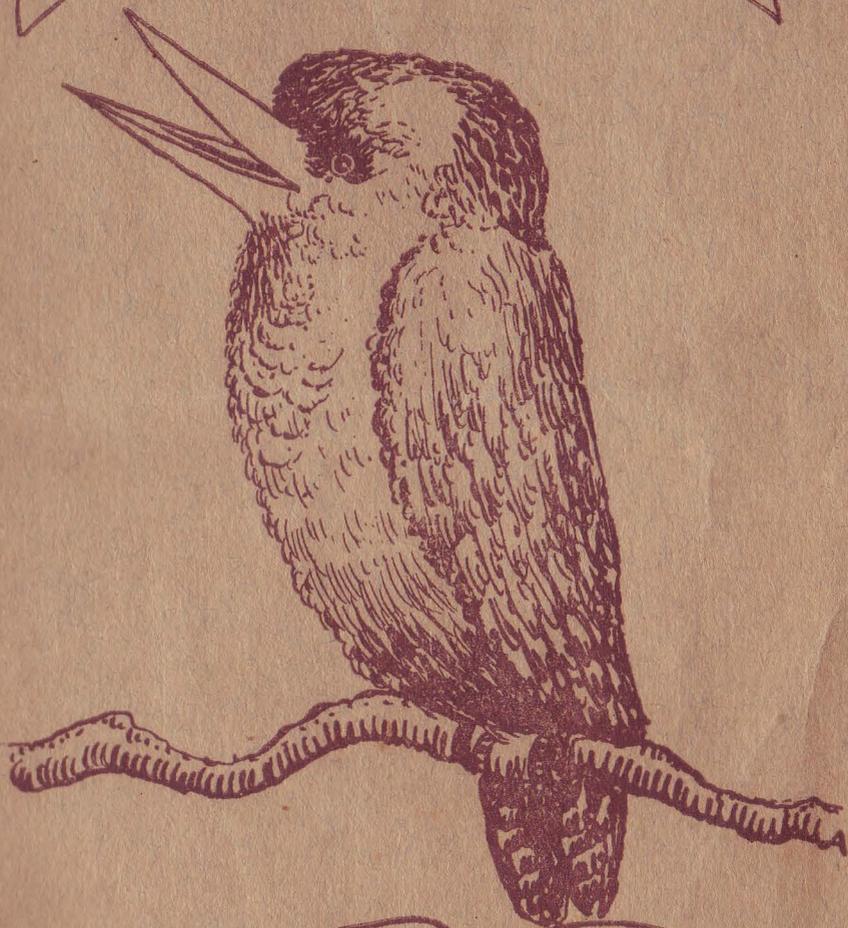


The Kookaburra



P.L.C. Dec. 1918

# The Kookaburra.

DECEMBER, 1918.

## EDITORIAL.

"Nae man can tether time nor tide," and once more we find the old year slipping past us, while we have no power to hold it back. "The year is dying—let him die," said Tennyson; and I am afraid we must be content to say this too.

The close of the year always brings a suggestion of sadness to a school. There may be several causes for this: a general feeling of regret that better work has not been done, which feeling is very healthy if it only lasts until the new year is well on its way. Similar regret may be expressed regarding sports, popularity attained, etc., but it is to the girls who are not returning to school next year that we must extend our sympathy.

When one is struggling amongst a pile of long and difficult examination papers, one is apt to see the gloomy side of school life and to look ahead to a time when there will be no exams.; but the brighter side must not be allowed to escape from notice. The bright, jolly companionship of the girls, the good-humoured manner in which we go through the day's work together—this must never be forgotten. No other place in the world can give us what school has given us, and let us hope that the foundation laid during these years will never be destroyed.

What a wonderful year 1918 has been! At the beginning of this year our nation was engaged in a war which seemed to be endless, was dragged to hopeless depths in such a complicated struggle that complete victory seemed to be beyond our grasp. In August, the fourth anni-

versary of this struggle was mournfully celebrated and it seemed most likely that there would also be a fifth anniversary.

Then, from the lowest depths, a sudden ray of light became apparent. The light became clearer and brighter, until people believed that victory and peace were almost within sight—though on a very dim horizon. Then, with the surrender of several of our enemy's allies, this horizon became nearer and nearer, until at last, it seemed that the world was ripe for Peace.

It was at this stage that much excitement was created by false rumours, which followed each other in such rapid succession that it almost seemed as though a test was being put to the credulity of men. However, as all things come to an end, these rumours were at last ended when the true, the official, news came through.

Those who were in Perth that night—November 11—have seen one of the most impressing and memorable sights in Australia's history. They saw the first unrestrained joy of the people, mingled with the ever-lingering sadness for the price of this Peace.

Many were the touching sights among the people who were centred round the notice containing the simple, short message: "The Armistice has been signed," but the predominant feeling was one of nationalism and goodwill.

1918 has a happy ending, and we sincerely hope the succeeding years will continue to carry out the great promise and hope she has given to us.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

During the past year the Presbyterian Ladies' College at Cottesloe has seen many changes.

When school re-assembled last February there were almost as many new faces among the pupils as familiar ones. However, by this time, we are all "old girls" and do our share in the work of the school with the others.

