

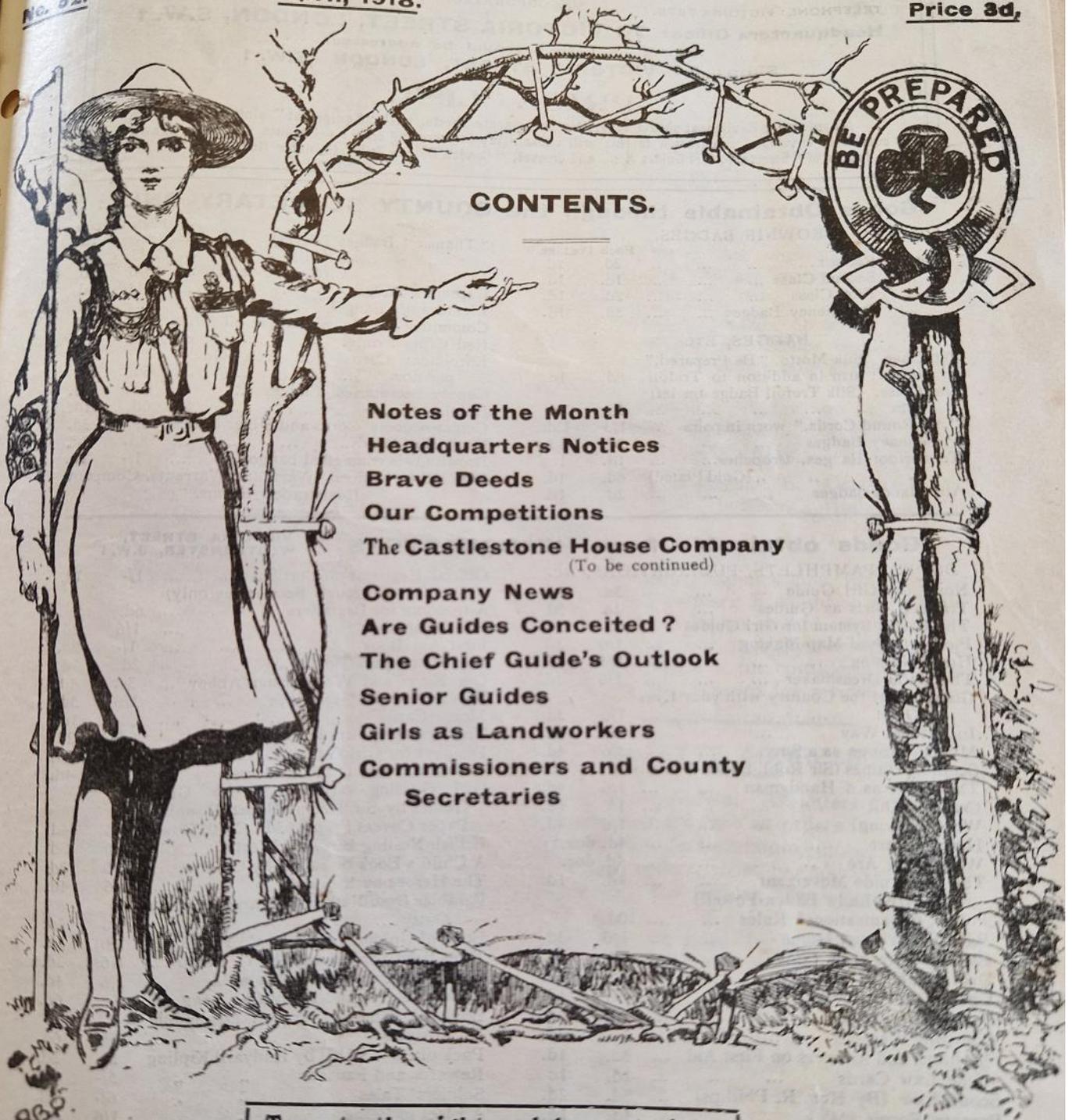
Girl Guides' Gazette

Official Organ of the Girl Guides Association. Incorporated by Charter.

No. 52.

April, 1918.

Price 3d.



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Turn to the right and keep straight

Founded by Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell K.C.B.

President, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell



GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Cash must be enclosed unless a Deposit Account has been opened.

THE GIRL GUIDES.
 (INCORPORATED.)

