

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE,
GEELONG.



Vol. I, No. 1

DECEMBER, 1921

THE LUCERNIAN.

The MAGAZINE of the PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE,
GEELONG.

Editor—JOYCE EDDIE.

Sub-Editor—STELLA PAGELS.

Editorial Committee—VIDA WALTER, DORIS ZIMMER, HELEN VENTERS,
EDNA ELLIS.



Geelong:

HENWOOD & DANCEY, Printers, Ryrie Street

THE LUCERNIAN.



PREFECTS.

Left to Right—Standing—M. ROBERTS, U. HANDLEY, M. ROBERTSON, S. PAGELS, M. RICH.
Seated—J. PETTIT, V. WALKER, K. PERRY.

THE LUCERNIAN.

VOL. I.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

"Greatly begin; though thou have time
But for a line, be this sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime."

J. R. Lowell.

We all have our lives to live, and if we are to be of any use we must have an aim, a love, and a hate.

We must, first of all, have an aim or ambition. An ambition is almost the most important thing in life. The point in life which we must all strive to reach should be placed high above any other thing.

If the goal is not placed fairly high it is usually reached, and passed, and forgotten before we have time to decide for ourselves what we want and what point in life we want to reach. Life can be built on such tiny things; in fact all lives go slowly—so slowly that sometimes they seem to be almost at a standstill.

There are few people who have the luck to go on with a rush, and often these people do not reach the best point in life.

Some of the greatest things are made very slowly. Think of the chalk cliffs

of Dover, how slowly they have grown, and now they are being destroyed by the tiniest creatures, which are spoiling their strength and beauty. We should try not to miss any chance in life, for neglected opportunities never come back again. No narrow thoughts should enter our minds, for they are like the tiny creatures boring—boring slowly into our lives and undermining our characters. Once there are evil thoughts let into our lives it is most difficult to crush them out again.

There are no lives that can stand still for any length of time: they are either going up or coming down, and we do not want to come down but to rise as high up as we can. We must not place our goals too high up or try to reach them too soon, for the first shall be last and the last shall be first.

As this is the first issue of our magazine, it marks a new stage in the progress of our school. We hope that our light will shine out brightly and illumine our lives in our future as well as our school-days.

M.J.E.

FORM NOTES.

FORM VI.

As this is our first contribution to Form Notes we must begin at the beginning by describing our form flag. It consists mainly of gold (Ed. note: sometimes yellow), and inscribed upon it in black is our motto, "Loyal en tout," and VI. in Roman figures. This we hang over our framed motto enscrolled in black and white.

We have lately purchased a new tablecloth, as our old one was forced to abdi-

cate on account of its extreme dilapidation. The new is a striking shade of brown, but it has one fault, and this is that it sometimes clings too lovingly to the blazers or other articles of apparel of its owners. It first saw the light of day on the occasion of the Moderator's visit to our school.

Now to come to the occupants of the form: We are the Sixth, and six in number, or, rather, we should say seven, for we are not forgetting our form mistress, Miss Ballans, who takes such an active

interest in all our work. Our captain is Stella Pagels. But now these occupants, namely, ourselves, are ever mindful of the weight of fast approaching exams., and as the tests are at hand we have changed our old hobby hour, previously devoted to photography, to one of "stewing" in preparation for our fate which will soon be settled.

Time goes too quickly, and all our free periods are spent in a calm retreat in the company of our books, which seem to contain such an endless store of knowledge. Thus we live for the space of a few weeks in a world of our own, regardless of the pleasures that will be ours when Xmas again returns.



FORM V.

The Fifth Form is of course the best form in the school. We are the second smallest in numbers, and consequently we work very hard (?). Now we are moving, shrouded in gloom and bowed under the weight of the tests. We have to bury ourselves in oceans of work. However, even though we have to do or die, we can boast that out of our small number we have two girls in the first tennis four, and four girls in the baseball nine, and, considering that we have only ten girls in our form, we are very proud of ourselves.

On Monday, October 3rd, we were honored with a visit from the Moderator.

The Fifth Form cupboard has never been known to look so tidy in its life before.

Really, there has been little done this term except the fete, and the fifth worked strenuously for a whole week, never allowing themselves any pleasure in the way of sport. The boarders had to arise almost in the dark to tidy their room for the Moderator, as the previous Saturday was the fete.

The Fifth Form can do no more than work and wait in these days of strife. Our motto is, "Per Aspera and Astra," and our colors are bottle green. We quite understand the trial we must go through before we reach the stars.

We are all glad to welcome Doreen back after her recent illness.

FORM V B.

We have a bright sunny room, with a pleasant outlook on to a green lawn, on to which our eyes often stray when we indulge in a little relaxation and allow them to wander from our work. We are a happy and industrious form, and have for our motto "I serve," painted in gold on a pale blue flag.

We are pleased to receive into our number this term two new girls, Phyllis Clarke and Alice Harvey, who are, we hope, quite happy in their new surroundings.

Two of our girls, Aggie Robert and Ruth Hamill, were ill last term; we are pleased to have Ruth with us again, but Aggie, we are sorry to say, is still unable to be with us on account of her continued illness.

On Wednesday afternoon of each week we have hobby hour, when we do fancy work, which before the fete on October 1st went to swell the final total of £400 which was realised. At the fete we, aided by St. George's Church, had the fancy stall, when our "butterflies" flew round and helped to raise the gratifying sum of £113.

There is intense excitement in our form as the year draws to a close, for we are eagerly awaiting to know who will be dux of our form, as the youngest of our number was second last term and dux first term.

Well, we will let you know next notes who was dux for the year.



FORM V A.

Things are always happening. We have now a young conservatory and saucers. They were given to us by fellow admirers of nature.

At the fete we did quite well in the way of competitions, getting six prizes out of seven. There is a new girl whom we hoped to get, but, unluckily, she went into V B., so they can still boast of their superior numbers. But, after all, numbers are not everything, and we hope to have more next year. Next year seems far off, but

it will come only too soon for some of us. We do not like to lose sight of old faces, and they, somehow, seem more friendly than new ones.

But now we are getting away from "Form Notes." It is surprising how little really happens even in a form of 21 girls. We have so many that we are noted for being the quietest form in the school (?).



