

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

OUR Editorial Staff has once more undergone a change: owing to Miss Murray-Jones' illness, IRIS was very suddenly bereft of her newly-acquired editor. However her dilemma was quickly resolved Miss Forster, who for so many years past has been the presiding genius of IRIS, once more played the part of the *dea ex machina*: it is to Miss Forster's ready resource that we owe yet another issue of our Magazine.

A very great honour befell the School last term when our team won the Shield of the London Schools' Net-Ball Association. Our Old Girls too reached the final of the London Old Girls' Net-Ball League. We feel indeed justly proud of our prowess on the Net-Ball field.

This term opened under a cloud, for we came back to find that burglars had robbed us of all our precious cups: however, a very substantial silver lining soon dispelled the cloud, for one after another the cups have been replaced by kind and loyal friends of the School. Their generosity has dwarfed into insignificance the petty meanness of the burglary, and we offer them one and all our heartfelt thanks.

M. NORRIS.

To the School.

FOR the fourteenth time IRIS makes her bow to you, this time in raiment of bright orange. She is, we hope, as cheerful as her bright array, though she is, for a time, torn of her spiritual parent. In short, Miss Murray-Jones, although enjoying a very brisk and business-like convalescence, is still away from School and unable to see this number of IRIS through the press. Moreover, Norah Blofield, the noble and inspiring SIR N. M. B., she of the Pen and the Bludgeon to fainting O. G. contributors, is now steaming away upon the high (or low?) seas, bound for fortune, fame and health, which we all hope she will find in New Zealand. Right worthily does she deserve all three.

The present unworthy and strictly temporary grandmother of IRIS, having guided Norah's inky fingers through many youthful exercises, can, nevertheless, speak well of Norah, praising her qualities of enthusiasm, determination and adventurous daring which should make Norah a power in New Zealand: but IRIS has lost a mighty power in losing the strength of Norah's right arm.

Joyce Howlett is doing, as she would term it, "the carrying on" for the O.G.A. this time.

The School Committee has been O. Grosart, M. Robson, V. Stockton and P. Woolnough. Without their support and the support of Forms U.IVA and L.IIB., there could have been no IRIS this time. The O.G.A. has been inactive and Joyce has had a very difficult task.

Old Girls' Editorial.

(WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED O.G. LITERARY SOCIETY INTELLIGENCE.)

THERE hang in the editorial cupboard two musty little skeletons which twice every year with unfailing regularity are taken out, whitewashed and reentered with decent haste. This year, however, having been taken out we decree that they shall stay out to rattle their bare bones in the wind of publicity and cry shame upon all O.G.s that look on them, saying

"The sub-editor requires MSS."

"Doris Atkins is anxious for news of any births or marriages among O.G.'s."

Yes, we should think you would blush. We change the metaphor and having administered the powder, beg to offer the jam, which phrase, of course, recalls Miss Hewett. It is fortunate indeed for her that she is not troglodytically-minded, for the O.G. Detective Agency gives her no privacy and allows her no peace: everything she does is noted down as evidence about her. Latest bulletins report visits to Wimbledon and a trip to the eclipse.

"Où sont les 'staffs' d'antan?" Well, news filters through. Mrs Morgan's son, Christopher (she was Miss Birch, of course), is reputed to a fine, intelligent boy, enjoying immense popularity in

many quarters.

Miss Morice, we hear, is in South Africa.

It is with very great regret we have to report that Miss Percy is ill again.

The Magazine suffered a really severe loss when Old Blo sailed for New Zealand (Norah? Who's Norah?) Her ability for hard work coupled with her steady, inspiring enthusiasm, formed a veritable rock amid stormy waters. It is an old saying that you never know your blessings until you lose them, and we are now learning with labour and sorrow who one of our greatest was.

Netball Clubs may close for the Summer, competitions may fail to draw, but the O.G. Literary Society goes on for ever: even the loss of its energetic Secretary could not daunt it for, behold, two Secretaries rose up in her place and under the guardianship of Queenie Sizer, the Society continues to prosper. Meeting on the first Thursday of every month at eight o'clock in the VIth Form Room, the Society has always something interesting to offer-in December ghost stories by firelight (until the fire went out), in February "Russian Literature," and then "Modern Women Novelists" with Lily Treweek, as entertaining as she always is. In May, they attacked a debate with the motion "That proselytism is essential to world progress," Mary Jupp proposing and Emma Knowles opposing. Discussion was really heated, ending in a vote against the motion. June's meeting was perhaps the most enjoyable-the second O.G. Literary Society Supper which was honoured by the presence of Miss Norris, Miss Hewett, Miss Goldwin and Miss Cunynghame, as well as about thirty guests. Healths were drunk and a present made to the retiring Secretary-the good wishes of the whole Society go with her! The last summer meeting is taking place on Thursday, July 7th.

N.B.-Begin writing our articles for the December number now and post as soon as you like to: J.Howlett, 16 Cedars Avenue, Walthamstow.

School Chronicle.

THE Echoes have been, as usual, both busy and gay. They seem to be cultivating harmonious tones themselves after listening to descants and orchestras and rounds, as well as to the grand piano exulting in Beethoven and other great music. This, they have learned, is the year of the Beethoven Centenary, as well as the year of the total solar eclipse. Miss Crook told them all about Beethoven one sunny day in April and Mrs. Hatley spoke of the eclipse one gloomy day in June-to be precise, on the 28th.

On Empire Day, the Echoes learned some History as well as some Geography, especially about Africa, as presented by some tunicated maidens from U.IIB. This was part of an interesting and original entertainment. Now the Echoes know, too, a great deal about the League of Nations of which Mr. Whelan spoke at the Senior Prize-Giving on the evening of December 17th. They heard more History that same evening, for the Entertainment Programme included, besides L. IVA's lively scene from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, songs and a lively dance, a little play about Saint Joan by Harold Brighouse. Mary Rabson was "It," as the children say in their games.

Again, quite lately, we have heard of St. Joan. This time, they burned St. Joan in the Front Hall, after she had been tried by the Staff and others. Yet Phyllis Woolnough is every morning to be seen in the Hall still, steadfast in her place.

