

*A. Day*

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE  
GEELONG.



Vol. 1. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1922

# OFFICE-BEARERS



The **Head Mistress** (MISS G. PRATT, M. A., Dip. Ed.) is the Patron of all School Clubs and Societies.

## PREFECTS:

### School:

KATHLEEN PERRY (Head).  
JEAN PETTITT.  
DORIS ZIMMER.  
MOLLIE RICH.

MARJORIE ROBERTSON  
STELLA GILBERT.  
GLADYS SYER.  
HELEN VENTERS.

### House:

STELLA PAGELS.  
DORA MADDEN.

GERTIE PAGELS.  
GRETA McINTOSH.

## FORM CAPTAINS:

**Form VI.**—STELLA PAGELS, JEAN PETTITT.

**Form V.**—JOYCE EDDIE, GRETA McINTOSH, HELEN VENTERS.

**Form VB.**—SYLVIA BAIRD, JEAN COCHRANE.

**Form VA.**—EILEEN BUCKHURST, JEAN RENTOUL.

**Form IV.**—HELEN MACMILLAN, GWEN FURNELL, GWEN MORGAN.

**SPORTS CAPTAIN.**—JOYCE EDDIE.

### Roelyn House:

**Captain:**—JOYCE EDDIE.

**Vice-Captain**—EILEEN BUCKHURST.

### Harris House:

**Captain**—STELLA PAGELS.

**Vice-Captain**—KATHLEEN PERRY.

### Ardens House:

**Captain**—HELEN VENTERS.

**Vice-Captain**—EDNA ELLIS.

### Sports Committee:

JOYCE EDDIE, STELLA PAGELS, EILEEN BUCKHURST,  
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**Treasurer** MISS V. REEVES.

# THE LUCERNIAN.

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Editor—JOYCE EDDIE.

Sub-Editor—STELLA PAGELS.

Editorial Committee—KATHLEEN PERRY, DORIS ZIMMER, HELEN VENTERS,  
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## EDITORIAL

**Time makes all things easy—**

“We are the music-makers,  
And we are the makers of dreams,”

the poet sang not very long ago. A great thing it is to be making dreams, for dreams are the stuff the world is made of, the things that come true.

Always a dream is coming true. It may be dawning dimly in some lonely heart far, far away, but it will be fulfilled. In the great purpose of Time no noble purpose fails. We see examples of the work of Time making things easier for mankind wherever we look. Travelling by trains is as simple to us as breathing.

Yet think how long it took the inventors of steam to reach a point at which a steam-engine would drag a number of carriages safely.

Whenever we ride in a motor car we may reflect that Time has brought to pass the fulfilment of the old prophecy, “Carriages without horses should go.”

Even more important are the moral transformations.

Much that was once considered natural and necessary in conduct and in the structure of society we now shudder at. Slavery seemed, less than a century ago, to be not merely permissible but actually desirable. But all that time the few who hated the cruel custom were making converts to their way of thinking.

Time, you see, makes all things easy and makes what once seemed impossible seem simple, turning dreams into realities and miracles into everyday events.

So we will go on dreaming, knowing that destiny is on the side of dreams, knowing that all history shows that dreams come true, knowing that, however hard the beginning is, there is nothing like the joy of the ending, for Time is the friend of all that is good, and time makes all things easy.

EDITOR.

## FORM NOTES.

### FORM VI.

We're too busy this term for Form Notes, so don't expect anything brilliant please.

Exams. are approaching so its a case of work! work! work! and likely to be to the end of the five weeks that remain of term.

Few of us will be returning to take up our abode within the walls of Form VI. Class-room, so we wish good luck to those who follow, not "Abandon hope all you enter here," but "take courage" for "it's a long lane that has no turning," and no matter how up-hill your way may seem or how deep you become buried in oceans of work, there's a lighter side and you'll be sorry when you come to say "Good-bye." Now as we are about to depart, we members of Form VI. in our last will and testament bequeath to the new sixth a room thoroughly devoid of ink stains, either on floor or desks. We entrust to its members desks newly varnished on top, with the interiors bearing the history of those who went before; a library cupboard containing books nicely covered by the industry of our hands during hobby hour, one which we hope will inspire your literary taste as well as inspire you to continue to cover new contributions. Materially, this is what we bequeath to you, Form VI. of 1923.

Finally, we hand on our Spirit, which, if willing, you will find in the words of our motto, "Loyal en Tout," and with this our old flag we hand you as the door closes behind us for the last time. "Mother, thy blessing, and so good-bye."

### FORM V.

When we returned at the beginning of the third term we found our Form still smaller than it was last term. What we lack in quantity we make up in quality. This diminishing of numbers is due to the fact that two of our girls, Phyllis and Marion, who have been very ill, are not coming back.

To tell all the news of the busy Fifth Form would take too long, so we must write the most interesting parts for the magazine.

At the end of last term Miss Stiles kindly allowed us to accompany her class of VB. girls on a geography excursion to Queen's Park. The day was warm, but we learnt many things that we had not known before.

Another event of the last term was a Basket Ball match between the V. and VI. Forms. The VI. team was too strong for us, but the play was very even throughout the game.

We do not always go against the VI. Form as can be seen by the fact that with joint efforts a concert, the proceeds of which were to go to the Library, was given.

Although at our recent sports the V. did not win any inter-form events, we came second in the Crocodile Race. In the heats of the Basket Ball passing contest the V. and VI. came a dead heat twice, and on the third trial the VI. were victorious.

In the Test Examinations, which have decided the fate of this year's V. as well as that of any other year, our superior knowledge was shown in many ways, one being that "Tariff is the money paid in salaries to the members of Parliament"

### FORM VB.

The writing of form notes is easier said than done. In a form of thirty girls, where each has a lusty voice, suggestions are somewhat muddled. As the end of last term a combined physical drill and sports display was held on the Basket Ball court. In the ball passing contest VB. secured a victory, thus bringing our marks for drill to the highest in the school. For this we are allowed to hang a banner in our form room.

Recently, in the Kardinia Oval, the school sports were held, in which VB. won the ball passing and one of our number came first in the junior championship. Not only do the girls play well, but they also work well in many ways.

Quite a number of the form has entered for the competitions which "The Times" is holding, and we are hoping our school will not be behind the others. In the recent Impromptu Reading held in the Comunn na Feinne Hall one of our members received first prize. We are hoping that next year there will be more entering for these competitions, and so winning honours not only for the form but for the school.



### FORM VA.

Once more we have availed ourselves of the opportunity given us to greet you and to wish you a Merry Xmas.

We are in the usual third term spirits—weighed down by exams., but at the same time looking forward eagerly to the results at the end of the year. Our spirits were at zero at the end of last term, for we were forced to say good-bye to our form mistress, Miss Stiles, but her place has been filled by Miss Anderson. We are very pleased to welcome her to our form.

The girls doing needle work have an advantage over those doing geometry, for during the lesson Miss Anderson reads

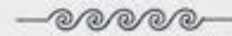
"Huckleberry Finn" to us and we have all become quite interested in the adventures of the young hero.

VA. was well represented at our school sports in the different races, and what was more we won the inter-form Crocodile race.

We must congratulate Betty on her riding at the show, and Ena for doing so well at her music examinations.

The other forms have put in some very hard work cleaning their desks, but you see VA. desks are so clean that their room does not need any attention.

But now at last the time comes round again for us to bid you good-bye; we all need once more to go to work for the coming exams.



### FORM IV.

It is past the middle of the term again. That, however, is not quite as serious a matter for us as it is for the fifth and sixth forms. We are very pleased that it is time for the third issue of the "Lucernian."

During the holidays and the early weeks of this term everyone was busy making articles for the Novelty Stall at the Newtown Fete. We are delighted that Gwen Morgan gained first prize for a novelty made by a junior girl.

This term at hobby time we have quite a number of different occupations; some of the girls look after the hobby garden, some practise music, some play tennis, and others sew, draw, or paint. Last Friday was our sports day. For weeks before it we were getting ready for it. Have you ever tried to keep in step in a crocodile? If you have you will know how hard it is, but if not, try it. We have come to the conclusion that before entering for an obstacle race, it is a wise plan to practise crawling through a ladder with a flower pot in one hand and some beans in the other, or else to work so



hard that one gets thin. We all enjoyed our sports day very much, and are beginning to look forward to next year's sports day. We are pleased to welcome Rita Loffel into the fourth form this term.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Marjorie Meriga at the end of last term.

We have just had a working bee to remove the ink stains from the floor and we are quite pleased with the result of it.

We will say "Au Revoir" till the next issue of the "Lucernian."



### FORM III.

The Third Form is not a very large form, but although we are small in numbers we are very happy. At the beginning of this term one of our members went up into the fourth form. We wish her "good luck" in her new work. We were glad to welcome four new members, two girls and two boys, to our form, and now we are a happy little family of twelve. We are all trying hard to get the prize for the tidiest room, and we feel so sad if we do not see the number ten on our black-board. Our room has been looking quite gay with flowers lately. One of the girls brought some tadpoles for our nature study lesson, but they all died before we had our lesson on them. Our form is helping the Kinders to give a concert soon, which we hope everyone will enjoy.

At present we are all very much interested in our home-reading book, "Alice in Wonderland." At our first school

sports our form did very well, and we hope that next year's sports will make us more successful.

We are all working very hard, and have been busy making lakes, islands, rivers and continents on our sand tray. We all enjoy the history stories about the discovery of Australia, and about the men who first settled where Melbourne is now.

We hope after our holidays to come back next year ready to work hard. We all wish the teachers and the girls a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.



### KINDERGARTEN I. & II.

We have 22 children in our room. We had to say good-bye to Upper Seconds at the beginning of this term, but they still come back to us for singing and games.

We were glad to welcome Ila, Margaret, Marjorie, and Newton into the K.G.

The second class has history with Miss Morgan now, and likes it very much.

We are busy learning our Nursery Rhymes for our concert.

The paper has been bought for the scrap book; we colour and cut out the pictures for it in our spare minutes.

We want it to be very nice, for it is to go to the Children's Hospital.

