

1919

The Kookaburra



P.L.C. Dec 1919

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The Kookaburra.

DECEMBER. 1919.

Editorial.

It has been thought advisable to bring our magazine out a little earlier this year, and we hope to have it in print before the worry of the public examinations begins (although this began long ago for some people).

This year has been a very successful one for our school. The number of girls enrolled has greatly increased, and now we are a typical Public School—with girls of all sorts, sizes, and shapes.

We have also had a change of teachers this year. We were very sorry to lose Miss Wade, who has gone to Sydney, Miss Hall, who deserted us for married life, and Miss Breeze, who has returned to England.

We take this opportunity of welcoming new mistresses, Miss Nicholson, Miss Goadby, Miss Coutts, Miss Warner, and Miss Armstrong, who are fairly well accustomed to our school life by now.

Early in the year great excitement was caused by the roof of the top dormitory being blown off, and parts of various schoolrooms being damaged. However, the repairs have long been finished, and we hope the roof will not take another holiday for some time, as dormitories without roofs cause considerable discomfort.

The next excitement was caused by the declaration of Peace. Most of the boarders were out with parents or friends on that occasion.

It was a great relief to know that Peace was at last signed, but the spontaneous rejoicing of the Armistice seemed to be absent on Peace Day, although everyone who witnessed the display of fireworks on the Esplanade at night must have enjoyed the scene to the fullest extent.

Since the signing of the Armistice we have experienced a good deal of internal trouble in Australia. This is partly a consequence of the War, and therefore, we think, inevitable, but we hope that this struggle of class against class will soon end and that our people will be altogether at peace with one another, as befits a democratic country like our own.

Studying seems to be the most popular hobby since our return this term. The Public Examinations are fast approaching, and seem very terrifying to the candidates for the certificates.

We are entering a fair number of girls this year for the Junior Certificate, and take this opportunity to tell them that it is their duty to pass.

It seems very hard-hearted to bother these creatures of learning for such trifles as form notes, contributions, and the like. These certainly must be a nuisance at this time of the year, and the Editor wishes to thank all those who have contributed so well to make this magazine a success—and to scold those who have not).

We also thank Miss Nicholson, who has the strenuous duty of the censor.

This is the last year at school for many of us, and, as the end of the term draws near, this fact causes much serious thought.

In these times there are few of us whose career is ended at the close of our schooldays, and there are so many branches of learning, so many professions and arts for women, that some of us have very much to look forward to, although leaving school is such a melancholy business at the time.

Form Notes.

FORM I.

Dear Editor,—

I assure you that Form I. is far too uninteresting to scrape up notes from, but we will do our best. One Form I.-ite informed our part of the world that Stirling is noted for "sterling silver." We can't prove that this is true, but we do know that Birmingham is navigable, because we have the word of "Wise Solomon" for it. While reading Kenilworth we came to a part which says that the Earl of Sussex was unbraced after his long illness. When asked the meaning of this, one girl said that it meant his braces were undone (?). While in Form I. we learnt that Lady Jane Grey had three children, Queen Elizabeth, Henry IX., and Edward (who was very clever).

After the first term of the year Miss Breeze, our form mistress, left us, and we were all very sorry to lose her. Miss Breeze's place was taken by Miss Coutts and Miss Armstrong. Together they continue to improve our knowledge and our minds (?). We would not like to say whether or not their efforts are successful; I think we will leave that for them to decide. Our "Spook" of Form I. (who, by the way, is not exactly ghostly and creepy) is leaving us at Christmas. We will all be very sorry to lose her. One girl has just discovered that the Niagara Falls sprout out of the ground and then fall back again. Another brilliant specimen said that "fish" were found on the ground in the middle of the Canadian prairies!

On the whole I think we have learnt an enormous amount this year, and are needing holidays badly, because some of us will have to recover from "brain fog," a common complaint!!

We now wish the Editor a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from
FORM I. B.C.

FORM I.A.

Form I.A. has had a very pleasant year. We think ourselves very lucky to have such a patient form mistress, as "snails are fast compared with our brains."

Our most brilliant subject is English. We have become so desperate that we now produce compositions like "Penny Horribles," as our mistress remarks. In a composition on "Queen Elizabeth's Entry into Kenilworth Castle," a few girls made mistakes such as these:—"Elizabeth was beautifully dressed and she rode a milk-white steed with Leicester on her right hand!" "Flibbertigiblet inserted a long, thin, pointed, peculiar-shaped article called a pin in a tender spot on the giant's leg!" "When Elizabeth arrived at the outer gate she saw the giant sitting on a stone overcome with liquor!"

Another of our good subjects is Geometry. We have just learnt to use the compass in bisecting a straight line, and some of us are not quite sure what a protractor is used for.

Where are the little snakes and dogs which used to haunt the desks? Did they find the "wisdom" of the questions with which their owners ply the teachers too much for their small brains? or are they still listening and wondering "how one small head could carry all they know." We hope everybody will have as jolly a Christmas as we intend to.
M.O.

FORM I.B.

Dear Editor,—

As you seem to require notes from every form, we shall have to tax our weary brains in order to think of some. Our form is truly a brainy one, consisting of twenty-three wonderfully intelligent (?) girls. If you can't quite believe this, just come along during the time when we are having one of our shining lessons, such as French or Arithmetic. You will be quite convinced then.

One of our brainiest girls is able to describe to us the curious phantom snake mentioned in Kenilworth

We have lately been informed by an equally brilliant collegian that seals are caught for their skins on the Laurentian Plateau.

Some girls are particularly clever at drawing biology diagrams. One girl was told that her drawing of a rizome looked as if it might be a new kind of beetle.

That an axiom is a plane figure bounded by one side is the latest thing we have learnt from our leading geometrician. A certain girl finds a kilometre a very useful instrument for measuring diameters.

Before closing, we wish to thank all our mistresses for all they have done for us during the past year, and especially our form mistress, Miss Armstrong.

Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and the brightest of New Years.
L.M.L.



Swimming Team — R. DOWNER, M. McMILLAN, M. OLDHAM,
J. McCONAGHY, G. MILEY, E. ANDREWS.

FORM III.

Dear Editor,—

We have quite a large class this year, and most of them are day girls—just the opposite to last year, when the boarders reigned supreme.