FORM IV.

We are the girls of the Fourth Form and we number 13. Our flag is of course "the best" flag in the school; it is navy blue, with a maroon shield in the centre. Our form motto is "Play the game," and we all live up to it.

One of our members won the bronze medal for swimming.

At the fete on October 1st our form did very well by raising £90. We had the flower stall, which was daintily decorated with lavender sweet peas and asparagus fern. Some of the prizes were won by girls in our form. Two of our girls take gardening for their hobby, and the flowers that they grow help to decorate our room.



FORM III.

School commenced on February 17th this year, when the Third Form had only five members, two of whom left at the end of the first term.

Miss Anderson is our form mistress, and Gwen Morgan, who endeavors to keep all stragglers to the mark, is our form captain.

The second term we were glad to welcome to our happy circle Kathleen Bennett, Bonnie Hall, Meg Guthrie, and Rita Loffel.

We regret to say that Kathleen Bennett has been so dangerously ill, but we are glad to know that she is recovering once again. Meg Guthrie liked us so well that she persuaded her friend, Helen Macmillan, from Lauriston, to join us at the beginning of this term, and if reports be true, Helen is very pleased with her new school.

Our form colors are green and white, and our motto is "Ever ready," which sums up our promptness of action very nearly—I wonder?

This term is a very busy one. On Saturday, October 1st, we had charge of the fish pond at our Scotch Fair, and were very pleased with our day's takings. Now we must turn our faces to hard toil, because this term decides our place in form.

I have spoken little of the achievements of our best beloved form, but, being modest, I leave others to sing of our fame.



KINDERGARTEN I. & II.

Talk about the children who lived in a shoe! I think we must be a bit like them—31 of us in assorted sizes from 3ft. 6in. to 4ft. 6in. We make a beautiful curly snake when we go for a run in the yard. The head of the snake (otherwise the Upper Second) is working hard, as it hopes to wriggle its way into the Third by next year. The tail is very new, being made of five boys who joined this term, and whom we are very glad to have. We are also glad to have Evelyn and Bob back at school, and hope Nancy will soon be with us again.

Spring is here; we have had a little of it in our room lately—pussy willows, dandelions, and many other lovely flowers.

We think our room the best of all. We have our own piano, splendid big black boards, and a shelf for our nature study objects, on which you may have lately noticed beans growing as high as 12 inches.

We had a penny concert at the end of last term, and hope to have another soon. Please come if you can, as the pennies are to help a good cause.



CAKEMAKING.

Some sturdy boarders one fine night
Did start to make a cake;
They mixed the eggs and beat them well
And put them in to bake.

But when they saw their first attempt,
They cried out with dismay;
Instead of the cake of which they dreamt
Out came a blackened tray.

But growing girls can always find
A remedy for every ill;
So as the poor cakes didn't mind
They ate them with a will.

E.E.E.

HELEN.

There was a young lady named Helen,
 Who was not too good at her spellin';
 But she could both read and write
 To her daddy's delight,
 What prizes she'll get there's no tellin'.
 M.G.

MEG.

There was a young lady named Meg,
 Who was remarkably fond of an egg;
 But one summer's day
 The contents flew away,
 And for something to eat she did beg.
 H.C.M.

ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER.

It was only a scrap of paper,
 But it aroused us Australians here,
 And it roused our gallant Anzacs,
 Who had never a scrap of fear.
 It roused the sons of Australia
 In the town, on the sea, and out back;
 And it sent them fighting for right and
 law,
 And our good old Union Jack.
 They loved the life of soldiers,
 To them the drum was sweet;
 They fought on bravely, waving **that** flag,
 In the mud, or the sand, or the heat.
 Could they let our flag be taken
 By the cruel, barbarous Hun?
 No! They'd sooner all die fighting
 And falling under the gun.

A.H.V.

HOWLERS!

One day at geometry a girl was asked to give the definition learnt. She answered: "If four points are placed so that a circle can be drawn through them the points are **cyclonic.**" She was reminded that the lesson was not geography.

Another day a girl was asked what the line was called about which a figure was symmetrical. She answered: "The axis of a cemetery."

In a recent examination several girls said "that the sea heated more quickly than the ocean."

In history one day a girl was asked to name some improvements in houses in Tudor times. She answered: "Chimneys were built and electric lights put in."

In a physiology lesson one day the question was asked: "Describe the lungs." The answer was, "The lungs look like a cake mixture when the cochineal has just been put in."

One day a boarder had her brooch on upside down, and on being told that it was unlucky she answered, "I am not suspicious."

One girl did a very kind deed the other day in copying out the shopping list for the prefects. There was some very original spelling, such as "a tub of tooth paste," "rold gold safety pin," "packet of cruel needles."

One week-end, when sending a pair of shoes to be mended, one original young lass enclosed a piece of paper with the following:—"One pair of shoes to be 'sold' and 'healed.'" Name—

**THE FETE.**

For the past three months the most energetic preparations were being made for our Scotch Fair, which was held in the Guild Hall, Myers Street, on Saturday afternoon and evening, October 1st.

When the fete was first decided upon many promises were promptly received for the various stalls, so when we returned from our holidays we were able to set to work in earnest in preparing the decorations.

Every afternoon for a week prior to the fete, each form-room was thronged with girls, all eager to make their own form stall the most attractive and successful.

When Saturday morning dawned there were many sighs of relief for the bright sunshine, and the prospects of another day such as the previous Saturday; but when all were busy preparing their stalls, about 11 o'clock, down came the rain.

However, by about 12.30, the rain had all disappeared, and after finishing our stalls we all departed with light hearts.

The afternoon commenced by a witty speech by the chairman of the Council, Mr. Pettitt, who called upon his worship the Mayor to open the fair. Mayor Hitchcock, previous to opening the fair, spoke on the benefits of education and travel. After the mayor had declared the fair open, Mr. Pettitt called on the Right Rev. D. A. Cameron, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, to speak. The Moderator gave us a most interesting and instructive address on the value of higher education, and the great need for a University in Geelong, which has been an educational centre for so many years. He was well applauded, and straightway the many purchasers who thronged the hall began to buy in earnest, and kept the sellers busy gathering in the money. The stalls were numerous and daintily decorated, and each was assisted by a church in the Presbytery. Forms VI. and V., with St. Andrew's Church, had the sweets stall, which was prettily decorated with daffodils and asparagus fern. Newtown helped Form IV. greatly in making the flower stall the success it turned out to be, and also in its quaint decoration of lavender sweet peas and asparagus fern.