The Four Hundred seem to enjoy playacting. At the Junior Prize-giving, they had a Christmas Pageant and a little play, called *The Princess and the Swineherd*. Besides these, they had several plays at their School Parties, including L. IVA's version of *Oliver's Island* and a well-staged effort by U.IVB. Then one day, the School, filled with the Christmas spirit, listened to a very simple and dignified production of Housman's miracle, *Bethlehem*. Another time they had many girls performing in a Shakespeare Competition, which Mr. Ben Greet came to judge and on Empire Day, Form II. staged a most exciting *Hiawatha*. Everyone enjoyed this very much. So, by special request, they did it again in the Greek Theatre on June 9th, and earned more than £6 for the School Cot at the hospital. The performance of *Saint Joan* added more than £12 to the same fund. But then, the girls at the Sixth are more than twice as big as the members of Form II. Thanks to the skill of Mlle. Gremaud and Miss Brown, and to the kindness of many friends, the cast of producing *Saint Joan* was, approximately, No Pounds, No Shillings and Several Pence. And now the Echoes catch fragments of Euripides' *Alcestis* floating by on every breeze. Form VA. hope to help the hospital and to buy a Cup with the proceeds of their performance of this exquisite play.

On the last night of the Easter holidays, burglars broke in and stole

ten beautiful silver cups belonging to the Four Hundred. Mean, horrid things those burglars must have been. Yet the Echoes know of contrasts-Day, Night; Sun, Shade; Heat, Cold; Take, Give. Accordingly, these burglars had their opposite, a row of benefactors that sprung up almost immediately. They were the parents of Marian Bellinger, Winnie Greenhead, Joan Oyler, Joyce Reynolds and Marjorie Wood, who very soon promised to make good the loss. The O.G.A., the O.G.'s Netball Association, the Staff, Forms VI and VA have all very kindly joined in this festival of giving and, on Sports Day, Canon Oakley, a new friend of the School, made an early promise of a new Cup.

The word "Sports" remind the Echoes of THE SHIELD. This beautiful trophy is given by the Ling Association for the champion school from the Netball League of all London. Well won, Walthamstow!

Miss Lees of Clapham High School spoke at the Junior Prize-Giving of the companionship of books, and the Echoes enjoyed her speech very much. It is certain that the Four Hundred love books, and love them the more since they heard Miss Lees. By the way, these lucky girls seem to have had hundreds of lovely new library books this term.

Phyllis Woolnough has won a County Intermediate Scholarship. This exempts her from paying School fees for two years, and presents her also with an allowance of, possibly, £30 per annum. Well won, Phyllis!

Form VI. were the very active winners of the U.G.S.A. Needlework Competition.

Soon there will be "good-byes" to say-to Miss Beckett, who is leaving to be married; to Miss Summers-Gill, who has taken Miss Newmarch's place this term; and to Mrs. Carlton, who came just when she was needed most after Miss Murray-Jones became ill. The Echoes hope that next term both Miss Newmarch and Miss Murray-Jones will be completely restored to health and they wish Miss Beckett great happiness as Mrs. Budgen. "Now as we part and go our several ways," Miss Wait, a kind and gracious teacher to many generations, is leaving. May every good fortune be hers.

The School will not forget, for her friends are all bound up with the life of the School, as it catches "the blossom of each flying term"; windblown blossom among rain it has been this Summer Term. Yet the Four Hundred are gay, and the Echoes with them, all striving to be loyal with the three-fold loyalty of which our old friend, the Bishop of Barking, spoke on Empire Day, and to be brave with the moral courage of which Miss Norris spoke on the last day of the Spring Term.

Two Attitudes.

THE wide spacious room, with long French windows fast-shut, and long heavy red curtains half-drawn, appeared almost as miserable and comfortless as its solitary occupant one pouring wet day in the grey winter light of a dying day of February, 1817. He sat with his head half-resting on his hands, in such a position that every line of it was clearly visible. It was a fine fair face, marred somewhat by the expression of weakness and air of effeminacy imparted by the almost pointed chin and masses of auburn ringlets. In contrast to this, the full, protruding lower lip marked the pugnacious tendency of the man who now sat steeped in melancholy. The entire face bespoke the poet and dreamer. He leaned over the wide desk at which he was seated with a sudden impatient movement. The long quill pen which had lain idle in his slender fingers were gripped and drawn over the thick block of paper before him.

"Life is but a day;

A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way

From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep

While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep of Montmorenci.

Then the pen was hurled with strange force across the desk. It left a long inky track to mark its path, before it struck the floor with a sharp sound. The poet's head was lowered slowly until it rested on both his hands, and the entire face was hidden.

The same wide room, with the long French windows thrown open to admit the glorious sunlight, once more typified the mood of its occupant, as he was once again seated at his desk. It was in the June of the same year, but his fingers were busy turning over a mass of papers, some carefully fixed together in various ways. Something else shewed in his face to-day. The bright sun revealed an almost spiritual look, for, though the hazel eyes and the fine mouth smiled, in the very thin face appeared an inherent delicacy. There seemed a bitter irony in the reflection that the life-sapping disease which the

man who sat there had inherited was most clearly visible when he smiled, and as yet he was unaware that his death-warrant was in effect signed. Quite suddenly, his eye rested upon a thick block of paper, on the top sheet of which, in his own handwriting, appeared the hopeless January reflections. With a faint smile, half derisive, half-mischievous, he seized a pen, adding rapidly:

"Why so sad a moan?

Life is the rose's hope while yet unknown;

The reading of an ever-changing tale;

The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;

A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;

A laughing schoolboy without grief or care,

Riding the springy branches of an elm."

The smile faded, conquered by an expression of intense earnestness. The hazel eyes blazed with the light that so rarely shows in human faces-inspiration. The pen was guided almost languidly over the paper:

"O for ten years, that I may overwhelm

Myself in poesy: that I may do the deed

That my own soul has to itself decreed."

Did relentless fate laugh as she surveyed the words falling from his pen, reflecting that he was to enjoy less than four years? Or did the Eternal Being pity, knowing that His own unalterable decrees must be for ever?

Many generations have read the words written on the two afternoons, finding in the first the perfect summary of pessimism-in the second of optimism. Perhaps on that day fate herself half-relented, and the Eternal Being purposed that those words should be the seal of His own promise of immortality for the doomed poet.

"His Name Liveth For Evermore."

IVY SEWELL (*Form Va.*)



P. KIBERT.

The Dancing Competition will be held on Friday, 22nd July.

Vain Imaginings.