The first term was spent in steady working, swimming and tennis being the main sports, and by the end of the term most of the girls knew most of the other girls.

"The long winter term," as the second term is called, is generally spent in solid working; especially is this a fact with those who have Public examinations in view. During this term our new school-room was added, leaving Form III. with one building to themselves. Form I., under Miss Breeze, who is a new mistress this year, shares the new building with Form II.

Although the school was working so hard during this second term, we enjoyed a fair number of evening entertainments. Form III. was taken to see the French play "Gringoire," the school attended a Shakespeare evening and several musical entertainments. A short time before the holidays we held our own school concert; following on this was the Scotch College display, which was very enjoyable indeed.

Tennis gave place to Basket Ball during the second term, and as more girls are able to use the courts at the same time the Wednesday afternoons became more lively and interesting.

When the girls returned from the second terminal vacations they were horribly astonished to find that only

a few weeks separated them from the Public exams. Therefore, the first part of the third term was spent in doing rapid revision.

At last came the day when the Form III. girls signed the entry forms. A feeling of settled doom overcame them and they lived in an extremely "low-pressure" atmosphere until the examinations were over.

On account of these exams., some of the school work was suspended; those candidates who formed part of the school tennis team gave up their places to members of the second team.

With this new team several matches were played, although the school team has not carried off the majority of the victories.

We hope that very soon swimming will return to favour.

A short time ago it seemed highly probable that the P.L.C. Rowing Club was nearing establishment; some far-seeing individuals even knew the days when we were to practise, also the names of the boats. We trust the club will be established early in the new year.

As the school has been asked several times for donations to various patriotic funds, a system was commenced at the beginning of this term, whereby each girl is expected to donate a very small sum each week. At the end of the year the money received is to be divided among several funds, which are to be chosen by votes.

It is very pleasant at school after the heat of the examination excitement and other forms of worry have abated. Time is spent in happy idleness, notwithstanding the busy preparations for the "Break-up." We hope this function will be very successful, as it is the last school break-up for many of us.

## BOARDERS' NOTES.

### BIG DORM.

Once more the end of the year is coming very near to us, bringing with it all the joy of Christmas and New Year.

This year we are quite a large family, having increased since last year from eighteen boarders to thirty-four. One of our oldest members left us last term, but her place was filled by another new girl.

The new buildings are growing apace, and at last are taking their desired shape and appearance, although a month or two ago we did not think that they would ever be finished. The new dormitories will have accommodation for 32 boarders and the dining room and kitchens are a great improvement.

Some of our boarders seem to be preparing for the Asylum at Claremont. One of the number appears to be trying to qualify for the position of hangman-in-chief. One night, grasping an umbrella she marched up to Mud-Bits and crooked the handle round her neck, thus causing the unfortunate victim some difficulty in breathing. For this cruel deed the would-be hangman received a "black mark." Not long after, when in Fremantle, this same girl walked up High-street holding her umbrella round the centre, with the crook behind. Suddenly she found herself unable to proceed, and, turning round, discovered the handle round a post. We all fear that the day of her departure is not far away. Mud-Bits is also rather "gone." One night she paraded the dormitory in her night attire with a saucepan on her head, and an old gridiron in her hand, warbling, "I wish I was a Turtle Dove," in a very high, pitched voice.

Two or three of the girls seem to be suffering under the delusion that they are musical. In this, however,

we think they are mistaken. One favours us with such ancient ditties as "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and "The Blue Bells of Scotland" in various tones and enlarged by sundry thrills and arpeggios; while another amuses us with weird calls on the comb.

The funds for the Australian Inland Mission are still increasing and we now have three captains. This year we had two A.I.M. socials, both of which we have enjoyed very much.

The Pound is still obtaining numerous coppers in payment for things lying on the Dorm. floors. We fear this announcement will cause "grief and pain" to our parents. Moral: "Always be tidy."

During this year we have been under the supervision of no less than three matrons. This is due to the fact that two had to leave us owing to ill-health. (No wonder—Editor.)

The boarders are well represented in the School Tennis Team as two of our members hold respectively first and fourth places in the team.

Altogether this year has been a very enjoyable one and those of us who do not expect to return next year are very sorry that it has drawn to a close. C.McL.

### LITTLE DORM.

Dear Editor,—

At last we have come to the end of the year, and we are beginning to realise that, in a few weeks, we break up for eight blissful weeks.

We are a small family of seven. At the beginning of the year we consisted of twelve, but, through various reasons, we have been brought down to seven. We are a very quiet little family. Now and again our peace is broken by a cat fight or by some clumsy creature treading on a frog.

We have among us a very clever person, who has a bee-yew-ti-ful voice (?). If you have ever heard a machine badly in need of oil you can just imagine how entertaining it is to hear her singing every night.

We never indulge in such things as pillow-fights, as we find it does not pay, because there are too many beds about for us to rip our pillows to pieces on. It is really the mending that hurts us. "A stitch in time saves nine," says the proverb, but somehow we don't seem to agree.

There are as a rule, quite a number of black marks looking out for owners. Our bee-yew-ti-ful singer is usually the unfortunate one. After getting one she is not satisfied until she gets another.