These day girls cause quite a stir in the afternoon, running to catch the 3.30 train. We think there must be some attraction about that train.

Our lessons were going on very much as usual until the Junior forms were produced. The signing of those notes was like hanging heavy weights around the necks of the members of Form III.

Algebra is causing a little trouble lately. We have great difficulty with the signs. But this fault must be overlooked, as we are not all born mathematicians.

Our English is more hopeful, although some girls find it very amusing. It is surprising what will amuse some people.

During an English Grammar lesson, a brilliant pupil informed us that auxiliary verbs are those that are conjugated with avoir and etre. We all see this joke. This same girl was heard to say that she knew more about French Grammar than English. After reading the above, we begin to think so.

Form IV. honours us with its lordly presence every Friday at French. We appreciate these visits, if they don't.

Geography does not seem to be a popular subject for the Junior. It would have been alone in its glory, if the teacher had not interfered. As it was, we lost one of our most promising members, and just saved another.

This dreadful Junior seems to have frightened all the poetry out of the fair head of one of our members.

Form III. room is not popular with the members of the lower school. Some of the more unruly ones have been quite frequent inmates of late.

Some weeks ago we were taken up to Darlington on a botanical excursion, which was both enjoyable and instructive. We congratulate Miss Nicholson on the way she conducts these excursions.

We have been learning many new things in History lately. One, that Alfred the Great died in 1901. Poor man, he must have lived, as the novelists say, to "a ripe old age."

Also, we have not been having many "North Pole" answers lately. This looks hopeful. One pupil in our class is trying to convince us that a corde is a cord.

Wish us luck for the Junior.—Yours sincerely,

FORM III.

FORM IV.

Form IV. has at last come into existence, but, unfortunately, we are not quite the largest class in the P.L.C. In fact sometimes we are rather small or even "non est." As yet we have no room of our own.

A. Tennis Team.—A. PLAISTOWE, M. STEWART, R. DOWNER, M. COOKE.





A. Tennis Team.—A. PLAISTOWE, M. STEWART, R. DOWNER, M. COOKE.

We use other people's, and may even be found in the summer house or on the path grubbing after knowledge.

Our homework is usually well prepared (?), but this is probably due to the heat. One young lady, being the editoress of this magazine, appears to imagine herself wholly exempt from homework. We surmise this from the fact that for the last three weeks she has hardly prepared a lesson.

On Fridays we take French with Form III., greatly to their amusement, but, unfortunately, our presence seems hardly to be appreciated. Our History and English are, we fear, much to be deplored, but in Physics we make up for all deficiencies. In the science-room we sit for hours counting the swings of a pendulum or enjoying the odorous whiffs which proceed from numerous glass bottles. We regret to say that our Mathematics are rather impossible, but our History is usually excellent (?). From these notes it may be gathered that we are really clever, although this can only be said in confidence.

We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C. McL.

Junior Notes.

Dear Editor,—

At last we have come to the end of our school year, and are eagerly looking forward to a long holiday in a few weeks.

As you have not seen us lately, we will try to tell you a little about ourselves.

We are very well advanced in arithmetic, you will be pleased to hear. We can now multiply by three and six correctly. There is no more multiplying five by nine and finding it comes to nine, as some of us did in the exam.

Composition is a favourite subject with us. We are rapidly becoming expert at writing composition on animals. One girl's puppy was very mischievous, with his eyes shut, and was able to go for a run, eat bones, and do anything also. He must have been a wonderful pup.

Also notice is given, by a smart girl, to animal students, that kangaroos live in burrows.

Geography is made very interesting for us, by several girls. We were told just lately by a promising scholar, that the icebergs float about in the sky. She also told us that ostriches are reared in South Africa for their oil. Another pretty girl said that emus, peacocks, and eagles are reared in the Barbary States for their feathers.

History is "boring" for some of us. We are talking of politics, and find them dull and uninteresting.

Battle and riots always find favour with us. Perhaps we are bloodthirsty, but those things are a change after dull politics. We like to hear about Nelson, Wellington, and the other brave men of their

time. One day one of our much-loved but not very clever chums was asked to tell how Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar. She made a desperate attempt, and said that Nelson played the Spanish Fleet around the bay.

Most of us can speak French now, and like it immensely. One or two of us are great geniuses, and get as much as minus one for translation. Those of us that get such a high mark are only giving the others a chance. They can afford to lose marks, and will exert themselves in the exams.

We have a fair idea of sewing, and now are making a nightdress case. A few of us like to be grubbing under the desk pretty often, and the sewing does not improve. There are some of us that sew backwards, but those are clever girls.

Drawing causes much laughter often. Some of us draw only crooked lines, and that makes it awkward for us to draw a poker.

Sports is what we like, and are becoming champion tennis players. Tennis will soon give place to swimming, and we will have fine times.

Now, dear Editor, time and space are valuable, and we must end.

With best wishes for a bright Christmas and a happy new year.
—We are yours,

THE JUNIORS.

Boarders' Notes.

TOP DORM. NOTES.

This is the first time that notes from us have appeared in the magazine, and we sincerely hope it won't be the last.

It has also been a very happy year, and we hope that next year will continue so.

At the beginning of last term a busy little breeze blew an awful storm and took our roof away with it. It might be funny to think back on, but at the time it was very tragic. We wish to advise our many friends that when they again pay us a visit they might respectfully knock at the front door, instead of on the roof.

During last term some of our dorm-mates left us on account of the 'flu, but we are glad to be able to welcome them all back again this term.

We have some splendid "dress-ups," and many of us make weird and wonderful men, especially "Spook," who thinks that a red tie suits her complexion. "Muff" would make a splendid Mrs. Gamp if she would only consent to the position.

We are glad that a door has been erected for our convenience, because when ever it rained two poor drowned rats used to emerge from their cubicles in the early hours, seeking shelter.

Dreaming on birthday cake is quite the fashion now, and some of the results are amazing.

Cubicles are a wonderful improvement, inasmuch that you are supposed to be private, but your neighbours generally stand and watch you in the state of deshabelle.

These last two terms we have had a prefect to keep us company in our dorm, but at times we wish her further. (Sorry, Freddie.)