IN the grey and silent places I've seen shadowy folk at play,
I've heard their moonlight laughter and seen their witching eyes;
Their lips as red as roses and their arms as white as may,
They are lost and lone imaginings which have no voice but sighs,
And in the young spring nights, when all is darkly sweet and fair,
They come out from the shadows with their wide appealing eyes,
With strange allure and low soft moanings of despair,
All seeking for a poet, the abyss within his heart, to listen to their sad,
singing sighs.

GWENDOLEN MILES (*Form VI.*)

Overheard in the Form-room.

I YAWNED; afternoon school was over, the mistress had departed, but still I could not leave the book of verse in which I had become engrossed.

A loud hubbub buzzed about me; I tried to concentrate upon the beautiful poetry, but in vain; my attention was repeatedly attracted by wisps of conversations floating upon me from all sides. I read:

"Of all my verse, like not a single line"

.. "Oh," said a voice at my side in unkind tones, "It's simply awful; they'll never accept *that* thing. Why it doesn't even scan."

I sighed, lazily fingered the book, and turned over to another page.

"Time and Tide, they are both in a tale,

"Woe to the weaker, woe!"

A lusty voice, at the far side of the form-room, shouted to a member of the Target Team; "Yes, we're playing the fifth to-day: we shall lose, though; half our team's gone away to see the Eclipse."

The pages of the book slowly flapped over, and I endeavoured to return to my study.

"I say!" (Again a loud voice interrupted my reveries.) "Were you able to tackle that geometry rider? I found it easy."

"These have so utterly mastered their work, that they work without thinking,

Holding three-fifths of their brain in reserve for whatever betide."

Suddenly, a strange silence fell upon the multitude; the Form Mistress was coming down the corridor, to call the register. I pursued my reading.

"Fronting the door, she came, and her sunny hair

Cluster'd about her temple like a God's,"

The register had been called. The Form Mistress had gone away, and the clamour rose again to the lofty ceiling, threatening its safety. But even now I could not tear myself away from the book; a voice at my elbow quoth in mournful tones: "No Garden-it's raining, we cannot play the Fifth at target. I will go home and settle down to my homework...."

"... When cats run home and light is come

And dew is cold upon the ground." I read.

A poem of interest caught my eye, and I read it through to the end. When at last I looked up, I discovered that the room was empty, and with a last lingering look at the poems, I saw,

"Life and Thought have gone away

Side by side,

Leaving door and windows wide,

Careless tenants they."

I gathered together my homework books and slowly and thoughtfully made my way down to the cloak rooms, in preparation for my

flight homewards.

BETTY NETTLESHIP (*Form U.IVa.*).

Written Sixty Years Hence.

IN years gone by when but a maid
In coat and dress of green,
Digesting knowledge from a book
My daily path to School I took,
Demurely entering through the door
My outer vestments off I tore
And joining with the other girls
Would change my shoes and comb my curls;
And then would mount the staircase tall,
And next adjourn to the Hall
From whence melodious strains we'd pour
Filling all passers-by with awe.
Once more we'd mount the wide staircase
And in our form-rooms take our place.
So really virtuous were we all
Behaviour bad would us appal!
We learnt of Matthew and of Kings
(Of Boyle's Law and such other things:
We learnt of Euclid and of π
And sums involving x and y .
French verbs by dozens we'd recount
And these you know are paramount!
We knew of isothermal lines,
And some could write in shorthand signs.
We spoke of flowers hypogynous
And knew the cause of fogginess;
We learnt of Michael Angelo
And broad-bean seedlings how to grow.
In fact of all the 'ologies'

We had some little knowledgies.
Such truly virtuous maids were we
With that you cannot but agree!
You should have seen us vault the horse,
And on the boom perform of course
At cricket too we'd hit the ball
And nearly make the "garage" fall!
At netball then we'd win the shield
And *shine* upon the hockey field,
A model lot we were you know
At County High School – Walthamstow!

WINNIE NICHOLL (*Form Vb*).

A School Story.

(*In the manner of Angelina Christine Moore, diluted with fantasy and with tincture of literature.*)

"GIRLS!" said the Head Mistress, brokenly, to the assembled School, "the Cups have been stolen. Burglars have come in the night. The detectives

say there is little hope of their recovery. The silver is already melted down."

"Oh," said little Betty of the First Form, "some Cups have been stolen. I will take to School my doll's tea-set that uncle brought me from Japan." And the next morning, waiting on Miss Norris's door-step, there was a most lovely tea-set with gorgeous coloured butterflies and tender lotus-birds delicately painted upon the tiny Cups.

"No Cups left!" said the father of little Joan in the Second Form. "Dreadful, dreadful! Times are bad and the steel trade is most depressed, but I think I could turn a steel rod or two into a Silver Cup."

And he did, and laid it for the School on Miss Norris's door-step.

"Oh, did he?" said the Fifth Form. "If a man can turn a steel rod into a Silver Cup, something might be made of even a Greek play."

"Woe-woe, gone are the Cups.

And sad our shades;

No gleam of silver sheen

Is here. Great Herâ now

And Pallas grave and silly Venus

Blighted stand. Gladys shall be

The maiden pale and Tracy strong

The hero sad, while Heracles

He must be played by stalwart maid

Like pard arrayed."

And so Alcestis bought a Cup.

"No Cups left," said the Sixth. "And do the Fifth think that because they are virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" And straightway these grave and reverend Seniors set to work to make large sweet cakes and long sweet sweets. And all looked upon their work: and they that looked thereon did eat shortly, after paying therefore, and, having eaten, they found it good and straightway bought more, and did eat till all their pennies were spent.

Then with a mountain of pennies the Sixth bought a cup of Silver.

Then said the Staff: "No Cup! But there must be a Cup." And there was a Cup. Then began a debate as to the allocation of the Cup: "It ought to be for spelling in Form I.," said Miss A. "Nay, nay," said B. "What about Greek in the Fourths?" "Or table-scrubbing in the cookery kitchen?" added C. "Or even for cushion collection?" suggested D. "What about freezing, as a worthy feat of physical endurance?" said G. "For telling truth?" came from E. "Nay," said F. "Poetry is most feigning. For lying, for lying, for poetry let the Cup be offered."

"Nonsense!" said H. loudly, and said it three times, so it had to come true. "You know very well the Cup must be given for Sense of Humour."