St. George's Church and Form V B., in co-operation, made a huge success of the fancy stall, which was most daintily worked out in a scheme of pale blue and gold butterflies. Moorabool, which is some distance from Geelong, joined with Form V A. in their efforts. They erected an attractive stall decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and banksia roses, and laden with inviting cakes and small goods, all of which sold well and amply rewarded them for their labors. The "Dip," a scene of attraction both to elders as well

as to the admiring circle of tiny tots, was in the capable hands of Miss Anderson and Form III.

Close by, another attraction, "the Village Pump," was run at intervals by Una Handley and Dulcie Brownlee. Not forgetting the refreshments, we mention our ever helpful Old Girls, who, combined with a few of our seniors, had charge of the marquee where the refreshments—an indispensable necessity—were laid out.

Together with numerous side shows, these composed the sum total of our attractions, where we raised the gratifying sum of £400.

J.E. & S.P.



THE MODERATOR'S VISIT.

On Monday, 3rd October, we were pleased to welcome to our school the Rev. D. A. Cameron, M.A., B.D., the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria. He and other visiting ministers arrived about 10 o'clock in the morning. First of all, the Moderator gave to the assembled school a very interesting little speech, in which he told the girls to make the best of the great privileges which are theirs, and also said that although our school was one of the youngest and smallest it was also one of the most hopeful of the Presbyterian institutions. At the conclusion of his address a vote of thanks was proposed by the head prefect, and three hearty cheers were given by the school.

The Rev. J. McKenzie, M.A., also addressed the school. Before leaving, a brief visit was made to the classes in their own rooms. As it was the Moderator's first visit, we all regarded it as a great honor and a very special occasion.

K.P.

Judith of the "Lazy Y."

CHAPTER I.

Peaceful Valley.

As the sun sank into the golden west Judith Hall rode into the "Lazy Y" corral. Jumping lightly from her horse, she handed the bridle to Black Billy, the stable boy, and walked with tired, lagging steps to the verandah, where David Hall sat smoking his afternoon pipe. As his eyes beheld the figure coming from the corral they lit with a mysterious light, and a sad, wistful smile hovered at the corners of his mouth. "How like her mother she is! The eyes, the hair, the very poise of her head belonged to the mother who died when she was but a baby."

His expression changed to a brighter one as Judith quickened her pace over the lawn.

"And how's my little woman?" was his greeting to her as she jumped to the verandah, regardless of the steps.

"Well, I should say she's pretty tired," was the answer he received.

"Gee, Dad, those horses Dale has are just great; that little sorrel one, you know—they call him Bobby—well, he's just a beauty."

"I'm glad you think so, but he's not a lady's hack; and if I get rumor of you daring to ride him, you sure will have your saddle and bridle taken from you—you understand?"

The pretty, well-shaped lips pouted, the eyes laughed challengingly as Judith, with a sudden impulse, caught her father's arm.

"Come on, Daddy, tea's been waiting for me just ages; 'cause when I came across the lawn I smelt Biddy's cakes, and I'm hungry."

Just as they entered the sitting-room Biddy's form appeared in the doorway.

"If you please, Mr. Hall, Milt Dale is here, and he wishes to see you."

"Very well, Biddy, tell him I'll be there in a minute."

With this he strode out of the room, leaving Judith standing by her chair. In a few minutes Mr. Hall was back again with some very business-like documents under his arm.

"Judith, my girl, would it be any trouble for you to have tea with Biddy, as Dale and I want to talk business?"

"No, Daddy, I'd love to, only don't be too long, will you?"

"No longer than I can help, dear."

When Judith opened the kitchen door she found Biddy sitting with her head in her arms.

"Say, Biddy, what's the matter?" asked Judith, bewildered.

"Oh, missie, haven't you heard what Dale said to your dad?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know as how I—as how I could tell you, but—ch--eh--w-e-e-l-l—Dick, the boundary rider, came back to the bunk-house to-day with a bullet in his left arm; says it was one of the Anson's gang that shot him."

Judith's mouth opened, then closed without uttering a sound. There she stood, an eighteen-year-old girl, trying to realise what this dreadful truth meant. How long she stood there, or how long it was till some kind, gentle arms folded round her, and she was lifted like a baby and carried to her bed, she did not know.

"There, my baby," said a deep, masculine voice, "God will let nothing happen to those whose trust is in Him. Kiss your dad, and tell him that you will be brave and bear the brunt of everything if I should not come back to-night."

Here the voice grew husky, and the man bent nearer to the bed. Like someone in a strange trance, Judith put her arms round her father's neck, and repeated in a dazed tone, "I will carry on, Dad."

"Good-bye, little one, and God bless you and keep you safe if I don't come back." With that he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

Anson at Work.

Two dusky-faced men sat by a fire drowsily puffing their pipes. Over the ashes danced the smoke like some graceful fairy, and then as quickly as it

appeared it vanished again. Anyone seeing these men with their sombreros pushed back from their wrinkled brows would certainly not have thought of fairies. These two Mexicans—for such they were—were part and parcel of Anson's gang, and here they sat behind a great rock in the deepest and darkest part of a coulee, waiting for the cowboys of the "Lazy Y" to come and avenge their comrade. Their instructions were not to shoot till they were shot at, then to shoot at Hall, and no one else. "For it's him we want," Anson had said that morning, "and it's him we are going to get or pay for it ourselves."

The "Lazy Y" was one of the few sheep ranches which were dotted here and there (much to the cattle barons' disgust) throughout the country. After a cattle owners' meeting Tom Mix, one of the wealthiest of cattle owners, who never did anything wrong but paid others to do it for him, had hired Anson's gang to get rid of the "Lazy Y" anyway he liked.