Now and then we have corrobories in the pale moonlight. Perhaps it is just as well it is in the pale moonlight.

One of our polite little children thought she would take an outing. She, it appears, was walking along the footpath, with her eyes cast down when all of a sudden she was knocked violently by some sturdy person. After apologising, with blushing face, she looked up to find the sturdy person was a lamp-post.

Now, Mr. Editor, I must draw this to a close, with the compliments of the season. M.P.

### FORM NOTES.

#### JUNIOR SCHOOL NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

We are getting on very well with our school work under the supervision of our teacher.

A certain dog is in the habit of visiting one of the boarders' gardens. It is very fond of flowers and likes walking in the gardens, which conduct causes this boarder to use sundry exclamations of annoyance.

In arithmetic we know that one and one make two and the difference between two and three is one.

French has not a very grand effect on us. I am sorry to say that some of us made some bad blunders in the exam., which was totally our own fault.

Geography is a lesson we nearly all like, especially if we have it in the sand. We make a few mistakes some times, such as when one girl thought that the rivers in Russia flowed over the Alps. Quite a number of girls thought that the rivers in Holland would flow quickly as the land was flat.

In History, we are having the Stuarts, who are not much liked by us. And drawing is one of our favorite lessons, as I think most of us can draw well, except a few who think that straight lines should be curved and curved lines straight.

M.P.

#### FORM I.

Dear Editor,—

As you will insist on having notes from every Form, we shall have to give in to you, though we are nearly dead from exams. Our Form is a very brainy one, consisting of fifteen smart and intelligent (?) girls. If you don't believe this just come along to some of our shining lessons such as Latin or Arithmetic.

We are making rapid progress in most of our subjects. One of our bright and intelligent girls the other day said that the Thames rose in the Cheviots; also she thinks that "Fair Rosamund" has a musical face like Bonaparte; she means Beethoven.

Another announcement she made is that she only missed a hundred marks by seventy-five in one of her exams. One member in our Form has given a new name to "Tonnage and Poundage"; it is "Tins and Tacks." Other Forms envy us in hot weather because we possess a "Sea Breeze."

We should be immensely obliged if certain Forms occupying our Form-room would not leave their belongings on our desks, as it is not ladylike (Now Form II, take the hint.)

Our Form possesses a queer variety of "cooks, blacks, queens, blisters, pussies, bits of mud and young magpies." Next door to us is a zoo; it is very noisy, but it is not worth while visiting.

We now wish to thank all our mistresses, especially our Form mistress, Miss Breeze, for all they have done for us during the past year. It is nearly holidays now, so we will say good-bye to all, wishing you the happiest of Christmases. M.P.

#### FORM II.

Dear Editor,—

The call for Form notes has come again, and as usual at a very inopportune moment. You see, the exams. will soon be on top of us, then all our energy will be wasted on French and English and such-like subjects.

We are always being corrected for our reams and reams of figures in Arithmetic.

Geography is one of our most amusing subjects, as very queer remarks are passed by some of the brilliant girls. Rossy is much to the fore here. In one of her terminal exams., she wrote "Irrigation is carried on in Egypt by camels." Another day in class we were asked: What joins Dublin to the west of Ireland? and Rossy promptly answered and said, "Dublin is joined to the west of Ireland by Ireland."

Geographical questions were numerous this same day, and we were asked for what was Cork noted? This time Girlie answered and said, "Cork is noted for its iniquities."

There are seals and seals. A girl, much to her discomfort, has discovered this fact.

Another day during the year someone was heard to say that after the play Shylock lived while he was living. This was merely a slip, but caused great amusement.

In a grammar lesson one of our girls wished to know if a pronoun had gender. She was told to ask the first man she met "If he had a gender." I cannot really say whether this command was carried out or not.

In one of the exams. last term one of the girls stated that King John lost the crown jewels in the laundry. Meaning he lost them in the Wash.

We have a different mistress for geography this term who gives us great practice in naming for what the different countries and towns are noted. The latest we have heard is that "Buxton is noted for Rheumatism." This is according to one of our leading brainy girls.

Some girls are rather clever at Geometry; this is an example from one of them: When asked to define an acute angle, the prompt answer was: An acute angle is distinguished because it leans to the left.

In an English Literature lesson, the word warbler came into a stanza. Our mistress asked what is a warbler? Rossy (as of old) promptly answered: A warbler is a man who wobbles.

I think I must now draw my notes to a close, but before I do so I think I must add that we have all enjoyed this year extremely, and only hope that next year will be as enjoyable. Wishing you all a happy Xmas and bright New Year. D.L.S.

#### FORM III.

Dear Editor,—

We are once more taxing our brains in an attempt to think of all the amusing incidents that have occurred lately.

Form III. consists of nine very nice girls. At the beginning of the year

we were eleven, but last term Eileen Fitzgerald, our late prefect, and Chrissie Dods left us.

Five of us are taking the Junior, but a few seem a bit doubtful as to what the results will be. When they filled in the entry forms a feeling of depression settled on their spirits.

French is not a very popular subject with this Form, as very few of us are brilliant enough to shine in the memory work.