And there, proudly displayed before the School stood a row of smart Silver Cups. And the School strove and strove again, and danced and drilled and swam and drove their tennis-balls to win them. And the Sun shone on the Cups and all the world was gay.

Then suddenly, great Herà, and great Aphrodite and Pallas of the Shield of Wisdom combined in rage and said:

"For righteousness ye have not striven;
For beauty ye have not striven;
And wisdom is to you a stranger."

And the next day the Cups had shrunk to mere tokens of silver paper, like scraps unwrapped from chocolates.

But the School strove and strove again. For the School is Life and the Silver Symbols but of the dust that perisheth.

There. . . ! Aren't you disappointed? It began like a ripping School Story and ended with "The Pilgrim's Progress." Well, Well, you are the reading public, so you must have your way.

* *****

And the next day after the Sixth had bought their Cup of Silver, the Head Mistress said to the assembled School, "Girls, girls: you have been splendid. Here are the Cups. Rejoice with me. Let us all have a holiday. You may each come and have an ice with me in ones or twos in the Greek Theatre."

"Three cheers for our Head Mistress," said the champion of the School, the dainty curly-haired Clare Jacqueline Joanna Gervaise. And the roof rang again.

D. D. F.

Ghosts.

FOR the last fortnight I have been haunted by three ghosts, pouncing from dark corners and pointing their thin claw-like fingers at me, every time I pause to take a breath in the mad rush of events. The most persistent and awe-inspiring was a witch in flowing robes of royal blue who by a wave of her magic wand conjured up visions of crowded halls, forgotten speeches and absurd accidents such as chairs whose legs collapsed in the middle of a solemn scene, and deposited their owner on the floor. Such visions made my plait stand on end and a cold shiver charleston down my back. That witch's name was "Saint Joan."

Less noticeable, yet as relentless as her companion is the grey shadowy "something" which creeps stealthily behind me, murmuring, "July is coming, July is coming." Every time I fail to take a speed or to extract a trial balance this gloomy spook gives vent to an ironic uncanny cackle. She is called R. S. A.

Last and least fearsome glides in a tall figure studded with pins and needles, which emerges from most unexpected places. Just as I am reading an exciting tale her voice hisses in my ear, "Your suit has no buttons on it: there is not a hole in your frock for the wearer to put her head through and Thursday is drawing near." I start up guiltily and the figure fades away having done her work, namely pricked my conscience. You all know her name, U. G. S.

Horrors, another ghost approaches with determined steps and clothed as a rainbow, so with pleading voice I tell my sad tale, that she may have pity on me and vanish, leaving me a restful night with happy dreams.

KATHLEEN SCHUMACHER (Form VI)

"That Precious Stone."

AFTER fourteen years' absence I am renewing acquaintance with this "tight little island," and in spite of missing the warmth, sunshine and blue skies which make the Australian men and women such a cheerful, light-hearted race, England still holds her own for sheer loveliness and loveliness; she is so winsome, so soft, so human. Having two small Australians to introduce to England, we started off on a month's motor tour, trying to see a great deal in a short time, and succeeding.

Leaving London we started round the South coast visiting various places, among them Arundel. We stayed a night at this quaint old town: the hotel was credited with being three hundred years old, and I vow my chambermaid was born the year it was built. On we went through Chichester, Winchester, Hursley (a village of two men and a cow), to Salisbury and Bournemouth. Here we turned inland and ran up to Blandford through a pretty country where the buttercup fields were cloth of gold, and so out of Dorset, into Somerset and then into Devon. There is quite a lot of this little England when one

starts round her, and some of the panoramas are like Dame Nature's huge patchwork quilts laid out to air, the various coloured crops and odd shaped fields being feather-stitched together with hawthorn or wild-rose hedges.

Then there were the wild flowers! Devon and part of Cornwall were most prolific with tremendous fox-gloves, blue-bells, billy-button, and others whose names I do not know, and the leafy tunnels with woods on either side, making daylight nearly dusk, were quite intriguing.

An amusing incident occurred outside Exminster. A circus had passed through the village, and just as we arrived, the elephant was being gently but firmly persuaded to follow; men left off smoking, and the women making their Sunday puddings came to the doors with floury hands to watch the tuskie beastie's progress-and ours, as there was barely room to pass in the narrow street.

There were many other places before Clovelly, but that piece of solidified romance kept us two days before we could leave it, its cobbled, step-like streets, the quaint houses on either side, the donkeys hauling up luggage and large ladies, the bread, fruit and meat run down on wooden sledges. The house at which we stayed had a narrow box-like staircase, and the bed in my room must have been planted there young and grown up, for it was of the huge four-post, canopied variety, and I can imagine no other means by which it could have arrived.

One farm-house kept bees, and the honey was the most fragrant ever made, it positively smelled of the flowers as well as tasting of them. We came next to Wells and enjoyed the service at the great old Cathedral; then over the Mendips we sped, with a view of the Cotswolds, and behold-the Wye Valley, beautiful, glorious, English!

Welsh names hurt rather badly; to say them really well, one needs to have a bad cold in the head and try to swear at the same time. (Juniors, do not go to Wales!) Apart from trying to pronounce the names, we found Wales interesting, but we must have been a quarrelsome crowd years ago, to judge from the numerous castles, mainly in ruins; there was one in every other village in Wales, and the mid-west of England is as bad.

Leaving Chester and wanting to reach the Lakes, we took the manufacturing district as far as Preston at a bolt, one evening. Dusk softened it a little, though the wealth-producing parts of England are necessarily grimy with smoke. We loved the Lakes, and found a tiny hotel in Langdale, a village called Chapel Stilt, away from the over-popular popular and populated Windermere, and in spite of very wet rain managed to see several of the lovely Lakes.

Scotland is a wet, cold, dour country, and the Scotchman is careful to a fraction. The mile-posts are now marked off in eighths! However the scenery is fine and we were fortunate enough to see quite a lot of snow-tipped mountains along the Pass of Glencoe. My enterprising family essayed to climb up and get some snow, returning triumphant but so wet that the luggage had to be unstrapped on the roadside to provide them with dry footwear; while the fact that my one and only hat was sat on and squashed in the excitement was merely an incident.

After travelling up as far as Inverness we started south again. Edinburgh is a most beautiful city, and provided us with the only fine day we had in Scotland; quite possibly that is why I extol it, for we were heartily tired of having not only rivers running beside us, but all over us as well; the grand old Castle standing sentinel, the wide streets, gardens and fine monuments make it all the Scots boast it to be.

