

"WHITE & BLUE,"

The Worcester High School Magazine.

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MARCH.

1910.

*** We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of contributors, but reserve a right of veto, should we ever think it necessary to exercise it.*

EDITORIAL.

Before this reaches our readers, they will probably have received the following notice, which will recall the long-ago times, when we were striving to give substance to early dreams of an organ, an apse, or a gymnasium. Present girls have inherited all these, and the hockey field besides ; and we confidently believe that a fresh generation will not be less zealous, and will join in an effort to supply a want which many of them are feeling, by making the Laboratory more worthy of the School, and better adapted for its ever advancing science-work.

It is hoped that for about £100, the present room can be so improved and fitted up, as to meet the immediate need.

Of this sum, £10 have already been received and placed in deposit, and we propose to raise the remainder by an Entertainment and a Sale of Work, on June 18th, *i.e.*, the Saturday before Commemoration Day.

WORCESTER HIGH SCHOOL,

March, 1910.

Dear

Would you be willing to help us in the following matter :—

The Science Room being inadequate for the present requirements of the School, it is proposed to hold a Sale of Work, about June 18th, in order to raise funds for its improvement.

About £100 are needed, and we should be very grateful if you would send us a contribution of one or more articles, or a donation towards the fund (from 1/- upwards).

The articles which we think would be most useful are the following :—Baskets, Toys, China, Glass, Plain Needlework, including garments of all sorts, and clothes for the poor ; Fancy Work, including Tea and Hot Water Cosies, Tray and Tea Cloths, Coal Gloves, Dolls, Handkerchief Cases, etc., etc. It has also been proposed to hold a stall for fruit, vegetables, preserves, and farm produce.

The contributions, clearly marked at sale price, should be sent to any member of the Committee, at the High School, not later than June 7th.

It is found that wool mats, tidies, etc., do *not* sell well.

Yours affectionately,

ALICE OTTLEY.

M. E. HAMILTON,	}	Sale Committee.
C. M. ELLISON,		
L. LAYBOURNE,		
M. SPARROW,		
M. ROGERS,		Treasurer.

R.S.V.P. to Miss SPARROW,
The High School.

Notes of the Address given on Advent Sunday, 1909,
by the Dean of Westminster.

IN THE COLLEGE HALL, WORCESTER, TO THE
CHILDREN WHO USUALLY ATTEND THE CHILDREN'S
SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Genesis XXVIII., 10-22.

The story of Jacob requires some explanation. He had done a disgraceful thing ; there is no use in hiding it from ourselves ; his mother may have been to blame, but he had got round his elder brother by a sly trick ; he had got in front of him in a discreditable way. At once his sin finds him out. He has to give up all he likes, he is cast out. He is not a martyr, it is entirely his own fault, he cannot feel that a good cause is upholding him. At last he lies down to sleep, and must by that time have been thoroughly miserable. Just then GOD meets him and shews him much that he had not known before. This suggests two thoughts—(1) What a merciful GOD He is ! He does not leave us after we have done wrong. (2) Jacob thought that GOD dwelt in the holy family circle, where He was worshipped day and night ; he himself had gone away out of it all, to a heathen country, where GOD was not, and he believed that he had left GOD behind. Then, suddenly, in this desert place he was uplifted and inspired ; there came in the night a wonderful vision, a ladder with angels ascending and descending on it, and at the top a glory ; and, out of the glory, a voice saying, " I am your grandfather's GOD, and I will be your GOD too, and I will make you a blessing to other people." The blessing of GOD was a reality to Jacob, and thus GOD shewed him that there is a ladder leading from earth to heaven, and he awoke and said, " How dreadful is this place ! This is none other than the House of GOD, and this is the gate of Heaven." From this we learn another thing, that GOD

is in many places in which we least expect to find Him. Perhaps some great disappointment comes, some great trouble, some one is taken from us ; or, perhaps, we have some great joy, some happiness, and we never thought it was GOD, we put it down to our good luck, whereas "surely GOD was in that place," and we "knew it not."