Anson was well fitted for the place. And when Dick had come back wounded, David Hall knew that this was the first sign of the trouble that had for so long been brooding. Well, now that it had come, he wasn't going to sit down and let trouble find a place in his home. No! he'd fight to the bitter end, if it cost him his own life and his child's. At this thought a mist passed over his eyes, and he coughed before he told the anxious men who, with drawn faces, were waiting orders from him. "Boys, there'll be no shooting if you can avoid it." Some coughed, some moved uneasily, but all wore the expression of relief. "You're to amble along; look in the coulee in Wilson's place; they might be there; but, mind, don't shoot unless you can help it. I'm going into Snowdown to tell Joe, the sheriff." They all went outside, mounted their horses, and silently rode away.

CHAPTER III.

Anson's Visit to Peaceful Valley.

Judith rose to find the sun shining brightly through her window, and at first she thought the happenings of the night before were a dream. Then the death-

like silence that filled the house frightened her, and she hurriedly washed her face and hands, tidied her hair, and then fastening a cartridge belt, with a gun clumsily hanging on one side of it, over her riding breeches (for she had not undressed to go to bed), she went downstairs to find the house empty. First she went to the drawer where her father had put the papers. Opening this drawer, she took some papers out and put them in her breeches' pocket, and then shut the drawer, putting the key also in her pocket. She then went to the kitchen, and, being a sensible girl, she got herself something to eat. She was just finishing her cup of coffee, when the sound of horses' hoofs caught her ear. She opened the sitting-room door and walked on to the verandah in time to see a cloud of dust, out of which appeared horses being brought to a standstill. A short, thick-set man (evidently their leader) got off his horse and sauntered up to Judith.

"Well, miss, and where's your pop? Run away! eh?" He laughed a nasty guttural laugh.

It was the laugh, not the words, that caused Judith's temper to bubble up and burst forth passionately: "He is not a coward; he doesn't run away from anything that he has to do; he doesn't get paid to do underhand things that any honest man wouldn't do."

At this, Anson (for it was no less than he) grew very red in the face, and his grimy finger nails cut deeply into the palms of his hands, and he ground his teeth in anything but a pleasing manner. "Tell me where your father keeps his papers, or I'll——"

"Don't you be so sure of that, I'll show you where he keeps his papers."

But for all this apparent coolness her hand shook as it rested on the knob. Anson, noting this, smiled horribly. Judith opened the door, and he walked in with a sort of triumphant swagger. Judith followed him, stopping as she came to the level of the door, behind him. Then, as Anson began to rummage the room, she walked step by step back to the door they had entered, and turned the key noiselessly in it. Then in a flash she was standing by a table fidgeting with some books, but safely hidden in her

pocket were two keys instead of one. Would she get to the other door before Anson had finished ransacking the place? Fortune plays with all men, and this time it decided to favor Anson. With a growl he pounced on the little table at the far end of the room, only to find the drawer locked. With a curse he turned to Judith. "Where is the key to open this drawer?"

Judith, pulling the key from her pocket, held it at arm's length from her, and as Anson came for it she dropped it. He pounced on the key, and when he stood up again he looked into the cold muzzle of a revolver. It was then he showed his cowardice. Dropping the key, his hands rose slowly above his head. Fortune's wheel had changed again. "You've got me," he said, "but I've got the deeds to your ranch, and I'm going to burn them; then you can't show that you own this ranch." With this he tore a paper into pieces.

Judith was aghast, for she thought that she had taken the papers out of the desk. Dropping the hand in which she held the gun, she felt in her pocket.

In an instant Anson had grabbed the gun, and with a smile he said, "My turn, young lady. I hope you don't mind, but I want the papers out of your pocket; the ones I had were blanks used for a purpose. Ha! ha!"

Again it was the laugh and not the words that roused Judith to a more wrathful state of mind. "I tell you they're in the drawer," her shrill voice was heard to say.

Anson went back to the drawer. "They're not here."

"Yes they are, look." She went towards the table, picked up the gun that Anson in his haste had put on the table. "Now, would you mind putting your hands above your head?" Anson obeyed. "Now walk to that door and put your back to it." He did as he was told. There they stood, the girl making a brave show in spite of her nervous feeling, and Anson, blackest of all black outlaws, glowering at her. The clock struck 12, and still he stood with his hands above his head, but he was showing signs of fatigue.

Suddenly, from outside, was heard a familiar voice calling "Judith! Where are you?" It was then, and not till then, that Anson saw how frightened the girl was, and he rushed for the other door; but Judith had locked it. Then in a frenzy he rushed at the girl. "Let me out," he cried, as some one tried the door.

"Help! help!" cried Judith.

"Coming," cried the voice, and then Judith, walking step by step backwards, opened the door; but she still had Anson covered. Then in walked Joe, the sheriff.

"Judith, how long has this man been here? Did he hurt you?"

"Not long." Judith found it very hard to stand.

"Go to your room; I'll be here, and I'll send Biddy up to you; she has just come back from bandaging Dick's wounds at the bunk-house. You have nothing to be frightened of now."

Judith unlocked the other door and climbed the stairs to her room. Once in her room she felt as if the whole world was spinning round, and a sort of buzzing went on in her head, then everything went black, and she did not remember anything more.

It was three days later that Judith began to take up the threads of life again and the happenings of the day when she had been put to bed were like a dream; still they were there.

"How——? where is Anson?" were the words she greeted her father with.

"Sh! let's forget him; you were a brave girl. Joe and his deputy got the gang, and you got Anson, while your old dad was such a coward he didn't hurry back to his little girl; but it's alright now."

"Oh! Daddy, I'm so glad." And she threw her arms round his neck. Biddy, coming on to the verandah at this moment, said that Judith was not to get excited.

"No, if you don't keep quiet I'll not let you have the satisfaction of breaking Bobby in." Judith's face lit up with a wonderful smile.

"Oh, Daddy!" and she hugged him again.

THE COWARD.

The still October day was drawing to a close. All day the leaves and flowers had drooped listlessly as the sun beat its burning rays upon them. On the roads the dust had whirled round, nearly choking chance travellers. At the station homestead everything was quiet. As it was evening the doors and windows were thrown open after the heat of the day. Under two immense gum trees in the beautiful garden two hammocks swung, and in them, Connie and Phil both lay reading. Presently Phil yawned and threw down his book. "Oh!" said Connie, laying hers down, "how I wish that something would happen to me, like things happen to people in books."

