning now he soars up towards the sky, pouring out such a volume of melody that it seems his tiny throat must burst.

The birds make quite an orchestra, the lark taking clear treble notes, the finches, thrush, and blackbird each performing his special part, while the rook brings in the deep bass, combine in making a perfect harmony in Dame Nature's oratorio.

I heard the cuckoo's first notes on April 2nd, early I fancy, for when we hear his somewhat monotonous call it is a sure sign that Summer is not far away, and has sent her herald to announce her approach.

"When the gorse is out of bloom
Kissing is out of season."

Evidently that was written by someone fond of kissing, for all the year round some little bit of that prickly fellow can be discoloured, but just now it is in its glory, great bushes of gold lighten the more sombre holly trees, and the scent from it, especially after an April shower, is delightfully sweet.

About mid-April I was walking through Higham's Park, very conscious of the fact that this paper had to be written, and doubting whether I could ever paint in words the beauty to which no artist's brush could ever do real justice.

The dark branches of trees only just breaking into bud, the may, some bushes in nearly full foliage, others like giant maiden-hair ferns, the wild hyacinth leaves showing where the blooms will soon be, and the slender willows just bursting into feathery green, trying to catch a peep of their own beauty in the lake, all combine in making a charming and dainty picture.

I had the pleasure a few days ago of walking through Knighton Woods, the private grounds of Mr. E. North Buxton (himself a great lover and historian of our Forest) to see the daffodils; it is almost past description. Walking along the winding paths, with trees on either hand just throwing out their first feathery foliage, we suddenly come to great masses of various daffodils and narcissi, while in another shady corner, primroses and wood violets grow in wild luxuriance among the long grass or dark ivy leaves.

An enormous patch of lilies-of-the-valley, first uncurling their pale green leaves, left one to imagine the perfume which would be there when the thousands of flowers promised, really blossomed.

Admiring one delightful group of pheasant-eyed narcissi rather near the edge of the lake, we were startled by a duck rising quickly from the rushes and flying into the water, but what was our surprise when, glancing at the spot from which she had come, we saw her family of eight tiny ducklings, pretty tortoise-shell balls of fluff. The poor mother bird swam restlessly about, quite near her young ones, so we stole away as quietly as possible to enable her to return.

About half-an-hour later, passing the same spot, we were curious to see if she was there, and found that she had removed the whole brood to some more secluded spot; maternal instinct must have been very strong in this, one of God's simplest creatures.

The silver birches, for which our forest is famous, look as though Titania had come on a trip straight from fairyland and brought some of her spring costumes with her, the wild anemones, dainty and fragile, show starry among the grasses.

The catkins have nearly all fallen now, and the aspen-poplars having shed their gorgeous crimson ones, are just bursting into leaf.

The chestnut trees are beautiful now, with their tender green leaves, but in another month they will be a mass of blossom; the leaves of the chestnut seem to be rushing forward at the first approach of spring, anxious to beautify the earth, while the sturdy old oak "bides a wee," and lets some of the cold east winds and night frosts go by before he ventures forth his tender buds, as though conscious that he will keep his leaves longer into the autumn than some of the "forward young things."

.. Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in
England

Sees, some morning,
unaware,
That the lowest bough and
the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole
are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings
on the orchard bough
In England now! "

ROBERT BROWNING.

K. P.

Avery Hill College.

LIFE at Avery Hill, as in all other training colleges, assumes two aspects, the scholastic and the social. Both have their joys and one - alas! its sorrows.

When we arrived here last September, we innocent little Juniors were assailed on every side by the terrors of innumerable rules and corresponding penalties.- "Confiscation" being the most mysterious and frequent of the many foreign terms used with what appeared to us amazing callousness by our Seniors, and we felt that we could never hope to become used to all the times and rooms, and general whirl of college life. But after the first week, things straightened out considerably, for our Seniors were very good to us, and we began to feel a personal pride in our connection with such an important seat of wit and learning (!) We found we had to work hard "in school" but that "playtime" was very jolly.

There are three hundred and twenty of us-half Juniors, half Seniors, and the two years are kept quite distinct in everything. We have lectures from 9.20 a.m. till 12.45 p.m., then lunch, and from 2 till 3.45 p.m. drawing or needlework on one afternoon a week-unless one is taking an optional subject. Then after tea we have lectures again from 4.15 till 5.40, when the day students and hostel people depart. The Residents have two hour's P .S. (private study) every evening except Wednesday, when we only have one hour, it being free evening after 7p.m. Saturdays are free after 1.30 p.m. We all go to bed at 9.45.

The subjects taken are, of course, those required for the teacher's final certificate-most of these merely continue our school lessons, but the Method and Psychology lectures are most novel and interesting to us. As this is a two-year college, no girls are coached for university examinations, but we have many who have passed matric. and

intend to go on to Inter and B.A. later. We are the proud possessors of an unusually large and comprehensive library, to which the students have free access.

