

**Central Foundation Girls' School**

**Vol. I No. 9**

**March 1906**

# Central Foundation Girls' School Magazine.

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VOL. I., No. 9.

MARCH, 1906.

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## School Motto for Spring Term.

"Hitch your waggon to a star."

*R. W. Emerson, 1803-1882.*

## General Notes.

In January we welcomed to the School two new friends, Miss Mortimer and Miss Pugh, and thirteen old ones, the members of our VI. Form who had spent the autumn term as Pupil Teachers in the Elementary Schools.

Miss Mortimer (B.A. London, Higher Cambridge Certificates, London Teachers' Diploma) has succeeded Miss Dorothea Bell as Third Form Mistress, and Miss Pugh (Higher Cambridge Certificates, Swanley Horticultural Diploma, Cambridge Teachers' Diploma) is First Form Mistress, whilst Miss Warham is taking Miss Haes' place as Mistress of the Lower III. Form.

The girls who had spent the term as Pupil Teachers in Council Schools had given lessons in all sorts of subjects, under all sorts of conditions; some of them had even grappled with classes of 70 and 80 children; and we rather wondered what the effect would be. Would they be altogether uplifted, or altogether disheartened; or would they be in the gracious state of the learner who has found out that she knows little, and therefore does her best to learn for the time to come? We hoped and feared—but they came back just as we could wish; more grown up, with a keener sense of responsibility, a keener desire to learn, and just as glad to be back as we were to have them.

M. H.

There are many amenities in School life, amongst which we may place the following conversation overheard at the dining table:—Gladys aged nine, "I wish I were the King." Owen, aged eight, "I shouldn't like to be the King: he can't do ath he likth. I would rather be a Tribune, then I could

veto everything." Mistress, much surprised, "What does veto mean, Gwen?" "I would forbid everybody to do everything!" A conclusion which makes us glad that Gwen is still in the Second Form listening to Roman History Stories; and has no shadow of a chance of entering Parliament at present.

Our numbers are greater than ever this term, for we have been reinforced by the Pupil Teachers who were away from us last Term teaching. We are not sorry, therefore, to note the active preparations which are going on for the building of the new wing, although they mean a great deal of dust and noise on that side of the School.

We hope that the gibes against the British workman will not be justified in this case, and that he will not be found in the School precincts, setting a bad example to our conscientious and hardworking girls, by continually leaning on his spade, or unfastening a red cotton handkerchief preparatory to partaking of his midday meal, but that his strict attention to business will give us our new building in September.

The sounds of hammering have not confined themselves to the outside of the building, for alterations are being made in the opening of the corridor and class-room doors, as a precaution in case of fire, and most of the doors now open outwards. The greatest boon of all is the alteration to the door leading from the School to the Hall.

Our last Fire Drill was done in a very short time; our next ought to be a record drill, since the facilities for getting out of the School are so much greater.

Since our last issue we have been visited by Miss McKee, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Laver, three of our Governors, and by Mr. Bruce, one of our Governors, who is also a Member of the London County Council Education Committee; also by Mr. Traves, Inspector for the Board of Education, and by Mr. Branford and Mr. Boas, Divisional Inspectors to the London County Council.

Our visitors' list also includes Miss Abadi, Head Mistress of the Jews' Free School, and Miss Chignell, of Woodside Park.

Among foreign educationalists who have visited us are Mlle. Sapy, from the *Ecole Normale at Sèvres*, Mr. Rantaneimi, an M.A. of Finland, and Mr. Nagano, a government student from Japan.

The Christmas Dance was held on Wednesday, December 20th, 1905. This is always a popular event, and the present one was no exception to the rule. The fancy dresses were

perhaps not so numerous as usual, but much ingenuity had been spent on them. It was hard to recognise one's own familiar friends in the stately dames from times gone by, the maidens from other lands, and brisk hospital nurses of to-day. Flowerland and Fairyland were well represented. That much abused personage, the Clerk of the Weather, graced our revels, and kindly arranged that there should be no fog this time. A realistic Pillar-box seemed made to take our Christmas post. The prize for the prettiest dress in the Upper School was taken by Ina Mills, who, as Cupid's Herald, wore an extremely pretty dress of different shades of yellow. In the Lower School, Nellie Deller, as the Old and the New Year, bore away the palm. Dorothy Cawdell, as Clerk of the Weather, won the prize for the cleverest dress in the Upper School, and Dorothy Brown, as a Dragon-fly, that in the Lower. During the evening a Fan Dance was given by girls trained by Miss Machell, and Beatrice Lake aroused great enthusiasm with her Scarf and Cymbal Dances. The gramophone entertained small and select audiences at frequent intervals, and there was also an exhibition of magic lantern slides. At the end some carols were sung, and then, after lusty cheers for our hostess, we departed homewards, wishing that Christmas came at least once a term.