TELEPHONE: VICTORIA 7876.
 Headquarters Office: **76 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1**
 (Where all letters should be addressed)
 Shop: **84 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON S.W. 1**

PRICE LIST.

All orders for Equipment should be written on separate sheets, with "Equipment" plainly marked on outside of envelope. Inattention to this will cause delay in executing orders. Cheques should be drawn in favour of "Secretary, Girl Guides A/c." and crossed, "London County & Westminster Bank Ltd."

Goods Obtainable through the COUNTY SECRETARY ONLY:

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Company Register	...	1/6	4d.	Book of King Arthur and His Noble	...		
Questions and Answers on First Aid	...	3d.	1d.	Knights	...	6/-	6d.
Guide Law Cards	...	1d.	1d.	Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling	...	5/-	3d.
Scout Law (By Hon. R. Phillips)	...	6d.	2d.	Rewards and Fairies	...	5/-	3d.
Parents' Forms (24)	...	4d.	1d.	Soldiers' Tales	...	6/-	5d.
				A Fleet in Being	...	1/6	4d.

THE GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE. 3/6 per Annum. Post Free. All Orders should be sent to 76 Victoria Street, S.W. 1

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

Vol. V. No. 52.

APRIL, 1918.

Price 3d.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

From all over the country comes news of the fine work done by Guides "on the land," in allotments, in gardens, and in the fields. Congratulations to this new Army on the Home Front! Stick to it with all your will and perseverance as your men folk are doing on the Overseas Fronts. In spite of the gravest conditions Britons have ever faced, they are sticking to their duty with glorious courage and endurance in France. Let Great Britain's daughters be worthy of Great Britain's sons. Work and endure, not only on the land, but in the home and wherever duty calls upon you to serve your country. Be true Guides!

Company news brings us many heartening reports of work done, some of it wearisome and monotonous, perchance, but all well done. On paper it may look a little thing in fact it is a very great thing, for in these momentous days two things stand out like flame—Work and Prayer.

Congratulations to Gloucestershire, which has most successfully set up a new Guide Post. Sussex established the first one some time ago. We welcome "The Gloucestershire Guide Post," which under the able editorship of Miss O. Burges should do much for Guidship in that county. It consists mainly of detailed accounts of the doings of Guide Companies in Gloucestershire, and adds thereto some very interesting articles and a story. Some day we hope each county will have its "Post," so that full details of the work and play of every Company may be printed and preserved. In the GAZETTE there is room only for a few facts, but the County "Post" will have room to chronicle all details of the County Companies.

We have been asked to give, for the Imperial War Museum, full particulars, with photographs if possible of Girl Guides' War Work, and shall be glad if Guides will provide us with suitable photographs, etc.,

to forward. The photographs cannot be returned.

April's Watchword—"Do your best, mind your own business, and PLANT POTATOES."

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES.

The Silver Fish will still be awarded to those who have been working for it for some time and who are nearly qualified.

Attendance Badges.

The Attendance Badge on a red ground are for all officers and Senior Guides.

The Attendance Badge on a green ground is for Guides.

The Attendance Badge on a brown ground is for Brownies.

AWARDS.

Silver Fish.—Lieut. E. Orchard, 1st Pendleton; Patrol Leader C. Hall, 1st Pendleton.

Applications for Rewards.

In forwarding applications for rewards for gallantry or merit it would be very helpful if Commissioners would state on the form whether they strongly recommend the case or only pass it for consideration—adding, if possible, reasons for reward.

GAZETTE ADDRESSES.

Important Notice. All letters relating to business matters such as orders for Gazette, etc., and all letters containing money, cheques, or postal orders, must be addressed to the Secretary, Girl Guides', 76 Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

Articles intended for *Gazette*, such as Company News, etc., should be addressed to The Editor, Girl Guides' Gazette, 76 Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

Letters addressed to the Editor will be forwarded unopened from Headquarters, and as the Editor will be absent from London, this notice should be acted on to prevent delay or loss of letters.

This Notice cancels all former notices regarding Gazette addresses.

BRAVE DEEDS.

That the factory has its heroes and heroines, no less than the battlefield, is shown by awards of Medals of the Order of the British Empire. The honours are about equally divided between the sexes.

Girl's Brave Rescue in Face of U Boat Danger.

A striking story is that of Ella Trout, who, while fishing, accompanied only by a boy of ten, saw that a steamer had been torpedoed and was sinking. Though fully realising the danger she ran from enemy submarines, she pulled rapidly to the wreck and succeeded in rescuing a drowning sailor.