York too is a lovely old place, and its Cathedral our choice of those we have seen. We crossed over to Manchester to visit people in its suburbs. Then by Market Drayton, Shrewsbury, Church Stretton, Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, we came home again. Away just over a month, we travelled 2,673 miles. English roads are wonderful; the only trouble was one puncture when we picked up an interesting two inch nail in a back tyre, so, had the weather been (I hesitate to write it) a little more Australian, it would have been a wonderful trip indeed!

One needs to be away from England a few years to appreciate her to the full, and one of her daughters is returning to her beautiful adopted land to boast that the little Mother of large nations retains her beauty through war and peace.

KITTY FOSTER.

Games Notices.

IN the finals of the Net-ball Association Matches we met Greycoat School, and beat them after a hard fight by 11 goals to 8. Thus the shield is once more in our possession after a long period of

eight years, and hangs in splendour in our School Hall. THE SHIELD.

Sports took place earlier in the year than usual; the weather, however, was very favourable. The Cup in the Upper School was won by Form VA. with Form VB. running them a close second. The Middle School Cup was won by Form L. IVB. and the Lower by L. IIIB. With Sports Day came many generous offers for silver cups to replace our old ones which were stolen during the Easter Holidays.

This term we have as yet played only one tennis match. This was an Association match against Woodford, who defeated us, but we are looking forward to playing Loughton, Leytonstone and the Monoux School, later in the term.

The School is this year revelling in a new sport-cricket. Great enthusiasm has been shown throughout the Upper Forms, and we are very grateful to the Staff for their coaching.

There are no Swimming Sports this year.

PHYLLIS HUNT (*Captain*).

MISS WAIT'S connection with Walthamstow goes back to 1902 and the Walthamstow Technical Institute. She has been on the Staff of this School since September, 1913, and during her fourteen years here has made hundreds of friends.

Who Knows-

WHERE knowledge goes when exams come?

How to take "time exposures"?

The penalty for afternoon siestas?

Which harassed member of VA. enquired what was the essay for arithmetic home-work?

Which girl wrote a summary of "Sohrab e ' Bustum ' "?

That gas jars can germinate under suitable conditions?

Which girl in which form said that Metternich was a place?

An architect named Indigo Brown?

Which girl fell off her chair when exams were mentioned?

That Cambridge examiners are fond of giving shocks and stares?

The girl in VA. who takes six years to get to school?

Who Remembers-

THE Beauty Show- June 29th?

When Napoleon fought Sardines?

The cocoa on Empire Day?

On other days?

Form L. IVB.'s Sports Cup?

Which member of Staff lost her Heart?

Her self-control?

And when?

The new Hall blinds flapping their applause of St. Joan?

Form U. IIIA.'S delightful and original Empire Day play?

Extract from the Diary of an Artist.

.....TO-DAY has been a crowded one and it is with a sense of relief that I close securely the door of my little artist's den and turn my footsteps in the direction of the Art College situated in the old part of the town. The Town Hall clock is chiming seven as the familiar building looms ahead. Two minutes quick walking finds me within its portals and as the heavy swing doors close over me, there comes the delightful sensation of having left behind the responsibilities of the day's business and the anticipation of two hours' existence in a world apart.

But to-night there is a festive air abroad; muffled excitement whispers that something unusual is "on," a whisper that quickens my footsteps as I mount the spiral staircase. At the top, I am met by a small crowd of colleagues armed with paint-boxes and pencils in readiness for the evening lesson. "Haven't you heard? Isn't it wonderful? Can't think how he does it!" A jangle of questions and exclamations fall on my ears and it is only by careful sorting that I at last realise the cause of all this tumult. A former student has won the Rome Scholarship for the year. Though many of us have left early youth behind we are all children together in our rejoicings, for in Art one cannot grow old. But children must obey authority and the voice of the master bids us work. One and all disperse to the studio and for the next two hours only the faint flicking of paint brushes and the occasional rattle of a paint-box disturb the serenity of the room. The model stands inert in the far corner, a strong smell of oils pervading the atmosphere as airy nothing takes shape on crude canvas. At nine o'clock there is a sudden movement; the model slips away almost as a shadow, paint-boxes are closed noisily and the hum of conversation

swells to a babel. The master announces that there will be a short dance to celebrate the good news and then, like the wise man he is, disappears, leaving us to make our own arrangements. A piano is wheeled in and a somewhat uncertain pianist seats himself on a still more uncertain stool. Soon the keys rattle forth the latest ditties of King Jazz and a motley crowd is swaying to and fro in picturesque confusion. Gaily patterned smocks add colour to the scene, large bows wag jauntily and the dust rises in little clouds from the floor.

For an hour or more we dance, filling the studio with joyous laughter. Twilight gathers into dusk and the patterned smocks are not so clear. The cold white statues merge into shapeless masses, weird yet still strangely beautiful in the half-light.

A loud voice announces supper time and as if by magic the room clears and a bustling throng scramble up the stone steps to the roof conservatory. Steaming coffee and sandwiches are handed round in lively confusion and demolished to the more or less musical chanting of old school rhymes.

"I went to the Animal Fair,
The birds and the beasts were there;
By the light of the moon the big Baboon
Was combing his auburn hair!"

The hero of the hour is toasted; his very absence seeming to rouse enthusiasm to an almost ungovernable pitch. Yet even in this hour there is one who is not forgotten. It is he who is now being pushed forward by four pairs of sturdy young arms. A queer twisted smile plays round his sensitive mouth and a slender hand pushes back a truant lock from the forehead. The sleeve of his jacket hangs limp on the right side. Cries of "Come along Dabster, don't be an ass!" urge him forward to the centre of the room. The toast is made. "To the good old Dabster, late winner of the Rome Scholarship, ex-officer and English gentleman!" The look in the Dabster's eyes assures me that at this moment it seems almost worthwhile losing a right arm in France, worth long hours of agony spent in trying to recall old skill with a left hand, to merit such a toast. He replies: "Comrades, I thank you. Here's to Art and her children. God bless them!" Further cheers and rattling of cups break the temporary lull only to be quenched by the clanging of the college bell, a signal that festivities must cease. Slowly the company disperses, a chosen few remaining to effect some sort of a clearance.