Some girls like having showers in the morning, especially with shoes and stockings on.

We have a grasshopper hopping round our dormitory, irritating people. This grasshopper is also rather fond of "money." Corsets are very cheap, and we also have a movable missionary box, just after "lights out."

The rise in the price of bread can easily be accounted for, as some girls are very fond of diving into flour bags.

Some girls evidently seem to think they are ginger beer bottles, but other people don't.

We have never used the "fire escape" yet, and hope we never shall, but it often looks very tempting to some people.

We are very sorry to have to say "au revoir" to some of our top dorm. friends this year, but we must now close by wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year. K.C.

LOWER DORMITORY NOTES.

Hearty congratulations to the weeklies in the success of Miss Scorgie's party. It was a great surprise, and we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, including the mistresses.

We have a most loquacious weekly in our dorm, who has a knack of saying things in the wrong place. One morning at six o'clock, in the dark of the stairs, she met one who she thought was her friend wearing a boudoir cap. Thinking a joke was being played on her, she said: "Where did you get it?" with an affectionate clap on the shoulder. This friend turned out to be the mistress on practice duty. The same person rushed to the wash-basins in a terrible hurry, and grabbed the soap, which she saw there, saying: "Give's a rub." This soap belonged to the same old friend of the stairs. We pride ourselves on having the best behaved dormitory and also the nicest, jolliest set of girls. Although we are called the "Saints" we enjoy ourselves just the same.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and we are all feeling very sad that this is the last quarter of our prefect. We hope she will have every success in her future life.

The roses in the garden are in full bloom. Every night their sweet scent is drafted through our dormitory

We hope everyone will have as merry a Christmas as we expect to have. K.B.

"SMALL DORM."

Dear Editor,—

Twelve months have passed since we have told you anything about our small folks. We were nineteen in number at the beginning of the year, but several changes have been made and we have been reduced to sixteen.

One of our little ones informed us, a short time ago, that a wedding breakfast is held on the morning after the wedding.

We are sorry to say we have lost our "Wise Solomon" this term, but I am afraid she showed up our ignorance rather too much while she was with us.

Several of our small beings find it extremely difficult to keep their tongues at rest during the early hours of the morning. We others are always sound in "dreamland" when they let their secrets out. We wish they would let us know, before-hand, when they intend doing so.

Another of our dreamy creatures does not think twenty minutes long enough to put on a coat to go to practice in, so she wakes six girls up at eleven p.m., thus giving them seven hours.

When we make a wee bit too much noise and are told our dorm. is like Bedlam, our punishment is "No speaking in the dormitory for a whole week." It is the worst punishment that has befallen us, so far, and hope we shall soon have learnt to be quiet.

Not so many beds have been broken this year. Maybe it is because they are cast-iron, and unbreakable.

Well, Miss Editor, I think, as we are such a good family, and have few faults to tell you, I shall now say adieu, wishing you and all our readers the Compliments of the Season. E.B.

Sports Notes.

This year, we have the benefit of three new tennis courts. Although they are gravel, they are very good. These, with the two grass courts, make a total of five. Each Wednesday afternoon the Senior School has sports. There is great disappointment if the weather is too wet to use the courts. The "A" and "B" teams have the use of the grass courts when they please. The Junior School has sports on Thursday afternoons.

We have been more successful in our sports this year. The "A" team for the first term was A. Plaistowe (captain), M. Stewart, C. Dods, and D. Male. For the second term the "A" team was A. Plaistowe, M. Stewart, R. Downer, and M. Cooke. The "B" team was W. Lang, M. Cooke, C. McLintock, and Doris White for the first term. For the second term it was C. Dods, W. Lang, D. Male, and D. White. The "A" team defeated the Methodist College and the Modern School, but were beaten by Perth College during the first round of matches. During the first term "B" team played three matches and was successful in all.

At the beginning of the third term we entered a team for the Slazenger Cup. Unfortunately, in the morning it had rained, and when the match was played in the afternoon the courts were decidedly slippery. We were playing against the Wanda Club, and several original methods of sitting down were illustrated. One of the team has an unpleasant weakness for hitting the spectators on the face with the balls. However, she was fully repaid by receiving a ball in the eye. She had to retire from the field wounded.

This year Miss Munro is our sports mistress. There are still more matches to be played.

Basket-ball has not been played this year, because the girls seem more enthusiastic about tennis.

At the end of the first term a tournament was held among the senior girls. Miss Munro kindly arranged the handicaps. Molly McMillan and Ruth Downer won, and a prize was given to each.

During the first term a swimming competition was held at Crawley. Our team was I. McConaghy, M. McMillan, E. Andrews, R. Downer, G. Miley, M. Oldham. We did not win this competition.

Several girls entered for the life-saving certificates. Some girls also won the bronze medal.

Drawing Notes.

Dear Editor,—

We have come to the end of another year, and it is again time to write our notes. All this year we have learned drawing from Mr. Van Raalte, and have all improved, I think. Our lessons take place every Friday afternoon. Sometimes Mr. Van Raalte makes some very satirical remarks which are rather amusing.

One day we had a hanging-lamp for a design. They have to be invented by us, you know. On being held up to view and criticised, one was remarkably like a meat safe. Another one was likened to a fowl crate. Just fancy inflicting a poor drawing like that.

Sometimes our master stands up and tells Class B or C that there is "too much elocution altogether over there." This is hardly ever said to Class A. If we are too talkative we have an alphabet to write out for next time.

Our last design was a wall paper composed of shells and seaweed. Some of the designs were rather amusing. The artistic man said that one design was a perfect study of seaweed, shells and crabs. "In fact it should be put in the Museum," he commented. At one of our very talkative lessons "Mud-bits" was asked her name. On answering "Piesse," he told her to live up to it. Some people are rotten drawers, we are informed—at times.

There are three girls going in for the Junior Drawing exam. This year. We sincerely hope they will pass well. Mr. Van Raalte has suggested that some of us shall begin painting next year. Let us hope they will. It will be something quite different. Well, I think most of us have enjoyed this year's work in learning to draw.

G.M.

Elocution Notes.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

As we were not allowed to leave elocution notes out, I suppose they will have to be done.