The following Lantern Lectures have been given since our last issue:—

1905.						
Nov. 14.	"Types of European Population"	...	...	...	...	Lower IVb.
" 21.	"Europe"	...	...	...	...	I. & II.
" 28.	"India"	...	...	...	...	V.
1906.						
Jan. 30.	"Germs"	...	...	...	...	V.
Feb. 6.	"Germs"	...	...	...	...	VI.
" 13.	"The Stuarts"	...	...	...	...	I. & II.
" 20.	"The Tudors and Stuarts"	...	...	...	...	Lower III.
	"Early England"	...	...	...	...	Upper IIIa. & B.
Mar. 6.	"Germany"	...	...	...	...	Lower IVb.
" "	"Europe"	...	...	...	...	I. & II.

### Hitch your Waggon to a Star.

The two brothers stood at a little wicket gate, the elder with a look of pity not unmixed with scorn upon his face, the younger with a light in his eye which spoke plainly of determination.

"What! deemest thou," said Francis, the senior, "that thou can'st ever reach the hidden summit of yonder Mountain of Knowledge? Use but thine eyes and thou wilt see the foolishness of thine ambition, Nay," he added in a kinder

tone. "take counsel by me. At thine age I made the attempt, but the way was long, my feet slipped backward, the hill was steep. 'Tis impossible, impossible."

"Nothing is impossible" cried Raymond impetuously. "Come I pray thee, brother, go with me," and he laid his arm on Francis' shoulder. Francis shook off his brother's hand impatiently. "Go with thee on a fool's errand! Go thyself, I am content to remain here. Farewell, fair dreamer."

"Fare thee well, brother" was the answer, and Raymond went on his way.

\* \* \* \*

Upon a lonely peak stood the bent form of an old man with snowy hair. As he gazed down into the valley he saw, far, far below, a little cottage. "I wonder," he mused, "where Francis is now. Alas, what delights he has missed. I should never reach the summit, he said. No, it is yet beyond my sight, but I have reached great heights. Farewell, my brother, I must on and up; this is no fool's errand."

\* \* \* \*

The pilgrim's eye had grown dim and his staff shook in his hand, and yet the summit was not reached. He paused for breath and ere he could renew his journey he became conscious of a companion. "No more travelling, my pilgrim," said the stranger. "But I have not reached the goal," protested Raymond. "Not yet," was the answer, and with that he felt a cold kiss on his brow and he fell asleep. Then another form stole to the still pilgrim's side and placed her lips to his. He awoke at the kiss of Eternal Life and, behold, the summit was reached and the flood-light of pure Wisdom burst upon his view.

\* \* \* \*

Below in the valley Eternal Life sped, and gave her hand to the sleeping Francis, and he awoke to find all around him the same dull monotony.

M. LYLES, FORM VI.

#### The Wanderers' Club.

Our membership is slightly increased this term, and we hope for a still further increase as the summer comes on.

Our December Wander was to the Garrick Theatre to see *The Merchant of Venice*, when Miss Hanbidge and several Mistresses were present. As we enjoyed the play thoroughly and had very nice seats in the orchestral stalls, we had a splendid time there. This is the first time that the Club has

wandered to the Theatre and it was decidedly a success in every way.

B. SHADBOLT, FORM VI.

#### The Games' Club.

The number of members this term is 235, and the subscriptions, which we agreed to keep at 6d., amounted to £5 17s. 6d. We have had a good many Hockey and Net-Ball matches already, and there are more to come; this has been an unusually busy season for the Hockey team—the matches we have played so far are as follows:—

Oct. 26th	...	Net-Ball	...	Chelsea P.T. College	...	8—16
Nov. 18th	...	Hockey	...	Chelsea P.T. College	...	0—8
Nov. 28th	...	Hockey	...	Stockwell T. College	...	2—6
Dec. 1st	...	Net-Ball	...	James Allen's School	...	20—0
Dec. 2nd	...	Hockey	...	Coborn School	...	8—0
Jan. 23rd	...	Net-Ball	...	Chelsea P.T. College	...	6—11
Jan. 30th	...	Hockey	...	Lady Holles' School	...	2—2
Feb. 6th	...	Net-Ball	...	Walthamstow Club	...	10—3
Feb. 13th	...	Hockey	...	Ilford L.H. Club	...	0—11
Feb. 20th	...	Net-Ball	...	James Allen's School	...	8—0
Feb. 25th	...	Hockey	...	Chelsea P.T. College	...	0—4
Mar. 10th	...	Hockey	...	Commercial St. School	...	10—0

The Net-Ball Tournament was won by Form Lower III. in the Lower School and by Form V. in the Upper School.