As I step once more into the cobbled road in company with two colleagues the clock is again chiming the hour. This time it is eleven. The new crescent moon has crept over the college roof, shedding a subtle light on the hard pavements. One look behind as we turn the corner and the last light of the college building is extinguished, leaving only a grim silhouette in the night.

PHYLLIS M. KIBERT (*O.G.*)

MARY SPRATT is to be congratulated on having passed the Intermediate Science Examination of the University of London.

Careers for Girls - Gardening.

GIRLS, in searching for careers, are inclined to despise gardening. I propose therefore, to mention some of the advantages of this profession.

First of all, gardening is an excellent physical exercise. Secondly, earth has a very fine smell, which is good for the complexion, the which are additional reasons and very potent ones, for taking up this interesting career. It is odd that among the mingled scents man has evolved from *Mille Fleurs* to *Quelques Fleurs*, no one has distilled Good Brown Earth after Rain.

Thirdly, much may be learnt about the animal kingdom, including the pernicious habits of cats in rooting up your freshly planted marigolds and the kindness of the despised worm, who, with his constant peregrinations underground, performs nearly all the work of turning and aerating the soil. If the cabbage leaves are neatly perforated with charming designs a week after the first leaves appear, you may know that the amiable slug is educating your artistic sense, and nourishing patience, your particular virtue. There also the white butterfly takes up his abode, and your younger sisters will stand watching his busy ways for hours, and imbibing untold treasures of natural history knowledge, as the cool, green foliage becomes day by day more like skeletons than leaves.

Should you not be perfect friends with worms, you have only to turn your back when one appears, and contemplate at great length the weeds among the young lupins; worms are quick to take hints, and this one will have disappeared by the time you turn round again

.....
....."Goodbye, I'm turning!"

MARY RABSON (Form VI.)

Our Garden.

THE hollyhock, so slim and tall,
Grows all against the garden wall.
And the daisy far below
On the rockery doth grow.
And the pansy, sweet and small,
Groweth far below them all.
And the roses, bright and gay,
With the butterflies do play.
Just behind the old brick well
Is a lovely fairy dell.
And the grass that grows so green,
Where marks of fairy feet are seen.

MARJORIE HAYES (Form UIIIa)

The Lower School's Muse.

ONE misty, misty morning
When I got out of bed,
I saw the fairies dancing,
Among the trees ahead.

I saw the little sparrows
In their little nest,
And I heard the robin
With its bright red breast.

CONNIE BARNARD (Form I.).

Standing at the doorway,
Running down the hill,
I saw my little sister.

VERA BLACKBURN (Form II.)

THE LOST COW.

FARMER Bailey's angry,
Someone's stole his cow,
He wants to find the culprit,
But how?

He shouted to his labourers,
But no one seems to hear,
He'll never find his darling cow;
"Oh dear!"

Farmer Bailey's very pleased;
He's found his cow at last,
He's found his long-lost temper too;
Will it last?

CECILIA WHEELER. (Form II)

THE GARDEN UNDER THE SEA.

RIGHT beneath the ocean,
Down beneath the sea,
Is a lovely garden,
And the ocean daisies
That I alone can see.

Where the lovely mermaids
Dance 'mid laughter free,
Where the little fishes
Dart and flash with glee.

Jewell'd phosphorescence
Gleams and flashes there,
And the ocean daisies

Are anemones fair.

Red and white the coral:
Seaweed, Oh! so fair,
That's washed up on the seashore,
With this cannot compare.

Right beneath the ocean,
Down beneath the sea,
Is a lovely garden,
That I alone can see.

DOROTHY HANCOCK (Form L IIIb.,)

Our Expedition to Richmond, Yorkshire.

On Tuesday, June 28th, at 7.45 p.m., six W.H.S. girls clad in blazers and skirts, carrying mackintoshes, winter coats, blankets and attache cases, met Miss Dennithorne and Miss Pope at Liverpool Street Station, journeyed to King's Cross and there, joined five more neatly clad nymphs.

"Whither goest thou?" is the question you might have asked. "To the 'Eclipse,' of course," would have been the answer.

Soon Miss Hewett joined us and at length fourteen happy people found themselves and their goods transported into two compartments.

The next seven hours may be summed up in telegraphic code.

"Lights in. Talk-Supper begun-Lights out-Lights on-More Supper-Lights Out-Slumber-Lights up-Tickets collected (Disgust) – Lights down-Doncaster-York-Three a.m.-Lights finally up-Washing queue-Richmond-Brocken Brae-Breakfast-Buses-RICHMOND."

As yet we had had no glimpse of the sun and we were beginning to fear that he had escaped us for good. But, suddenly, from behind a heavy cloud he appeared in all his radiance. A great shout went up, faces broadened and hopes were raised. Arrived at our destination, we began to climb to the summit of the hill. Half-way up, however, there was a sudden halt and we all armed ourselves with "Eclipsias" or dark glasses in order to view a very fine partial eclipse. But no time was wasted. We trudged on up to the top of the hill and waited impatiently for the crucial moment. The sky was clouded all over, but for one or two small patches and we hoped hard for a clear sky. Soon, only a crescent of the sun remained. It was getting darker and chillier. Nothing but a thin streak of the sun was left, but that impatient orb was hurrying unnecessarily across the only patch of clear sky. And behold! about two seconds before totality, a cloud glided gracefully in front of the almost eclipsed sun and shut off the glories of the Corona and the Prominences from our sight. Our first feeling was of disappointment, but soon a stronger replaced it-disgust. However, although we lost the glory of this wonder of Nature, we at least experienced the eeriness of it. For the weird darkness during the few seconds of totality prevailed even in our region of the world.

Next we had lunch-at 7.30 a.m. After this, we explored the beautiful old town of Richmond. First of all, we visited the Church of the Holy Trinity in the Market Place. This dates from the twelfth century, although it now embraces the architecture of many periods. A tall Obelisk stands in the Market Place close to the Church. This was created in the eighteenth century to replace an ancient market cross. Our next visit was to Richmond Castle, which, considering its age, is well preserved, especially the keep, which dates from 1146. We explored the ruin thoroughly, going right up to the battlements and right down into the dungeon. Oh! by the way, we all went in as children under twelve. The town is situated on the River Swale and the surrounding scenery is very beautiful.