This year we have grown very much, and we have also some very brilliant (?) girls amongst us, as our teacher has already remarked. Not long ago we were told that the day of miracles had not yet ceased, so perhaps some of the girls will yet learn to recite. Perhaps we will some day see Bits a great elocutionist, especially if she carries a photo of her master about with her. Surely this infatuation for drawing people will not last long.

Sad to say, "Margot" has not blossomed into the expected beauty, and the "Sun" developed scarlet fever before he had been long back. Jumbo and Topsy have taken to halos, and think themselves quite good, but the rest of us don't think so.

We would advise some girls to think of better excuses next time, as some of the old ones are getting rather dry.

Hiding hats is a pleasant occupation, but if the owner of the hat misses his dinner it has gone a bit too far. Also when you go to apologise it is very comforting to be told that if you never do worse you will have a free pass to Heaven.

We are all a bloodthirsty set of girls, and always want adventurous pieces, but it is thought better for our morals to give us things like the "Little Quaker Maiden."

We are all hoping to begin a play shortly which we will really act. This time our beautiful "Margot" wishes to be an old "Mrs. Forester," who sits and snores throughout.

One of our newcomers is rather nervous when she goes up to recite, especially when she meets the stern (?) face of our teacher and the grinning ones of fellow-pupils. However, her latest hero is the "Sick Stockrider."

We are afraid that Cassius does not keep his reputation of being "lean and hungry," for we can see him growing gradually fatter every day.

"Angelina" has at last grown into a real angel, and at the last exams, managed to attain very high marks.

Not long ago "Bits" was told that she was more trouble than all our teacher's money and children put together. I can quite believe it, can't you?

It is very impolite, and also a great waste, putting pencils down pupil's backs to try and make them smile at you.

I am afraid that we can't tell you any more about our wondrous class, or these notes will be termed "pussy."

Wishing you the best of luck for the coming year,

M.P. and K.C.

Music Notes.

Owing to the able tuition of our three music teachers, this year's work has been particularly successful.

We have just been examined by Mr. Lindo for the Associated Board exams., the successful candidates being as follows:—

Primary Division.—M. Calthorpe.

Elementary Division.—M. Fergusson, J. Lotan, E. Barrymore, B. Humphry.

Lower Division.—J. Blackall, J. Paterson, J. Tassie, T. McIntyre.

Intermediate.—B. Carrol, P. Allum (dist.).

Those who were successful in Theory are:—

Rudiments of Theory.—P. Adkins 85, P. Allum 84, B. Carrol.

The girls who have gone in for the "Junior" are M. McGibbon and D. White, who, we are glad to say, both passed in music.

Our school is the proud possessor of six pianos and a tin can, from which issues a sweet melody at the early hour of six o'clock in the morning, waking everyone up from their peaceful slumbers.

We have had no musical entertainments this year, so far, owing partly to the "flu" epidemic, but we have been promised a recital at the end of this term.

Under the patient teaching of Miss Selby the girls are learning to sing like nightingales, and are now busily practising some songs for the coming Speech Day. P.A.

Singing Notes.

Every Friday afternoon Miss Selby holds a very amusing singing class. We are noted for our superb rendering of the high notes. The most popular place is the back row, as there is a wall to lean against, and some of the girls get very weary towards the end of the lesson, especially the Form III. girls, who have a French lesson directly before it. Miss Selby sometimes stands in the middle of the room and waves her arms about, and the girls try to sing the notes to such words as doh, fa, la, sol, etc., that the waving arms are meant to represent. The singing class this term have been complaining that the songs have been too sentimental, and so Miss Selby has spent some time in choosing one to suit the choir, and has selected "Where the Bee Sucks." There is a vacant post for a singing conductress for any girl who does not open her mouth wide enough and make a row.

Twice a week Mrs. Sutherland Groom comes to the school to give private lessons. She has two pupils with voice like nightingales, p'raps, p'raps not! She gives them various breathing exercises and grimaces to practise in any spare minute. They do the latter very thoroughly in front of their glasses, as I am sorry to say they are both rather fond of looking at themselves.

If anyone has a special ear for music or singing they are invited to Form III. class-room Fridays at 3 o'clock. D.M.

Dancing Notes.

Every Thursday afternoon we have dancing, which is very much enjoyed by most of the girls. Some of them seem to be greatly in favour of squashed insteps, much to the disgust of the owners. There are some dances which give rise to much distress among the younger members, the chief ones being the waltz and the jazz.

Miss Scorgie wished to give a party and dance for boarders and Form III. girls at the end of the second term, but it had to be put off on account of the influenza epidemic. Nevertheless, the girls still cherish a faint hope that it may yet come to pass.

We all anticipate a very lively time when (?) the Chicken Scratch and the Bohemian Buzz are first introduced to P.L.C.

Commercial Notes.

This is the first year commercial subjects have become one of the studies in the school. The class for Shorthand and Bookkeeping is still very small, but very likely will be increased next year. We have a great number of funny little incidents told us which occur in the large business houses of Perth. We do not have much peace during our lessons, because people are always coming in for some of their books. This causes our attention to wander at times. Then there is always the question of the blackboard and some chalk. Every afternoon a blackboard and chalk is needed. This has to be carried up to the room, and we do not like being seen carrying this board. A number of arguments have been had, and as one of the girls is rather large, we think she ought to do it. I am afraid she contrives to get out of it, and, of course, one of the other poor unfortunates has to do it. At present we are battling with Bills of Exchange and Cheques, and I am sure we must seem very stupid. We hope by the end of the year to have a good knowledge of these uninteresting things, and afterwards prove efficient bookkeepers. I think I have put down all the most important happenings of this year, and I will close by wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

D.O.W.

FOUND.

Found in pigeon-hole, rubbish that does not belong to me. Owner please remove her possessions. Special request, X.Y.Z., this Office.

Found in Form II.A. a complete set of brains. Owner can have same by applying to Teacher of the said form.



Childrens' Page



MOLLY'S BRAVE DEED.

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was setting in the west, a fiery ball of red. About a mile from the village of Shropshire stood an old manor-house. It was very old, and covered with moss and lichen. Part of it was in ruins, but some of the rooms were still quite habitable. From the garden came the sound of merry children's voices. The crickets were chirping drowsily, and the church bells were ringing out on the still night air.