But this is all very ordinary as compared with the tale I will unfold of the delights of dances, theatricals, concerts and charades of Saturday nights and Wednesday evenings.

Every evening we dance or have games, or perhaps tell ghost stories with the lights out, before the huge fires in our beautiful Common Room from 7.30 till 8, but on Wednesdays in the two winter terms there are "dorm " concerts, when each dormitory for the benefit of the rest of us and the resident lecturers, organises a concert or whist drive, with light refreshments. Sometimes, as a variations, some philanthropist will give us a party. On Tuesdays after 9 p.m., the intellectually-minded of us attend a literary society, and on alternate Thursdays there is a debating club or Morris dancing.

Last Saturday evening we celebrated the May Day Festival. Our May Queen is elected by the whole college as the prettiest and most popular Senior; she has sixteen maids of honour, elected one from each division, Junior and Senior. The last year's May Queen comes to crown the new Queen, and all kinds of May games, dances and pageants are arranged by each section of the College-Day Students, Hostel Students and Residents -in her honour. Everyone agreed that the revels this year were even a greater success than in previous years. Half the College took part, and one of the features of this, and of all our dramatic efforts, is that everyone makes her own dress.

Although during the winter terms we find plenty to amuse us indoors, yet we are now entering upon the most glorious part of our college life-the summer term. The grounds, which are extensive, are very beautiful now, though not yet in their full glory. The park is so green, and the spring flowers in the gardens so fresh, that it is difficult to imagine ourselves only as far from the City as smoky Walthamstow.

Now, "bean bags" is the rage, and everyone is preparing for sport's day. In the distance one often sees wobbly figures tied together making frantic efforts to help each other along, and in the corridors one meets people practising constantly for the blindfold driving race. We have six tennis courts in the grounds, and three at one of the hostels, and every morning about 5.30 a.m. there are sounds of early rising, when determined enthusiasts strive to coach

themselves into trim for the tournament.

But some of our unfortunate sisters have no time for tennis sports and such frivolity-their "school practice" has fallen in the summer term, they are immersed in "crits" and like calamities. Nature Study, History, and Arithmetic lessons now absorb their energies; but they are hoping to rejoin us at College after Whitsun.

We are all yearning for the long summer vacation, although our joy at the prospect is marred by the thought that we shall then have to say good-bye to our Seniors; but we console our aching hearts with the thought that we shall all see them when they come down on "Open Nights."

But though holidays are sweet, all holidays would be dreadfully dull, and to all would-be teachers I would say: "Try to come to Avery Hill, you will have a ripping two years."

FLORENCE WAKEFIELD.

A Holiday in Algeria.

PART 1.

WE started in very good spirits from Victoria at 10 a.m., but on arriving at Newhaven mine drooped considerably when I saw our boat tossing up and down, and we knew we were in for a rough passage.

The sailors came and put ropes round the seats for the passengers- to cling to in case of violent lurches, and they also wrapped us round with oilskin rugs; the boat did indeed lurch, she seemed to turn completely on one side. I passed the best part of the time downstairs, and do not advise anyone to go that route unless they are obliged, it is too long! On arriving at Dieppe we found our train waiting in the road outside the station, and when all the passengers were settled down we eventually went to the station proper, but it seemed very strange to be going through the streets in a train. We went from Paris to the Paris-Lyon station, and the train there was so packed with people going south (a great number of them English) that we found it most difficult to get seats. We have never been in more comfortable trains. All night travelling in the usual way is not nice, but in these trains it was no hardship. We left Paris at 9 p.m., arriving at Marseilles at 8 a.m. and found a "Cook's" man, who was most useful; he told us where to get breakfast, etc., and took charge of all our luggage and put it on the Algiers boat, in fact took all our troubles on himself, all

we had to do was to walk on board, where we found our luggage in a most comfortable cabin. We were only in Marseilles a short time, but we liked it very much. Some of the buildings are beautiful, especially the Roman Catholic Cathedral the harbour is very fine.

The passage to Algiers was as rough as it could possibly be. In the night all the crockery and furniture seemed to be tumbling about our heads. I cannot say that I enjoyed it, but I felt better in the morning-the day was perfect and the sea was as blue as one expects it to be in the Mediterranean. The majority of passengers were French; there was only one Englishman besides ourselves and two ladies. As we were entering the harbour at Algiers a boat load of natives came to the side of our ship, and they all clambered on board and came round to ask if they might take our luggage. We could only guess what they were saying as they were speaking in Arabic. They looked very picturesque in their loose robes, some in white and others in colours. One old man got hold of our bags and tied them *all together* with a blue handkerchief which he wore round his waist, and carried them over his shoulder with the greatest ease. We were met on landing by a French man, who could not speak a word of English, so the conversation was rather limited, but he was most useful to us as he could speak Arabic, and he arranged for all our belongings to be taken to our hotel. He very soon had everything passed by the Customs, and it was not long before we found ourselves established in a most comfortable room overlooking the harbour.