In another lesson one of the girls is always being told about her reams and reams of figures.

During school hours a domestic, black-haired animal made it a rule to rest at its newly acquired mistress's feet. Lately this infatuation has worn off.

Some of the lessons this term have been very unsatisfactory because we never seem to be able to "strike the right point."

At the beginning of the second term our Form gave a concert. Selections were taken from the "Merchant of Venice." This occupied the first half of the programme, and the second half consisted of pianoforte pieces, choruses by the whole school, and some professional singers and elocutionists very kindly helped to make the programme complete.

During the year our Form seems to be the luckiest, because we have been taken to several concerts, and when "Twelfth Night" was played in Perth we were taken to see it. Last week one girl put in her composition that the famous poet Tennyson wrote the ode on the Duke of Wellington after his death. A few days after she headed her composition, "Shakespeare's Ideas on Music," and this was followed by an essay on Portia's speech of mercy in the Trial Scene. Another girl is putting every spare minute she has into Physics for the Junior. She has to write out all her experiments, but

now only the first page shows any sign of writing. The Junior is coming very near. We have only ten days to cram everything into our heads.

Well, I think I have given you an account of all our exploits this year, and in closing I wish you a merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years.  
D.O.W.

---

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

#### Bible Study Notes.

At the beginning of the year, most of the girls over fourteen became members of the Students' Christian Movement. It is quite a new movement in Western Australia, as P.L.C., M.L.C., and Modern School are practically the only schools that belong to this movement.

We are divided into several circles. Miss Wade leads the three boarders' circles, and Miss Scorgie the day girls.

Form III.'s circle meets on Wednesday and Forms I. and II. on Tuesday and Friday.

During the first two terms we studied "The Gospel of St. John." At the beginning of this term we were given new books. Form III. is studying "The Manhood of the Master," and Forms I. and II. "Great Leaders." These books are more difficult, but very interesting, and cause considerable discussion.

During the first term Mr. Cranswick, from the Eastern States, came to the College one afternoon, and spoke about the work of the Students' Christian Movement. He told us that it was the largest students' movement in the world.

This term a picnic was arranged by the leaders of circles from various schools. We were going to Kalamunda by the morning train. There we were to have a Bible study meeting, and one of the leaders was going

to address the meeting. Then we were going to have lunch. Sports were arranged for the afternoon, and we would leave by the five o'clock train. This picnic had to be postponed, much to our disappointment; but we are hoping that it will take place in the near future, perhaps in the form of a river meeting.

M.J.C.

---

### SPORTS NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

Hello! here we are again, and we have all once more to turn our brains to writing notes for the magazine.

Sports Days during the first and last terms of the year are devoted to playing tennis and the middle term to basketball. For the tennis there are two nice courts. The boarders and day girls are divided into teams and play on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon each week, also at any other spare moment they have. The first term the A team consisted of E. Fitzgerald (captain), C. Dods, W. Lang and D. Male. We were beaten in the matches against Perth College and Modern School, came a tie with Methodist, and won against the Girls' Grammar. This term only D. Male remains of the old team, as E. Fitzgerald and C. Dods have left and W. Lang is taking her Junior examination. The new players are M. Stuart, A. Plaistowe, and M. Cooke, the latter's place afterwards being given up to B. Carroll. We have now finished the matches for the year. I am sorry to say we were beaten every time, though we all did our best. We have to thank Mrs. Plaistowe for having very kindly lent her tennis court for the use of the A team. This term we have a new sportsmistress, Miss McMurtie, whom we like very much, and under whom we seem to be improving steadily. The B teams from all the schools are

playing friendly matches on the school courts.

The middle term when we played basketball we used one of the tennis courts. It was great fun and we all enjoyed it very much. The day girls and boarders, being fairly evenly matched, played against one another.

Swimming.—Each afternoon, nearly, through the summer terms we all go down to Peppermint Grove for a swim. During the first term Miss Hurman was our swimming mistress, but we are sorry to say she has now gone East. About a dozen of the girls took their Life-Saving Examination this year and were all successful in passing. The sports seem to be improving steadily all round and great progress and enthusiasm is being shown through the whole school.  
D.M.

---

### DRAWING NOTES.

Dear Editor—

At last the time has come for us to write our Form notes. We are progressing favourably under the magic influence of our mistress. Our behaviour is truly excellent, and really a credit to the school.

We all agree that talking and drawing go well together, but are sorry to say our mistress does not.

Our appearances are usually improved during our painting and charcoal lessons. Several of us generally finish our lessons with either darkened eyebrows or reddened lips. We all wish Isobel good luck in her coming examination and hope she does well.

We shall now close our notes, wishing everybody a very happy Christmas and holiday.

KITTY ANDERSON.

## ELOCUTION NOTES.

Another year has passed since our last notes were written. We are sorry to say that some of our girls have also left our Elocution Class. Bottom and Peter Quince will be, and have been, missed very much. We have not been very wicked so far, but that is attributed to the fact that we are only a small family. It is very easy to play "Noughts and Crosses" at different periods in elocution, and it is very funny (to others) to see the book taken from us while we are made to learn our work. Helena is advised not to be too mournful in the play, or she might make everyone else mournful, too (?).