A Young Heroine.

The youngest recipient of the medal, and now probably the youngest member of any of our Orders of Knighthood, is Violet Annie Davies. She is fifteen years of age, and she is given the award for courage in remaining at her post at the telephone during a severe explosion.

Guides' Deeds of Valour.

Our Guides have ever upheld the banner of courage and resource in emergencies. Almost daily comes the news of some brave deed done, of some self-sacrificing act, or some plucky endurance for the sake of others.

Guides Save Life.

Guides Nora Dwyer, age 14, and Eileen Dwyer, age 13, 1st Cowichan Coy., Duncan, Vancouver Island, were spending the day with about 16 other children by the River Cowichan last September. The river at that point is about 120 feet wide and 6 to 14 feet deep. A girl, Elsie Ash, swam across the river, and in returning her strength gave way. Nora Dwyer at once swam out to help, Elsie clutched her and they both sank but came up again. Eileen, who was on the other side of the river, swam out to help them; she disengaged Nora and tried to bring Elsie to the bank, but Elsie, now frantic with fear, dragged her to the bottom, where both lay apparently unconscious, Nora Dwyer, who had no knowledge of diving, plunged to the bottom, grasped the hair of one of the girls, whom she found on coming to the surface to be her sister. She brought her

to the bank and wished to return to try and rescue Elsie, but the other children, seeing her exhausted, refused to allow her. Under Nora's directions her companions used the method of resuscitation which she had learnt in the Guide First Aid Class, and after half an hour Eileen was brought back to consciousness. Nora's knowledge, no less than her courage, saved her sister's life, and had she not been so exhausted she would perhaps have been able also to save Elsie's life.

Patrol-Leader Heroine.

Dorothy Hoggan (age 15, Dawson Coy., Yukon Territory) was in the room with her mother and little sisters, Flora aged 6 and Verdun 2 years, when a paraffin lamp exploded, setting fire to her mother's clothing. Dorothy picked up her mother and rolled her in the snow outside the door, which quickly choked the flames. She then rolled the baby in a blanket and put her in a place of safety outside, whilst she and her mother extinguished the fire in the room. Dorothy then did First Aid to her mother, who was exhausted and badly burned. She then got her mother and two little girls into a cabin near at hand, and went for help. With no wrap but a man's ordinary coat over her own clothes, the brave girl set out for Klondike City. The night was dark and the snow, driven by the north wind, was blinding—only the lights of the distant town were her beacon. She struggled across the ice on the river and through knee-deep snowdrifts on the road and succeeded in reaching Klondike City; a doctor was sent and the patients removed to hospital. Dorothy learnt her First Aid with the Girl Guides; she is a Patrol Leader and holds electrician, laundress, horse-woman, etc., badges. She has been a faithful Guide for years.

Act of Kindness to Animals.

Vera Briggs (age 10½), 4th South Manchester Coy., on her way to school saw a dog impaled on spiked railings whilst attempting to jump over. It was struggling and snapping frenziedly. Vera ran to lift it off, but it was too heavy. Passers-by refused to help. The child then ran to a brickyard near and brought two men, who with a special constable released the dog. She supported and comforted the poor animal in its agony, but the injuries were so severe that it died.

Died at Her Post.

The Dunblane Company has to mourn the death of one of its late Patrol Leaders, of whom it was proud.

Grace Sharp joined the Girl Guides as a child of eleven, and from the outset was a keen Guide. She worked steadily, and in time became a first-class Guide and won the all-round cord with some badges to spare. When war broke out she worked with some of the other Guides scrubbing and doing odd, useful jobs at the local Red Cross Convalescent Home, and when she became seventeen joined the V.A.D. and went as scullery maid (unpaid) to the first line V.A.D. Hospital at Perth, where she did a good long term of service until she was wanted back at home in Dunblane, where she at once resumed her Guide work, the proud owner of the War Service badge. In autumn 1917 she joined the W.A.A.C., and was attached as cook to the Royal Flying Corps at Montrose. There she took a chill while on duty, and died on March 3rd as truly at her post as any soldier. She was aged 19. The Government provided a military funeral, and she was carried to the station at Montrose, to a lament on the pipes and to a grave beneath the shadow of Dunblane's old cathedral, by a detachment of the Black Watch, followed by the Dunblane Company of Girl Guides in full strength and many friends. Her patriotic service and death have been an inspiration to her fellow Guides and are leading others to become Guides. Two other ex-patrol leaders of this Company are now working in hospitals under the Red Cross, one with 3½ years' service.