We spent the remainder of the morning walking or resting and caught the 12.55 p.m. back to King's Cross, reaching London soon after 6.30 p.m. Although we had not seen the wonderful phenomenon, every member of the party agreed that she would not have missed the expedition for worlds.

VIOLET E. STOCKTON (Form VI.).

Eclipse Fever-London, 1927.

FOR a week the eclipse had monopolized the newspapers and the conversation of all Britain. Even Geometry was sacrificed to Astronomy; and with light hearts we escaped our lessons to gaze at lantern slides. It was no wonder then, that a certain High School girl, her homework done, began to smoke glass over a candle-flame on 'eclipse eve.' These preparations completed, she and her small brother retired to bed *early*, that they should wake in time to witness

this rare phenomenon.

She awoke suddenly-'eclipse time' she thought, and pattered to the window. The light was dim, but hurrah! it was not raining. The hum of the 'grown-ups' voices rose from below. She awoke her brother, and they dressed hurriedly in the half-light, talking excitedly. When they were almost ready, they heard steps on the stairs, and their father entered.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The eclipse! What's the time?" they shouted together.

"9.30 p.m.," answered their father.

They tumbled back to bed, disappointed, crushed and humiliated.

6.a.m., 29th June.-Again she looked from the window to see-rain, steady, incessant rain.

JOAN HIBBIT (Form U.IIIa.).

La Fete de Jeanne d' Arc.

le 30 mai, 1926.

ROUEN suffered extreme hardship during the war. Her magnificent Gothic buildings and the wonderful stained glass of her churches preserved and honoured for centuries were hourly in danger of destruction. Her people knew no rest from the noise and presence of gun-fire, death and destruction were her at her gates. Yet a visitor to Rouen is in no way reminded of the war. It seems as though the war is regarded as a sole event in a series of events from which Rouen has emerged safely because 'l'ame de Jeanne d'Arc' protected her people from harm. The French people appear to possess a peculiar intense appreciation for the great man or woman and a divine consciousness of the everlasting influence of her spirit over all generations. As in Paris one is confronted with Napoleon and reminded daily of St. Geneviève, so in Rouen but in far greater measure does one feel the influence of Jeanne d'Arc. As we witnessed the fête of St. Joan, it seemed to us as though she were more real to the people of Rouen to-day than when, as a young maid, she led their men to victory. We were carried away with the inspired almost electric emotion of the crowd, a fervour so unlike the deep quiet reverence of our own people.

We stood outside the ancient and historic *hôtel de ville* from whence she had been led to the market-place. A statue now commands the square, in memory both of her sainthood and of those men who fell during the war, fighting in her spirit for the safety of Rouen. White flowers freshened by the fountain's spray bloomed around the memorial and blue and white ensigns announced to all the world the invincibility of Jeanne d'Arc. The procession advanced. It had already made a pilgrimage to the tower where she was imprisoned and to other places which marked her way from the prison to the stake. The whole town was present. Those who did not walk in procession stood to do it honour. In advance, came the sacred relic, the ensign reputed to have been carried by Saint Joan to battle. Heads were bared and bowed until the chosen guard had placed a wreath on the memorial. Then arose the Marseillaise, so different from the Marseillaise sung at home that we sang without knowing we were doing so, it was an emotion caught up from a thousand hearts.

The pilgrimage then went down the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, past the grand old Cathedral, whose great bell tolls only in memory of the Maid, under the oldest clock in the world to the market-square. The tablet marking the spot where she was burned was hidden with pure white lilies which were in turn covered by fresh tokens.

We were then led down to the river. We took the lower route along the banks of the Seine while the procession passed over the Pont Boiëldieu. *Les fils de Jeanne d'Arc* with heads draped in blue and white were grouped in the midst, while on either side stretched the stone walls of the bridge, hidden with flowers. Then came a sudden hush and the flowers were hurled over the bridge to the water below, and floated down-stream to the open sea even as five hundred years ago passed the ashes of La Pucelle.

G. CORDELL (O.G.).

Down on the Farm-at Jevington.

WE set out, a merry, laughing crowd from Liverpool Street, with Miss Dennithorne and Miss White, and then-we arrived at Jevington.

We stayed at a farm, away up at the top of a steep hill on the Downs. When we arrived, we cast off our stockings, hats and coats and ran wild over the fields and up a wooded incline, so steep that we had almost to climb from tree to tree to reach the top. We plunged through bushes and nettles to gain the topmost heights, then gazed exultantly around at the great stretches of Downs and at the distant glitter of the sea.

Four days sped by. It rained part of the time, very heavily, but we did not mind. We donned mackintoshes, pulled our hats lower on our heads and tramped off, staffs in hand, singing. Back at the farm, after supper, we found nothing so exhilarating as a game of marbles in and out of the numerous beds on the dormitory floor.

Nights were the funniest, and the most exciting. On the first night after the furious fun of the first half hour, a comparative silence descended. Soon after midnight a friendly horse decided to block out nearly all the moonlight from our window with his weird-looking head emitting at the same time several shuddering sighs; some few minutes later lights appeared to be walking round the farm and in an hour or two a clatter of furious quacking broke out, seemingly from the very ground below us.

In the morning we awoke with sundry grunts and yawns. Strange looking objects we were too, with many tales to tell of the restless, during the night. One unconscious humorist had startled the entire dormitory by saying distinctly, from the depths of her dreams, "You think you're going to do it, doesn't you?"

Of a thousand joys there is space only to mention our rambles over the Downs, the wonderful Elizabethan room in which we had lunch one day, at the Star Inn, Alfriston, the paddling at Eastbourne, the beautiful shaggy, sheep dogs on the moors, the puppies and the friendly, charming young bullock who walked into one of the dormitories while we were at tea.

Then, the Fifth and Sixth Form Matriculation Class returned to Walthamstow, to School and to-exams. After the Downs-Och, well: the contrast wasn't so bad as we tried to make ourselves believe.

Thank you, Miss Dennithorne.

OLIVE GROSART (Form VI)

Rejected Contributions – and Others.