Angelina is still very good (?), though perhaps not an angel after all.

The adventures of our teacher are very exciting, especially the ones since his last trip. While he was away he was judge of a poetry competition in Ballarat. In fourteen days he heard about 1,458 people recite. We have not experienced anything very exciting as yet, but most likely that is due to the fact that we are only a young class. We have been suffering under a holiday from elocution, which we felt we did not need very much because we only have harder work to do.

Plays are very exciting, especially when the lovers don't really love one another. We are at present anxiously awaiting the results of the exams., and wondering who is to receive the prize.

K.C.

## DANCING CLASS.

We had quite a large dancing class in the second and third terms of this year. Miss Rolls has instructed us in the latest ballroom dances and

some of us have become quite graceful (?).

Sometimes we have a little diversion, as in the case of one plump young lady falling over with an equally heavy damsel on top of her.

Miss Rolls takes the smaller girls for fancy dancing, while the bigger ones have an interval. Some of them have an extra lesson after the class is over.

It has been suggested that next year our class shall combine with the Class at Scotch College. This would be rather an advantage, as some of the girls are incapable of taking their own part.

One dance we all hate; we have nicknamed it the 'Aborigines' Dance.'

Some of the smaller girls bring Miss Rolls beautiful flowers.

We are very sorry that we will be losing some of our most dainty (?) dancers next year.

We all enjoy this class very much, and we will be sorry when the lessons discontinue.

M.Mc.

## MUSIC NOTES.

We have been studying for the Associated Board exams., and were examined by Doctor Haigh at the end of the last term. Those who were successful in the exams. are:—

Higher Division: Phyllis Allum (distinction), P. Adkins.

Lower Division: D. Solomon, M. Tilly, F. Carter, J. Darbyshire.

Elementary: B. Rosenstamm, J. Paterson, S. Love.

Primary: E. Barrymore, H. Morrison, B. Humphry, N. Martin, H. Piesse.

We sometimes play before different people. At the end of this term we inflicted our discords and general floundering upon Miss Scorgie and our respective teacher. During the year Miss Bonavia gave us a recital,

which we all enjoyed very much. Before she played, we were told, a little about each composer.

Last week Mr. Leckie gave us a recital, and explained what one may find in music—in most a story, but some only showing the composer's mood at the time of writing.

The girls who passed in the Associated Board Theory exams. are:—

Rudiments of Theory: Margaret McGibbon (distinction), Doris White.

Grade III.: P. Adkins (distinction), C. McLintock (distinction).

Grade II.: J. Darbyshire (distinction), F. Carter (distinction), E. Brown.

Early in the second term, a "Beethoven Evening" was held. A short sketch of the composer's life was read and a sonata analysed, after which a few of the girls played selections from some of the sonatas.

G.M.

## CONTRIBUTIONS BY COLLEGIANS.

A burglar scare is not a common occurrence in this establishment, and, when it comes, it is the cause of no little excitement.

About a fortnight ago, long after everyone was asleep (or after everyone should have been asleep) the inmates of the Big Dorm. were startled by hearing mysterious sounds issuing from the verandah.

"What is it?" asked one timid voice. A moment's silence. Then—"It's burglars!" came the whispered response.

The others, with the bravery of old campaigners, had ducked their heads under the blankets.

Soon, however, curiosity overcame terror, and, one by one heads again became visible.

The sounds became more and more terrifying! As we listened more intently, we realised that these sounds were issuing from the lips of beings other than human.

Three voices began to intermingle: one was evidently bass, one soprano, the other—indescribable.

The voices rose and fell with the wind. This continued until midnight; then two of our bravest, armed with shoes and hatpins, departed on an expedition to disperse the "burglars." They rushed out with great bravery. A scuffle ensued. A loud voice was heard to cry:

"Shoo! Shoo! Get away you brutes!"

The brutes were evidently obedient and fled at breakneck speed.

The two warriors returned triumphant and marched back to bed.

"Aren't cats the limit?" said one modestly.

"What's that?" demanded a voice a few moments later.

"Mia-ow, mia-ow mia-ow," came softly out of the darkness.

It was as though they were bidding us good-night.

## ON DIT.

That a certain girl dislikes cold water and cannot be encouraged toward the bath-room except by main force.

That a certain girl has to be taught to run on the tennis courts.

That "tears" can be either masculine or feminine gender.

That "fish, chips and ice-cream" make a substantial luncheon after exams.

That physical drill has been prescribed for Rossy in order to calm her features before a certain dramatic act is performed.

That — will send her father down to settle arguments.

That girls have been seen going to practice in undressed uniforms these late (?) mornings.

That shoes walk in their sleep from the dormitory.

That there are a nice variety of stalls in our new stable for next year's arrivals—mangers and all.

That the first to ascend the stairs of the new building must "treat" the workmen.

That no one has, as yet, ventured up that costly stair.

That Labrador is in the south of England.

That from this Labrador we get tropical fruits.

That, in the "Merchant of Venice," Bassanio used the telephone to advise his servant of his return.

That our Musical Brigade was originated the night the Armistice was signed.