(3) If this were all, it would be very much ; but if this were all, GOD might have taught it to Jacob in some other way. But there was more ; Jacob needed to be made straight, for he was a crooked person, underhand, sly, and could not be trusted ; all through his life he was being made straight. He must have felt that night that there was a great distance between earth and heaven ; for he must have had a bad conscience. You can imagine that Jacob had lost all the beauty of simplicity, and that heaven had got very far off. GOD shewed him that heaven and earth were linked ; the foot of the ladder was on earth, but the top reached to heaven. GOD did not bring heaven down to earth, yet shewed that there was something to link the two. Think what there was on the ladder—angels ascending and descending. This teaches us that we must send some messages up, and then we shall get some messages down. Our prayers and penitence are very poor, but they bring down GOD's power and love. Jacob so understood it ; for in the morning he consecrated the spot where he had seen the vision. Two thousand years after that, there stood a pure and holy One, who said, "You shall see angels ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." That was Christ, Who claimed to be the link between man and GOD. Think of the Infancy, the Holy Boyhood, the sinless years in the carpenter's shop, the Ministry, the lifting up upon the Cross, the Resurrection and the Ascension ; all through Our Father looks down the ladder, and sees us, His children in Christ. The same GOD, who cared for Jacob, is caring for all of you ; you may be as bad as Jacob was, but GOD has you in hand. "I

will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

The link is our LORD JESUS CHRIST, perfect GOD, and perfect Man ; but we must use our ladder ; through Him we must send messages up, and we may certainly expect answers back ; for, like Jacob, the blessing of the birthright is ours.

Girls' Diocesan Union for the Diocese of Worcester.

Miss Yeatman-Biggs has asked us to make known the formation of the Girls' Diocesan Union, and we reprint here the leaflet which explains its objects :—

"GIRLS' DIOCESAN UNION FOR THE DIOCESE OF WORCESTER.

Patron : The Lord Bishop of Worcester.

President : Miss Yeatman-Biggs, Hartlebury Castle.

Vice-President (for Warwickshire) : Miss Seymour, The Firs, Kenilworth.

Hon. Secretary : Miss Katharine Lloyd, Areley Hall, Stourport.

OBJECTS.

To bind together in the Diocese for purposes of service, study, and devotion :—

- (1) Girls already working for the Church.
- (2) Girls willing to undertake work for the Church.
- (3) Girls willing to study religious and social subjects, with the help of the G.D.U. and of reading unions in connection with it.

Members are to be Communicants of the Church of England. They are asked to remember the work of the Diocese in their prayers.

The Union has been formed with the warm approval of the Bishop. It exists to band together girls who belong to the Church of England, and who want, in consequence, to do some work for their fellow creatures, and to fit themselves to do it as well as possible.

The Union therefore desires :—

- (a) To organise lectures, discussions, and study circles, and to keep members informed of local opportunities for study.
- (b) To put those who wish to do work of any kind in touch with opportunities for doing it.

It is hoped that girls who are already at work will join, in order that they may gain the strength which comes from united effort ; and that they may contribute to the Union the support and power of their own individuality. It is also hoped that girls will join to whom it may suggest new opportunities of personal service for others, and whom it may bring into touch with work suited to their gifts.

But besides opportunities of *Service*, it is believed that many girls will welcome those of combined *Study*. To this end the Union hopes to be of use to its members by arranging circles for Bible study, the study of Missions and of the various Religious and Social Problems of the day. Also by planning lectures and meetings on these subjects, and making known helps that already exist, such as book lists, lending libraries, correspondence classes, etc.

The subscription will be not less than 6d. a year. Copies of the *Diocesan Magazine*, containing news of the G.D.U., will be sent to members. Members must be over 17 years of age.

Further information may be had from the Hon. Secretary, or from the Rural Deanery Representative."

The Victoria Falls.

The Grand Hotel, Bulawayo,

Oct. 16, 1908.


Here we are back again after a most delightful stay at the Victoria Falls. They absolutely baffle description, but I suppose I must try to give you some idea of what I saw. Unluckily I had hardly got there before I took a severe chill and was in bed all Sunday and part of Monday, so we only had two days of real sight seeing. On Tuesday, as I was not fit to walk much, we went up the Zambesi. We started at 9, and embarked just above the Falls in a big canoe. We five sat on cushions in the middle, and there were five natives who propelled the boat along with big paddles. It was the most comfortable boating I ever experienced. Of course this is not the time of year to see the country, as there has been no rain for several months. However, the vegetation along the banks is very beautiful. Just above the Falls the river is nearly a mile wide and is dotted with islands, so that for some way we could not see across. These islands are thickly covered with trees and most beautiful palms—quite half a dozen different species, and of all sizes. At the edge of the islands and fringing the banks of the river are masses of different kinds of reeds, rushes, and tall, feathery grasses, such as would have delighted your heart! At first navigation was not easy, as there are a great many rocks and shallows, and our boys seemed to find it hard work to get our boat up the rapids. However, after a time, we got into really deep water. We were most anxious to see a hippopotamus, but were disappointed. They had all gone up the river. We saw some spoor on the island where we finally landed, and this gave us an idea of the huge size of the creatures. About three miles up we landed on the left bank, where a little group of natives was squatting. Three of them were very busy making rush mats. Another was engaged in pounding up