(Report by Myra Napier, Capt. Dunblane Guides.)

OUR COMPETITIONS.

In order that Overseas Competitors may also enter the lists we announce two competitions well in advance.

Papers on "Guide Games" must reach the editor before October 1st, and papers on "Life as a Guide" before November 1st. We hope that many overseas readers will take part, so that we may hear of "guide games" and "Life as a Guide" in other lands. Conditions:—Full name, address, Guide Company and rank must be stated—statement of age is interesting but

not obligatory. The whole or part of any paper may be published in the Gazette. Both competitions are open to all Guides. Details re prizes will be published next month. Papers on "Suggestions for Displays and Entertainments" should reach the Editor before June 20th.

[Errata.—Page 37, March GAZETTE, Audrey E. Lloyd, 1st Bournemouth, and P.L. Emily Procter, 4th Newton Abbot, belong to "over 16" Section. Their papers were respectively placed 5th and 6th in that Section.]

CHESTNUT GATHERING.



[Drawing by P. L. Christian Bower (16), 1st Thirsk.]

A CONVERSATION.

By P. L. Kathleen Smith (over 16), 1st Purley.

Tenderfoot: "I say, have you seen this drawing of a Guide collecting chestnuts?"

Patrol Leader: "Let's look. Call *that* a Guide?"

Tend.: "Why, yes! She's in uniform, isn't she?"

P.L.: "True, but you know a girl may wear a Guide badge and uniform for years, and win heaps of badges, and still not be a true Guide. Look at this picture. No Guide would work like that; she would put her chestnuts in the barrow and pile the baskets on the top so that her load did not fall out; she would use her chin-strap and keep her hat on; and, above all, she would carry herself well and *smile*, or anyway try to. Certainly she does look as though she has been caught in a sudden squall, but she need not look quite so woebegone."

Tend.: "I see. It's the way you work, and all that, that really makes you a Guide,

not the badge and uniform?"
P.L.: "That's right, kid. It's the
goodness of the leather that counts, not
the brightness of its polish."

"A GUIDE SMILES."

By Muriel M. O. Douglas (under 16), 1st
Stonehaven.

Norah was a Leader (she was Irish, by the
way),
Who daily practised smiling—to her patrol
she'd say,
"The ninth Guide law remember, for a
smiling face, they say,
is worth a million glum ones—so you must
all be gay!"
One gloomy autumn morning, when clouds
had hid the sun,
Guide Norah thought within herself, "'Tis
time I'd something done!
For three more hours' War service would
give me ninety-two,
Then I can do some extra, as every Guide
should do!"
So Norah took a barrow, and plaited up
her hair,
Collected several baskets—went out to do
and dare.
As underneath the trees she stooped, the
clouds grew grim and black,
And presently a raindrop fell, right on the
Leader's back.
When Norah started homewards, with her
baskets piled up high,
The rain came down so heavily that Norah
cried "Oh, my!
This is an opportunity for practising the
smile!"
And therefore she grinned happily, although
her hat meanwhile
blew in the mud, and presently off came
hair-ribbons too
(What a mercy that her neckerchief was
guaranteed fast blue!).
But when she reached her happy home,
chestnuts, alas! were few!
Now Norah's newest motto is, "Smile—
but be careful, too!"

The result of the "Company Funds"
Competition will be announced in *May
Gazette*. Our Competitions are open to all
Guides, whether Officers, Senior Guides or
Juniors, also to Brownies. A Brownie is
just as likely to have good ideas as an
"Older and Wiser" if she has the Guide Spirit.

By N. BEWLEY, Capt. 1st Shottermill.

Our Company is very keen on First Aid,
and a game has grown out of our practices
which is very popular.

Each Patrol goes to its particular corner.
They choose a patient out of the Patrol, or
a Brownie volunteers for the part. Different
places in the room are decided on, as (1) the
doctor's house; (2) the nearest house; (3)
the chemist's shop. At each place someone
is stationed with pencil and paper. If both
my Lieutenants are present we take this on;
if not, the Patrol Leaders do it and the
Patrols are put in charge of the Seconds.
I think this is very good occasionally, as it
gives the Seconds a chance of leadership.