WHAT with one thing and another, this time there has been very little to reject. "Saint Joan," the U.G.S. Needlework Competition, General Schools Examination and "Cambridge" cut out all contributors, except those who wrote for love of writing or from a sense of duty. The Sixth provide two competent, well-written articles inspired by the occasions they treat, as well as two other good articles less directly treated, and one interesting poem with a rather treacherous metre. Our reader's attention is directed to the quality of Ivy Sewell's (V.A.) article, though they may not all be able to appreciate the theme. Dorothy Campfield, Winnie Aberly and Marjorie Hayes (U.III.A.) are among the girls who write well, because they love writing. But, as yet, Dorothy does not select a good prose subject, so that her article "The Young in City Life" was not likely to be of general interest. This form of topical humour is not very easy to manage. Violet Wood has taken great trouble with her illustrations. Winnie's work is very promising, but she, also, has not yet found the right prose subjects. It is always a pleasure to see how beautifully Marjorie Hayes sets forth her MSS. This time she sent in three poems; "The Call of the Sea," not published, is at least as good as "My Garden."

W. Clarke and another writer from U.IV.A., anonymous, who wrote round the idea of "The Listeners," also did good work. But it is difficult to avoid being rather too picturesque and dramatic in dealing with Eastern themes, and "The Listeners" rather demanded an English setting.

H. Stannard (L.IIIB.) deserves commendation for a careful prose composition, "The Sea at Night," while J. Flère (U. IIIB.), V. Tebboth and E. Stokes (Form II.), also deserve commendation for their poems.

M. French (L.III.A.) added an entertaining fragment to "The Lady of the Lake." It included a feast:

"The tables were all ready laid for the meal; Dishes of mutton and dishes of veal, Dishes of onions and dishes of greens, Dishes of carrots and dishes of beans, Apricots, plums, figs and cherries and dates, were some of the nice things spread out on the plates."

Madge Morgan (L. IIID.) wrote very pleasantly.

School Societies.

LITERARY SOCIETY.-The Literary Society was extremely active during the Spring term of this year.

On February 2nd we were very fortunate in being able to open the year with a delightful lecture, by Miss Norris, on "Greek Theatres." Many beautiful lantern slides-and amusing ones-were shown.

Our Shakespeare Acting Competition took place on February 4th, Juniors and Seniors, contrary to previous custom, taking part in one competition for the two prizes. We were extremely lucky in having Mr. Ben Greet to judge the Finals. The concentrated attention with which the School received his expert criticisms were no less a tribute to his judgment than the hearty laughter which greeted his amusing corrections of what we did wrong and suggestions for what we might have done right. The winners were Form VI. with scenes from "Antony and Cleopatra" and, second, Form U. IVB. with their scene from "King Lear."

This year our visit to the "Old Vic" was made in February to see Shakespeare's "Richard III." This was a joyous event of the Literary year.

Later in the term we listened with great interest to a paper on "Modern Poetry" by D. Barber and very much appreciated her choice of selections from Modern Poets which were read by members of the Society.

Our experience of the much enjoyed meeting in conjunction with the Musical Society last term led us to have a joint debate with the Science Society this term on the subject that "Civilisation does not make for increased happiness." This was the last meeting of the Spring Term.

OLIVE GROSART (*Hon. Secretary*).

MUSICAL SOCIETY.-On December 2nd the Society gave a Mozart Concert. The programme included, as well as songs and pianoforte pieces, an account of the life of the composer, and the first rendering of Gwen Jones' Minuet by our School Orchestra.

On January 27th Miss Flora Macdonald and Miss Menetta Marriott visited us, and enchanted us with their songs, both French and English.

On March 2nd a Programme of Modern Music was arranged by members of the Society. We greatly enjoyed selections from Grieg, Debussy, Bridge, Dyson and Ireland. We were sorry that Mrs. Braybrook (Miss Jackson) was ill and unable to come, but Gwen Jones very kindly came to the rescue.

On April 2nd Miss Goldwin, Miss Crook and Miss Murray-Jones conducted a party of fifty members of the Society to St. Anne's Church, Soho, to hear selections from Handel's "*Messiah*." The expedition was a great success.

The first and only meeting of this term took place on Thursday, June 2nd, when Miss Marriott visited us once again. This time she brought with her Miss Elizabeth Lander. They delighted us with French duets, selections from "The Beggars' Opera," and Lullabies. We were greatly amused by the nursery rhyme "Dr. Foster," arranged as Oratorio, and the animal songs which Miss Lander was pleased to call her menagerie.

The Musical Society is proud of having increased its Library by a dozen books.

VIOLET STOCKTON (*Hon. Sec.*).

SCIENCE SOCIETY.-During the last two terms the activities of the Science Society have been many and varied. In March a joint meeting was held between the Science and Literary Societies to debate that "Civilisation does not make for increased happiness"; the motion was defeated by fifty votes to ten. Another interesting indoor meeting last term was a lecture given by Miss

Beckett on "Liquid Air" and demonstrated by experiments with liquid air prepared for us by Professor Partington of East London College. Another evening Miss Hibbit-Ware gave us a most interesting lantern lecture on "Birds and Beasts of Epping Forest." On this occasion the Science Society invited the whole school as far down as Form L. IIIB. The winners of the Bulb Competition were, first, U. IIIA., and, second, VB. Forms VI., U. IVB. and L. IVR. were highly commended.

Other meetings last term were a visit to the South Kensington Natural History Museum and to the Houses of Parliament. During the Easter holidays a party of ten members visited the Royal Mint.

So far this term we have held three meetings. One Saturday in May a party of girls visited Kew Gardens with Miss Dennithorne. On Friday, June 25th, Violet Stockton read a paper entitled "This eclipse and others" to a large gathering; her paper was very much appreciated by all members.

The day after the half-term holiday a wild flower and form-room decoration competition was held, the form-rooms being decorated with wild flowers. The winners were Form VI. with VA. second; all together, there were about one hundred and thirty wild flowers collected.

A cross-country ramble was fixed for June 17th but owing to the bad weather this had to be postponed, though we hope to fix a date for it towards the end of term.

DOROTHY V. KIEFFER (*Hon. Sec.*).

POEMS by D. Campfield (U. IVA.) and K. Rainer (U. IIIB.), as well as good articles by Q. Blench (U. IVA.) and W. Nicoll (L. IIIB.), have been unfortunately crowded out, as well as an amusing Rhymed Alphabet by H. Burr and M. Lord (U. IVA.).

Birth.

BROCK.-On June 28th to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Brock (Enid Gower), a son.

Marriage.

On June 9th DOROTHY HITCHMAN to Mr. HAROLD C. SHARPE.

Death.

It is with deep regret that we record the recent death of Mrs. GILLARD (Florrie Clarke).

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