food with a long stick in a small wooden bowl. We tasted the stuff—hard, solid, but like fruit—which was sweet, and quite nice. Close by, these boys had five or six little buck tethered. I suppose they were going to eat them eventually, and dress their skins. Five miles up we came to the island of Kandahar, named by Lord Roberts not very long ago. Here we landed, and the boys quickly made a fire, and boiled water. After lunch we went about the island—a much easier matter than I expected, for though the “monkey ropes” which hung down from the trees got in our way a little, it was quite easy to make a path along. The palms were *exquisite*—masses and masses of them. We came back a different way, keeping to the left bank of the river all the way, and some way down landed on another island, where we interviewed the Induna’s son, and bought some curios. I got a Kaffir “piano” and a queer carved hatchet. We stayed a little while on this island, and arrived back just before the sun set. Up to this time the colour of the water had been deep blue, except where the shadow of the bank deepened it into a glorious green. Now it took all the hues of the sunset, and the green foliage on the banks glowed in every shade imaginable. I longed for you.

The next day we went to Livingstone Island, in the morning. This is the island from which Livingstone obtained his first view of the Falls, as he came down the left bank of the river and landed on the island. We had to cross the famous bridge over the gorge, the highest bridge in the world, and walk for about a mile till we came to a place where a canoe and boys were waiting, and we were ferried across. The island is small, and we did not take long to walk through the trees, past the tree where Livingstone carved his initials, to the other side. Here we were at the top of the gorge, and, like him, we crept cautiously to the edge and peered over. At no point can you see the whole Falls. Here to our right were four main

volumes of water hurled over the rocks into a chasm more than 350ft. deep. So enormous is the mass of water and so tremendous the fall that the base can seldom be seen for the spray which rises in immense volumes and which is only cleared away now and then by a sudden gust of wind. At the top of the gorge it seems to be always raining. On this huge mass of spray the sun was shining brilliantly, with the result that three rainbows could be seen, the centre one marvellously brilliant. In the afternoon we went to the other side of the gorge. Here we saw a different part of the Falls, beginning at the Leaping Water, or Devil's Cataract, against the right bank of the river. This is not so high as the other Falls, as the first part rushes down a slope, but it is very beautiful. Beyond it in summer there is another fall over a tiny island, but now this is dry, except for a trickle of water, and we could see well how the force of the water had eroded the rock. Beyond this come the main Falls. This time we were on the opposite bank to them, and as we went along could see only the top, just where the water begins to come over the rocks, so thick was the spray. We went along through the "Rain Forest," where the spray falls just like a heavy shower of rain perpetually. The palms there are thick and luxuriant, and maidenhair fern grows everywhere. I had my mackintosh on, of course, but it was soaked through after half-an-hour. However I had only to go a few steps into the brilliant sunshine to be dry in five minutes. Here, near the Rain Forest, at the edge of the gorge, the rainbows were wonderful. We stood on the edge of a complete circle. The other two rainbows had not their circle complete. It seemed so strange for the rain to go on falling (of course it was really spray) and the sun go on shining brightly and the rainbows remain. Oh, it was a wonderful sight! and with it all was the perpetual roar of the water as it plunged headlong into the gorge. The path through the Rain Forest leads right along to what is called Buttress Point. Here you see falls to the

right and left, and the water from these joins just below this point and flows on in an incredibly small space under the bridge and so on for a distance of 45 miles till the river comes to the level of the country again. The rocks are of basaltic formation, and the high cliffs on either side of the river are not unlike the big cliff at Dunstanborough.