We have begun going to Leyton again in full force on Tuesday afternoons, and very soon everyone will be practising for the sports. The Sports' meeting is to be held immediately, and we hope to gain from it some entirely fresh and exciting events for the programme.

FLOSSIE ROBINSON, FORM VI.,

Secretary.

#### Visit to the Charterhouse.

On a wet and windy Saturday in February a small party (seven in all) set out from the School to see the famous old buildings of the Charterhouse.

It may perhaps be as well to give some account of the place we were going to visit. The Charterhouse (Chartreuse, it should be) was once a Carthusian Monastery, founded by Sir Walter Manny. It flourished exceedingly till the time of the Reformation, when the monks were turned out and the prior hanged, owing mainly to his inability to conform with the views, matrimonial and religious, of Henry VIII. In 1607 the place was bought by one Thomas Sutton, who turned it into an almshouse for 15 "poor brethren," and a school for a certain number of boys. The boys' school has gone into the country, the "poor brethren" yet remain.

On arrival we found our guide in the chapel—a dimly-lit building, filled with quaint and beautiful carving. It contains a monument to Sutton, whose effigy, arrayed in Elizabethan puffs and tights, contemplates with satisfaction a representation of the “poor brethren” gathered in the chapel listening to a sermon (perhaps his own funeral sermon). The “brethren” still attend the service there, but the boys’ seats are empty and dusty.

Outside the chapel are tablets to the memory of some who were educated at the school—among others are the names of Havelock, Wesley and Thackeray.

Thence we went up a broad, shallow staircase, with a massive carved oak balustrade, into a room which had been occupied by Queen Elizabeth. It was large, the ceiling was exquisitely panelled, and it had a very elaborate fireplace which might almost accommodate a burning house. Yet the room seemed dreary—hung with grey-brown tapestry, crowded with life-size, stern-faced figures (which seemed to look resentfully at us—modern intruders), and lit by heavily leaded windows, through which one could only obtain diamond-shaped views of life. In a recess stood one of the boys’ dining tables; it was of substantial make—the fare might have consisted of a steam roller, without damage to the legs of the table.

In the library, a room filled with grave and learned books in solemn brown leather covers, our guide produced an 18th century Anatomy for our inspection. We were much impressed by the illustrations—especially by one of a gentle skeleton, who, in a modest and sprightly manner, was withdrawing the veil that had shaded his slender form. Here, too, was a very old map of London, in which not only the streets were represented, but also the citizens. In such rural retreats as Westminster and Whitechapel, the population seemed chiefly to consist of sundry strangely-shaped quadrupeds, mainly either pig-like sheep or sheep-like pigs.

Next we went to the dining hall (more carved oak), where the “old gentlemen,” as the “poor brethren” are now called, dine daily. The life of an “old gentleman” of the Charter-house is not without its advantages. They are provided with lodging, food and fire (250 tons of coal do they burn yearly), and 25 guineas annually as pocket money. Nurses are at hand, day and night, to attend to any ailment that may come upon them.

After this we went into the open air, through several beautifully kept quadrangles, and finally came to a peaceful-looking stretch of green turf. “Under here,” we were told,

“are hundreds and hundreds of ‘old gentlemen.’” The thought was startling—I came off the turf.

Some of the buildings of the actual monastery still stand though a great part of them has been re-faced; the stone crumbles like chalk. However, it is still thick—long may it stand.

After a very interesting hour we went out through heavy iron-barred gates, regretting that though, in the course of time, we shall probably become old ladies, we can never, alas, develop into “old gentlemen.”

M. M. L.

### Cot Work.

At Christmas, as in former years, we began our Cot work at the end of our examinations. A number of girls dressed dolls under the guidance of Miss Stent and Miss Stalley, but owing to want of time we did not complete so many little fairies as usual, though the division and drill rooms were hardly large enough to accommodate the busy dressmakers, and all the class-rooms were full of girls working hard at needlework, which was to cheer so many poor invalid children in the Hospital on Christmas Day.

A day or two before we broke up, the results of our labours were exhibited on the tables in the dining room. Among the dolls, I think the general favourite was the one given by Winnie Banks, an old girl. It was indeed beautiful, and splendidly dressed, and great praise is due to Winnie.

One girl had made entirely by herself a beautifully furnished room for Miss Daisy in “Daisy Villa,” and the mistress of this house must have been rich, for in her wardrobe were several silk frocks, and I am sure this present delighted our little patients.

We sent, besides, boxes of games and puzzles, scrap-books, sweets, musical toys, dolls’ cradles and bedsteads with baby occupants in night attire, woollen and india rubber balls, and magazines. A good stock of useful garments was made, including bibs, vests, scarves, petticoats, cloth and flannel stays, pinafores, overalls, dresses, hoods and socks.