When all are ready I give them some
accident—it may be a broken leg and a torn
artery, some one in a burning house or a
case of poisoning. Each Patrol treats their
patient as they think best. Someone is sent
for the doctor. Marks are given for the
first person who gets the doctor, for remem-
bering to say what is wrong and where the
accident happened. Another Guide is sent
to the nearest house for blankets and hot-
water bottles. Something may be got from
the chemist's. I watch the work and make
notes of the way it is done. Quickness
counts, but intelligent treatment counts
most, and especially the use of their com-
mon sense in unusual cases. The patients,
when bandaged, are brought to the doctor's
or nearest house, some on four-handed
seats, some on improvised stretchers.

Then I collect the notes made at the
doctor's house, whistle the Company to the
circular rally, and read out notes and
criticisms.

The Brownies play too, but are given
accidents of a simpler kind. They often
show quite as much intelligence and origin-
ality in their methods as the Guides.

Occasionally we play without either
Patrol Leaders or Seconds, in order to give
the other Guides in the Patrols more re-
sponsibility.

"It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and
sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice."

THE CASTLESTONE HOUSE
COMPANY.

A School Story of Girl Guides.

BY MRS. GREGORY, County Sec., Kincardine.

CHAPTER IX.

MEG GOES FOR A DOCTOR.

Meg seemed to have slept for a few minutes only when a confusion below aroused her again. Half awake, half dreaming, she listened, vaguely uncomfortable, to shouts, angry mutterings, and the trappings of heavy boots. She awakened fully to find Cousin Anna standing beside her bed. "I feel a little nervous, Meg," began her shivering visitor, "it is always difficult to sleep in a strange room. Did you hear the landlord come in? He must be a very noisy man, and not strictly sober, I fear."

She stood listening for a few moments. "That is midnight," she said, as a clock struck in the distance. "I hope everything will be quiet now."

She was turning away when a shout rang through the inn,—a terrible cry as of some one in abject fear.

Meg flew from the bed, and clasped her cousin's arm. In the middle of the room they stood together trembling, as shriek followed shriek.

Meg's first impulse was to fasten the door, but there was no key in the crazy old lock, and with the strength of despair she was about to push some heavy furniture across the room when Miss Cave interposed.

"I almost think," she quavered, "that it is my duty to enquire if I can be of any assistance,—someone must be very ill!"

She unlatched the door cautiously. There was no one on the landing, but the cries seemed to come from a door further down the passage. Miss Cave cleared her throat tremulously, "Is anything the matter?" she called. Just then the door which they were watching was opened, and the landlady hastened out. Drawing the folds of her dressing-gown closer, Cousin Anna met the woman at the head of the staircase. For a few seconds they conversed in hurried whispers.

"It is as I feared," said Miss Cave, returning to Meg. "The unfortunate man has given way to drink. He apparently has often been most intemperate in his habits. According to his wife's account the doctor has told him plainly that he will kill himself, unless he can exercise more self-control. This sad occasion of to-day's funeral has been exceedingly bad for him,—country funerals are often made an excuse for feasting."

"What is to be done?" asked Meg, shocked.

Here Mrs. Rendle appeared again on the stairs. "I can't get no one to go," she sobbed breathlessly. "There's nobody on the premises but the stable man and he's holding him down now,—I must go and help!" as the shouts and struggles re-doubled.

"Is it to fetch the doctor?" asked Meg. "I will,—like a shot, if you tell me where he lives!"

"Oh, miss, if you would—!"

"But Meg, in the middle of the night!" expostulated Miss Cave.

"Nonsense, Cousin Anna—let me get my clothes. Come in Mrs. Rendle, and tell me how to get there."

Meg had offered to do more than she at first realised, for the doctor lived five miles away, the Blue Fish's only pony was lame, and there was no bicycle to be had. But nevertheless she set off bravely, it would soon be dawn, and perhaps a man's life depended upon her exertions. Meg was not naturally nervous, but her heart beat uncomfortably fast as she sped along the lonely country road, sometimes starting at the cry of an owl, sometimes terrified for a moment at the dark shapes of cattle in the fields.

A window was flung up in answer to her ring at the night bell, "The doctor's out," called a muffled voice, "who is it wants him?" Meg explained her errand.

"He's at the Hall, the housekeeper was taken bad,—I might telephone," doubtfully. The doctor's wife leaned out. "Why, you are only a girl,—have you walked all that way? Will you come in and rest?"