That the said brigade celebrated the event by a charge down the drive with their instruments of torture.

That one girl, for want of a boudoir cap, sleeps in her hat.

That ghosts are very disturbing after "lights out"—sometimes provoking tears.

That one girl is the happy possessor of a musical soul.

---

### THE PLAY.

---

During the second term, Form III. was seized with a fit of patriotism, and, as a consequence decided to thrust upon the community a display of their dramatic qualities.

Scenes from the "Merchant of Venice" were selected, centring around the love story of Portia and Bassanio.

Practice leads to perfection, and, when this dramatic society considered itself to have almost attained that state, the remainder of the school

was asked to combine with Form III. in order to give a dramatic and musical entertainment for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Whether the dramatic or musical entertainers felt the more important is a matter of opinion, but the evening was opened by "The Play."

Two swaggering Venetian noblemen stroll on to the stage—a street in Venice—and commence to speak. The younger, Bassanio, is in need of money (a complaint not unusual to this character), and is endeavouring to acquaint Antonio with the fact that a certain "expedition of love" which Bassanio wishes to undertake, might not prove a bad investment for his friend.

He then speaks of the lady concerned—her beauty, her fame, her accomplishments. Bassanio is plainly in love.

Antonio grieves to say that he is "out of cash," but is willing to become security for his friend.

Now we see the beautiful lady mentioned in the preceding scene. She and her maid, Nerissa, are discussing the unfortunate terms of Portia's wooing—also the unfortunate "parcel of wooers" at present guests at Belmont.

Nerissa reminds Portia of a certain young nobleman who once visited Belmont—his name was Bassanio. Yes, the lady remembers him well, and it does not seem likely that she will forget him. Perhaps Bassanio has a hope after all.

We next see the negotiations with Shylock, the money-lender. Shylock with his lean, stooped, miserly appearance, his money bags rattling, and his wicked heart scheming for revenge.

We see Antonio's mild temper fanned into flame, Shylock's scornful retort, then his condescension, followed by the signing of the bond.

The story then shows us the beautiful Portia in her home at Belmont.

The poor lady is horribly bored by her numerous visitors, but has not the freedom to unfold her sentiments toward them.

This scene shows us how the Prince of Morocco makes his choice from the three caskets—also Portia's relief when that guadily-clad young prince makes his exit.

Ah! here we have another suitor; Portia is by no means ungracious this time, and gives the young nobleman every encouragement.

After making every attempt to delay Bassanio's choice—for it was Bassanio—Portia commands that music shall sound to make the scene more picturesque.

Portia is intensely interesting during the scene and, when at last the casket is opened, and the portrait is discovered, her joy is boundless.

Portia's cares have vanished—the happy couple are united and, we trust, lived happily ever after.

---

### A HISTORICAL JUMBLE.

---

Queen Elizabeth came to the throne in 1916 after a tedious journey from Russia and Belgium. She came in the company of her husband, Alfred the Great. She had several children: William the Conqueror, Edward the Confessor, Lloyd George, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa and Boadicea. They met a famine when coming across France and Frederic and Maria Theresa gave up the ghost. They were buried in the Kalahari Desert in the Appenines. Their bones were carried to Westminster Abbey. The rest of the family took Balloon to Timbuctoo via Lake Chad. They were blown out of their course and landed at Ookiep. William the Conqueror married a Zulu princess, and Lloyd George married a Hottentot. They surely made brilliant matches. Cardinal Wolsey married Boadicea and Edward the

Confessor married the "Maid of Norway." They lived in the outbacks of Holland. After this Elizabeth went home and was crowned at Charing Cross. After her death the people of Chinatown buried her in a large hole in the Rockies. Her husband did not long survive her. So ended the reign of this famous queen.

S.S.S.

---

### HALLOWE'EN.

---

On October 31st, those who were fortunate enough to be boarders celebrated the evening of Hallowe'en in the true Scottish manner.

After tea the girls filed into the playroom to find the room looking strangely unfamiliar in the ghastly bluish-green semi-darkness.

Near the centre stood a large tub, the contents of which the girls were instructed to eat until they found a reward. The contents of the tub were found to be mashed potato, gifts being distributed throughout the vegetable for the most fortunate eaters. It was a queer spectacle to see some of our sanest and most respected school-fellows surrounding the tub, solemnly partaking of mashed potato.

After all the "lucks" had been discovered, the tub was removed and a tray covered with raisins was laid on the table. A little "spirits" was sprinkled on the raisins, then the tray was set alight, everyone gathering round to snap some raisins while the light still burned.

The next proceeding was to bite an apple which was suspended by a string from the ceiling. No one succeeded in getting a bite, but the apple was presented to Streaky as she had been able to leave the "mark of one tooth" upon the rosy surface.

And now comes the event of the evening. This is the "dookin." Many were the curious glances cast upon a tub of water which lay in one

corner of the room. When this was brought forward and several dozen apples were brought in, exclamations of wonder escaped from many of the expectant onlookers. By the time the girls had been shown what they must do, and when several had tried their luck, the room was filled with sounds of laughter. On account of their small stature several girls found it extremely difficult to keep their balance while fishing in the tub with opened mouths. However, nearly all the girls succeeded in "bailing" an apple.