Christmas holidays will soon be here now, so we have started to learn our Christmas songs and are hurrying to finish our presents. We hope that when Christmas comes you will all have a very happy one.

Adapted

## THE STOLEN HONEY.

It was the first night of the third term, and the old girls decided to have a mid-night supper. There was a great jar of honey which reposed on the staff-room sideboard, and it was with great fear that the girls decided to have some.

"They wouldn't notice if we took just enough for ourselves," said Joan Grant, a tall girl with laughing grey eyes.

"Just think if we only had it we could have a perfect meal. Let's all sit down and think for a while and see if we can

make some plan for getting some; we must or I'll die."

In the common-room of Newham Girls' College silence reigned for about five minutes.

But even then no one had thought of any really feasible plan.

Lots of suggestions like "Hop through the window at recess" or "Just before tea" or "Why not go and ask the teacher for something not in the room and just help yourself?" But none of these could be safely worked.

Just then Joan noticed a small girl with dark eyes and freckles sitting on the table thinking deeply.

"Sh! don't speak yet, Ethelwyn has a plan!"

"Come on, out with it, Ethelwyn," came a chorus of voices, so she began in a half-hearted, feeble sort of way.

"I was just thinking—Oh, it was nothing really sensible."

"Oh, come on Ethel, don't keep us on pins and needles like this; anyway, I suppose it's just as sensible as any of the others, and between the lot we may get at something, to say nothing of honey."

"Well," said Ethelwyn, "I was just thinking we could quite easily get some in time for to-night if we could get rid of the head's dog, Pinkie, and as the head's Joan's aunt I thought that if you . . ."

"You mean I ought to do away with her dog for the night."

"Precisely, Joan."

"But, good gracious! Have you ever seen the thing? The one I mean is a small brown thing with a fluffy tail."

"Yes, and a bark like a steam siren; and in addition to that about 75 teeth all sharper than razors. I couldn't get within ten feet of it without lifting the roof, and if I did it would chew me into little pieces."

"I had anticipated that difficulty—we could get Lind to drug it."

"By Jove," said Joan, much impressed, "come, this is really beginning to look like something, I can almost smell the honey already. When do we go from here?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, what's the next step on the scheme?"

"Oh good gracious!" Joan's face fell. "It's all off! It can't be done! How can I possibly get into the room? They lock the door every night."

"That need constitute no obstacle. I have a plan! Immediately behind the piano is a cupboard; a large roomy cupboard. You only have to slip in while they are at tea and you can lock yourself in from the inside and sit quite comfortably on the floor of the cupboard till all the staff have retired to bed."

"When would that be?" said Joan in a rather pessimistic voice.

"Now, Joan, you know they are always gone by half-past ten."

"Ethelwyn, you're a master mind. I don't want to flatter you, but you have a future before you in crime."

"Thank you, then we will consider the scheme passed with approval."

"I should say we would. It's a bird; and, I say, about the drugging business, don't let Linda overdo it. For goodness sake don't let her kill the beast, although no one would be sorry."

"I'll see to that all right, don't worry," and she departed to do so.

The girls all lived in a state of suppressed excitement till the time came for Joan to go into the cupboard.

"What if they open it and find her?" said one girl.

"What if she moves and the cupboard squeaks?" came from horrified and admiring onlookers.

Then Joan departed with a cup and a spoon. An awful hush spread over the girls as they waited for a while, half expecting to see Joan appear after being

found out; they waited and came to the conclusion that she was by now safe inside the cupboard. And she was.

Of all leisured pursuits there are few less attractive than sitting in a dark cupboard waiting for people to go to bed. Cupboards as a class are badly ventilated and this one seemed to contain no air at all, and the warmth of the night combined with the stuffiness had soon begun to reduce Joan to a condition of pulp. The ordeal of spending the evening in this shadowy retreat had not appeared formidable when they had contemplated it that afternoon in the airy common-room, but now that she was actually undergoing it, it was extraordinary how many disadvantages it held.

She seemed to herself to be sagging like an ice cream in front of a fire. The darkness, too, weighed upon her. She was abominably thirsty. In addition to this, her spine tickled, and more than once she suspected the cupboard of harbouring mice.

Not once or twice, but many hundreds of times, she wished that the ingenious Ethelwyn had thought of something simpler. She was in a position that would have just suited one of those Indian mystics, who sit perfectly still for hours contemplating the infinite, but it reduced Joan to an almost imbecile state of boredom. She tried going over her life in her mind from the earliest moments she could remember, but never had she encountered a duller series of episodes. She found a temporary solace in playing a series of mental golf games over all the links she could remember and she was just teeing up for the sixteenth hole at Royal Melbourne after playing at Yarra Yarra, Sandringham, Albert Park, Mor-dialloc and Bendigo, when the light suddenly ceased to shine under the door and Joan awoke with a sense of dull incredulity to the realisation that the occupants

of the staff-room had called it a day, and that her vigil was over.

But, was it? Once more alert Joan became cautious. True the light seemed to be off, but did that mean anything in a school where people had habits of prowling round in the dark or strolling about the garden at all hours?

Probably they were still hopping about all over the place. At any rate it was not worth risking coming out of her lair. She determined to wait till she heard 11.30 strike. But the moments went by and Joan grew impatient. The last few minutes of waiting are always the hardest. Time seemed to stretch out interminably. Once she thought she heard footsteps, but they led to nothing. Eventually the clock struck and after straining her ears and finding everything still she decided to take the chance.

She fished in her pocket for the key, cautiously unlocked the door, opened it by slow degrees and peered out.

The room was in blackness. The house was still. All was well.

With the feeling of a life prisoner emerging from the Bastille she began to crawl stiffly forward, and it was just then that the first of the disturbing events occurred which were to make this night memorable to her. Just as she leant forward to put out her hands on the door down went the cup and spoon clanging out like the approach of native war drums.

She sat in the darkness almost petrified, her heart beating so loudly she could hear it.

But it seemed as though none else could have heard the noise so she determined to make another try.

She waited another moment, then something like a rattle snake went off with a whirr and her head, jerking upwards, collided with the piano. It was only the cuckoo clock which now, having cleared its throat, as was its custom before striking, proceeded to "cuck" out a quarter

to twelve very rapidly before subsiding with another rattle; but to Joan it sounded like the end of the world.

She sat in the darkness massaging her bruised skull. The hours of imprisonment had had a bad effect on her nerves and she vacillated between tears and a militant desire to get at the clock with a hatchet. She felt that it had done it on purpose, and was now chuckling to itself in fancied security. For quite a minute she raged to herself, then her attention was diverted. So concentrated was Joan on her private vendetta with the clock that no ordinary happening would have had power to distract her. What occurred now was by no means ordinary, and it distracted her attention like an electric shock.

As she sat on the floor passing a tender hand over the egg-shaped bump which she could already feel beneath her hair, something cold and wet touched her face, and paralysed her so completely, both physically and mentally, that she did not move a muscle but just congealed where she sat into a solid block of ice. She felt vaguely that this was the end. Her heart stopped beating and she simply could not imagine it ever starting again, and if your heart refuses to beat what hope is there for you?

At this moment something struck her squarely in front and rolled her over. Something gurgled asthmatically in the darkness. Something began to lick her eyes, ears and chin in a sort of ecstasy, and clutching out she found her arms full of totally unexpected dog.

"Get out," whispered Joan tensely, recovering her faculties with a jerk.

"Go away!"

Pinkie had just then recovered from the drugging and had trotted downstairs in a rather disconsolate frame of mind, it was a real treat for him to meet a girl, especially one seated on the floor in such

a jolly and sociable manner. He welcomed Joan like a long lost friend.

The staff expected Pinkie to be one of those dogs who raise the house, then pin the burglar by the leg and hold on till the police come, but Pinkie simply could not grasp this frame of mind.

At the present moment he felt that Joan was one of the best chaps he had ever met. Joan in her unnerved state of mind could not bring herself to share these aimable sentiments. She was thinking that Linda might have given him a bit more—might even have killed him rather than this.

She ignored Pinkie, who snuffled sportively about her ankles, and made for what she imagined was the honey jar. True it was the honey jar! She moved warily, but not warily enough to prevent her cannoning into and almost upsetting a small table with a vase on it. The table rocked and the vase jumped, and the first bit of luck that had come to Joan that night was when she reached out at a venture and caught it just as it was about to bound on to the carpet. She stood there thinking. The narrowness of the escape turned her cold. If she had been an instant later there would have been a crash loud enough to wake a dozen sleeping houses.

This sort of thing could not go on. She must have light. It might be a risk, but she declined to go on stumbling about in the dark any longer. She groped her way to where she presumed the electric switch would be, as her fingers touched a knob a delicious feeling of relief came to Joan Grant. This misguided young lady actually felt that her troubles were over. She positively smiled as she placed her finger on the knob and shoved. She shoved strongly and sharply, and instantaneously there leaped at her out of the darkness a blast of electric bells, which to her disordered mind seemed quite solid. It wrapped itself round her; it was all

over the place. In one single instant the world had become one vast bellow of electric bells. How long she stood there, frozen, she did not know; nor can anyone tell how long she would have stood there had nothing further come to invite her attention elsewhere. But suddenly, drowning even the echo of bells, there came from upstairs the roar of Miss Hunt, the head, and when she heard that her rigid limbs released, and a violent activity descended upon her.

She bounded out into the hall looking to right and left for a hiding place.

A suit of armour loomed up in front of her and with the sight came the recollection of how she had once hidden in it when she first came to school.

"Happy days! Happy days!" thought Joan. She leaped at the suit of armour.

Having grown since she was last inside it, she found the helmet a tight fit, but managed at last to get into it.

"Thank goodness," said Joan.

She was not comfortable, but comfort just then was not her primary need.

Pinkie sat down to await developments. He had not long to wait. In a few minutes there was Miss Leigh in blue pyjamas, Miss Warne and Miss Hope in dressing gowns, and last but not least Miss Hunt with a gun.

"Burglars!" said Miss Hunt.

"The police!" exclaimed Miss Leigh.

"We must summon the police."

"Shall I go for the police?" asked Miss Warne, "I could bring them back in a few minutes in the car."