Meg declined this, however, saying that she would rather start back at once.

"I'll tell the doctor about you," said the lady, "he will have to come back this way, and he can look out for you on the road and pick you up in his car."

"I'm Meg Sinclair," said the girl, "thank you, I shall be very glad of a lift back to the inn."

It was growing light now, and Meg looked behind several times to see if there was any sign of the doctor's car. "It can't be long," she said to herself. There was a convenient haystack inside the fence, and she climbed over, and leaned against it. She felt very tired and sleepy. "It can't make much difference to Cousin Anna if I do rest for five minutes,—and I shall see the car nicely from here."

And so it came to pass that Meg slumbered peacefully, and when the doctor's car flew past, its occupant did not notice a slim curled-up figure inside the field.

It was past ten when Meg looked at her watch again, and in a flash she realised what had happened.

"My own fault" she murmured ruefully. "Now I shall have to walk all the way back, unless I have the luck to get a lift from someone."

She was dusty and thirsty, and seeing the gable of a house at no great distance, resolved to beg a drink of water, or milk if possible. The house, as she approached, was obviously a parsonage, for it was separated only by a garden from a beautiful little country churchyard. Meg went up to the porch and knocked. "Please could I—" she began, but a pleasant faced woman bustled to the door exclaiming "Are you Peggy?—come in, come in!" Meg, astonished, wondered if she were still dreaming, and followed the woman into a low-ceiled fragrantly smelling room. Bowls of roses and sprigs of lavender stood about; it was a haven of rest to her tired senses. Meg sank into an arm-chair. "I've always heard that country people were very hospitable," she thought. "I wonder if the doctor telephoned about me when he found he had missed me on the road."

"Did you walk all the way? You must be very tired! You'll like a drink of milk now," went on the woman, and she disappeared without waiting for an answer.

CHAPTER X.

TOO HOSPITABLE.

The Rev. James Williams was seated at his study table when the door of the room opened unceremoniously.

"She's come," announced the woman who had just left Meg.

"Really?" he ejaculated, "I didn't hear any conveyance."

"She's walked from the station," replied his housekeeper. "They'll be going to send the luggage later on, I expect. It's her, sure enough, I asked her name, and she had a sort of dazed look, too, and straws in her hair like the daft lady I saw in the theatre at Sandbury, though what good that does them beats me. I'm off to get her some milk, poor thing!"

Mr. Williams sighed as he rose, he was a little sorry to have his train of thought for Sunday's sermons upset in this way.

Taking a newspaper cutting from his desk, he looked it over carefully, "Country home wanted," he read, "for a young girl. Slightly mental case. Perfectly quiet and tractable. Liberal terms to suitable offer." The cutting was methodically clipped to the top of a letter from the "case's" mother, for Mr. Williams, not being very well dowered with this world's goods, had been attracted by the mention of liberal terms, and had answered the advertisement.

"Her name is Margaret," it ran, "but we call her Peggy, and you had better do the same, so that she may not feel strange at first. You will find her quite docile, and our doctor hopes that the change may be of definite advantage. She will arrive some day this week, but I have not been able yet to make final arrangements."

The old man replaced the letter in its pigeon-hole. "It will be nice to have a young person about," he mused, "and Mrs. Jones is such a good soul that I am sure she will be everything that is kind to the afflicted girl. No doubt the change from the bustling town to this calm retreat with its harmonious sights and sounds cannot fail to soothe the distressed brain."

The entrance of the housekeeper, her arms full of clean linen, again interrupted his meditations.

"I've given her something to eat and drink," began Mrs. Jones, "and now I'm going to make up the bed. Somehow I've a feeling that we oughtn't to leave her alone for long,—she looks sort of restless, and suppose she took it into her head to run out of the house,—what then?"

Meg had accepted the milk gratefully, and was demolishing biscuits when a tall old clergyman came into the room. He bowed and held out his hand. "I'm glad to see you, my dear," he said cordially. Then he sat down opposite his guest, and discussed the weather, the crops, the roses. Meg did not like to ask if he knew how Mr. Rendle was this morning, and waited to see if he would open the subject. By-and-by she rose, and laid down the tumbler on a small table. "I have enjoyed that very much," she said, "it has been most good of you, but I think I ought to be going on now."