Lord and Lady Graham were sitting on the lawns of "Graham House." At their feet nestled their twelve-year-old little daughter, Molly, while three other children were frolicking on the lawn with a little French poodle named Fido.

Presently Lady Graham and Molly got up and went inside, while Molly's father went to see a friend who was very ill, leaving the three children, whose names were Bobbie, Jack, and Nancy. Nancy was not the daughter of Lord and Lady Graham, but a five-year-old niece, whose mother and father had died when she was only a baby. Molly was very fond of this little girl, and often comforted her when she was in trouble or disgrace.

To-night Nancy and the little boys played for a while after the others had left them, and then Nancy, complaining of feeling tired, lay down in the soft grass at the side of the house and fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the boys went off, leaving her alone. When they had gone a little distance off they found a box of matches lying on the ground. They picked them up and started lighting them, dropping some on the ground and not noticing that they had caught alight to the long dry grass. The grass started to burn, and it at length caught alight to a wooden shed near by. Just at that moment Molly, looking out of an upstairs window, saw the flames coming nearer and nearer to Nancy. She rushed downstairs and hurried to the spot. But she found that she could not go very near as the flames were already all around her little cousin. She had waked up, and was loudly calling for help. Not thinking of the danger to herself, Molly rushed into the flames, seized Nancy by the arm, and dragged her out, and she then fell into a dead faint. The alarm was at once given, and everybody rushed to the spot. She was lifted up in strong arms and carried to her bed. For weeks she lay very ill, but when she recovered she spent a delightful time at the seaside with her parents.

ANONYMOUS.

HOW NAN FINDS HER LOST BROTHER.

Near the shore of the town of Kirkwell there lived a fisherman who had but one daughter. This girl's name was Nancy, but they called her Nan for short. Nan had no mother, and her father was

very old. Nearly a quarter of a mile from Nan's house there lived a hermit. After school one day, as Nan and her playmates were coming home, Rose, Nan's particular friend, said: "Don't you think it would be lovely if we could jump the fence and play hide-and-seek in the old castle grounds." The others agreed, so they jumped the fence and began playing hide-and-seek.

Rose had to find the others, and as she was walking along she came to a tree which had a big piece of bark taken out of it. She climbed inside and found a staircase leading to a passage below. As she was just going to descend, Nan caught her by the arm and went with her. Nan had brought a candle with her, so they could see the way. Just as they reached the passage they heard a bump and then a click. They looked up and found that someone had locked them in. They did not know what to do, as they could not go any further. Rose had twisted her foot and did not like to be left alone. Nan, who was very strong, carried Rose for a little way, but as it was getting late she was sleepy and fell down exhausted, and was soon fast asleep. About 9 o'clock a man descended the staircase, and when he discovered he had locked two little girls in his cave he picked them up and carried them to his house. He knew Nan by sight, so at once took her and Rose to the fisherman's cottage. He told Nan's father what he had done, and was very sorry. He then went on and said that he was the hermit, and when he was only 19 he ran away to make his fortune. He had succeeded, and now the only thing he wanted was his father. After a while they seemed to recognise each other, and without a moment's delay they were in each other's arms. The hermit was Nan's brother, and they all went to live in the castle. Nan's other two friends had gone home after searching everywhere for her.

ANONYMOUS.

Correspondence.

W.M.L.—Here we have the old, old story. Your heart is affected, my child. Yes, our specialist recognised the symptoms immediately. I should advise you to cease your usual method of travelling—the train does not agree with everyone, you know.

C.L.M.—No, my child, we know of no cure for laziness. If it is really so bad as that—that you, one of the committee, have failed in your duty to your class, perseverance is the only remedy.

L.C.—Yes, the gentleman in question has suffered injuries to his nasal organ on several occasions.

L.D.—I am sorry to hear that your rooms are troubled with cockroaches. There are many ways of getting rid of these creatures. Perhaps the safest way is the following: Procure a hammer from Dreamy Den, raise this 6 inches above the head, in the right hand, contract the muscles of the arm and allow the instrument to descend forcefully upon the back of the animal. The animal will always be rendered harmless by his simple process.

Contributions by the Girls.

MARDI.

On the third afternoon in the week
We are left by ourselves to stew,
A certain disreputable clique,
Form IV., Form III., and Form II.

We study—that goes without saying,
But our tastes in subjects are different;
For instance, one girl studies playing
Tunes with a forked toilet instrument.

Another young lady does Latin,
And does it quite voluntarily too (!),
She is usually a different pattern,
But she's taking exams., you must know.

Then there are two who hold long discussions—
Long, fiery, and without pax—
About Love and the tender passions
Affecting the opposite sex.

Once a Form IV. young lady imagined
That she was a full-blown M.A.
She strutted so proudly in borrowed plumes
Till a rush! a retreat in dismay!

But hold, we have one or two cherubs
Who show and regard us with sadness,
But they know not the joy of the wicked,
And swot to make up for our badness.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

The following books can be procured at any bookseller's at a small price:—

- “How to Clear the Rope,” by Mud Bits.
- “How I Became Professor of Physics,” by Joan.
- “How I Reduced 20lbs. in One Week,” by B. Carrol.
- “The Heavenly Twins,” by M. Steele and E. Andrews.
- “How I Can Become Captain of the Team,” by R. Downer.
- “How to Get a Corner Seat in the Train,” by C. McLintock.
- “Hints on Overcoming Nervousness,” by F. Carter.
- “How to Pass the Junior,” by D. White and W. Lang.
- “Hints on Studying,” by I. McConaghy.

A P.L.C. ALPHABET.