"Certainly not," snapped Miss Hunt, "unless you take Bill, the boot boy."

"Very well, Miss Hunt," and Miss Warne departed.

"Well, that's something done," said Miss Hunt, scratching Pinkie's narrow back. "Something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose. Not that we're going to get it, though. I think those fellows are hiding some-

where. It's a pity Pinkie isn't a blood-hound. He's a good enough cake-hound, but as a watch dog he doesn't finish in the first ten."

The cake-hound charmed at the compliment, frisked at her feet like a young elephant.

"The first thing to do is to go through the ground floor," said Miss Hunt. "I'll go first as I've got a gun. I shall want someone with me to carry a light in the corners and . . . ."

"Achoo!"

"What?" said Miss Hunt.

"I didn't speak," said Miss Leigh, "Who am I that it should be supposed that I had anything sensible to suggest?"

"Somebody spoke," said Miss Hunt, "I . . . ."

"Achoo!"

"Do you feel a draught, Miss Hope?" cried Miss Hunt sharply wheeling round on her.

"There is a draught," began Miss Hope.

"Well finish sneezing and I'll go on."

"I didn't sneeze."

"Somebody sneezed."

"It seemed to come from just behind you," said Miss Leigh nervously.

"It couldn't have," said Miss Hunt, "because there isn't anything behind me from which it could have . . . ."

She stopped abruptly, the light of understanding in her eyes and in her face a set expression.

"Oh!" she said in a different voice, a voice which was cold and sinister; "Oh, I see!"

She raised her gun and placed a muscular forefinger on the trigger: "Come out of that!" she said; "come out of that suit of armour and let's have a look at you!"

"I can explain everything," said a muffled voice through the visor of the helmet. "I can—achoo!" The dust

in the helmet tickled Joan's nostrils and she suspended her remarks.

"I shall count three," said Miss Hunt.

"One—two—"

"I'm coming, I'm coming!"

"You'd better," said Miss Hunt.

"I can't get this blessed helmet off."

Joan stepped into the hall, a picturesque figure. Modern as far as the neck, there she stepped back into the Middle Ages.

An explosive roar burst from Miss Hunt.

"The minx! Joan Grant! My niece! I don't see what we can do. We'll have to let her go."

"I came to the hall," said Joan raising her head, "to get something."

"At this hour of the night," snapped Miss Hunt; "you always were an inconsiderate girl. I remember you when you first came here lamentably lacking in consideration for others, and concentrated only on your own selfish wants. You seem to have altered very little."

"Don't bully the poor girl," said Miss Leigh. "Be human! Lend her a sardine opener!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," returned Miss Hunt.

"She has got herself into this trouble through her own wrong-headedness."

"It's not her fault her head's the wrong size," said Miss Leigh.

"Very well," said Joan with bitter dignity.

"Good night," she walked coldly to the stairs. "There are some people," she said sardonically, "who say blood is thicker than water. I'll bet they never had any aunts."

She tripped over a mat and withdrew.



### THE JOY OF LIFE—WORK.

Eighteen heads both dark and fair,  
Eighteen papers studied with care;  
Eighteen pens going full speed,  
The pity is that there should be need.

Laughter within, laughter without,  
Inside subdued, outside let out,  
Doris is shaking, likewise Lex;  
Quietly now, lest your teacher you vex.

The Sixth and Fifth are working fast,  
Heads are aching, minutes fly past;  
Silence reigneth, the clock strikes five,  
The Sixth and Fifth are barely alive.

Since two o'clock they have sat at work,  
Three long hours devoid of mirth;  
Now they are free to go their way,  
Until the French exam. next day.

The reason of their extraordinary toil?  
The October tests are on that's all;  
Only eight more weeks and we shall be  
Enjoying the holidays down by the sea.

D.L.M.



## ROSLYN HOUSE NOTES.

### HOUSE COLORS—PALE BLUE.

Once more we find ourselves writing house notes.

Last term we played return basket ball matches with both Harris and Ardens House and were successful in both.

In the tennis matches which we have played we have done well, only losing against Harris.

Some time ago the girls were enter-

tained at an evening by Ardens House, for which we thank them; also during this term Harris House entertained us at an Oriental Night. For this enjoyable evening we thank Harris House very much.

All girls leaving wish Roslyn House good luck in the coming year.

CAPTAIN J.E.

## HARRIS HOUSE NOTES.

### HOUSE COLORS—RED.

The term is almost over, and sports victories cannot be said to have crowded upon us, but there are yet a few more chances for our teams to put their shoulders to the wheel and do well in the final.

On the occasion of our first sports meeting we were unsuccessful in becoming champion house.

We are glad to say that the ex-Harris captain won the old girls' race.

We have yet to play our tennis for this term against Ardens, and we hope to put up a good fight, if not be the victors this time. In conclusion, the girls who are leaving wish good luck to Harrisites, old and new, of next year.

CAPTAIN S.P.

## ARDENS HOUSE NOTES.

### HOUSE COLORS—GOLD.

The Editor again reminds us that it is time for House Notes and fixes a date by which they are to be handed in.

Last term the Ardens Committee was formed. It consists of the captain, vice-captain and six other girls, and meets when necessary to discuss any subject concerning Ardens.

The return basket ball matches have

been played and we have done even better than we expected in the matches played.

In our last tennis match against Roslyn Marion was unable to play.

Some time ago Harris House entertained us at an Oriental Night. For this enjoyable evening we thank them very much and congratulate them on its success.

CAPTAIN H.V.

## BASKET BALL MATCH.

### Prefects v. Teachers.

Go it Prefects, come on Teachers;  
Shouts from every side;  
Play up Teachers, come on Prefects,  
Won't their throats get tired!

See Miss Morgan throw to goal,  
They won't have it long;  
Come on Prefects up and 'em  
Show them that you're strong.

One more goal for the teachers  
That won't do Prefects,  
That ball mangled Stella's features  
Go it, ball up, Prefects!

Scores are ten to seven now,  
Prefects lead by three;  
Mark your man! the Prefects win,  
Echo! Wait and see!

Miss Roebuck ran with the ball and fell,  
Groans and cheers resound;  
Time's up! Someone ring that bell;  
But no bell's to be found.

The Prefects have won by thirteen goals,  
Ripping! Cheer up Teachers;  
Above the din the tea bell tolls,  
Hurrah for sporting teachers.

D.L.M.

**SENIOR BOARDERS' NOTES.**

Time flies and hurries us on to the end of the term. Our lives are so well occupied that there is no time for mischief, so we can relate nothing but ordinary daily happenings, which serve to show how good and orderly we are. We have even been so industrious that we haven't had time to use the hospital, so it's had to go lonely and not have the company of chicken-pox or 'flu girls of last year. (Who used the sewing machine?—Ed.) Yet we much regret to say that Marion has been unable to return to us again owing to prolonged illness.

Just the other day one of our old comrades, Dorothy Woodhouse, was married. She is the first of our number, and we wish her good luck and happiness.

Since our sports day we have been rejoicing in the fact that we—the boarders—were successful in winning the Boarders v. Day Girls flag race. Intense excitement reigned for the space of a few brief moments as day girls and boarders ran neck and neck, each striving for victory till finally the boarders emerged triumphant. What a bliss it was.

We haven't had any picnics this term, but we are looking forward to a day by the sea. Miss Pratt reads to us every Sunday evening and has just finished reading "David Blaize." We all enjoyed it very much and looked forward to Sunday evenings for our story, but now it is finished and we are all sorry, though now we have been introduced to "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." We thank Miss Pratt very much for giving up some of her spare Sunday evenings in this way.

Finally, those who are leaving wish good luck and many happy days to those who are returning, and the new girls who come to fill the vacant places next year, and hope that they will enjoy their boarding school life as much as those leaving have done.

Good-bye, and a Happy Xmas to all.

**JUNIOR BOARDERS NOTES.**

We are a merry tribe of nine, who get a good deal of enjoyment out of life, but, of course, such follies are only indulged in at the proper time, as our weary teachers could testify. It is a matter of great thankfulness to us that we are not weighed down by exams. so heavily as the seniors are, but rest assured that we have our share. However, we keep steadily on, despite the numerous troubles which assail our daily paths.

We are pleased to report that our much beloved bath heater has returned to its position in the bathroom, after its lengthy stay away from us.

Owing to the careful ministrations of Mary, Jean and Bonnie, our flower and strawberry garden is making triumphant progress, the latter being guaranteed to make the seniors turn green with envy, in spite of their lofty protestations that they don't want any of our strawberries. Ah! Wait till they see us having strawberry suppers.

But all these things are as naught compared with our good faithful alarm clock, which rings steadily on, despite the blessings of Edith and Betty, to whose lot it falls to turn it off.

Clare has lately been the unfortunate victim of an accident, and is now going round with her arm in a sling, a warning to all: "Don't jam your fingers."

The moth plague has visited us, and fearsome tales come from the front dormitory of the doings of Clare and Jean, who make terrible onslaught on the gentle creatures.

But once more we must say good-bye and live in hopes of meeting you again next year.



## OUR CHOIR.

Nobly, Nobly does our choir lead the  
singers every morn  
With a gusto and a fervour that put  
other choirs to scorn;  
To the top note singing gamely—you  
would think  
They'd burst their throats,  
While the others in assembly can take  
milder notes.

We'll not forget our pianists—they take  
a noble part;  
For without them the choir itself would  
soon forget the art—  
A rather rare but needful gift—of making  
A good start.

M.E.

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A DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

"I say, girls," said Amy McKenzie, as she rushed into No. 7 Dormitory of Austin College, "what do you think? Rosie Black has been appointed Head Prefect. How shall we bear that girl?" Some seven or eight girls crowded round their news-carrier.

"How do you know?" asked Mary Bradford.

"I heard Miss Neilson telling Miss Baker in the VA. room just now," replied Amy, "and being a chatter-box I had to come here and tell you all; how do you think about it?"

"Perhaps Rosie will be a good prefect, Miss Fletcher knows better than we," chimed in Sylvia Scott, who was a friend of Rosie.