In the letter from the Matron on receipt of the gifts, we learned that each child had received on Christmas morning a parcel containing a doll and a toy, while the big beauty is now the pet of the ward.

This year all the dolls were sent with names pinned on them, which was a nice idea.

We must congratulate Miss McCabe on her talent for making pretty little hats for our treasures the dolls. We hope that next year she will be able to spend more time with us.

The girls who went to the Christmas Festivity at the Metropolitan Hospital, on January 3rd, were able to see for themselves the joy and delight of the children as they received their presents from the tree.

The yearly contribution of £40 was sent to the Hospital early in the year, and Mr. Dean, Secretary to the Hospital, sent a letter of thanks in the name of the Governors.

Weekly visits have been paid to the Hospital by the Forms during the term. Appended is the list of occupants since the last issue:—

Name.	Age.	Disease.	Admitted.	Discharged.	Result.
Albert Davison ...	1½ years.	Malnutrition.	Oct. 17...	Nov. 3...	Died.
William Perry ...	11 mos.	Bronchitis.	Nov. 6...	Nov. 21...	"
James Carey ...	4 years.	{ Broncho- Pneumonia. }	Nov. 23...	Dec. 18...	Cured.
James Edwards ...	4 years.	Pneumonia.	Dec. 18...	Jan. 6...	"
Herbert Perry ...	5 years.	Pneumonia.	Jan. 11...	Feb. 1...	"
Albert Mears ...	4 years.	Operation.	Feb. 2...	— ...	"

DORIS SPEIGHT, FORM V.

### The Autobiography of a Daisy.

The evening was coming on fast, and I closed my petals and went to sleep. When morning came I awoke to find myself doubled up by someone standing on me, and I heard a small voice exclaiming—"Oh, Mary, don't; you are standing on the last daisy." Immediately I was released, and stood upright to be viewed and to glisten once more in the light of the sun. Then I smiled at the dear little face of Mary as she stooped to kiss me. All children love me, because, when I peep out of mother earth they know that Spring with all its joy is coming, and soon will follow summer, and the holidays, that speak of long happy hours at the seaside.

Mary was poetical, and murmured—"Dear, sweet, modest little flower, shall we leave you here to whisper of joy to all who look so low, or shall we pick you to be a pleasure to one poor little sick maid who lies day after day in a small room with no sight of anything but bare walls and dreary chimney pots?" Snap! Snap! I thought my life was going, and I curled up my leaves once more in sad dismay. But then I heard a wee voice murmur, "Oh! Oh!" and a little hand touched me. I took courage and raised my head, to see a flash of sweetest joy illumine the white, worn face of one who would never see the daisies grow. In that one look I lived and died, content to think that I had not lived my life in vain.

DOROTHY QUIN, FORM LOWER IVA.

### The Old Girls' Association.

A Meeting of the Old Girls' Association was held on January 29th.

Although I have not had a very long experience as an Old Girl, I believe most "Old Girls" will agree with me when I say that this is the most enjoyable meeting of the year. It is just far enough away from Christmas to be a pleasant break in the duties to which we have settled down, and near enough to revive a "Christmassy" feeling which greatly helps towards the success of the evening.

The cards of invitation asked us to spend 1*d.* as profitably as possible, and to bring the result with us.

An inspection of the "pennyworths" by about 90 people, should have taught as many people how to become rich. It is really much cheaper to live than you would think.

You can lunch on sandwiches for a penny, or, if you are a vegetarian, you can quite easily make a vegetable soup at the same price. You can have tea and biscuits for one penny, and (surely those of you who work in cold offices or school rooms, or who remember a winter in the old Sixth Form room before the advent of the new stove, have made a special note of this), you can make a fire with no greater expense. And last, but not least, you can glean quite a wide education by an assiduous and intelligent study of the wonderful educational works which can be bought for one penny.

Many of the pennies were so well spent that it was a difficult matter to vote. There were deep problems to be thought out. Was it better to buy a "Via Latina" than a large piece of bread and a solid triangle of salt?—or, perhaps the penny that purchased 15 potatoes and a bloater was laid out to greater advantage than either of these two? However, these difficult questions were settled at last, and after supper, not by any means the least delightful part of the evening, the prizes were distributed.

I think that I enjoyed supper-time best of all. Perhaps I had better give my reasons for this statement, or I may be misunderstood. At supper-time, I found most time (strangely enough) for discovering old friends and talking to them. And, after all, to provide opportunities of doing that is one of the chief aims of the Association.

AN OLD GIRL.

### Une Réunion Française.

La dernière réunion de la Société Académique avait lieu mercredi le 31 Janvier. Cela nous plaisait beaucoup d'apprendre que Monsieur Laffan allait nous donner une causerie; nous

étions certaines d'avance qu'elle serait belle, mais en effet c'était encore plus beau que nous n'attendions.