When each one had her turn at the "dookin" the girls adjourned to the dormitory in order to dry their hair, etc.

After about fifteen minutes the girls were back again cracking nuts and talking over the events. When everyone had sufficient nuts, a game of "Blind Man's Buff" was played. Unfortunately there were too many in the room and when someone suggested "dancing" there was a general rush to the school-room, where Miss Selby kindly played dance music. About ten o'clock the party broke up and the girls went to bed, fully determined to awake at midnight, and, candle in hand, seek their "fate" in the mirror. However, they were all too tired and had to leave this last pleasure until next October.

In finishing, the girls would like to thank Miss Scorgie and the other teachers for giving us such a pleasant evening, and we hope that it will be established as a yearly event.

#### A P.L.C. ALPHABET.

- A is Algebra, which we all (?) adore  
 B is Biology, never a bore.  
 C is our Cottesloe, beautiful spot.  
 D are "new-Dorm"-ites, a fortunate lot!  
 E is our English—our skill you can see.

- F is the French which we speak fluently (?).  
 G is Geometry, triangles and things.  
 H is our History of great men and kings.  
 I is our Industry, admired of all;  
 J our own Jokes, which never do pall.  
 K is our "Kookaburra"—long may it laugh!  
 L is our Latin—a most uphill path.  
 M is our Music—early mornings melodious!  
 N is our Needlework—to a few of us odious.  
 O is our Open-air Schoolrooms and Dorms;  
 P is dear "P.L.C."; may she weather all storms.  
 Q, exam. Questions, so hard and so many;  
 R, the Rare times when we Rightly guess any.  
 S is for Swimming, and Sunburn se brown;  
 T is our Tennis—not yet all renown.  
 U is our "C.U." strong though not old;  
 V the Vacation, with days that are gold.  
 W We-us-and-Co.—merry and gay—  
 X Happy Xmas, which we wish you to-day!  
 Y is for Youth, and young hearts and young minds;  
 Z, Zeal for work and for lots of good times.

—Anonymous.

#### CHILDREN'S PAGE.

##### A BRAVE LASS.

Jean lived with her father in a lighthouse on the North Coast of Scotland. Her mother died when she was twelve years old and she had lived alone with her father ever since.

One day her father had to go to the

mainland for provisions. He did not like to leave Jean in the lighthouse by herself, because she was generally left with the man who took charge when her father was away, but as he was ill there was nothing for it but to leave Jean alone to attend to the lights.

Jean was not a nervous girl and she passed the evening in knitting. Presently she found she needed some more wool. She ran upstairs for it. As she was coming down the stairs she heard someone walking in the room where the lights were kept. She crept on tip-toe to the door, which was half open. A foreigner was interfering with the lights. Jean crept outside and found what she was expecting in the shape of a small rowing boat. She cut the rope and let the boat drift away.

The foreigner came outside and found the boat had disappeared. He dived into the waves and started swimming for the mainland.

Meanwhile Jean flew to the telephone and rang up the police station. As the foreigner was swimming he was caught by the police party. He proved to be a German spy.

His motive for touching the lights was to send the ship to a reef of rocks, where he knew it would sink.

Jean's father was a proud man when he heard of his daughter's bravery.

—CURLY.

#### CHRISTMAS.

Christmas day is a happy day,  
 When all should freely give;  
 When children all should laugh and play  
 And old folks then should live.

On Christmas day our Christ was born—  
 Was born the King of Kings;  
 All hail then be to this glad morn!  
 The day of all good things.

On Christmas day we all are bound  
 By love, to one and all;  
 Through all the day comes cheerful sound

From peasantry and hall.

So now let us all be merry  
 And shake each other's hand,  
 And go home feeling as cheery  
 As any man in the land.

—N.J.

#### "SUMMER."

No longer on the hillside,  
 Glistening pearls of dew abide;  
 For summer and her maiden  
 To this fair land come laden.

On the soft and balmy air,  
 Scent of blossoms, wond'rous fair;  
 Bourne to me upon the breeze  
 Are the murmurs of the bees.

Joyous birds begin to sing  
 Of the flowers that Summer brings;  
 Nature calls us to rejoice  
 In her soft, melodious voice.

—Alise Darker.

#### SUMMER.

The Spring is past and Summer is  
 Dawning,  
 And the great wide world awakes  
 With the morning;  
 The roses are blooming—a soft wind  
 Is moving  
 The daisies and buttercups under my  
 Feet.

The birds sing to cheer me; the brook  
 Babbles near me;  
 The leaves are all dancing and bright  
 Eyes are glancing;  
 The tall grasses wave, beneath the  
 Trees' shade,  
 And the squirrel now plays on the  
 Branches that meet.

—K.H.

## "FAIRY MOONSHINE'S TRIUMPH."

In a land seldom heard of nowadays, but one which is still well-known to little folks, there lived six wicked little elves. They were the only naughty little people in the whole of the good fairy Queen Rosabelle's kingdom.

The good fairy queen has tried many times to teach them to be good, but each time after she thought she had helped them on their way to the fairy heaven they became more naughty than ever.