"Pooh," laughed Phil; "you have not the pluck of a mouse; you're a little coward. Why, you ran away from a bull the other day." "Anyway," he continued, "I'm off for the night; I very likely will be back to-morrow morning with Dad; I promised Jack I would go with him to-night." He rose and strolled across the lawn. Connie sighed, and wished that she were a boy so that she could be brave. There would just be time, she thought, for a walk before bedtime. She got up and walked down to the river. She sat down in a sheltered spot.

In front of her was the river, and she was enclosed on all other sides by tall trees and dense scrub. As she sat there she heard low voices, and was going to call out that she was there, when the mention of "the boss" (her father) silenced her.

"The boss went away yesterday and the kid's just gone, so there will be no danger," said the first speaker.

"Yes," replied the second, "meet me here at 10 o'clock to-night, and we'll make for the house; and bring a couple of pistols along with you."

When they had gone Connie crept out, pale and trembling. She understood that she had overheard a plot to rob the house in her father's absence. The two men were station hands, and she did not know whether to trust the men or not. It was too late to send for her father and Phil,

for it was half-past nine then. She knew then that she must fight the men herself.

Connie did not know how she got home that night. She was a good shot, and she went straight to the room where her father kept his guns. She drew out two pistols and loaded them. With these in her hands she went out into the garden and crouched behind a bush and waited. Presently the clock struck 10. As the sound died away a low whistle came across the flats, and two figures came stealthily up the hill. Connie grasped the pistols tight.

The men, as they got to the gate, were each thinking how lucky he was in getting so far, when suddenly a volley of shot rang round their ears and a voice cried, "Come on, boys, we'll get them." For Connie knew that she must make them think that there were more than one against them. With curses at their bad luck, the men discharged their own firearms in the direction from whence they imagined the shots to have come.

Connie was just thinking that she would soon have no more ammunition left to fire, when there came a shout—her father's and Phil's voices. They had returned sooner than they had expected. Connie felt everything slipping away from her, and then she fell. When she came to herself again she was lying on the ground, with her father and Phil near her. Not far away lay the two men, securely tied.

When she had told her story Phil said, "I'll never call you a coward again." And he never did.

A.H.V.

THE SHEEP.

(According to a Little Boy).

DESCRIPTION.—The sheep is an animal. Sometimes sheeps have four legs and sometimes they have four short legs. It has one tale always short. Sometimes sheep have got two hornes. They are covered with a thick woolly stuff called wool. In the summer they ar shaved and they look funny because there wooll is shorne off.

THE USES OF THE SHEEP.—The meat off the sheep is nice, and it is sometimes called mutton, and at other times lam. We eat meat and by it off the butchers. The sheep is useful because of its meat. The wool of a sheep is used to make close and blankets. I had a sute made from a sheep once, but I have only got the sute now because I slid off the wood-house roof and tore the pance all up. The cote is warm, and so the sheep is useful.

WHERE YOU ARE FOUND. — Sheep are found nearly everywhere. They are found in Asia with long hair, and in Europe and England and America, but the best of them is found in Australia, because they have got thick wool in Australia.

END.—This is all I know about the sheep, and so I cannot put any more.

V.A.W.

ELMA'S FIRST TERM.

I don't think Elma will get on well with the girls at school." This is what Elma heard her mother say to her father, Mr. Hart. What did it mean? Was she to go to school? If so, where was her governess, Miss Dixon? These questions flashed through Elma's mind as she lay in bed. The next morning, after breakfast, she asked her mother. "Yes," said Mrs. Hart, "you are going to school. Miss Dixon will not be coming back as she has to look after her mother, who is getting old. But your father is calling you."

Elma ran out at once to see her father on his horse, holding the reins of her pony, Betty. "I am going to round up the cattle in the bush paddock," said he. "Run and get your habit on and come with me."

Riding to the bush paddock, she asked her father about school. "Yes," he said, "it starts in February. That is in two months' time."

They came to the rails where they must part. Elma cantered around the cattle, cracking her stockwhip. Still she thought of school. Many times the cattle got away from her because she could not fix her mind on them. At last they were all mustered, and she drove them up to the yards to find her father waiting for her.

"You have been a long time," he said. "Yes," she admitted, "the cattle were unusually troublesome." So saying she drove her mob through the gate of a high-fenced yard. Jumping off, she tied her pony with others to the fence, and mounting the great fence, she sat down to watch the men drafting the cattle. At last they were all drafted and put in their various paddocks. The boundary riders, Mr. Hart and Elma mounted their horses and galloped towards home, taking the fences in their way. Their horses slowed down as they came to the home gate, which Thomas, the head stockman, opened. "Here Billy," she cried to the black stable boy, "take Betty." "Yes, Missee," said Billy, taking the reins while Elma dismounted, and went through the back garden into the house.

The Christmas and New Year passed in the usual way on the station of "Lovely Vale," and the dreaded February came. "One more week and then school," said Elma drearily to her mother. "Oh, never you mind, dear; it will be better than you expect." "But, mother, you said that you didn't think I would get on well with the girls." "I only hope that I am mistaken," said her mother; "but don't think about it again till it comes." Here the conversation ended.

Four days later Elma had her last ride, which was 40 miles around the western half of the great Australian cattle station. Over fences, by tiny streams, over rough hills, and across the small plains she rode. After a happy day she came home a tired girl.

The eventful day came at last, and she found herself going through the gates of the school, "Ashtern." When her mother was about to leave Elma broke into tears, but was consoled by Miss Harley, the head mistress, and from that time Elma loved her. In school next day the girls laughed at Elma's mistakes. Tricks were played on her every night, but Elma did not know that every girl suffered the same treatment. After a week Elma had only made one friend, Peggy Hall.

Before Elma came to school a popular girl, Gladys Dell, chief of the "Seven Chums," had been top of her form; but since she found this new girl beating her, and so the enmity between the two girls

was great. Gladys, by her popularity, had been able to turn every girl against Elma, except Peggy, who remained obstinate. In a letter to her mother Elma wrote: "Oh, mother, do take me away from school this term. Everybody is simply hateful. I don't know where I'd be if it was not for Peggy Hall." And so she finished her letter.