Monsieur Laffan nous parla de ses souvenirs d'enfance, des jours quand il jouait comme tous les petits enfants, avec une bêche et un seau, aussi bien que de ses promenades avec sa bonne et comment une fois il était séparé d'elle dans une grande foule.

Monsieur Laffan nous disait qu'il aime la France comme sa patrie et que c'est pour lui le plus beau pays du monde. Il aime surtout Paris où il demeurait pendant quelques années.

En venant en Angleterre Monsieur Laffan était très frappé de la manière dont les écoles Anglaises sont dirigées.

Il finissait en disant quelle chose admirable ce serait si tous les peuples du monde s'unissaient par une "entente internationale"! et il nous pria de faire tout ce que nous pourrions pour que cette "entente" ait lieu un jour d'un bout du monde à l'autre.

Alors Monsieur Leakey remercia Monsieur Laffan pour nous avoir donné un si charmant discours en disant qu'en imagination il s'était transporté à Paris pendant que Monsieur Laffan parlait et que pour ceux qui aimait Paris, Paris était là en personne.

Monsieur Laffan répondit qu'il s'était donné beaucoup de plaisir d'être venu en ami parce qu'autrefois il se croyait "l'Ogre de l'école."

MAY SOLDAN.

#### The Castle of the Crag.

The old castle is a beautiful picture on moonlight nights, when the full moon floods her amber light on the mouldering walls and battlements, casting weird shadows upon the dark sea which breaks at the foot of the crags.

No one cares to go near the old castle either by day or night, but the time when it is most dreaded is in the long nights of winter, when the ocean foams and frets and the strong, north wind goes howling through the forsaken stronghold.

None of the villagers would go near the castle on a Christmas Eve for a fortune, for then Sir Ralph's ghost paces the ruinous apartments, still hung with tattered tapestry, and the Lady Edith follows, weeping because her task is still undone.

Legend has it that Sir Ralph, the last of his line, became a Crusader without his wife's knowledge; and would have

departed by night with his train, but the Lady Edith heard them arming in the courtyard and looked from her bower. She saw the glint of steel in the moonlight and her husband's floating pennon, which she had embroidered. A raven croaked thrice and the waning moon shone red. In the morning Sir Ralph had left his castle for ever.

The Lady Edith heard strange news from an aged pilgrim, that Sir Ralph had deserted the Banner of the Cross and joined the Saracens. Upon this she put on a knight's armour, and taking the remainder of the men-at-arms, went to seek her husband. They met, unknown to each other, in a battle fought on Christmas Eve, and fell by each other's hand.

Since then the castle has been deserted, save for the owls and bats.

This is the castle legend, as sad as the old ruin itself, as it stands, all forsaken by the wintry sea.

W. TODD, LOWER IVA.

#### In and Out of the Library.

##### *Kubla Khan.*

Up to the present, the remarks in this column have been devoted to Tennyson, and although the famous Laureate will excel all favourable, and outlive all unfavourable, criticism, perhaps, for the sake of variety, it would be as well to discuss some other poet.

Of all the poets, Samuel Taylor Coleridge is not the least imaginative. Who has not been thrilled by the wierd charm of *The Ancient Mariner*? Equally, perhaps even more, charming is the shorter poem, *Kubla Khan*.

Possibly the story of the poem is not too well known to be briefly repeated. One day Coleridge, being slightly indisposed, had taken, as prescribed, a soothing draught. He was reading at the time *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, and the last words he read before he fell asleep were—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." In his sleep the image, of which the resultant poem is but a fragment, appeared to the poet. On awaking, he at once began to write down his dream, but while doing so he was interrupted by business matters, and on his return he found he could recall only a few details of the vision.

The reader of the poem regrets the interruption, as did Coleridge. With such a wonderful and beautiful fragment, what could the dream itself have been? So well chosen are

the words, that even the least imaginative person can picture the sacred river, which ran—

“Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.”

As we read further, we see the “gardens bright,” and breathe the very perfume of “the incense-bearing tree,” and we stand on the outskirts of those—

“Forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.”

The description of the chasm fills us with fear and admiration. We can follow the swift river, and hear its dull thud as it sinks into a “lifeless ocean.”

Who can describe the dome of pleasure as Coleridge does? His very words are music, thrilling yet soothing. The heated head feels a sense of delicious coolness as the words are heard—

“It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.”

Coleridge lamented his inability to complete the picture. To him the poem was undoubtedly but the shadow of the vision. We who see it for the first time cannot see the missing stones. The poet regretted that he could not build the dome in air, but he has erected an ever-remaining and ever-beautiful ice palace in the imagination of his readers.