- A** for anxious moments passed
While the Junior examinations last
- B** for Bobbie with an American crop,
If you remark on her figure she goeth off pop.
- C** for the well-known and famous Clare,
Who has a remarkable head of hair.
- D** for open air dorms so cool,
But if you open a window you break a rule.
- E** for eurythmics, which is lately the craze,
To alter our clumsy and elephant ways.
- F** for the faults, of which we have many,
For I never met a person who hadn't any.
- G** for the girls of the P.L.C.,
Who are a remarkable lot you see.
- H** is for the ““Hangman-in-chief,””
Who once mistook Mud Bits for a thief.
- I** for the ink which writes the black marks
Which we all receive when we play at our larks.
- J** for jazz, which is lately the rage,
Soon you will see us all up on the stage.
- K** for our Kookaburra gay,
Long may it laugh at our work and play.
- L** for the ladies who reside in this place,
But are rather too fond of ribbon and lace.
- M** for Mickie, our faithful friend,
Let's hope he doesn't have an inglorious end.
- N** for Nick, our teacher divine,
Whose Biology notes are really fine.
- O** for Ockerby mills near by,
For a ride in the trucks we often sigh.
- P** for Pretious, a valuable person you'll suppose,
But she's really not the length of a dragon's nose.
- Q** for the Queen of Sheba,
Who's sister behind soon will leave her.
- R** for the rides on Judy, the horse,
Who is nearly the size of a racecourse.
- S** for Streaky, no longer here,
For she left us in the middle of the year.
- T** for talking after lights which may be heard on stilly nights
- U** for the Union Jack on high,
Long may it float beneath the sky.
- V** for vamps, which, thank goodness, are few,
For to look at them makes one feel rather blue.
- W** for walks so often taken,
Usually ended by running to save our bacon.
- X** for Xmas., which soon will be here,
Bringing holidays and good cheer.
- Y** for “Youngie,” so fresh and pink,
Who never has on her a spot of ink (?).
- Z** for Zoo, where we often do go,
But how we get out I really don't know.

By TOPSY and JUMBO.

SPRINGTIME.

The sun shines out in glory;
 Winter has gone her way,
 Spring has come to visit us
 With flowers and garlands gay.

The violet, in her robe of blue,
 Awakes to greet the sun,
 The daisies yellow, pink, and white,
 Are opening one by one.

The trees their arms outstretching,
 At Springtime's first soft call,
 Are gently bathed in tenderest green,
 And buds are open one an dall.

The birds are singing merrily,
 For Springtime makes all glad;
 The birds are singing, bells are ringing—
 No one could feel sad.

The brook comes down the mountain slopes
 Rejoicing in the Spring;
 The birds are flying overhead,
 The air with songs doth ring.

N.H.

A WET DAY AT P.L.C.

One wet and gloomy afternoon,
 Some girls at P.L.C.
 Were sitting in the dormitory
 Working industriously.

At half-past three the bell did ring,
 And the rain came down in sheets,
 But the girls had to do as usual—
 Go parading in twos down the street.

They walked to Loretto Convent.
 Oh! how the rain did pour!
 And they all took shelter behind the fence
 Till it subsided a little more.

They went all the way to Claremont,
 And round by Osborne Station,
 And they returned to P.L.C.
 The dampest creatures in creation

They changed their clothes immediately,
 And they were absolutely soaking,
 But many, dosed with eucalyptus,
 Went to bed next door to choking.

ACE OF SPADES.

ON DIT.

That posers are not very rare, down the west end of the long table,
 That we have only one spook in the top dorm.
 That we could do with a few more, like the one we have.
 That a certain girl is very fond of the word "pussie."
 That another girl is trying to grow another finger on her right hand.

That, on account of her position on the map, Britain has been
 quarantined during the Great War.

That prefects are not always perfect—neither are editors.

That it is nice to be a favourite, but the Proverb says "Put not
 your trust in princes."

That it is the fashion to be brought home per automobile, but one
 occupant was "de trop."

That silk stockings show to an advantage on fat legs.

That a certain girl has a sensitive nose and has been known to
 find a guilty person.

That the latest address is Ladies' Prepeterean College.

That some boats going to England go over America by air.

That a certain form was requested to do the sum after the last one.

That nourishment partaken of at midnight has fatal results.

That this was evidently grudged by those who were not asked.

That York produces fine specimens.

That roses bloom in the moonlight down yonder.

That some girls find the trip from Perth horribly boring.

That Freddie is cleverer than the boss.

That a certain little girl in the Junior school seems to be in great
 demand by a certain girl in the Senior school.

That there are only three girls who have "a chance" for the
 dancing-prize.

AN IDYLL.

She wore a wreath of queenly gold,
 Her noble head she bore so bold,
 And deep dark orbs did proudly hold,
 A mystery of silence.

She stood in yonder woodland sweet,
 The flowers clustered round her feet,
 The smiling children her did greet—
 'Twas Judy.

C.I.M.

WANTED TO BUY.

Wanted to buy—six pairs of second-hand shoes to fit young girl.
 No objections as long as they are not too "holy," as the buyer is not
 too religious. Apply this College, Cottesloe.

A SCHOOL IN 2019.

It is the month of November, 2019, and I wake from a trance which has lasted a hundred years. The world is no longer the same, but, as I was a schoolgirl when I fell asleep, and as I still feel and appear the same age, I make my way to a school of the 21st century.