The holidays were near, and Elma, who had had anything but a happy term, was looking forward to going home. Her mother wrote and told Elma that she and Mr. Hart would be going away, and that she would have to stay at school for the holidays. "How horrible," said Peggy, when she heard the disappointing news; "I have to stay, too, didn't you know? I have never been here for holidays before, as I only came this year." "It won't be half so bad if you're here," said Elma, "but I do wish I could get away from school, I am sick of it." "Never mind, let's make the best of what we get," said Peggy, quite cheerfully.

"Elma Hart has to stay at school for the hols; won't we give her a time?" Gladys Dell rushed into the group of her six pals and announced the news. All of the "Seven Chums" had to stay at school. "Won't we just," said one named Mary Dixon, who was the chief admirer of Gladys. A few days later Miss Harley announced that they were going for a picnic in the mountains, some 12 miles from the little town. "How lovely," said Elma to Peggy. "I hope we'll be in the same drag." "They set out at 10 o'clock, and in an hour they reached the selected spot. Lunch was arranged upon a level space, after which the girls set out in pairs. Peggy and Elma, walking around the mountains, saw a narrow pathway between two gorges. "Let's go over there," cried Peggy; "there must be some lovely wild flowers over there." Before crossing they paused to admire the scenery. All around them were mountains, blue in the distance, covered with lofty gums, under which were great ferns, green, green grass, and moss, and rocks, which were enhanced by the delicate wild flowers which grew here and there.

"Come along," said Elma, and as they scrambled along the pathway Elma looked down. "I'm sure I could get down

there if I tried," she said. "Oh! don't try it," said Peggy; "I don't want you to break your neck." "No fear of that," laughed Elma; "but I won't waste time." "Oh! isn't it slippery; I am sure I would slip over in the dark."

On the other side they picked great bunches of wild flowers that they found in little crags among the rocks. They had such a lovely walk that they did not notice how quickly the time was going. The skies clouded and showed signs of an approaching storm. "It's after 5," said Peggy, looking at her watch. "They must be waiting for us." They hurried along, and had just come to the gorge when they heard a shriek, and then silence.

"Horrors! some one has fallen into the gorge." There was a cry of "Help," and they ran along the pathway to find Mary Dixon in a frightened state. "Gladys has fallen into the gorge," she stammered.

Without a moment's hesitation Elma ran along and climbed down the side of the gorge. "Fetch rope and help," they heard her cry from half-way down. Peggy ran to fetch help, while Mary crouched, trying to see Elma in the semi-darkness. Elma reached the bottom of the gorge to find that Gladys was nowhere to be seen. Where could she be? Elma looked up. There, on a ledge half-way up, was a form. It must be Gladys. Elma had not come straight down, but had taken a more convenient course, and so had missed the ledge. Taking a bottle which she had in her pocket, she filled it with water from a stream at the bottom of the gorge. After corking it and putting it in her pocket again, she clambered up the side of the gorge till she reached the ledge to find Gladys lifeless, as it seemed, against some branches of a tree which had prevented her from falling to the bottom of the gorge. Taking her handkerchief, Elma bathed the face of the girl, who regained consciousness just as a teacher and some men arrived with a rope. Elma tied the rope round Gladys' waist and shouted to haul up. As the teacher attended to Gladys, the latter cried, "Oh, my leg! It's so stiff and funny; I'm sure it's broken." So it proved. The rope was let down again, and Elma was hauled up. Gladys was

taken home, and had to remain in bed for many days on account of her broken leg. Elma was rewarded for her brave act, but the greatest reward of all was the friendship of Gladys as well as many others. Many times Gladys had Elma at her bedside.

When Gladys got well the "Seven Chums" lost its name and became the "Nine Chums," Elma and Peggy being the new members. The second term was nearly over. Elma had invited Gladys, Peggy, and Mary to her home for the holidays.

At last the day came, and four happy girls were on board the train. At a little

township the four got out, and were met by Mr. Hart. They drove 16 miles to "Lovely Vale," tired, but happy girls. As they drove up the long drive Elma recognised the form of her governess on the verandah with her mother. Her joy knew no bounds when she heard that Miss Dixon had come for the holidays.

In the little sitting-room that night, while discussing plans for the holidays, Mrs. Hart said, "You seem to have changed your mind about school, Elma; when do you wish to leave now?" Elma's eyes flashed mischievously as she said, smiling, "Never."

G.J.C.



Kindergarten Corner.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FLOWERS.

One April morning I was walking on the garden pathway, and I heard a lion rose say, "Let us all vote for a queen," so they all voted. The flowers that had the most votes were the little pale blue and white violets. The white one was made queen and the pale blue one king. The lily of the valley was the queen's daughter, the snowdrop chief attendant, the daffodil mistress of the robes, and the dear little pansy was the queen's little girl page. The sunflower was the only haughty one, and she said, "Why, Oh why should I not be queen?" The little Pansy replied, "because you always try to be first in everything, and therefore you were not made queen." At this the daffodils said, "Here comes princess lily of the valley and the king.

M. C. C.

THE FARM.

At the farm you see cats and dogs and fowls and horses and ducks and chickings, and flies and birds flying about.

One day the farmer plod the ground ready to set the wheat, and when it was ripe he cut it, and then he had his dinner and lead down. They had tea, and then he went to bed.

A Visit Under the Water.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Nancy, and she lived in a big house near a pond. One night she dreamt that she went to the pond to see the water lillies. And all of a sudden she saw a little lady. The lady said: "Nancy, you must come down and see the water fairy queen." So the lady took her down, and there she had so many adventures that I couldn't tell hardly any.

G. M.

FIRE.

Once upon a time a girl was named Bea, and she went for a ride on a leaf to the queen. There was tea at the palace. A fire chased her and they took her home. And the next day was Friday, and she had her dinner, and then she went to a show.

I.D.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

Once there was a little girl, and her name was Jean, and she had a sisster and brother. Her sisster's name was Rose, and her brother's name was Lloyd, and at the back of there house they had a lovely garden and a nice lorn, and they used to play on the lorn, and they used to pick bottles of flowers and give them to there mother.