C. H.

#### Competition Page.

We print 10 unfinished quotations from well-known authors, and should like to complete them in our next issue.

Any girls wishing to enter for the Competition must put into an envelope their finished quotations, with author and name of work, and with 1d., and place the envelope in the Editor's box, as soon as possible after the issue of this number.

A prize will be given to the Competitor who gets the largest number of quotations right.

#### Unfinished quotations.

After life's fitful fever —  
How sharper than —  
Sleep that knits up —  
In peace there's nothing —  
Sweet are the uses —  
A thing of beauty —  
We are such stuff —  
There is some soul of goodness —  
I could not love thee, dear, so much —  
They'll take suggestion —

#### The Old and the New.

Peace! On the moor the snow is gently falling!  
Sleep, O sad earth, the night is drawing near!  
O'er the white plain the winter spirits calling,  
Tell of the glories of the dying year!

Joy! On the moor the harebell blue is springing!  
Wake! In the east the sun is rising bright!  
On every tree the happy birds are singing,  
And all around is love and life and light!

W. TODD, LOWER IVA.

#### Form Notes.

In our room we have an aquarium, in it are some snails and newts, which live amongst the water weeds. We have two hyacinth bulbs, one is pink and one is white. We have some acorns in our room, but they have not begun to grow yet.

Early this Term we went to see the sea gulls near Blackfriars Bridge, and we fed them with sprats. The sea gulls flew by very quickly and caught them in their beaks.

We also went to a Museum, and saw some butterflies and some sea creatures, and two beautiful green lizards.

Now we are looking forward to Easter, when a good many in the Form are going away to the country.

EDITH WALKER, FORM I.

At the beginning of the Term some of the girls from our Form went to feed the sea gulls.

Our Form and the First Form had a Lantern Lecture on February 13th, about our History, and it was very nice.

Our Class Room looks very nice with the bulbs and the acorns, which are growing very quickly, and we have a little man's head; he has a hole on the top of his head, and very soon he will have a lot of grass on him. It sticks straight up, but he has not much at present.

D. JONES, FORM II.

Early in the Term we went to the Thames Embankment to feed the gulls. They are very clever in catching the fish; they will eat bread, but they like fish best. In our class room this Term we have a big map of London. We wrote in our books the names of all the green places we know. Then our Science Mistress coloured the places on the map. We are growing a Horse Chestnut Twig and an Elm Twig at home. It is very interesting to watch them growing.

LOIS BIDDLE, FORM UPPER II.



We came back to School to find a grand surprise awaiting us.

We found our old friend and teacher Miss Warham had come back to teach us. Of course we were sorry to lose Miss Haes, but we were pleased to see Miss Warham.

We had an expedition to feed the gulls, on the Embankment. The gulls seemed very hungry and many of our pennies were quickly changed for sprats. Fortunately we had a nice day, so we went for a pleasant stroll by the River.

We have tried an experiment in Science and we think ourselves rather big after that.

We have a sweet little picture called "Play-fellows" which Miss Hanbidge kindly gave us. We have planted some bulbs and twigs which are now in full bloom.

Last week we had a match against Form Upper II. As luck would have it our best player, S. Shure, was absent; but for all our captain's grumblings we managed to beat them 5 to 0.

We are going to play against Form III. next Friday, and we hope they will have the same luck as Form Upper II.

D. FREUDENHEIM, FORM LOWER III.

This Term there is nothing of a very startling nature to record about our Form. Our Form Mistress, Miss Bell, left last Term, and is engaged to be married, and our Form sends her its heartiest congratulations. We are very glad to welcome Miss Mortimer in her place.

We have had our usual excursions to the fields at Leyton, where we scamper about on the grass and enjoy ourselves with various games.

On March 9th there was a Basket Ball match between Form Lower III. and our team, and it resulted in their winning, as they got 3 goals to our 2. It was a very exciting game, and enjoyed both by the players and the spectators.

The best outing we had this Term was on the 6th of February, when Miss Mortimer took us all to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where we saw all kinds of natural things, ranging from a huge skeleton of a Diplodocus, which has a tremendous long tail, down to a fragile flower. There were other curiosities of interest to look upon, but pressure of time would not permit us to remain long enough to note them all.

Two bulbs are being grown in our Class Room, and we draw them regularly each week, and by so doing we are able to notice their daily growth.

ETHEL LINCHE, FORM III.

This Term has been very busy; so busy indeed, that we did not realise how quickly we were nearing the Half-Term.

We have been to the Tower, and enjoyed our visit very much, for it was extremely interesting. We saw the cold, gloomy old dungeons, and did not particularly envy the people who once had to spend their days in those abodes.

The Basket-Ball Tournament has begun, and though we have been rather unlucky we have some excuse, for we are younger than all the other Forms in the Upper School, and therefore are not as skilful in the game as those above us.