"Oh yes, we all know what Rosie is in your eyes, but any way she needn't think that I'm going on my knees to her," said Amy and she walked out of the room with her head in the air.

That night at prayers Miss Fletcher told the girls that she had chosen Rosie Black to be head prefect. She hoped that they would help and not hinder her.

That very same night in the dormitory Amy McKenzie and Joyce Langley were discussing the head prefect.

"Why in the name of fortune didn't Miss Fletcher choose Maud Watt? She

is more suitable for the position than Rosie," said Amy.

"At present I don't care who is head prefect; all I want is sleep," answered Joyce as she turned over in bed.

"You disagreeable thing, Joy. You seem to side with the other girls. I thought you would have stood by me," retorted Amy. "I'm going to see Mary."

"Go and see Mary, I don't care—only leave me to sleep," was the muffled reply.

Amy reached dormitory V. only to find them all in bed. Full of disappointment she retraced her steps.

She and Joyce, who were known as the inseparables, shared No. 7. They had worked their way together to the Fifth Form and were great favorites, Joyce being more so than her pal.

In the morning both girls were feeling happier, especially Amy. She ran to the bathroom making a great deal of noise—laughing and crying out, "Come on, Joy." As they reached the door she stood face to face with Miss Neilson. "What is all this noise, Amy? Go back to your room at once and come back again quietly. Quietly remember, Amy," said Miss Neilson, as Amy walked back to No. 7 with a twinkle in her eye.

Very quietly she went to the bathroom again and joined Joyce, who had escaped and was patiently waiting for her.

"Here you are at last. Did she say much?" was the greeting.

"Sh, not a word. I've thought of something," and Amy held up her finger. "Get your sponge, Joy, and we'll visit the prefects."

Arriving at the room of Rosie Black, they pushed the door open and crept in, only to find it empty. Coming out again they met the owner of the room.

"What are you two doing in my room?" said Rosie.

"We came to see if you wanted anything," said Amy, taking care that Rosie did not see the sponges.

"Please go to your room. It is time you were dressed."

"Is there anything we could do for you, Rosie?" said Amy, who was always spokeswoman.

"I do not require your services just now, thank you," said Rosie, "but don't be late for breakfast."

Being Saturday the girls were allowed to spend it as they wished.

"Come on to the tennis court, Joyce," called Amy running for her racket.

"Right-o, bring my racket Amy, please," answered Joyce. Mary Bradford and Marjorie McNeil were already on the court.

"Have you nearly finished?" asked Amy breathlessly.

"You can join in after this game," said Mary. Amy and Mary played Marjorie and Joyce, and a very hotly contested game was played until Marjorie, glancing at her watch exclaimed, "It's one o'clock. We shall have to fly or we shall miss our dinner."

In spite of their running, however, they saw, just as they came in the gate, the last teachers disappear into the dining-room.

"Now we are in for it," Amy said. "I

suppose we shall have to work this afternoon instead of having a good time."

"Oh; we will just have to grin and bear it," said Joyce.

They at last plucked up enough courage to open the dining-room door.

"Why are you late?" asked Miss Fletcher.

"We were playing tennis and did not notice the time," said Marjorie.

"Very well, go and sit in your places," said Miss Fletcher.

After dinner Rosie Black came to the locker-room and said: "Amy McKenzie, Joyce Langley, Mary Bradford and Mary McNeil are to go to Miss Fletcher."

A short but not too sweet interview was held in Miss Fletcher's room, each had to write two hundred lines.

"That puts an end to our Saturday afternoon," said Marjorie, gloomily.

While they were writing their lines Rosie and Sylvia Scott walked past.

"Run and get my tennis shoes Amy, please, there's a dear chick," said Sylvia. "Chick yourself. I've got seventy more lines to write," retorted Amy.

"Amy, please go and get Sylvia's shoes," said Rosie in her quiet way.

"Oh, bother! I'm not her fag," said Amy as she slowly rose from the desk.

In about five minutes she returned with the shoes.

"There, take the things," she said, throwing them on the ground.

"Amy pick those shoes up and hand them to Sylvia properly," said Rosie.

Very sulkily Amy thrust the shoes into the owner's hand.

"Horrid mean thing," said Amy, as the two walked away. "I'll pay her out. She need not think that she is going to lord it over me."

Amy after finishing her lines walked away by herself as she was feeling anything but pleased. She saw a dog standing on the fence, so picking up a stone she fired. The stone had hardly left her

hand when she heard a bang. Only too well Amy knew what that noise meant.

"Oh, this is a day of small things for me," she said, walking to the broken window of VA. This meant another talk with Miss Fletcher.

Still feeling in a bad mood she climbed the fence into the park beyond. On the other side of the park was a cliff in which a gull had built her nest. Amy wanted a young gull and she was determined to have one. As there was no one in sight she seized the opportunity, and before she had thought about it she was in the park. Very quickly she walked to the cliff. She did not like the descent, but determination was in her mind, so she slid down to the ledge on which was the nest. The gulls were just about ready to fly, so picking up her treasure she began to ascend, but it was not so easy as coming down. Pluckily she struggled on and had half completed her journey when the bush by which she held herself gave way and down she fell with a scream and remembered nothing more.

She must have lain there for some time before she was found by Miss Baker, Sylvia Scott and Rosie Black.

A rope, which had been brought by Sylvia, was tied around Rosie, who began to try to reach Amy. Tying the rope around the unconscious girl she gave the signal to the anxious watchers above, and very slowly began to raise her.

Amy was carried home and put in Rosie's room. She did not regain consciousness until three o'clock the next day.

Miss Baker was sitting in the room with her.

"Miss Baker, please," said Amy.

"Yes, dear," the teacher replied.

"Why am I in here?"

Miss Baker told her the part that she knew.

"Oh, yes, I remember I broke Va window, climbed over the fence and ran to the cliff."

"You were brought home by Rosie, Sylvia and me."

For several minutes she lay there looking at Miss Baker's face.

"Miss Baker, could I see Rosie, please?" said Amy.

"Yes, dear, I shall go and tell her to come," said Miss Baker rising from the chair.

In a few minutes Rosie was standing beside the bed and it was she who broke the silence.

"I have got the gull downstairs for you," she said.

"Oh, Rosie, you angel, and I've been such a beast."

"Never mind," said Rosie bending down and kissing the white face.

"Forgive and forget."

G. McL.



## Kindergarten Corner.

### A BEE STORY.

One day I went out in the garden and I saw a bee put his tongue in a flower. One day I was getting a flower and a bee stung me. In church I saw a swarm of bees. Bees get honey out of sweet peas, poppies and out of yellow broom and other flowers. I wish I was a bee.

J. McL.

### THE BIRD STORY.

I am a dear little bird. I live in a little nest made of string and straw and mud, and they call me the thrush and my friend blue wren. She and I go away to find food. I myself have blue spotted eggs and I stand on my nest and sing joy—joy—joy, and when they come out I'll have to find food for them.

Sometimes I make my nest in hedges, sometimes I build my nest in a rose bush, moss in a rose bush; sometimes I find worms and snails. The day I built my nest the blossoms shine in the sun and the other birds sing in the sun.

M.H.

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### A FAIRY STORY.

I am a fairy and I live in a red rose. I go for a ride on a leaf and I am named the red fairy because I live in a red rose.

I have a friend called yellow fairy. She lives in a yellow poppy. A lot of bees come along and I talk to them and they give me a ride on their backs and I get rides on butterflies, and one day I was on one and a boy got it and I pulled as hard as I could and at last got it back and it took me home again and I was very glad to get there.

L.G.

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### VISIT OF THE MODERATORS.

On Monday, November 20th, we were honoured by a visit from the Right Rev. the Moderator-General of Australia, together with the State Moderator and other visitors. We were addressed by both Moderators, who at the conclusion of their speeches were thanked by Kathleen Perry, the head girl.

To commemorate the occasion, a half-holiday was requested, and was granted by our head mistress.

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### CHRISTIAN UNION.

At the end of last term, three of the circles ended their meetings for the year as some of the girls are busy this term with examinations.

Miss Pratt's circle continued its meetings for a short time this term. Having finished "Paul," we studied a smaller

### A BEE AND A BIRD.

Once upon a time there lived a bee and a bird, and they were friends, and one day the bird asked the bee to visit him, and the bee said: "I would like to come, thank you very much," said the bee. So off they went and it was a mile to the bird's nest and the bee said to the bird: "When afternoon tea comes I am going down to get some honey for my afternoon tea."

"Well," said the bird, "I am going to get a snail for my afternoon tea, and after afternoon tea the bee said: "I must go home now," and the bee said, "Would you like to come to my hive this afternoon for a little while?" "Yes," said the bird; so away they went to the hive and soon as the bird got in the bees stung the bird and he flew away, and they were not friends again.

L.B.

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text book, "Studies in Contrasts," which was both interesting and profitable. Towards the end of last term Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A., and his friend Sewak Masih visited us, and gave us a very interesting account of the education of the Fijians.

We are very grateful to Miss Pratt, Miss Ballans and Miss Dunoon, who have contributed so much to the interest and success of our study circles. We also wish to thank Jean and Kathleen for continuing to take circles this year.

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### CAMERA CLUB.

At the end of last term we were very sorry to have to say good-bye to our President, Miss Stiles, who left us.

Our new President is Miss Dunoon, and we thank her for the interest that she has taken in the club.

A competition is now in progress, and Mr Buckhurst has very kindly offered a camera as a prize.

As it is very difficult for the boarders to obtain snaps, Miss Dunoon arranged an expedition to the gardens. It has been arranged that we take Harrington's Photographic Magazine for a year.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

After a somewhat broken year we have arrived at the close of our Dramatic Club work, for, on Wednesday, November 8th, we staged six one-act plays in the Newtown Sunday School Hall, and that is our last effort of 1922.

We were obliged to do one-act plays this year owing to the diminishing of our members, but in a smaller way we were equally successful, though in another we were more so, for we realised more funds, there being something over £15. The plays were:—

Three one-act plays from the powder and patch period, "The Beau of Bath," "Rosine, peint par Monsieur Francoi's Boucher," and "The Cap That Fits." The others were modern: "Our Aunt from California," "Too Many Cooks," "No Servants."