R.B.

A KITTEN.

I was a little kitten and I had green eyes. I got home in the afternoon, and I was on the vahadrar and I saw a magpie; it was a baby magpie. I went down the garden. I went to chase it, but the mother magpie chased me. I jumped about five inches away up the steps, and my tail was curled up.

E.B.

Once upon a time there were two little girls, and their names were Ray and May. They help their mother; they took the washing to the canals, and took it home to their mother; but the next day they went and picked flowers.

M.H.

OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION.

We have much pleasure in contributing items to the School Paper, so that each member and the present scholars may know the doings of the Old Collegians' Association. We have now close on 100 members—a very fine beginning to an association which is practically in the making, having lapsed in war time. We are glad that our old college is connected with the new in this way, and would like to hear from any scholars of the Newtown Ladies' College who wish to join our association, which is named The Old Collegians' Association, Presbyterian Girls' College. These scholars must have attended the old school for at least one year. It is so hard to keep in touch with the old scholars. We have several new members, girls who have completed their studies at the P.G.C.

Our full meetings during the year have been well attended and very successful. At the opening of the school tennis courts on the 11th May our members, at the wish of the Council, took charge of and dispensed afternoon tea, thus helping considerably towards the success of the function.

On 17th June, in the School Assembly Hall, Mr. D. F. Griffiths talked to us about his travels in America, and quite carried us away with him to that wonderful country. His remarks were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. At this meeting three of the School Council members came and talked to us. They thanked us for the assistance given, and said they hoped we would continue to "boost" our school and use our influence for its good.

On 27th August the annual re-union was held. This took the form of a "high tea," which was a very great success. About 65, including staff and prefects, sat down to partake of the good things provided. The school dining-room was taxed to its utmost. When tea was over, the Principal (Miss Pratt) thanked the Old Collegians, and said she looked upon the meeting as a splendid augury for the success of the school, and congratulated us on our live association. Our President (Mrs. Geo. Robertson) also spoke. Miss A. C. Harris, the Principal of the old school, was unavoidably absent, but Mrs. Mountjoy (formerly Miss Ella Harris), one of the old staff, was present.

Again our members came to the fore on 1st October, when the School Fete was held, and worked hard on the refreshment stall, netting £27 towards the £400 taken that afternoon and evening. Our members have shown their capabilities in the art of preparing and dispensing refreshments at these functions.

It is with very deep regret that we have to record the death, early in July, of one of our most faithful members and workers, Miss Ella Purnell. Our committee, as well as the Association, has indeed sustained a great loss.

Any old scholar who wishes to contribute in any way towards the school, whether it be money for prizes, or otherwise, may hand their donations in to the secretary. Our Association has decided to present the dux prize each year.

K. M. ROEBUCK, Hon. Sec.

A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

Dramatis Personae.

MASCULINE.—Mr. Josiah Riggs, the hen-pecked brother of two sisters.

FEMININE.—Miss Tabitha Riggs, an angular spinster, sister of said Josiah; and Miss Kintinka Riggs, twin, and similar in every detail to the much respected Tabitha.

NEUTER.—A bag of four and a half buns to be distributed with much care to the animals at the Zoo.

The Misses Tabitha and Kintinka Riggs, with their brother Josiah, accompanied by the bag of buns, set out one fine morning for the Zoo. They arrived at the corner where the horse tram started at five minutes to 9 in the morning. After letting eight trams pass by because the horses looked too tired, they finally decided to catch the next tram. Having arrived at the Zoo, they betook themselves to see the baby hippos. They gave them a tiny piece of bun and proceeded to do the rounds. After a time they missed Josiah, and a search commenced. After some argument they settled that he had been eaten by the lions, and there and then a wailing began. When this was finished they desecrated him sitting on the elephant, alone, wildly excited, and waving his umbrella to and fro to attract his sisters' attention. Having succeeded in this, he called to them to come and have a ride, but this, of course, they were too dignified to do. When Josiah was tired of riding—which was after two and a half hours had elapsed—they sat down under a shady tree and ate the buns originally intended for the animals, but Tabitha explained that the dear creatures did not look at all hungry. After this the three people had a ride in the pony carriage, Josiah sitting between his two sisters diligently engaged in cracking and eating twopenny worth of peanuts which he had persuaded his sisters to buy for him. After a very happy and exciting day the trio returned home very refreshed in mind concerning the habits of animals, but not refreshed in body.

It may be mentioned here that Josiah has started a zoo of his own, and it contains the following subjects:—Cat, dog, parrot, magpie, a stuffed alligator, a blind mouse, and a canary.

J.R.C.

**CHRISTIAN UNION.**

After six months of probation we were able at the beginning of first term to form a union with a membership of about 30, which has increased during the year. Bible circles were then arranged and were held weekly. The first text book studied was "David," after which one dealing with the New Testament, "The King's Highway," was used.

Much interest was shown in the study, and many pleasant discussions took place. We hope and believe that our weekly half-hour has not been wasted. During the year general monthly meetings have been held. We have always been fortunate in securing speakers for these meetings. Among them were Mrs. Munro, who spoke to us about the Free Kindergarten and its work; and Rev. E. Wood, who told us of his work in India.

Rev. C. Neville gave us an interesting account of the work done in Melbourne slums. Miss Clark, of Korea, and Mr. Daniels, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, have also addressed our meetings.

Our best thanks are due to our president, Miss Ballans, who has worked so energetically during the year, and has done so much to bring about the success of our Union.

M.J.P.

**CAMERA CLUB.**

Our Camera Club was formed during the second term. At present there are 10 members, and we are greatly indebted to our president, Miss Stiles, for the interest she has shown in our club.

We have already had one competition, which was won by Una Handley (1), and Kathleen Perry (2), and another one is in progress.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club has been formed for some considerable time now, and last term the members of the club gave three one-act plays in the School Assembly Hall. The plays were "The Playgoers," "The Ring Scene from the Merchant of Venice," and "When the Wheels Run Down," a very amusing early Victorian play, which called forth much merriment. The proceeds were in aid of the Institute for the Blind. "Pygmalion and Galatea," a Greek play of three acts, and a small one-act play entitled "The New Poor," were presented by the members of the Club in the Presbyterian Sunday School Hall on Friday, November 25th, and were a pronounced success.