Miss Neild gave us an interesting Lantern Lecture one Tuesday afternoon, which we all liked very much, as it was on Early English History.

The Perry picture frame in the hall also helps us very much in forming ideas of the buildings and implements of our Scripture and History periods.

STELLA BOLTON, FORM UPPER III.

Since last we wrote our Form Notes, we have been for two specially interesting expeditions.

Towards the end of last Term Miss Neild took us to the Greek and Roman Collection at the British Museum, where we spent a very enjoyable and instructive afternoon. While there we all had to sketch one of the specimens to be seen in these rooms.

This Term we have been to the Tower of London—that place so full of historical treasures, that on every visit we find something fresh to attract us.

We were shewn the stairs under which the two little Princes, Edward V. and Richard of York, were buried, and we also visited the dungeons, which were very dreary. Standing here one thinks of the terrible lives some of those led who were imprisoned within these walls, especially those who were imprisoned in "Little Ease," in which a man could not lie down.

We have been very unfortunate with our Net-Ball this Term, but hope that our team will be more fortunate in its next struggle.

Our Flower Club is still in a flourishing condition, though our efforts to persuade our plants to grow have not been very successful.

We have got together a team for Bean Bags and hope to be successful when we challenge other Forms.

We have a delightful book to read this Term for the Bishop's prize—"The Caged Lion"—a historical tale of the time of Henry V. and his prisoner James I. of Scotland.

We had a most enjoyable time at our Christmas Party, and were pleased that the prize for the prettiest dress in the Upper School came to our Form.

HILDA DYKE, FORM UPPER IIIA.

The beginning of the Term was not very eventful, but towards the Half-term we had a debate on "Whether we should have homework or not." Miss Hamilton said that we *ought* to have homework, as it prevented the little girls (meaning us—a great insult indeed!) from prowling round the streets at night, as if we ever did such a thing! The debate resulted in a good majority for *no* homework. We also had a very interesting lecture from Miss Nathan on "Holland." She showed us several curiosities, such as the shoes, or clogs, that the Dutch wear, a miniature milk can of the kind they use, and some very good paintings of the country and people.

Just after the Half-term we had a visit from Mr. Christie, who came in our drawing lesson, and was very much amused at the various attempts, in drawing, to make foreign people understand what we wanted to eat in their country when we could not speak their language. Mr. Christie said if what he saw in our drawings was all we wanted to live on, we should certainly starve.

We have been to the Cot, and found a little boy in our bed. There was also another little boy who pretended to be very shy, but was very noisy and talkative when we induced him at last to peep at "them gerls," as he called us, from underneath his blanket.

We have had several Net-Ball matches. The first one, against the Upper III., we won; the others—well, the less said about them the better.

Lower IVb. has had a Lantern Lecture on "The Rhine," given by Miss Leopard. It was illustrated by many pretty and interesting views, and Miss Leopard told them many old and

curious legends connected with the Rhine. One legend was about the "Lorelei Rock," and tells about a beautiful maiden who used to sit on the top of the rock, which was very high, and sing to lure sailors to destruction. They came near the rock to hear the singing, and were caught in a whirlpool.

H. M. HARVEY, FORM LOWER IVA.

E. QUARMBY, " IVB.

We came back with our minds made up to work very hard. Some of us are going in for Probationer Scholarships, and if the result is good, it will be published in our next.

We have visited the Metropolitan Hospital, and there have seen the children who cannot enjoy the best thing in this world—health.

We have had a debate on co-education and some honourable members spoke so well that they gave new ideas to some of us. The result was a large majority for co-education.

CLARA BIRNBERG, FORM IVB.

At last the time has come again to write Form Notes, and I have to relate the adventures of Form IVA.

Our Form has been to the Cot, but I am told that they did not see our own baby, which was a great pity.

We have had two very interesting debates this Term, and the subjects were:—

- (1) Should women wear rational dress?
- (2) Is co-education good?

On the former subject some very amusing speeches were made, and some of the "honourable members" were so much excited that the Chairman's (D. Archer's) work was not easy. The result of the voting was that the "noes" carried the day. In the latter debate, the "ayes" had the advantage.

We are glad to say that IVA. has been on the Monday List several times.

One Tuesday, Miss Blake took us to the South Kensington Natural History Museum, and amongst various interesting things, we saw a model of the skeleton of the Diplodocus.

Our Net-Ball is getting on favourably, and although we were beaten by Forms V. and VI., we defeated Lower IV. and

Upper III. We fought hard against the Sixth, and the result was 3-1.

G. F. HODSOLL, FORM IVA.

When we came back to School this Term we found that we had the same breezy quarters as we had last Term—the Art Room. It presents a somewhat tidier appearance, for we have our new desks—a rather heavy responsibility.