On Thursday morning Mr. S—— and I got up at 5 and went to see the sun rise over the Falls. Mrs. S—— had twisted her ankle, so she could not come. It was a lovely morning, and it was well worth going. We went over the bridge to the far end of the Falls first of all, and then came back again across it and on to Buttress Point, where we saw a magnificent rainbow—only part of it this time however, and that part upside down, so to speak, which looked very funny (like this ). No one was stirring but ourselves and two or three Kaffirs and monkeys. There are a good many of them about—grey, with blue faces. At a quarter to ten we left the place, and for the next 21 hours had the hottest train journey we had experienced. The line goes through part of the Kalahan Desert, and what with heat and dust we were very glad to get here. Bulawayo is not exactly an interesting place. There are few fine buildings and the streets are so wide that it looks very straggling.

META BOLLAND.

Extracts from a Letter from Rose Webb.

Bareilly, U.P.

This will, I hope, reach you just before you go away for Christmas, and it brings you my love and all good wishes. It seems strange to be talking and thinking of Christmas, as we sit with all doors and windows flung wide open, and rejoice in brilliant sunshine all day and every day. It is very like our September, with heavy dews in the morning

and a delicious freshness in the air, even rather sharp sometimes, while it gets quite hot later, and muslin frocks are necessary. The seasons as regards flowers seem to me to be rather mixed—we have spring, summer, and autumn things all together, seeds just coming up and violets beginning to blossom, roses, and also a blaze of chrysanthemums. The garden is a beautiful one—the best in Bareilly, as is also the bungalow—and in the rains, when all the flowering trees are a mass of blossom and the grass is really green, it must look lovely. Even now some of the trees are flowering a little—hibiscus, frangipani, oleander, and others which I don't know, while the bougainvillea is always bright. Bareilly is such a pretty place, and with all these low, white, thatched bungalows standing back in large compounds and surrounded with trees, and with the feeling of lots of *space* everywhere, it is difficult to think of it as a town. It is so scattered and with such a network of great wide country roads that at present I should have absolutely no idea how to find my way about, but as my sister always drives me it doesn't matter. I have already had to begin paying and receiving calls, which it seems odd to do always in the morning or evening, but never in the afternoon; also it is very strange that the new comer calls first on the older residents, instead of the other way round. But all these things you know already, I expect. I called on Mrs. (General) Bradshaw the other day, and of course could talk "home" with her, as she has only just come out again. We get a good deal of tennis, Badminton, etc., at the Club and elsewhere, which I much enjoy.

May tells me that there is a little native Christian village close to Bareilly. I am much looking forward to going to see it some day. It is served usually by a lay reader, I think, occasionally getting a C.M.S. missionary from Lucknow, but when our Mr. Padfield knows enough Urdu, I believe he is to help there sometimes.

I have already had a sight of the wondrously beautiful Taj Mahal. My brother met me at Agra last week, and as we had several hours to wait before our train went, we drove out to the Taj, and reached it just as the sun had set. I shall be able to tell you more about it later, as we hope to spend some days there and at Delhi at Christmas, but I shall never get any more beautiful impression of it than I did that evening, I think—the absolute peace of those quiet gardens, with long lines of cypress trees bordering the water tanks, and all leading your eyes up to that restful white building against the sky beyond. I have never ceased to wish that I was an artist since I started from England—not, I mean, that one could dream of attempting such a thing as the Taj, but because there are so many picturesque things at every turn. I long to draw my ayah in her scarlet and white, and heavy silver ornaments, or the rest of the servants, with their different costumes—very ordinary, of course, really, but all so new and interesting to my unaccustomed eyes.

I seem to have been working backwards, and have told you nothing of the voyage. We went on shore at Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Port Said, and stayed some hours at Aden, so there was much to vary the days, and there are very few when some land is not in sight. The coast of Portugal is beautiful, and we were within a few miles of it for a long distance, reaching Cape St. Vincent just at sunset. One of the most lovely views is from Europa Point at Gibraltar: eastwards the Sierra Nevada mountains stretch away down the Mediterranean; southwards are the dark, rather forbidding-looking mountains of Morocco, and west and north is the coast making the harbour, with little white Algeciras lying on the opposite side. I was immensely struck by it.