We wish to thank Miss Haase very much for the time she spent with us, and in addition the members of the club present hearty thanks to all who helped in the preparation, especially our President, Miss Anderson, who spent so much of her time for some time beforehand in making preparations as well as the valuable help she gave us on the evening.

### CHOIR NOTES.

Few indeed are the members of the choir.

However, they have determined to have some practices to learn one new hymn; perhaps this may mean the renewal of the regular practices of last year, who knows?

It is to be hoped so, for a larger number of well-known hymns would vary the programme of assembly.

### THANKS.

Mrs Alexander has helped us greatly in our tennis by the loan of her court, and we wish to thank her very heartily for her kindness.

## The Haunted Dug-Out.

### CHAPTER I.

The guns were roaring loudly in the third year of the Great War. A shiver ran through Jim Spalding as a bullet whistled within three inches of his tin helmet, and clutching instinctively at the wall of the trench he escaped death. Jim was a timid lad of eighteen years old.

On the 3rd of August, 1916, he had departed from Australia, where he had left his mother and small brother. He

had been dreaming of them when the bullet came so near him.

He looked at his watch rapidly and he noticed it was time for muster.

Hurrying to the dug-out of the captain, he answered the summons. It was announced that they were to go to a trench further south.

The soldiers received this news with joy and at once began to pack their scanty belongings.

## CHAPTER II.

The Germans were preparing a mine to blow up a certain town near by.

Somehow or other they heard that these soldiers were coming to this trench where the others had been. The spot where they were making this mine was near this, and they determined that the Australians should not stay in a dug-out nearest the place of operation. Also, they did not wish to fight as they had only a few men to defend themselves with, so they decided upon another plan.

Meanwhile Jim was marching along the dusty ground and as they are busy I will introduce you to another boy.

## CHAPTER III.

Dick Meadows was a reckless youth, just the opposite from Jim. Dick was a year younger than his mate.

After passing through much danger they arrived at the trench. Jim, Dick, and another boy were told to go to the dug-out on the south side. Now this happened to be the one nearest to the German cave. On the very first night their plan was put into action.

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**RIDDLES.**


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Q: "Why is the fifth form like a stable?" A: Because it has a N Eddie in it.

Q: "Why does the fifth form always shine in sports?" A: Because it always has a Wynn.

At midnight when all the soldiers were asleep, a ghost, unnoticed by the men on watch, appeared in the dug-out. It made its way inside and touched Jim on the shoulder. He woke like a flash, then turned dumb with fear. The ghost disappeared at last.

## CHAPTER IV.

The next night was pitch dark. The spy came again in the form of a ghost and woke Jim as before, but the boy was ready. He poked Dick in the side and with a bound they chased the already fleeing spy. As he ran the boys trod on his white garments and off they came. Jim pushed forward and grasping his revolver he fired. The fugitive fell in the door of the cave. Dick tore back to camp while Jim guarded the entrance.

The other three Germans were taken prisoners of war. The boys were rewarded for their bravery by getting a Victoria Cross each.

M.E.P.

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Q: "Why is the fifth form always stormy?" A: Because it always has a Lowe in it.

Q: "Why is the fifth form always prepared for rain?" A: Because it always has a McIntosh.

Q: "Why is the fifth form like a little dog?" A: Because you always want to Pettitt.

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## Friend of the Desert.

A speck of grey appeared on the horizon, it gradually grew bigger until the form of an Arab, crouching low on the neck of a powerful black Arab horse, came galloping into sight. Hard behind the galloping horse and rider came a

number of fierce looking Arab men.

On and on galloped the horse and rider until they were miles ahead of the Arabs and the pursuers were soon mere specks in the distance. The horse after a while

settled down into a brisk canter, and its rider did not make it quicken its pace. After riding for nearly two miles further on, the horse drew up in front of a tent which was pitched under the shade of a palm tree. When they came close to the door the rider, who was no other than a girl, swung herself lightly down and untying a parcel from the front of the saddle she ran into the tent: "Father," she said, "I have brought what you have asked," as she put the parcel in her father's hand.

"Dear child," he replied, looking anxiously at her, "at the risk of your life, I have been watching from the palm tree. Brave friend of the desert," he said affectionately, patting the horse's glossy neck. "Many a life have you saved in the hour of danger."

After a hurried meal the pair struck the tents and tying the various articles and bundles on to the packhorses Mr Budford mounting his hack, "Chestnut Lady" and Marion mounting "Friend of the Desert" they galloped away into the darkness.

On and on they rode until they saw in the distance the ruddy glow of a camp fire. As they came near, to their horror, they made out at least sixty Arab men lying around the fire. All were asleep but two or three, who sat looking dreamily into the fire.

All round the camp were tall palm trees, which cast weird shadows all round the camp. Tied to one of the palm trees was a tall fair girl, but her face could not be seen in the shadows.

## CHAPTER II.

As the riders silently approached the camp they saw that one by one the Arabs were falling asleep. After waiting till all was quiet, Marion stole quietly round the camp and taking a knife out of her belt she cut the cords that bound the cap-

tive; taking her by the hand she led her to where her father was waiting. "Climb up on to 'Friend of the Desert' and you will be safe," said Mr Budford to the trembling girl. Once again they were safely mounted. But the sound of galloping hoofs awakened the sleepers, the fugitives were soon out of sight and only the clatter of hoofs could be heard.

The guards just turned over and went to sleep as if nothing had happened. After travelling all night until early next morning the weary riders paused in their rapid flight beside a little stream, and after resting for a few hours they again continued their journey, and as they rode along they plied the rescued girl with many questions.

After much questioning they found out that her father was a rich Australian squatter and they knew if his daughter was captured they would obtain a rich reward. But now the prize was lost, and there was not much hope of ever recovering her. After travelling for some days the weary wanderers sighted the waving palms of an oasis, but when they had dismounted and hobbled their horses they went in search of food, and they found to their dismay that there was plenty of water, but no food except a few green dates waving high above them.

At last Marion decided that she must go to the nearest city in search of food. So bidding good-bye to her father and girl friend she set off on "Friend of the Desert." Two hours had passed and the barren waste of desert was nearly crossed. "Friend of the Desert" was fresh and lively, and she was not quietened down when the roofs of the city came in sight. When at last the city was reached Marion made her way along the narrow streets with much care. After waiting until night fall Marion again made her way along the streets until she came once more into the wide sandy waste. But when Marion had been riding

for some time she found that she had come a different way and that it was much shorter than the other.

In the distance could be seen the ruddy glow of the camp fire, and as Marion rode a little nearer she heard to her dismay the sound of rushing water; as she drew nearer Marion saw the swollen waters of a river slowly rising and rushing on at a terrific rate. When the horse and rider came near the water's edge it rose as if in a fury and hurled its foaming waters upon the horse and rider.

Giving one snort of terror "Friend of the Desert" plunged into the angry

waters; she struggled bravely for some time and at last, getting a footing, she began to swim slowly across and staggered up the opposite bank, nearly throwing the rider to the ground.

The camp was only a few yards ahead of them, and so, jumping off, Marion led her faithful friend to the cheery blaze of the camp fire.

The next morning Marion and Ella (for that was her name) went out to feed their pet and found her lying cold and still upon the sand. "Friend of the Desert" had given her life for them.

J.C.





## SPORT.

**TENNIS.**

Roslyn v. Ardens, victory Roslyn, 45—23 games.

Roslyn v. Harris, victory Harris, 42—37 games.

P.G.C. v. Clarendon, victory Clarendon, 51—34 games.

P.G.C. v. Milverton, victory P.G.C., 39—16 games.

Roslyn v. Harris, victory Roslyn, 55—46 games.

Harris v. Ardens, victory Harris, 53—22 games.

**BASKET BALL.**

Roslyn v. Ardens, victory Roslyn, 27—21 goals.

Roslyn v. Harris, victory Roslyn, 13—11, goals.

Harris, v. Ardens, victory Ardens, 13—9 goals.

P.G.C. v. Milverton, victory Milverton, 21—18 goals.

P.G.C. v. Milverton, victory P.G.C., 29—18 goals.

**SCHOOL SPORTS.**

Our sports day was on Friday, 20th October. As it was our first one we were all anxious that it should be a success. Fortunately the day was fine and Kardinia Park oval, where the sports were held, presented a very pretty spectacle. The following were the events:

120yds Senior Championship.—G. Syer 1, M. Oddie 2, G. Mathison 3.

75yds Junior Championship.—L. Pardey 1, N. Venters 2, C. Lancaster 3.

75yds (over eight).—Marianne Pettitt 1, C. Strong 2, B. Hall 3.

Egg and Spoon (senior).—J. Eddie 1, S. Pagels 2, M. Robertson 3.

Egg and Spoon (junior).—G. Morgan 1, L. Pardey 2, J. Calvert 3.

Inter-Form Ball Passing—VA. 1, VI. 2, 50yds (under eight).—L. Gill 1, L. Mathews 2, M. Herd 3.

Inter-Form Crocodile Race.—VA. 1, V. 2, VI. 3.

Sac Race (boys).—E. Smith 1, V. Andrews 2, V. Smith 3.

Sac Race (senior).—Y. Batson 1, S. Pagels 2, G. Mathison 3.

Sac Race (junior).—C. Strong 1, L. Pardey 2, E. Baird 3.