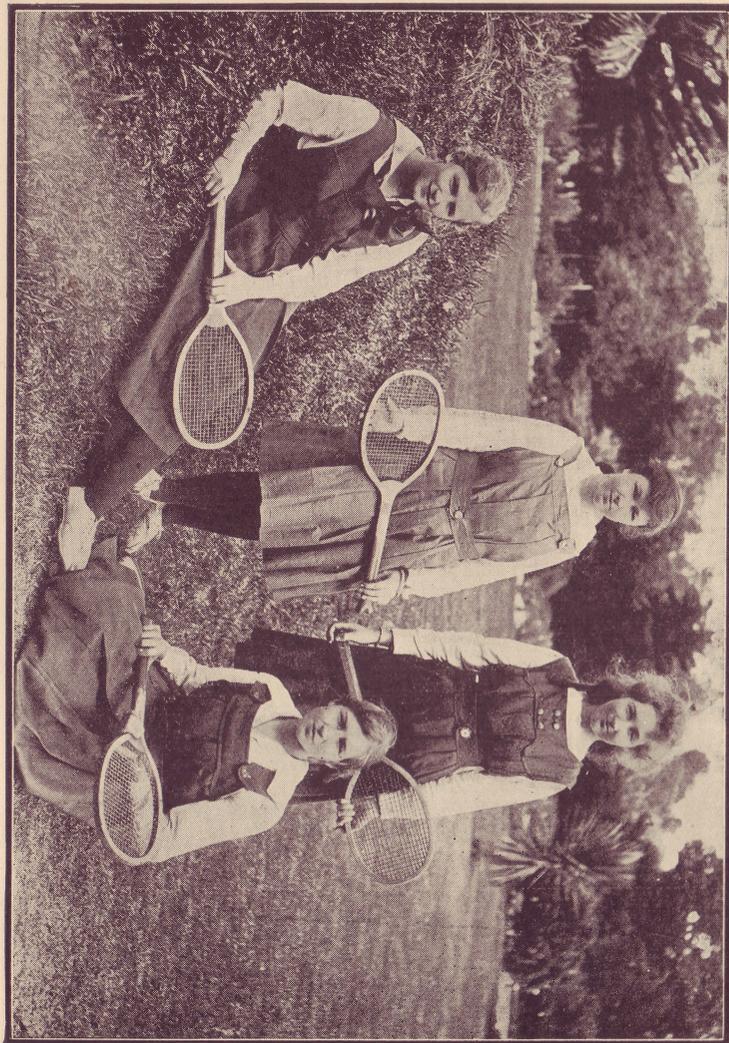
It is 9 a.m., and all around me I hear the buzzing of planes. It is the girls arriving at school. The school is a large, flat-roofed building surrounded by a beautiful garden and sports ground sloping down to a wide, calm river. The aeroplanes alight on the roof of the building, and the girls descend in automatic elevators into the garden. Here they mingle with many other girls. I go up to one group. "Well, Mary, how are things up in York?" cries a laughing girl of about eighteen to a fur-coated specimen. "Oh, fine!" answers the aviator, "We got down in record time this morning. I wouldn't live down here for anything. Why! you never have any early-morning flying." I raise my eyebrows and survey this product of the times with amazement. However, before I can speak, a great clock booms the quarter-hour and the girls troop into their various rooms.

I meekly follow a crowd into the nearest room. What a spectacle meets my eye. Six long rows of dentist's chairs and between each row long glass instrument cases. Dentist's chairs! I give a scream and turn to flee, but the door is blocked by two rows of girls who stand in order receiving their morning instructions. My brains are still sleepy, but I gradually awake to the fact that these young damsels are learning dentistry. I wait until they move towards the chairs. They might possibly want a patient, so I beat a swift and silent retreat.

To cool my head after this ordeal, I wander round the grounds, and in due course arrive at the river. Here a number of young ladies are swimming and diving. I watch them for over half an hour, as it is so pleasant outside on this warm spring morning. After this I wend my way schoolwards once more, and this time I enter a room at the other end of the building. It is a gymnasium. Girls are performing on bars and trapezes, etc., all over the room, and their fine physique bears witness to the splendid training they undergo. My thoughts fly to a certain tennis court in Cottesloe and to a certain rope—but that was 100 years ago.

Presently I hear the great clock again. It strikes eleven this time. The girls leave their various occupations and file out into the great hall. This contains a number of tables spread with plates of biscuits and cups of chocolate. At one table are seated about 50 girls dressed in white aprons and caps. I discover that this is the cooking class, and that they provide this morning refreshment. I look round at all this assembly of girls—how bright and healthy they are—yes, every one of them is pretty, well-developed, and a picture of health and happiness. I listen to more conversation, and gather that many of these girls travel from country districts far from Perth, that they attend this school for classes of every description, and work here from 9.15 a.m. until 5 p.m. Each girl's hours of study are arranged so that a period of one hour is devoted each day to sports and gymnastics. Her day's school ends when she leaves, for prescribed homework is unknown in this advanced establishment.

Morning recess is soon over, and the girls change classes and begin to learn once more. I wander round the various classrooms and discover that many kinds of work are in progress. This is truly



B. Tennis Team.—W. LANG, D. MALE, D. WHITE, C. DODDS.



B. Tennis Team.—W. LANG, D. MALE, D. WHITE, C. DODS,

DR. A. J. ...
1900

specialised education. Younger people are given a general schooling in the most useful subjects—they discover the class of subjects for which they are most suited, and from about 15 years of age study a particular course.

I see laboratories where all the sciences are studied, art rooms, music rooms large kitchens and laboratories for domestic science. These are beautifully fitted up with electrical appliances. The rooms are cleaned by hand-worked machinery based on the principle of suction by a vacuum, and by electric brushes.

With the aid of mechanical appliances of every description, all the work of the school is done by the girls, for in 2019 it is impossible to procure domestic help. Imagine my amazement when, at the close of school, I see girls switch on an electrical current, and immediately dusters and brushes are seen flying over the furniture. I enter the kitchen once more. Here more miracles are in progress. At one end used crockery and kitchenware are being automatically slid down an inclined plane through steam chambers, past revolving brushes and out on to draining boards. All water is heated by the passing of electric currents through it, and many other labour-saving devices greet my eyes.

I leave the room with the other girls as the clock strikes 5.15, and ascend to the roof. Here the girls are climbing into planes ready to start off home. I am offered a drive over Perth. I am afraid, however, that it is by no means the same city as it used to be in my schooldays. It stretches along the river for many miles. We pass over great buildings, factories and furnaces. I marvel at the extent to which manufacture has been increased. No wonder that girls cannot be found to do people's housework, for surely millions of girls are occupied in this mighty city with manufactures and professions of which I had never heard.

My friend drops me at the central base, and I take the first plane for my suburb. It has been a busy day, and I spend my evening in comparing it with a day from my former life.

THE MODERN SCHOOLGIRL.

In no other place will one find so many different types of girls coming in contact with one another as at a secondary school of to-day. You will find every school with its clever girls, its dull girls, its pretty girls, and its plain girls. There usually exist one or two of those brilliant impossible creatures who "never stew," who pass their exams, with flying colours, and who are in fair positions on the sports ground. This type is very common in story-books. We are given reason for thinking this is the type our teachers belonged to in their schooldays.

Then we have another sort of cleverness—the bookish girl, the girl who studies by midnight oil, who studies in the train, who arrives at school tired and heavy-eyed, whose knowledge is unlimited, who passes exams well, but does not enjoy her success. This girl has forgotten how to be silly; she has surprisingly little knowledge of her fellow-creatures, although she could prove all the propositions of Euclid and knows her Latin Primer by heart.