Port Said was very Eastern of course, and very amusing, but it would pall after a while. We were in the Suez Canal

all one day, and it is by no means the bare, ugly place I fancied ; but I found it full of interest, and was astonished at the amount of vegetation, some of it the very greenest I ever saw, down the one side where the fresh water canal runs. The other side is real desert, and though, of course, one has heard so often of all these things, "the changeless East," etc., it gives a thrill to see it—a string of camels coming across led by a man dressed as Abraham would have been, and so on. The sunset that evening was simply gorgeous, and put wonderful colours on the desert mountains far away and a flaming sky in the west.

We spent some hours in Bombay, a splendid city full of beautiful buildings, though I am bound to say it was the native life that fascinated me most—the fruit sellers carrying great flat baskets on their heads, the water carriers with bright brass jars slung from a long pole across one shoulder, the women with such beautifully straight, graceful figures, the snake charmers with their performing snakes in little round baskets, the small carts drawn by a pair of soft, pretty bullocks, harnessed simply with reins and controlled (?) and guided with a push or a pat on their backs, and many more things. Of these, of course, I see much now, but I should love to go down to the native city and be right amongst it all.

R. WEBB.

The Simple Life.

That's what my Missis calls it, and it makes a good title ; but if you ask my candid opinion, *I* should call it the Silly Life. It is all my poor Missis—she is really quite sensible sometimes and generally knows what I want very quickly ; but there are times when I fear she is decidedly "wanting." But about the "Silly Life." My aunt Jo has taken a cottage, and has invited me and my Missis there for a

week. If I had known what it meant, of course I should never have consented to go, but perhaps it was necessary that someone should take care of the poor things. It was all so miserably uncomfortable that I don't know where to begin my description. But I will try to give you some idea of the folly of the plan. The first characteristic of the Silly Life, is that you get up very early, and I know Missis doesn't like that really, so it shews she was temporarily insane. When she was dressed, she would turn me out of the only fairly comfortable spot in the house—my bed—and insist on my coming downstairs with her. Now at home, of course, the fire has always been lighted for me before I get up ; and a nice furry hearthrug is spread in front of it, so that I may toast my toes, and yet be protected from draughts on the floor. At this cottage there is no furry hearthrug at all ! and when we came down, there was no fire, only the stone floor of the kitchen, and a bit of matting for me to lie on. It was then that the worst access of insanity seized poor Missis. She began moving all the furniture about in a sort of frenzy, turned me off the matting on to the cold stone, and when I whined, she sent me right out of the house. Then she took a thing with a long handle, and went all over the room, stirring up dust in a very disagreeable way, and making it quite impossible for me to stay with her ; though, as a rule, I seldom trust her out of my sight. By-and-by she calmed down, put the matting down again, and re-arranged the furniture, so that I could come into the room ; and I was glad to do so, for I had just been obliged, somewhat hurriedly, to leave the back kitchen, where Aunt Jo had lighted the fire, and where I had hoped to get warm. Aunt Jo is very unsympathetic ; she clumsily spilt some nearly boiling water on my back, and, instead of apologizing, said it was all my fault for getting in the way ; and—well, seemed to want me to go out of the room—so I went.

Missis had heard me squeal, and I must say she comforted me a little, but just when I hoped she would let me sit on her lap, out of the draughts, she began whisking about the room with a bit of cloth in her hand. I thought I was meant to play with it, so, to humour her, I caught hold of it and began to worry it ; but she pulled it away, and went on with her own game, which was not at all amusing. It only consisted in flapping the cloth over every chair and table in the room, and lifting up every book and ornament. It disturbed me very much, and, besides, it seemed to make the draughts worse. After breakfast there was more fussing about the rooms ; doors opening and shutting, and consequently even worse draughts, so I went out and played with Peter. Peter is the " watch dog," Aunt Jo says ; but he is only a few weeks old, and very weak on his legs, so he would not be much use if a burglar did come. Still he does very well to play with, and we have splendid romps in the garden, while Missis messes about the back-kitchen with saucepans and other things that burn one's nose if one tries to find out what is in them.

Of course we sometimes go for quite a nice walk, and *sometimes* we sit in the parlour and get comfortable ; but on the whole it is a wretched existence, and I am sure you will agree with me that it is very hard on

Yours truly,

JAMES FOX TERRIER.

Specimens of Blank Verse.

THE COMET.