- 25yds (under five).—V. Bartlett 1, L. Madden 2, F. Dowsett 3.
- Inter-Form Flag Race.—Ardens 1, Roslyn 2, Harris 3.
- Siamese Race (junior).—L. Pardey and H. McTaggart 1, G. Morgan and L. French 2, E. McIntyre and A. Robert 3.
- Siamese Race (senior).—E. Pettitt and M. Pettitt 1, J. Pettitt and M. Rich 2, S. Hartwick and M. Robertson 3.
- Skipping Race (junior).—L. Pardey 1, C. Lancaster 2, N. Venters 3.
- Flower-pot Race.—S. Pagels 1, D. Madden 2, J. Lang 3.
- Old Collegians' Race.—Miss V. Walter 1, Miss M. Robert 2, Miss J. Walter 3.
- 50yds (boys).—I. Dancey 1, V. Smith 2, P. Scowan 3.
- 100yds Junior Championship.—L. Pardey 1, C. Lancaster 2, N. Venters 3.
- 75yds Senior Championship.—G. Syer 1, G. Mathison 2, F. Oddie 3.
- Three-legged Race (K.G.).—L. Mathews and C. Lawry 1, L. Gill and L. Madden 2, D. Anderson and M. Herd 3.
- Boarders v. Day Girls' Flag Race.—Boarders 1.
- Peg Race (junior).—L. Pardey 1, E. McIntyre 2, M. Shirra 3.
- Peg Race (senior).—M. Oddie 1, M. Pettitt 2, H. Tucker 3.
- Peg Race (K.G.).—L. Mathews 1, C. Lawry 2, P. Scowan 3.
- Inter-House Crocodile Race.—Ardens 1, Roslyn 2, Harris 3.
- Three-legged Race (senior).—S. Pagels and Y. Batson 1, A. Midgley and M. Oddie 2, S. Gilbert and J. Rentoul 3.
- Three-legged Race (junior).—G. Purnell and B. Hall 1, G. Madden and C. Strong 2, E. Baird and M. Harding 3.
- Slow Bicycle Race.—R. McMillan 1, D. Brownlee 2, L. Pardy 3.
- Skipping Race (senior).—A. Midgley 1, G. Wynn 2, M. Oddie 3.
- Blindfold Drive (junior).—L. French and G. Morgan 1, C. Strong and H. McMillan 2, M. Pettitt and M. Calvert 3.
- Blindfold Drive (senior).—J. Eddie and E. Buckhurst 1; M. Robertson and S. Hartwick 2, G. Syer and D. Zimmer 3.
- Egg and Spoon Race (K.G.).—E. Smith 1, D. Anderson 2, M. Purnell 3.
- Obstacle Race (junior).—A. Robert 1, L. Pardy 2, B. Hall 3.
- Obstacle Race (senior).—F. Ralston 1, S. Pagels 2, M. Rich 3.
- 100yds (senior).—M. Oddie 1, G. Syer 2.
- 75yds (junior).—L. Pardey 1, N. Venters 2.
- Basket Ball Throwing (senior).—G. Syer 1, M. Robertson 2.
- Basket Ball Throwing (junior).—C. Lancaster 1, N. Venters 2.
- Base Ball Throwing (senior).—J. Rentoul 1, Y. Batson 2.
- Base Ball Throwing (junior).—D. Lang 1, H. McMillan 2.
- School Championship (senior).—G. Syer.
- School Championship (junior).—L. Pardey.

## Honor Before Life.

### CHAPTER I.

Boom! Boom! All day the great guns had sounded as they sped out the shells and bullets on their errands of death. There was a bleak wind blowing, making the battlefields doubly drear.

To the men in the trenches the noise was the last straw. Only yesterday they had arrived from London, but they already had learned the difference between playing at fighting in Hyde Park and the

real thing in the trenches. To make matters worse they had just arrived in time for a big stunt, and had sustained heavy losses.

Now at last there was a lull and the men were able to take a much needed rest.

They were mostly sturdy young Englishmen, the kind that the continent saw a good deal of in the four long years of war.

But there were two of a kind also recognised in those days—Australians. They had the care-free, independent look which the English boys lacked. One of them was a handsome, strong, powerfully made young man, over six feet high. His name was Jim Manners, generally called "Scrubby" on account of his short cropped hair.

The younger boy was Alfred Johnstone; he was not nearly so tall as his chum and he had the look of one who would be easily led about.

## CHAPTER II.

Nine months ago Jim Manners had been living on his father's cattle station in the north of Victoria. He was not long returned from school in Melbourne, where he had won many honours. He counted the Johnstones among his many friends, though he did not like Mr and Mrs Johnstone, he was very fond of Alfred and his sister May.

When war broke out, Jim at once responded to the call of his Empire, and by his enthusiasm persuaded Alfred to do the same. But when the latter made known his intention at home he was met by a storm of tears and angry reproaches. His mother cried, threw up her hands and vowed that not for any one was she going to let her darling boy go and get killed in a horrible war.

"It's for my country, mother," said Alfred.

"Let the country take care of itself," shouted his father, stamping up and down like an enraged bull. "If some fool chose to start the war he can finish it, not you. Who persuaded you to go?"

"My friend showed me the difference between right and wrong," said the boy.

"There," exclaimed his mother between sobs, "didn't I say that young man had a bad influence over Alfred?"

"For shame, mother," said May, who had risen pale but calm. "Don't you dare say one word against Jim."

"That young man," said Mr Manners pronouncing his words slowly as if to let them sink in. "He's forbidden to ever enter my house again or hold intercourse with my daughter while she is in my house. As for my son, he may go; I do not care."

"Very well," replied the girl in anger as great as that of her parents. "I will leave this house with my brother; some day you will see how mistaken you have been with Jim. If I have to work for my living I will not stay an hour longer under his roof."

She ran out of the room as she spoke, and her brother followed her. In half an hour they were out of the house and talking to Jim Manners.

"She shall come to my home and live with Dad while I am away. No! She shall not be dependent upon them for anything," said he.

So it happened that May went to the north of Victoria to live with Jim's father while the two boys had sailed away into unknown seas to fight for freedom and liberty.

## CHAPTER III.

It was about half-past three when the order came. It passed from the general to the officers, and ran along the line of men. Immediately everyone was in his place, his gas helmet on, his revolver in

his pocket, loaded, waiting for the order to go. A battalion was in great danger in another part of the field. They were to go and help them. At last the order came.

Jim and Alfred were among the first to get out. Out of the shelter of the trenches and then a run across No Man's Land, ducking and twisting from the enemy fire.

There was a fierce combat, but gradually the enemy were driven back. Then the sharp terse order came again, "Back to the trenches," and the men turned back and ran once more across the passage of death. There was a cry from the front line, "The Huns are in the road; we can't go ahead; duck down the pass and along under the bank."

The men turned and ran along the narrow pass in twos, for it would admit of no more, dropped down the bank, and ran along to the trenches, in its shelter Jim and Alfred were the last two.

"Here come the Huns," said Jim, and the Germans tore down the pass after them.

"Drop quickly, for one of us will have to go."

"No," said the boy, "I won't go; you . . . ."

They stood for a moment, then with a quick movement Jim caught Alfred, lifted him high and swung him over the bank. The next instant he was caught by scores of heavy hands from behind.

He felt sharp stabs all over, then fell, just three feet from safety.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When Alfred Johnstone was pushed down he picked himself up and ran along to the trenches, where he waited in hopes that Jim might possibly escape. But as the time went on and no Jim appeared, he went to the general and told him everything.

"Do you think he is still alive, sir?" he finished.

"No, my boy, but it was not your fault. It was just like him to save a friend's life at the risk of his own. I'm afraid you won't find Manners again, but there is no good crying over spilt milk. Here's a letter from home for you. Alfred took his letter, which ran:

"My Dear Boy,—

I wish to tell you that your father and I have quite changed our opinion about that dear noble friend of yours, and we are glad that he advised you to go and fight for your country."

"Glad—advised" murmured the mystified young man. "My hat! it was different to that when I left home. What's up? Oh, here it is!"

"We offer your noble friend our sincere sympathy in his recent bereavement. He will know about it when you get this, but he always was quiet and modest, so he may not have told you. An uncle of his has died and left him several millions. What has puzzled us most is the strange behavior of our dear daughter. I wrote to her, telling her how fortunate she was in receiving the attentions of so rich a young man, and offering her a home once more, but she wrote back one line to me: 'I prefer not to live with money-grabbers.' What can she mean?" But here Alfred could stand it no longer, so he tore the letter up, and sitting down wrote a letter which considerably opened the eyes of his worthy parents when they received it. Their son worked on in the trenches till the War Office gave him six months' leave of absence.

While he was home the Armistice was signed, so he did not have to go back. He found that, to his surprise, the home folks treated him kindly, did not look upon him as a coward, as he expected, but never could he think of that awful night without a shudder, and a thought of contempt

for himself, as again and again he recalled to his mind a lonely grave somewhere in No Man's Land.

#### CHAPTER V.

There was a stir and a bustle in the village. Flags were flying and everybody looked gay. The only thing which seemed as if it did not want to join in the general rejoicings was the prison camp. Presently the strains of the band broke in upon the waiting ears. The triumphant German soldiers appeared at the end of the street. First came the officers, then the private soldiers, and lastly the prisoners, who were carrying stretchers on which other wounded prisoners were lying. The people spat and jeered. "English swine," they said. Some indeed, cast looks of pity on the stretchers, but the most of them only jeered.

"There are four for the prison hospital," said an officer to the man in charge of the camp.

The men put down their burdens in a low, long, bare room, then marched off to their own wretched quarters. The next day one of the sick men died. The next day another, and the remaining two had not regained consciousness.

The guards and the men who looked after them would have killed them long before, had it not been for the officer's orders. About three days later one of them opened his eyes and groaned.

Not long afterwards he told the guard that he was an Irishman by name, Pat Flannigan. Looking at the other wounded man, he saith what a shame it was to see a young fellow so knocked about. The next day, when he was lying awake, the other man stirred and muttered, "Alfred, May." He opened his eyes and asked, "Where am I?"

"Shure, 'tis yourself knows that," responded Pat with a grin. "Don't you know we're in Germany," repeated the other man."

"Oh, I remember," repeated the other man. "Oh yes." He tried to raise himself, but sank back with a moan. By degrees, as he improved, he told the Irishman everything. He told him that he was an Australian, Jim Manners. He often thought about the day when he was captured. "I'm glad I made Johnstone go first," he thought one day. He remembered some advice his headmaster had given him before he left school: "Honor before life boys, that's the way to put them. If you put them that way you won't regret it." "No," said the boy, "I won't."

By degrees as he improved in health every day his busy brain began to work once more, and he started forming a plan of escape. But he knew that he must not appear intelligent, so to everyone but the Irishman he was a stupid, blundering fool. When the man came in with his wretched food, after he was able to get up, he would blink at him, bump into something else, and then stare stupidly and inquire who had knocked him.