There is little to chronicle this Term; we are working as hard as possible, for the Pupil Teachers' Examination awaits us at the end of the Term; we hope that results will shew that we have made some progress. Perspective remains still a great puzzle to us: it seems to consist of a startling number of straight lines going in all directions, and of a mysterious thing called a Picture Plane.

At the beginning of the Term we had a terrifying, though interesting, Lecture on "Germs," and after it was over, some of us vowed never to eat cheese or drink milk again, but time has lessened our fears, and we take milk, at any rate, at lunch-time.

We are very glad that we were successful in the Basket Ball Tournament, and that the Trophy, after staying for one year with the Sixth, returns to its old Form. We are now looking forward to the Sports' Day, when we shall receive it formally.

MAGGIE CHITTENDEN, FORM V.

Miss Machell desires to return thanks, in the name of Form V., for the small Camera presented to the Room by "Somebody." We hope, later on, by its means to be able to publish some really life-like snapshots.

The gift was accompanied by the following lines—lines of such beauty that they should be read by all—

"You said we pulled faces  
And horrid grimaces  
Enough to make you turn white.  
Your greatest delight would be  
These faces on photos to see—  
That would be indeed a grand sight!  
I herewith present unto you  
This Cam'ra for taking a view  
Of the next horrid face  
That appears in this place—  
May it give endless pleasure to you!"

[*Editors' Note.*—It is with great pleasure that we print the above poem, which has this merit—that it is an absolutely

spontaneous effusion, evidently flowing straight from the heart of "Somebody," and breathing pleasure in every line.

If it be true, as one of our poets hath it, that—

"What poets feel not, when they make  
A pleasure in creating,  
The world, in its turn, will not take  
Pleasure in contemplating."—

May we not suppose that the converse is true, and predict for the work of this unknown author a glorious future, her verse living not alone in the hearts of her schoolfellows, but in those of every lover of true poetry? Hearty congratulations to "Somebody," who, with the modesty of true genius, prefers to remain unknown. Have not some of our greatest authors—Edmund Spenser and George Eliot, to instance only two—begun anonymously? We hope that in our next number we shall have the pleasure of publishing another poem from the pen of this gifted authoress, and that with her next work she will reveal her identity.]

Again this Term we have to record a growth in numbers. With the return of the Pupil Teachers our Form developed into one of about forty scholars—such a Sixth as has never been known before in the history of the Central Foundation School. It is needless to say that we had to have another removal. For this Term and probably for the next as well (but who knows what may happen to swell our ranks, for we are certainly a growing Form), we are encamped in the two kindergarten rooms, now made one by drawing back the partition. The partition has one great advantage; we have no longer to leave our room for various lessons but can easily separate into two divisions.

We are now seized with a new terror. We have been told that the School is to be examined again by Dr. Mary, and although her last visit was not at all dreadful we are again overwhelmed with nervousness. However, we know that, in this case, present fears are less than horrible imaginings, and we have resolved to face the ordeal bravely.

We had welcomed the Spring Term as the best of the year, there being no dreaded examinations to look forward to at its close; but, on account of those who intend to become Pupil Teachers, who are to take their examination at School, the whole Form has to go through the regular Term examinations.

Though the Term has been busy enough there has been little of such outstanding importance as to be worthy of

mention in the Form Notes. The only exciting event was the Net-Ball Tournament, just concluded. As to the result—well, we leave that to the Fifth Form to record, and offer them our congratulations on their victory.

M. LYLES, FORM VI.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Our Chronicle" from the Skinners' School.

#### Editors' Note.

The Editors wish to take this opportunity of offering their heartiest thanks to the School generally for the consideration which has been shown in the matter of the Editors' Box. They are assured that the singular dearth of contributions to the *Magazine* this Term, and the almost total lack of response to the appeal for prize stories, cannot, among 400 girls, be due to inability either to think or to clothe thought in appropriate language. It must then be due to a kindly wish on the part of the School to lighten the labours of the Editors by giving them as little material as possible upon which to exercise their critical faculties. But this is a cruel kindness, for do not faculties rust for want of use? And is it not true that the more delicate the organism the more easily it is destroyed? The capacity for self-sacrifice is a beautiful thing—far be it from the Editors to check or hinder its growth in any way—but they do urge you most strongly not to cultivate your talent for self-sacrifice at the expense of their faculty for criticism. Picture to yourselves the feelings of a conscientious Editor who makes daily—daily, do we say? nay, hourly—pilgrimages to the box in the vain hope of finding an article there, and who draws therefrom nothing but dust. It is a picture to draw tears from a stone, and nothing but contributions will prevent such an overturning of all the laws of natural history.