A wanderer for ever in the ways
Of this great universe, wherein we move
In one fixed path around one tiny sun :

Nor stray afar. Behold ! across the blue
 Of our small heav'n this stranger journeyeth.
 From the unknown it came, whither once more
 It will return, leaving a trail of light
 Upon its pathway ; for we know not whence
 It hastens, or what other worlds its light
 Will stir with wonder : messenger, may be,
 Of joy or sorrow, still as yet untold.

(V.)

WINTER (EARLY MORNING).

Watching the day star as it rose to-day
 I saw the vale spread out in monotone
 Of grey ; while far above the mist, in sky
 Of burnished steel, Helvellyn reared aloft
 His snow-capped head. Around me everywhere
 There lay the silence of the eternal hills,
 And on my weary heart, falling like balm,
 Brought me in place of passion perfect peace.

(IVA.)

School News.

AUTUMN TERM.

December 7th was the holiday for which Mrs. Wheeley Lea had asked on Speech Day. She celebrated it by giving a most delightful party to the whole School, and to various friends who had not been with us on Speech Day. First, The Pastoral Cantata was performed, and then Mrs. Lewis and Miss Burton most kindly played on the violoncello and the violin respectively ; and Miss Morris, Miss Bowles, M. Noyle and J. Vawdrey sang. After this, the little ones had tea in the K.G. ; the Middle School and some of the Upper School in the Central Hall (which proved capacious enough to seat 90), and the rest of the Upper School, the Staff and Friends in the Gymnasium, which had been charmingly arranged under Mrs. Lea's directions. The Gymnasium had little tables on the floor of the hall, and a long one on the platform. Mrs.

Lea gave a pretty little flower badge to every girl in the School, and to the Staff lovely carnations, with brooches by which to fasten them on. The party ended with a few minutes' dancing in the Large Hall, ending with a clap for Mrs. Wheeley Lea, to whose kindness we owed a never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

END OF TERM.

Owing to a case of chicken-pox at S. Monica's, School ended on December 20th—a day earlier than had been intended—and Mark Reading was postponed till the next term.

The following girls left :—U. Vivian, B. Pearson, H. Chaytor, E. Young, L. Morgan ; and one student, K. Pearson.

SPRING TERM.

School re-opened on January 20th, with six new children. Mademoiselle de Sabatier-Plantier is not to come back until the summer, and her work this term is being taken by Mademoiselle Prunier de St. André.

Miss Alice Hatton has come as Gymnastic and Games' Mistress

THE VTH FORM ENTERTAINMENT.

On February 5th, Form V. gave an entertainment to the rest of the School.

They acted four scenes from "Alice in Wonderland," viz. :—

1. Pig and Pepper.
2. A Mad Tea Party.
3. The Queen's Gardeners.
4. The Trial.

And four from "Alice through the Looking Glass" :—

1. Alice and the Red Queen.
2. Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
3. Alice and the White Queen.
4. Alice and the Two Queens.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

Alice	M. Chappel.
The Mad Hatter...	V. Adlard.
The March Hare	D. Hancock.
The Dormouse	B. Appleton.
The King of Hearts	L. Tasker.

The Queen of Hearts	W. Anton.
The Knave of Hearts	S. Beven.
The Duchess	M. Brierley.
The Cook	J. Preston.
The White Rabbit	K. Whitehead.
The Three Gardeners	{ M. Bell, M. King, I. Mogridge.
The Cheshire Cat	H. Carless.
Soldier	L. Spencer.

Song....."Will you, won't you, join the dance?".....V. Adlard.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

Alice	M. Outley.
The Red Queen	E. Roberts.
The White Queen	L. Spencer.
Tweedledum	G. Sharpe.
Tweedledee	C. Morris.
The Walrus	I. Mogridge.
The Carpenter	K. Whitehead.

It is difficult to single out for special praise any of the actors, who were all excellent. Much sympathy was felt for the agitation of the Mad Hatter during the trial; and the White Rabbit's anxiety to have everything in order was most praiseworthy. The two Alices personated each other admirably. The costumes were capital; some were triumphs of originality; especially the Dormouse, the Walrus and the March Hare.

The whole entertainment went off without a hitch, and showed that the stage manager, Miss Moore, must have spent a great deal of time and thought over every detail, for which we heartily thank her.

THE CONFIRMATION

Is to be in the Cathedral, at 11.45 on Wednesday, March 15th.

THE ONE DAY'S RETREAT

Is fixed for March 18th and 19th. The conductor will be the Rev. Hubert Jones, Rector of Guarford. All Old Girls, who are Communicants, will be welcome at any of the Services to which they can come.