He professed himself quite satisfied with Germany, and said that it would be too much fag to go back to Australia.

By degrees the guards unbent more and more in the presence of the English fool, who never took in anything; so that he soon had quite a store of information about the movements of the German army. But all the time he and the Irishman were putting their heads together to find a way to escape.

Jim's chance came one day. The head officer and a friend were talking: "Yes," said the officer, "we leave to-morrow about nine o'clock. The motor is coming to take us into Berlin to the nine train. I have passports and tickets to Cologne. There I will get more to Calais. I am going to England to do some spying. Our suit cases are packed with English clothes. My valet is coming with me, the password is . . ." Here the man dropped his

voice, but low as the word was spoken, Jim heard it, and as he could speak German like a native, understood it. He could hardly keep himself from shouting, he was so excited. Then he crawled to Pat Flannigan, and told him his plan.

"Now, Pat, it's going to be us that will leave to-night. That officer and his valet will be in another land by then."

They worked all night and the next day scraping at the walls with a tiny piece of iron.

The time dragged cruelly. Every minute they thought that the hole would be discovered, and the guards' footsteps put them in a frenzy of fear.

At seven o'clock two men came to call the rolls, and after that lights went out. Pat wriggled slowly to Jim, who whispered "Alright," and drew his body slowly out of the tiny hold. They crept silently to the officer's house, Jim holding a heavy club. They looked in at the window and saw the officer alone.

A half-shut suit case showed signs of khaki.

The big window was slightly open, and they crept in. The man was standing with his back to them as they approached him. He turned suddenly, but Jim swung the club on his head and he fell without a word. Jim knelt beside him: "Dead," he said, and dragged the body behind a heavy curtain. Just as the valet re-entered the room he met with the same treatment as his master. Jim noticed that he was wounded in the face, and remembered that he had hurt his jaw in action.

"Quick, change," said he.

They slipped into the German clothes. The general was a big man, which was lucky for Jim, but Pat's clothes looked baggy on him. They got the papers and went slowly downstairs. Jim gave orders that the room was not to be touched for a week. He knew that whatever a German officer ordered his servants obeyed.

He turned to the valet as he spoke, and the two left the house and walked to where the big car stood, purring softly. They climbed in, and soon were speeding towards the metropolis. At Berlin Jim sought out a porter and soon were in a luxurious railway carriage being swiftly carried out of Germany.

"I wonder," said Jim meditatively, "what the guard will say when he finds that the English fool has escaped him."

## CHAPTER VI.

The swift train rushed on through flats which stretched away for hundreds of miles on each side. Sometimes the sluggish Rhine flashed into view, then disappeared.

The train was packed, excepting only the reserved carriages. In one of these sat Jim Manners, alias General Von Houlton, and Pat Flannigan, alias Heinrich Schmitt. The general was smoking an excellent German cigar and reading the latest news from Berlin as the train rushed forward. Heinrich sat at a respectful distance, also enjoying to the full the morning paper. Those who passed remarked that there were not many valets so intelligent as to read the news papers. But, of course, it was the general's influence. They would have been greatly surprised if they had known that Heinrich knew not a word of what he was reading, and that from time to time he muttered, "How much longer's this gwine t' last?" At which the dignified general would bestow a hearty kick upon his valet's shins and tell him to shut up, in very un-German tones.

Presently a halt was called, and with great grinding of brakes the heavy train slowed down. Jim, quaking, felt for the passports and papers, and found them safe, while General Von Houlton called for a porter and inquired what was the matter.

The porter replied that two prisoners had escaped from a prison camp near Berlin and that the train was to be searched. The general stormed with indignation, cursed the English and vowed that someone should be hanged.

The passports were produced, and he settled down again to his paper and cigars. They travelled on all night, and the next morning steamed into Cologne. They stayed a few days there, then went to Calais, emerging from the train two smart British officers. Not a word was spoken on the short trip across the Channel. The Irishman's eyes were dancing but Jim's face was pale and set.

Not till London was reached did he pay any attention to anyone else, just stood gazing over the waters which meant home to him. Then when they came in sight of the grey city he turned and caught Pat's hand in a grip that almost crushed it. He drew a long contented sigh. "Eh, Pat, but it's good to be home."

## CHAPTER VII.

The great steamer was slowly drifting along emerging from the shadows to prove herself a thing of life. Nearly all on board were in their bunks, for it was the hour of midnight. But one solitary figure was on deck, leaning over the rail, looking forward into the still waters. This was Jim Manners coming home. The last port in the Indian Ocean had been called at to-day. The next one would be Fremantle, which meant Australia and home. He was thinking over the events of the past months. There had been visits to the War Office in London, where he had produced some very valuable information about the movements of the German army. He had been congratulated upon his escape, promoted to the rank of captain, and given six months' leave to

go home to Australia. So he had said "Good-bye" to Pat Flannigan, and booked a berth on a big Australian steamer. He decided to come upon the home folks as a surprise, so he didn't give them any word that he was coming. Looking back, everything seemed to be like a bad dream. He thought that he would wake up and find himself in his bed at home with his father standing beside him telling him to get up and go mustering with him. But he knew how true it all was. Reflecting over everything, he was glad that he had behaved as he had on that eventful night long ago. He was glad that he had put honor before life. The Armistice had been signed, so there was no need to go back to England. He was not impatient now—at first he had been, but when there was no returning he did not mind.

He longed for the wide free spaces of Australia, after the cramp and dirt, and horror, of the trenches.

Some day, perhaps, he would want to go back and see it all—No Man's Land—across which he and the other chaps had raced many a time, and the places where they had taken part in big stunts, and also the graves of his mates "somewhere in France." At present he was satisfied to let the steady ship forge her way through the waters; and beyond those waters Dad and May and Alfred would be waiting for him.

The cool sea breeze blew in upon him and he felt suddenly light and joyful, a feeling he had not had since he had been taken prisoner. It was such a new sensation that it was quite strange. The line of a chorus came to him: "There's no need to worry any more." "No need to worry," he repeated softly, "I'm jolly well glad it's true." He turned and went slowly to his cabin.

## The Sexton of St. Michael's.

"Take the lantern with you, Daniel; 'tis a lamentably dark night."

"Fudge! I can see well enough in the dark, and I ought to know the way by now."

The woman said nothing more. She put the kettle further away from the flames, tidied the fire-irons, and rubbed her hands slowly one over the other, looking down at the smoking coals.

Daniel Mossrick reached his felt hat from the peg on the door, took the church keys from their nail, and buttoned his coat up to his chin.

"I'll be back in a quarter of an hour," he said gruffly, lifting the latch.

"Unless you go to the ale-house," said his wife without turning her head.

A great rush of wind entered the house, twisted the flame in the lamp, smoked the lamp glass and lifted the matting on the floor.

"What's that you say old grumble-pot?" demanded Daniel, biting his lips.

His fierce eyes shot fire at the dame, who was so much younger than himself for all his abuse, and that perhaps was one of her offences in his eyes.

"Nothing worth repeating," said Mrs Mossrick, "you'd better shut the door before the wind puts the lamp out."

Daniel half shut the door and announced truculently: "I shall go to the ale-house just to show you that I'm not going to be put down by you or anyone else. Furthermore, I shall stay there till I'm turned out, just to show my contempt for a nagging wife. So there you old Christian martyr. So there you—you—old gargoyle!"

He went out and closed the door behind him with a bang.

How the wind rushed at him and shrieked at him, and whistled in his eyes,

as if it knew what an ugly minded, detestable, black-hearted old man was this unworthy sexton of the church of St. Michael.

It was hard work to keep his hat on his head and his coat on his back. He cursed the wind between his teeth. Great drops of rain occasionally dropped on his blue nose or struck his horny hands.

He had to stoop forward against the wind, almost running, to make any headway at all. A lamp in the distance guided him. He knew the way very well, yet without that flickering flame might have lost himself, for it was as dark as pitch—the houses invisible, the pavement invisible, the great bulky mass of the church itself invisible, and the wind tore at his eyes as if it would blind them.

Daniel reached the lamp, muttering and cursing, stumbled down a narrow passage where the wind cut like a knife, and, turning to the right, came to an iron gate, which he unlocked with his wet iron keys, and passed through into the church.

He made his way to the south side, passing tombstones and graves without the least alarm. He followed a flagged path which curved and wound through the church yard like a great snake.

His duty was to stoke the furnace which heated the church, and the furnace was on the south side down some broken steps and under a flying buttress.

"It will be sheltered down there at any rate," said the old sinner, "out of this awful wind, sheltered and warm."

For a moment he stopped to draw his breath, squeezing himself against a buttress of the church, so that the wind should no longer blind and buffet him.

As he stood there looking out for a moment at the black mass of the south transept, Daniel Mossrick saw something



slide, steadily, but slowly, down the wall like a rush of bricks, only it was silent. He looked at the ground, but could see nothing.

He raised his head again. Something else came noiselessly slithering down the walls, black and vague.

It was like the fall of tons of treacle.

Then something else fell in the same way and "plopped" on the grass.

He was now so certain something had indeed fallen, so certain his eyes had not deceived him, so certain that his ears had not betrayed him, that he fixed his gaze on the ground, determined to find out what it was that had come down from the roof.

For a long time he could see nothing—then he became aware of a gliding noise; then he saw, actually saw, movement on the ground, as if the earth itself were crawling and wriggling.

"Good gracious," he thought, "it's an earthquake."

Terror seized him. He crouched back against the wall, holding his breath. No, it was not an earthquake; it was something worse.

The noise came nearer.

He was now so stricken with panic that he rushed out from his shelter, plunged through the darkness, precipitated himself down the broken stairs under the flying buttress and fell panting and breathless and shivering on a heap of cinders. When he recovered himself he groped for the door of the stoke hold, unlocked it with trembling hands and scrambled through, dragging the keys out as he swung the door after him. But before he could lock this crazy old wooden door behind him it was flung violently open by the wind, and into the stoke hold came something big and black, and terrifying. Daniel pressed himself back against the wall, gasping and tongue-tied, his eyes gaping at the awful thing on the floor, which he could see only dimly, an awful thing

of soft, fat, blackness that squirmed and wriggled and breathed.