Flipperty, Flopperty, Jumpety, Hopetty, Bumpetty and Bump were the names of these wicked little elves.

Bumpetty and Bump were twins, who rarely left the shelter of each other's arms, but for all that the two reads together devised much more mischief than if they had been apart. They always kept house in the wood while the others went out, pretending to search for work, but always succeeding in doing no more than irritating other little fairies.

These naughty elves teased the little fairies while they helped the flowers, or washed the little bud faces in fresh dew.

They annoyed the housewife while she churned the butter or milked the cow sometimes pretending to be a leaf tickling her ear, at other times preventing the cream from churning into butter.

Now one day Queen Rosabelle's uncle sent a messenger to her to say that he was sending his little daughter, Fairy Moonshine to the Queen and asking her to take care of his child.

The next day Fairy Moonshine arrived with her retinue of fairy followers.

She was the prettiest little fairy ever seen by these tiny folks, even more beautiful than their Queen.

Moonshine's hair was not golden like theirs, but jet black, and her dark eyes twinkled all the time like stars.

On her head she wore a jewelled crescent, a sign of her high rank; her dress was of misty grey-blue colour and sparkled like a thousand tiny stars when she moved.

The Queen and her people were enchanted by this new fairy, and one would think she would have been petted and spoiled, but Moonshine's nature was far too sweet for that.

Everyone fell in love with her; but the six naughty little elves only heard in their forest home that a pretty little princess had come to live with their Queen.

One day Fairy Moonshine, with two of her little friends, Butterfly and Sunbeam, went for a long walk into the forest. All the morning they wandered through the paths among the trees, now chasing a grasshopper, now helping an ant over a stone or feeling into a flower bud.

Soon they began to grow hungry. They came to a huge blackberry bush and they ate the berries till their faces were all stained with the juice.

The fairies then ran to a little stream, which bubbled through the forest, and washed the stains of the fruit from their faces and hands.

Suddenly Fairy Moonshine saw a beautiful white butterfly flutter a little way from her. She rushed towards it, calling to Sunbeam and Butterfly to wait for her.

The butterfly flew a little way, then rested on a bush; but, just as Moonshine reached it, on it flew again.

When, at last, she gave up the chase, Moonshine found to her dismay that she had lost sight of the other fairies. She called to them in

her tiny voice, but no answer came. She ran to where she thought she had seen them last, but they were not there. She was quite lost. She was a brave little fairy, but her courage was not quite equal to this. She sat down upon a tree trunk and cried till her pretty little eyes were red.

At last, worn out with her long day's playing, she fell asleep, and so it was that the two brothers Flipperty and Flopperty found her, on their way from the Queen's court.

"What's that?" said Flipperty

"Where?" asked Flopperty quickly, for he was frightened of mortals, and he thought this might be one.

"Just over there by that tree trunk. Come on, don't be frightened; it's too small to be a mortal," said Flipperty, bravely, in spite of his chattering teeth.

Flopperty, not liking to be called a coward, rushed towards the object lying on the grass.

"Oh, look," he cried, "it's a little fairy."

Instantly a spark of mischief rose up within him.

"Let's tickle her," he said, and he seized a bit of grass and set to work.

Fairy Moonshine, for it was she, turned over rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Oh," she said, "it was good of you to wake me."

The elves were rather startled to find that someone appreciated their acts, for nearly always they were met with cross words. Fairy Moonshine did not wait for them to speak, so she went on: "You will take me home now, won't you, please, because you know I am lost?"

The elves told her that they lived just near by in the forest, and if she would come and stay with them that night they would be pleased, as it was a long way to the palace. Both little elves thought they had never seen a more beautiful little fairy, and they quite lost their desire to torment her. They took her home, and their brothers were all very pleased

to see her, especially Bumpetty and Bump, who were growing tired of seeing no one else but their own family. Before the next evening each little elf had asked Fairy Moonshine to marry him, but she did not know what to do, as she liked them all very much indeed. They worried her with their questions so much that at last she said that she would have to marry Flopperty, as he had been the one to wake her in the forest. But she liked him just a little better than the others though she was too well mannered to tell them all so. The two set off the next morning for the palace, where they found the Queen and all her fairies of honour in tears. They had thought that the little fairy had been killed by some cruel mortal. They had even sent messengers to her father telling him of the sad news. Now all was rejoicing, but first Flopperty had to journey to Moonshine's father to ask him for his daughter's hand in marriage. He was not quite sure if he would be a suitable husband for Moonshine, as she was a princess and he an outlaw. But, as he said to Flipperty before he started, he could only try. However, Moonshine's father, King Hoity-Toity, fully approved of the suitor and the preparations for the marriage were commenced. The effect of this marriage was that Fairy Moonshine had by her sweet character helped those six naughty little elves far on their way to the fairy heaven, a feat no one had been able to perform. They all loved her—in fact, everyone did, and so this was the way Fairy Moonshine triumphed over wrong.

King Hoity-Toity promised Flopperty, now a Prince, that on his death he should share the throne with Fairy Moonshine. Some years after the old king died and this happy couple ascended the throne, and ruled in happiness and prosperity ever afterwards.



Tennis Team.