A refreshing change from the latter type is the sporting girl, who doesn't care much about lessons. She thinks it would be very nice to



Editorial Committee.—F. CARTER, W. LANG, J. McCONAGHY (Editor),
C. McLINTOCK.

be clever, but give her the fresh air, and the green grass, a stiff set of tennis, a good romp at basket-ball—these are joys one never finds in books. This girl is usually a jolly good sort. She is bright in school and has good common sense, and is a very desirable type in a school.

And now we have the young lady who will think that she should have had first place in this article—the “young woman-about-town,” who finds school and schoolgirls horribly uninteresting, and who is “bored to tears” with the tame crowd with whom it is her lot to live. She prefers young friends of the opposite sex—not boys—Oh, no!—someone with “a bit of sense,” with something to talk about, and who is above the narrow-mindedness of common ordinary girls. This young person is an authority on matters of fashion, on the history of present and past actors and on the latest dances. Indeed, she can talk for hours on any subject (generally without being appreciated) and delights in shocking “pussy misses” and teachers.

And who are these pussy misses?—She may mean any one of the above types who have probably passed through her stage and know by now that those sort of people can't help it.

But there is the timid, nervous little girl who might really be shocked by this Miss Flapper—the little girl who gazes in awe at the “brain” of the class, and who wistfully regards the sports champion. Most girls of these days have too much self-confidence and worldly wisdom to be like this, so this type is gradually dying out.

Yet another girl remains. This one is the dreamy, romantic beauty, who lives on chocolates and novels of the “Garvice type.” The poor girl is invariably discontented, and “not understood.” She regards her fellow-sufferers with sweet, wistful eyes and a tragic smile, and watches their childish silliness with an expression of sad superiority.

Now there are many girls who would not consider that they belong to any of these types—and some do not. Some people are a mixture of them all, and feel like each one according to their mood and age.—E.

LOST.

Lost from a desk in Form II.A., a History Book, well marked. Finder please return to owner, Top Dorm., Cottesloe. Reward.

Lost, a six-inch Kewpie, gift of a long-lost friend. Apply Little Dorm, P.L.C.

Lost in P.L.C. premises, a pigtail belonging to an American crop. Owner tired of crop wishes pigtail to return. No reward. Apply P.L. College.

PERSONAL.

Wanted, some kind person to adopt three cats. Good birth. This Office.

Would kind person who took coat belonging to costume kindly call for skirt. Top Dorm.

Person who threw stones on dorm roof call at this office, Z.Y.Y. Something to his advantage.

At P.L.C., now on: High Swing, Eurythmics. Don't miss them. Join to-day!

THE LITTLE ELF TRAPPER.

Far away in fairyland in the depth of Jungo forest sat the little elf-trapper. The trap had now been set for two weeks and no elves had come that way. Cupie was very hungry, as he had not had any food since he had first set the trap. He set out to get some berries that were on a bush about a quarter of a mile away. As he went to procure these berries a little elf came along. Willie (the elf) looked at the trap with a critical eye, and, wondering what was inside, climbed on top. The lid was closed. Willie, being fully satisfied that it was only a box, went on his way. Cupie, as he was returning, met Willie. Willie asked Cupie why he looked so sad. Cupie, cross at not being able to catch any elves, and also at not being able to find any berries in the jungle, was returning sadly to watch his trap. “Have you seen a box back there?” said Cupie. “Yes,” said Willie. “Could you see inside?” said Cupie. “No,” said Willie. “Come along and I will show you then.” But Willie was too cute, and said, “No, you won't; you are the ‘little elf-trapper.’” Willie then began to run away, but Cupie, being much larger, could easily overtake him. As Cupie came within one yard of him, he stumbled and fell. He hit his head on a sharp piece of stone. This sent him senseless, and a few moments after he died. Willie went joyfully on his way and told the elves.

M.Y.

JOKE.

William had been out late at the club. His wife was patiently waiting upstairs. At last he rolled in. “William,” said the lady, “what time is it?”

“One o'clock,” said he.

“Indeed, it is five,” answered his lady.

“I am certain it is only one o'clock.”

“It is after five,” was the reply.

“Well, I know it is only one—indeed, I heard the clock strike one repeatedly as I opened the door.”

TO LET.

Wanted to let, a fine second-hand cubicle in good repair. One hat cupboard, also wardrobe cupboard and room for bed and chair. Convenient to Wesley Church and Turkish baths. Terms moderate. Apply, Y.Z.X., this office.

SCHOOL OFFICERS.

PREFECTS: Marion Cooks, Freda Carter, Maude Piesse.

TENNIS TEAM A.: A. Plaistowe, R. Downer, M. Stewart, M. Cooks.

TENNIS TEAM B.: D. White, C. Dods, D. Male, W. Lang.

SWIMMING TEAM: M. McMillan, I. McConaghy, M. Oldham, E. Andrews.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: C. McLintock, W. Lang, F. Carter, I. McConaghy (editor).

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT FORM III.—“HIGHBROWS.”

Names	Looks	Pet hobby	Age	Favourite expression	Future ambition	What would happen if she
W. LANG ...	Passable.	The 3.30 train.	Doubtful	Och ! Get away	Renowned poetess	Should really become sensible?
M. MCGIBBON ...	Indescribable.	Talking nonsense and swopping.	Older than her sister.	Oh ! Ikey	Music marm	Should stop being stuffed and putting her foot in it !
J. DARBYSHIRE	Intelligent.	Maths (geometry preferred)	Youthful	Wait a minute !	Aeroplane mechanic	Should stop giving her opinion ?
D. MALE ...	Can't be beat.	Physics	Twelve (so she says)	s-s-h-h-	Invent something easy to learn	Should eat rice pudding ?
M. COOKE ...	Healthy.	Eating tripe	Old timer.	Oh ! Chrysanthemum.	To teach Form III. chemistry.	Should pass the Junior ?
E. ANDREWS ...	Ask the Editor.	English, with giggles.	?	He ! He !	Inventor of silent sound	Should stop laughing ?
F. CARTER ...	Worried.	Algebra.	Sweet seven —	I'll be switched !	Write a French dictionary	Should look joyful?

By M. COOKE