TIME TABLE.

Friday, March 18th—

7.0 First Address.

Saturday, March 19th—

8.0 Celebration of Holy Communion.

10.30 Mattins, with Address.

12.30 Metrical Litany and Intercessions.

3.0 Office, with Admissions and Address.

5.0 Evensong, with Address.

MISSION GUILD.

On February 4th a Service, at which most of the School were present, was held in S. Oswald's. The Litany of Thanksgiving and Intercession for Foreign Missions was said, and an Address was given by the Rev. Maynard Smith.

At the end of the Autumn Term parcels of Clothing were sent to—

S. Peter's Home, Kilburn.

S. John Baptist's Mission Home, Newport.

S. Cadoc's Home, Caerleon.

S. Lawrence's Home, Worcester.

S. Augustine's, Stepney.

The Free Registry, Worcester.

The General Infirmary, Worcester.

The Refuge, Worcester.

S. Andrew's Parish, Worcester.

The parcel for the Victoria School at Delhi was despatched in September.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Debating Society was held on Monday, January 31st. Twelve members of the Society were present. Miss Rogers was in the chair. A motion, proposed by M. Druitt, that the Vth Form shall be admitted to the meetings, under certain conditions, was carried unanimously. The debate then took the form of a sharp practice. The first motion drawn was that "A woman without a pocket is lower in the scale of civilization than the lowest savage." Miss Mackworth proposed, on the ground that the chief use of a pocket is as a receptacle for a handkerchief. One never expects to see a savage with a handkerchief, and apparently he manages very well without one, which a civilized person cannot do. Therefore, surely the person who is without a pocket, and who needs a handkerchief, is lower than the person

who has not a pocket, because a handkerchief is superfluous. The motion was opposed by M. Druitt, who held that a lady has many places in which a handkerchief may be placed ; and that because she has no pocket, it does not necessarily follow that she has no handkerchief. Also that a person with all necessary garments except a pocket, is higher than the savage with no clothes at all. The motion was lost 10—1.

The second motion drawn :—"This house deplores the discovery of America," was proposed by J. Tree on the grounds that :—If America had not been discovered there would have been no slave trade, no War of Independence, and no American trippers swarming over the country. It was opposed by D. Holt, whose points were :—If America had not yet been discovered the English Empire would be smaller, and that when its discovery did take place it would lead to far more serious wars than the War of Independence. It was also suggested that if America had not yet been discovered we might discover it now. The motion was lost 6—5.

Another meeting of the Debating Society took place on Monday, February 28th. The motion before the house was that "The enactment of the Daylight Saving Bill would be beneficial to this country." It was proposed by I. Mann and D. Chappel, who argued that to rise, and to go to bed, with the sun is the natural mode of living. A lengthened use of artificial light means a longer time spent in impure air. It is also poor economy to waste sunlight, and then find it necessary to work by artificial light. M. Moncur and J. Tree, who opposed, maintained that for England to reckon by a different time from every other country would isolate her ; that the hours are not altered by moving the hands of the clock, and it is only practising a deception on the nation ; and that people might surely have sufficient strength of mind to rise earlier without a Parliamentary Bill. An animated discussion took place between a Mistress and a pupil, the latter declaring that unless an Act of Parliament were passed to force **every** one to alter their clocks, the said Mistress would come to School and find no pupils in the Form room. The motion was carried by a majority of 3. The chair was taken by J. Webb, 12 members being present.

There will probably be one more meeting this Term, when we hope to see some Old Girls.

Hon. Sec.,

V. C. H.

EXAMINATIONS.

M. Moncur has passed the Cambridge Higher Local, Group H. (History).

M. Barrère's Concours. Autumn Term.

Prix. Concours des Laureats—M. King.

Spring Term.

Mentions. Degre Superieur—J. Webb, E. Selby.

Prix. Degre Enfantin—M. Marriott.

At the end of the Autumn Term two prizes were offered by the Rev. H. Bartleet, Vicar of Hallow, for holiday reading. The subject was Wordsworth's life and a selection of his poems. The senior prize was won by J. Tree (VI.), and the junior by M. Campbell (IVa).

GAMES.

HOCKEY.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

February 12th. 1st XI. v. Edgbaston Church College (played at home).—Won by Worcester, 10—2.