The door was swinging backwards and forwards, banging against the wall and creaking in all its timbers. The wind howled in through this opening, and blew the furnace till it grumbled and spluttered and at last roared.

The room began to glow with red light; the iron door of the furnace became red hot. It was soon possible for Daniel to see the creature on the floor and the other two creatures which were writhing in from the doorway and taking up their places in front of the furnace. One was like a most awful dragon. Another was like a most frightful demon. And the third was like a most terrifying boa-constrictor.

He knew them all and recognised them one by one, his courage returning with their familiarity, for he had known them for sixty years and more.

"Hello, you there!" he exclaimed at last, adopting the same threatening voice which he employed to intimidate his wife. "What are you doing in here? Get back to your places, I tell you. Do you hear what I say? Who told you you might get down from the roof? Do you think we want the rain rushing down and making a nice mess of the mortar? Get back, I say, get back to your places, you gargoyles."

"Daniel Mossrick," said one of the gargoyles, "put some coal on." It was the dragon.

"If you don't —," said the demon.

"I'll bite your knees off," said the boa-constrictor.

"Come, make haste now," said the dragon.

Daniel was struck with consternation. The gargoyles could speak—not only could they speak, they actually threatened him.

He took his shovel, went to the coal heap, and stoked up the furnace.

"Now, sit down," said the dragon.

"We have a word or two to say to you," said the demon.

"A bone to pick with you," said the boa-constrictor, gnashing his teeth.

"To begin with, Daniel Mossrick," said the dragon, "you are a thoroughly grumpy, cross-grained, and fuddle-headed old man."

"You are no more fitted for a sexton," said the demon, flinging a cinder at Daniel's head, "than Thomas the inn-keeper."

"You called your wife an old gargoyle this very evening," said the boa-constrictor, licking his lips.

"My wife, gentlemen," said Daniel, "would try the temper of a saint. Why only yesterday . . ."

"You have made her what she is," said the first gargoyle. "Now be silent and listen. We have made up our minds to get rid of the grievous scandal of this church, of having such a wicked old curmudgeon as you for its sexton. We have watched you for years. We have heard of your goings-on for years. No sermon ever does you any good. No hymn tunes ever soften you. No singing or praying makes the least difference to you. Instead of being a kind-hearted Christian old man you have been turning yourself all these years into stone. Now, do you know what that means? It means, Daniel, that you have been slowly turning yourself into a gargoyle; and gargoyle you shall be."

"Instead of ale going into your mouth," said the demon, "rain-water shall come out of it. Do you see?"

He flung a cinder which broke into grit on Daniel's teeth.

"Instead of crawling about the town you shall be fixed on the top of the church, hanging outwards, head foremost," said the boa-constrictor. "Do you look forward to your new position?"

"You will occupy a higher station in the world," said the demon gargoyle,

"and I can promise you eminence in another respect. You will certainly be the ugliest gargoyle that ever existed."

Daniel said to them: "Gentleman, you are surely joking. For five and sixty years have I lived in this town, and for more than thirty-three years I have been sexton of St Michael's —."

Hardly had he uttered the saint's name than a frightful explosion took place, and the stoke hold became dazzling with a most blinding light. Daniel remembered nothing beyond the feeling that he had lost both his legs, and was harder and uglier than he had imagined.

When he came to himself—if you can really call it himself—he was fixed to the north-east corner of the church roof, with a tremendous gush of rain running out of his mouth.

He tried to close his lips, but could not. He tried to shut his eyes against the raging wind, but they remained open. With all the wishes and feelings of a human creature he was as fixed and immovable as a statue.

On the following day, early in the morning, he saw a crowd of people rushing to the church. He heard his name shouted by these people down below, far below, so that the voices only reached him like whispers. He heard his wife say that she had been to every tavern in the town, but that no one could give her any news of her husband. She had been to the police station expecting to find him locked up, but no, he was not even there.

Daniel almost broke his stone neck striving to look down. He almost burst in his efforts to shout out, "I am here! For pity's sake come and fetch me down!"

As it was he remained fixed to the spout, leaning outwards and downwards from the roof, fearfully dizzy in the attitude, and utterly, oh, utterly, wretched in his awful and helpless position.

No one looked up.

He saw the crowd melt away. He heard the town-crier ringing his bell and calling the news of Daniel's disappearance. He saw his wife talking to the neighbors, and heard her say all manner of very kind things about him, which made him blush and feel more uncomfortable than ever; and he saw his successor, the new sexton, a very respectable, polite, middle-aged man, hurrying to the church, and only going away when everything was spick and span.

And what do you think? He heard everyone praising the new sexton, not only because he did his work so well, not only because he was so kind and polite, but because he had voluntarily given up half his wages to make a pension for poor Mrs Mossrick.

Months passed away, and Mrs Mossrick made her appearance in widow's clothes, looking very handsome and disconsolate.

She often came to church holding a black bordered handkerchief, and stopping among the graves to talk to the neighbors of "Dear, kind, noble Daniel."

"Silly old fright! Silly old fright!" growled Daniel, in a furious rage. "Why doesn't she look up? If she looked up she'd see me. Why doesn't she raise her head? I wish I had a stone to throw at her."

Years passed away—Mrs Mossrick carried white handkerchiefs and talked less frequently of Daniel.

At night when the other gargoyles would glide down the walls and go to the furnace for a warm and a gossip, Daniel was unable to move.

The demon said to him on one occasion, "You'll have to soften a lot yet before you can slide down."

And the boa-constrictor hissed at him one night. "I'll teach you the trick, Daniel, in a thousand years' time."

On a bright beautiful morning in May all the glorious bells rang out a most

jocund peal, girls came to the church dressed in white and carrying baskets of flowers, immense crowds followed, and presently the mayor could be seen driving up in his car and the bishop crossing from the Close in his white robes, followed by a bevy of clergy.

"What's all this about, I wonder?" thought Daniel. "Making a lot of fuss about nothing," I suppose.

A carriage drove to the church gate, out stepped the new sexton, dressed in fine new clothes, and his hair very carefully done. The people crowded about him cheering.

"Going to get married, the stupid," growled Daniel.

The carriage drove away. The sexton walked into the church.

Louder and louder rang the bells; dense and more dense became the crowd at the church gate. Another carriage drove up.

"Here's the silly bride, I suppose," muttered Daniel.

Out of the carriage, dressed all in white, with a veil over her head, orange blossom in her hair, and a bunch of most exquisite flowers in her hand, stepped Mrs Mossrick. The cheers were like a discharge of cannon.

Poor Daniel! He writhed with agony, he turned stone cold; he felt the whole earth rush up round him like a spinning top. All the other gargoyles were laughing so loudly that they almost drowned the clanging of bells and the cheers of the multitude.

When Daniel came out of his faint the ceremony was long over and five years had elapsed.

He looked down in a dismal, dreary, heart-broken way and he saw his wife and the sexton approaching the church. He longed at that moment to fall and crush them to powder.

But he had to hang there quite ineffective and grotesque. A little trickle of last night's rain was dripping from the

corner of his mouth, a corner of his right ear was chipped and one of his eyes was blind.

"Emma, my dear," he heard the sexton saying, "I don't wish to be wanting in taste, but I can't help asking you—really, truly, my love, I can't help asking you—to raise your head and direct your eyes to the north-east corner of the roof. You will see there, Emma, a gargoyle which seems . . ."

She looked up. Daniel's one eye met the eyes of his wife after all those years, and it was a tragic encounter.

Then he heard her laugh; then he saw her smile; then he heard her say in a happy, light-hearted voice, which he hardly recognised:

"Why Godfrey, my beloved, it's the very living image! It's more than a likeness! It's the ugly old man to the very life! Oh it did give me a start just at first, for I really thought that it was Daniel come back to life! I'd rather die! But isn't it strange, I never noticed that gargoyle before?"

At that moment an immense crane flew over the church roof and hovered a minute at the north-east corner and then stopped on Daniel's head. At the touch of its feet the plaster loosened, the stones cracked and Daniel fell with a noise like thunder on to the stones below.

His broken and dismembered head is still to be seen lying behind the flying buttress which shelters the furnace, and everybody in the town calls it "The old sexton."

Every dark night when the demon slides down to warm himself at the furnace he flings a cinder at the head and says to the dragon and the boa-constrictor:

"Well, it's a good thing he has gone, for if he was too wicked for a sexton he was far too ugly for a gargoyle!"

### OLD COLLECIANS' ASSOCIATION.

As our Association has not been very active lately there is not much to record.

On October 11th a very successful dance was held in the Corio Club Rooms. The

arrangements were in the capable hands of a sub-committee consisting of Misses D. Jacobs (convener), E. Curtis, E. Carr, M. Anderson, J. Walker, U. Handley, and E. Beach.

The decorations in the ball-room were very artistically carried out in the school colors, festoons hanging from centre lights. Comfortable easy chairs and artistic floor coverings with bowls of lillies and gum tips in the lounge made an ideal rendezvous between the dances. The supper table was decorated with Iceland poppies and gum tips, and the beautiful supper was much appreciated by the happy participants.

Many present spoke of this as the most enjoyable dance they had attended this season, which success reflects great credit on the dance committee.

The financial result was beyond expectations, the proceeds being used to augment the "Harris Fund."

We conclude by wishing all present and intending members a very "Merry Xmas" and "Happy New Year."

K. M. ROEBUCK, Hon. Sec.  
31 Elizabeth Street, Geelong.

### AN IDYLL.

I heard it, softly, as across the creek,  
It mingled with the heavy perfumed air.  
Elusive, fraught with meaning deep and  
rare,

The wistful strains just stirred my heart,  
And then were wafted far. Like flowers  
on summer eves.

My eyelids drooped, I only wished to  
dream,

The moonlight kissed my face, a tiny  
beam.

Was it the creek that rippled as it fell,  
Or far-off tones of some sweet toned silver  
bell?  
G.S.