Throughout their dramatic work the girls have been greatly aided by Miss Anderson, president of the club, who had spared no pains in arranging rehearsals and giving up her leisure time to assisting them in their work. To her their best thanks are due.

S.P.

SCHOOL CHOIR.

The choir which was formed at the beginning of last term has proved a great success. The singing in assembly is therefore much improved, for the girls practise every Wednesday afternoon the hymns for the week.

We must take this opportunity of thanking Doris and Edna for playing the hymns every morning in assembly.

S.P.

GENERAL NEWS.

On 11th of November we celebrated Armistice Day. The assembly room was decorated with flags, and we assembled there where, before observing the two minutes' silence, we were given a short address by our head mistress, Miss Pratt.

We wish to congratulate Helen Venters on securing such a good pass in her music exam.

Miss Pratt has made a present of a picture to each form room, for which we thank her very much.

One of our faithful Old Girls, Elma Taylor, has been kind enough to come every Friday morning to play for class

singing, and on Thursday afternoon for physical culture. We are very grateful to her and pleased to see she keeps up such a live interest in her old school.

**BOARDERS' NOTES.**

The boarders are a cheerful race,
Of troubles they have many;
But just to see them face to face,
You'd think they hadn't any.

ROSLYN.

Boarding school life is in no way monotonous, and if anyone doubts it we would like her to try it. If it's only getting into trouble for being naughty we are kept lively.

There are 23 of us in Roslyn, our senior house, and we have a very lively time, especially when some rebel oversteps the bounds.

The other day one of our number committed a most cruel murder in the bathroom with a towel, and what do you think her victim was? A huge moth.

No. 5 dormitory has been infested with a large tarantula for some days past, and one of the occupants has caused much merriment to her dormitory companions by giving vent to her feelings in loud shrieks whenever the dreaded creature comes forth to take his evening meal.

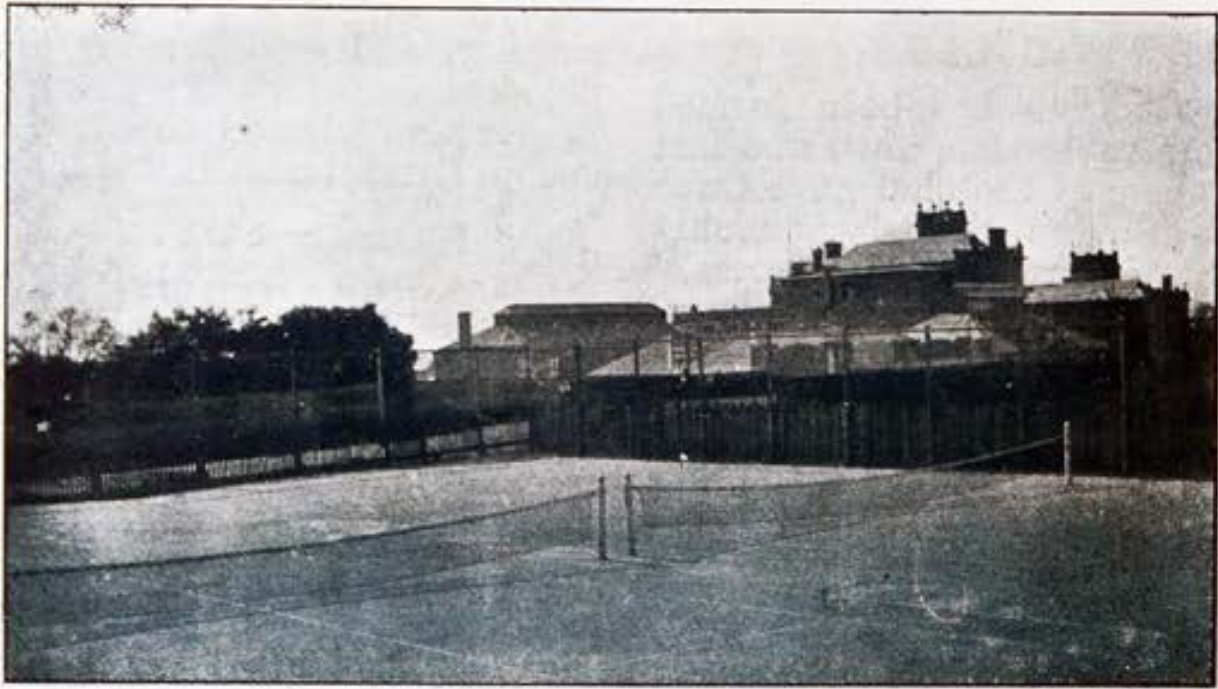
We have not been for any picnics this term so far, owing to the day fixed being wet, but we hope that before the year closes we will be able to take a trip to Torquay, where we will spend the last picnic day with some of our happy family, who at the end of the year are leaving us for the sterner game of life.

HARRIS HOUSE.

We are eight in number now, having lost one of our girls who was, owing to unforeseen circumstances, forced to leave us and go home. We hope, however, that the time will come when she will be able to return to us again.

We pride ourselves with the honor of being the first girls to "try" the new hospital, for we have a slight attack of chicken-pox, but are getting better, and will soon be able to boast.

S.P.



SPORT.

TENNIS.

We have again started tennis in earnest, and have played some very energetic matches, the first one ending in an easy win for Harris House.

On the 1st November there was another match between the first house fours, and again Harris secured a good win. This is really the first term that we have had any tennis matches.

We hope that soon we will be able to branch out and play not only one between the two houses but also with other schools.

BASKET BALL.

This being third term, we have very little basket ball. Our last match was

played at the beginning of the term. The match was a very hearty one, and ended with a win for Harris House.

BASEBALL.

We have again begun baseball, and all the players seem to be very keenly interested. The first match was played between the second house teams, and ended in a win for Roslyn House.

On 31st October there was a very enthusiastic game played between the first house teams. All were very energetic, and played to the utmost of their ability. Harris House gained a victory over Roslyn House.

M.J.E.



FIRST TENNIS FOUR.



FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM



FIRST BASEBALL TEAM.