The town of Algiers is very imposing as seen from the sea. The buildings are nearly all built of white stone and are mostly of Arabic design, and they appear to be one on top of the other, as the whole town is built on a gradual incline, each road is slightly higher than the other, and instead of being long roads they just wind in and out, gradually ascending, until they finish at the very top of the hill, gradually upon the most beautiful scenery, and the view down into the harbour is grand. The high part of Algiers is called the Mustapha Superieur, which is the residential quarter; very few people live in the lower part of the town as it is so hot. I was quite expecting to find a quaint little town, but Algiers is a very up-to-date city; the shops are very good and one might almost be in any modern town, but when you come into the Arab quarter you find things very different. Here the streets are narrow and also very dirty-in some parts you can only walk two abreast. Most of their houses are very,

very old, and we noticed some very beautifully carved doorways. The men seem to sit about all day in the streets playing cards or dominoes and drinking very black coffee out of the tiniest of coffee cups; the women and children seem to be always busy. The former wear white loose robes, with white muslin veils completely over their heads, and they have just two eyes showing-how they know each other apart I cannot think, because nearly all their "eyes are brown, and so bright; the little girls begin to cover their faces when they are thirteen years old, and they have then reached the marriageable age. The men are very fine to look at, they are so big and upright, and their dress makes them look so picturesque. They nearly all wear white loose robes, and over their shoulders they have a cloak,-some have purple, others red and blue, etc., etc.-and they wear white and sometimes coloured turbans, over which they bind camel thongs, which is thin rope; they mostly wear sandals.

Their mosque is a beautiful building-it is quite square, with a large white dome over the centre; it gleams so brightly in the sunlight. Our friend who met us took us over the morning after we arrived. As we went in he whispered to us not to step on the mat just inside the door (which was a very shabby one!) so we stepped over. The first thing we saw was it small space enclosed where the men go into wash their feet before stepping on to the rugs, which are spread all over the floor, and on which we saw several of the Arabs praying. We heard a great deal of splashing going on, and then saw one of them come with his shoes in his hand; they place them in a row just at the edge of the rugs-which by the way are very beautiful. We saw a little boy come in with his father, and it was very amusing to watch him copy the elder in every way, and he carried a pair of tiny red shoes. A priest makes all the prayers for them, and it made our throats ache to hear him. He speaks very loudly and in one tone of voice all through, or so it appeared to us, and he hardly paused to take breath. The walls of the building are brilliantly decorated with mosaics, as all the outsides of the Arabic houses are, and there was no other decoration but just the praying rugs. From the mosque we went over to the Governor's palace, which is built in Arabic style, all white and square, and here the hall, or rather court, as it is called there, is quite open to the sky, and most of the houses of importance in Algiers are built in the same way. In the centre they have a fountain with beautiful palms and other ferns, and it looked so cool. The floors are of black and white marble, also the staircase, which leads up to a balcony which runs round the court,

and all the rooms are built round the balcony, On several Arab buildings we noticed the sign of a hand, which means "Good Luck," and very often you will see on their gates and iron railings a star and crescent, which is an Eastern mark.

E.L.C.

(To be continued).

Births.

HOPPER.-At Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hopper (nee Gertrude Andrews), a son, Archibald Stanley.

ROBERTSON.-To Mr. and Mrs. Robertson (nee May Goodchild), a daughter, Isobel Dora.

Marriages.

HOPLEY -SINDEN.-George Hopley to Mildred (Peggy) Sinden.

SHAW-DAY.-Cecil Rumsay Shaw to Janet Day.

WILDASH-KELSEY.-George Frederick Wildash to Annie Kelsey.

Prize Poem-Walthamstow Eisteddfod.

OUR ISLAND HOME.

UP in the North she lies,
Alone and free,
Roofed by the grey skies,
Walled by the sea.
Green boughs of water,
White-blossomed foam,
Twine round and shelter
Our Island Home.

Oh! sea-birds her ships are.
Ocean their nest,
But oft they cross the bar,
Glide to her breast
Though far they linger,
World-wide they roam,
Even her finger
Beckons them home.

See! proudly her children
Throng ev'ry land.
Rise they, the men of men,
Born to command.
Where is their voice dumb?
Their handwork unshewn?
Where have they not come?
Their flag not flown?

Flung wide its doors stand,
Our Liberty Hall,
Strangers from any land
Welcome are all
Honour and courtesy
Wait at our board,
Justice and Mercy
Burnish our sword.

Hail! Britain our Mother,
Spouse of the sea,
Queen of all other,
Saint of the free,
Realm of the royal,
Gem of the foam,
Land of the loyal,
Britain, our Home.

D. G.

Contributions to the Magazine must be sent to F. Gower.

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