"No, no, not at all," said the old gentleman soothingly; "we have morning prayer at the church at eleven, and you will come across with me. Very often there is no one there besides myself,—I shall be very glad of your company. It is but a short service. Here is my hat." He led the way down

the garden, through a little gate into the church-yard. Meg followed him dutifully.

"It's awfully queer," she reflected, "but perhaps in the country if you ask for a drink of milk you have to go to church afterwards. He seems to expect it, anyway, for he didn't give me a chance to object." She had never been in so small a place of worship before, and was quite interested in all that there was to be seen. Her host had led his visitor to what was evidently the rectory pew, with high old-fashioned sides. Meg knelt and stood in solitary state, surrounded by crimson cushions and curtains, and from this point of vantage she surveyed two old women in rusty black, who with herself formed the whole congregation.

At the churchyard gate she stopped. "I have enjoyed being here so much," she said. "Thank you again, and good-bye." But the rector drew the outstretched hand through his arm.

"I am going to show you my roses," he said, "and by-and-by dinner will be ready."

"Oh, I mustn't stay, really," began Meg, but he would listen to nothing she said upon this subject. After a lengthy inspection of the garden, and of his hens, her host insisted that she should sit opposite to him at the table.

"My housekeeper is a very good cook," he said, "you will enjoy her plum tart." This was quite true, and Meg did full justice to all that was provided, though she could not help glancing at her watch, and wondering how Cousin Anna felt about her prolonged absence.

She accepted the housekeeper's invitation to come upstairs and wash her hands with alacrity. It would be an excuse to get away from the too hospitable rector.

"Now Mr. Williams would like you to lie down and have a rest," said the woman with a smile, when she had ushered Meg into an invitingly spotless bedroom, "and I will call you again at tea-time."

"Oh, but,—" began Meg. It was no use, however, the woman with another smile and a quick whisk of her skirts, vanished, shutting the door behind her.

"Never did I see such folk!" thought Meg; "but I'm going away now, even if I have to run out of the house in the middle of a sentence."

She bathed her face and hands, sniffed delightedly at the lavender-scented towel, and rearranged her hair.

"Now for it,—I must be really firm," she said, turning toward the door. For a moment she struggled with the handle, then the conviction was suddenly forced upon her that she was locked in. Not until then had Meg admitted to herself that she was afraid. Her host and his servant had certainly been embarrassingly kind and hospitable, but their latest action in locking the door could scarcely be explained by kindness,—it was going to too great length to be called hospitality!

"They must be mad," thought Meg,—"both of them! I did half wonder if he was a little cracked, but she must be worse. What shall I do?"

She rattled the handle again, and knocked. There was no answer, though Meg felt sure that the housekeeper was listening,—probably not far away.

"Please let me out," she called, "I mean it, really, Cousin Anna will be quite anxious about me. I must go at once!" For some time she continued rattling and shouting, then turned to inspect the window. This offered no hope. The

room was on the second floor, and the sash, though opening a few inches at the top, refused to move so far as its lower half was concerned. Meg caught sight of a face below. "If you don't let me out immediately," she shouted angrily, "I shall break your window!" She caught up a clothes brush and held it threateningly near to the glass.

"Now, now," called the old man in a grieved tone which somehow softened her heart, "pray do not be so excited. It is so very bad for you, and I am specially anxious that you should benefit by your stay here!"

Meg moved to the door again, and by beating and kicking upon it, succeeded at last in getting an answer from the housekeeper.

"If you don't lie down at once and keep quiet," said the woman, in a very different tone from that which she had used before, "I shall bring in a pail of water and empty it over you!" "That's the way to talk to 'em, sir," Meg heard her say in a lower tone to her master.

"The impertinence!" gasped the girl. "how dare they?" She paced fuming up and down the room, trying to evolve some plan of escape from her prison.

(To be continued).

COMPANY NEWS



(We shall be glad to print in these columns reports of the doings and progress of Companies, which should be as brief as possible. It would be a good plan for each Company to appoint one of its officers or members as correspondent to the "Gazette." She would then be responsible for reporting all the more important events in the history of the Company and any matter of general interest to our readers.)

ENGLAND AND WALES.

CONSECRATION OF FLAG AT JEWS' FREE SCHOOL.

2nd Westminster Company's flag was consecrated on Sunday, February 10th, at the Westminster Jews' Free School. After an address by Mr. C. G. Montefiore the flag (the gift of Mrs. W. E. Mozley), was handed to the Company by Mrs. Pyke (captain). After a display by the Guides, certificates of enrolment were given to the officers of the Company by Miss Browning, the commissioner.