February 26th. 1st XI. v. S. James' (played at home).—Won by Worcester' 3—2.

March 5th—2nd XI. v. S. James' 2nd XI. (played at home).—Won by Worcester 11—1.

March 8th—1st XI. v. Old Girls (played at Pitmaston).—Won by the Old Girls 2—1.

FORM MATCHES.

February 17th. Final Form Match between VI. and V.—Won by VI., 6—2

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Emily Glen Bott, from whom Miss Ottley received at Christmas a letter from which the following extracts are taken, is ill. She was ordered to Tokio for an operation, but the Surgeon who was to have performed it, has been prevented from going to Japan at present. It has, therefore, been thought best that she should come back to England, and she will start for home, across Siberia, on April 2nd or 3rd. We hope that Old Girls will remember her.

“New Year is a great festival time among the Japanese, all the front gates are decorated with evergreens, sometimes with a most elaborate archway, and nearly always two pine trees are planted for that week just outside the front door; they are removed again afterwards, and carried back to the mountains, or to wherever they came from. They are generally connected by a twisted straw rope, decorated with fern leaves and branches of plum trees. All these things have a great deal of historical and symbolical meaning, and also represent virtues: e.g., fortitude, patience, hope, etc.

Everyone wears his or her best dress, and the children are particularly gay. The little girls have very long sleeves to their best kimonos, and are the most brilliant mixtures of purple, scarlet and pink, with often touches of other colours. They play special games, and eat special food out of special and beautiful lacquer dishes.

My little K.G. is growing ; I had 33 children this term, the youngest class speak very little English, they speak chiefly Japanese, except the little son of the Belgian Consul, who speaks French. I have three little Japanese boys, aged 3, 4 and 5. They are the grandchildren of a well-known Baron, who lives here. Their names are Mitsutoshi, Mitsuyoshi and Mitsunao, the surname is Hirose, the family is Buddhist. I have several children from heathen families just now.

I have begun to teach in the Japanese Sunday School ; it is held in the Shoin jo gakko, at 8.30 on Sunday morning, and I have the youngest class. The age is supposed to be "about six," but, in reality, they are any age from 2 to 12 ; and sometimes the mothers come with the children, but it is all as new and strange to them as it is to the children, and they listen just as well. I began with eight, but lately the class has grown, and I have had as many as twenty-nine.

It is intensely interesting, the children are so sweet and wonderfully attentive."

E. GLEN BOTT.

Connie Strange is a Probationer at King's College Hospital, and Helen Webb at University College Hospital.

Dorothy Cond has a post at the Walsall High School, and Alice Byrne at the Grammar School, Coleford, Gloucestershire.

Dorothy FitzHerbert, who has just been married at Yokohama, in Japan, had quite a High School wedding. Her dress was embroidered with the lily ; the School motto and the lily were hand-painted on the "Order of Service" ; and a guest produced a tie of the High School colour.

We have had a photograph of the wedding group, and Dorothy writes that she hopes to have a "High School gathering" at Kobe, where she and her husband were to stop on the way to Hong Kong, where they are to live.

Dorothy Gregson has passed the last of her three examinations in Japanese, and is now able to do some evangelistic work in Japanese.

Amy Dudley is taking care of her married sister's children, as the latter's home is in Mexico.

Olwen Lloyd and Madeline Keir Moilliet have been staying at Baskerville this Term ; and Miss Godfrey stayed for one night at the High School, just before her appointment as Head Mistress of the Edgbaston Church College.

Rachel Keir Moilliet (née Wigram) is living at 27, Victoria Place, Darlington, Mr. Keir Moilliet being Curate of S. John's Church, Darlington.

BIRTH.

February 15th, Mrs. Douglas Wright (Maud Norton), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

November 23rd, at Christ Church, Yokohama, Japan, William Evans Tibbs to Dorothy Maule FitzHerbert.

November 30th, at the Parish Church, Grantham, Dr. Duff to Ethel M. Bailey.

January 25th, at S. John's Baptist Church, South Collingham, the Rev. Bernard R. Keir Moilliet to Rachel FitzHerbert Wigram.

GIFTS.

For the Butler Library. Holy Orders, by the Rev. A. R. Williams, in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology. Presented by Miss Bowles.

For the Children's Library. Arjun, The life-story of an Indian Boy, by S. E. Stokes.