TO AID SOLDIERS CLUB.

11th Brighton (Catholic Company).—On Feb. 9th and 11th this Company gave performances of "Beauty and the Beast," and a varied entertainment in aid of a new soldiers' club just started in Brighton. The dresses were extremely pretty and the girls were complimented on their clear enunciation. Lady Day (the mother of the Company) spoke to the Guides on "Cheerfulness." Eleven Guides have passed their test for fire brigade work and twelve for laundry.

A FIRST DISPLAY.

4th Margate (St. Paul's) Guides gave their first display in January. The programme consisted of a short play descriptive of Guide work, the Guide song, presentation of badges, and enrolment of new members.

Nine second class badges were awarded, and a number of proficiency badges.

HANDICRAFTS' EXHIBITION.

The Northumbrian Girl Guides held their first exhibition of handicrafts, which was attended by Guides from all parts of the county, and was most successful. The Guides had the pleasure of welcoming their county president, the Viscountess Allendale, who performed the opening ceremony and gave a most inspiring address.

There were exhibits of cookery, laundry work, hospital garments, home-made toys, children's clothing, articles made from waste material, sketches, photographs, etc. Some of the articles were for sale, and one company took many orders for baskets, to be sold in aid of their company funds. The 10th Newcastle Company (High School) orchestra played selections, and a charming series of national songs and dances were given by Guides of various companies under the direction of Captain Coxon (2nd Newcastle Company).

SCOTLAND.

THE FLAG.

Banchory—An impressive ceremony of consecrating the flags took place during the winter. The Company flag was presented by Miss Dutt, county commissioner. This Company held an entertainment and sale of work, and made the useful sum of £16, half of which they generously gave to a local war fund.

ONLY COMPANY IN WIGTONSHIRE.

1st Newton Stewart (Y.W.C.A.) numbering 32 was formed in May, 1916. Its nearest Guide neighbour is a little company at Gatehouse, 18 miles away, and the companies dream of joint camps when summer comes. Six Guides had their first taste of camp life last summer, sleeping under canvas on the shores of the Solway. The Company was most successful in potato growing and made £3 15s. thereby. £7 was given to Scottish Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel. This sum was part proceeds of a first display.

IRELAND.

YOUNG COMPANY'S GOOD WORK.

1st Greystones, Co. Wicklow, started in November, 1916, continues to do good work. All the Company except one who has been absent have passed their second class, and all save three of these hold proficiency badges. These include a splendid list of laundry, ambulance, child nurse, cooks' domestic service, dairymaid, etc., several war badges have been won. War work included waste-paper collection, helping at War Hospital Supply Depot, and the enjoyable task of collecting medicinal herbs, chiefly foxglove leaves.

OVERSEAS.

DAUGHTERS OF CANADA.

Dawson Company, Yukon, has a home of its own, small but happy. It consists of two rooms—a meeting room and a kitchen wherein much good

work is done. In the Pioneer day parade last year they carried off the first prize of 30 dollars which they patriotically divided between the Canadian Red Cross and the Dreadnought Home for Sailors at Greenwich. Their part was "Canada," a huge touring automobile covered with flags and festooned with maple leaves, and in it the Guides, all in white, with maple leaf crowns, singing "Canada."

We refer readers to the article "Brave Deeds," which gives the story of one of the Dawson Guides.

N.R.—A special page of overseas news will be given in May Gazette.—Empire Day number.

GIRL GUIDE OFFICERS' (LONDON) TRAINING SCHOOL.
WINTER TRAINING WEEK AT 3,
BRYANSTON SCHOOL.

The week was a most inspiring one. It opened with a Christmas Tree and tea party to 60 crippled children drawn from the Paddington and Marylebone branches of the I.C.A.A. The magnificent toys for the little guests had been provided by Guides in many different companies: 1st Hampstead, 2nd Hampstead, 2nd Highgate, 2nd St. Pancras, 1st Frances Holland, 6th Westminster, 1st Barnet, 1st Hoxley, 1st Walton Heath. The money for the tea was also provided by Guides—the 1st Barnet, who raised funds by the sale of self-made golliwogs; the 1st Hampstead, by the sale of a beautiful doll's house, made of packing-cases; and the 1st Hoxley, past proceeds of a display and theatrical entertainment. The whole party was a brilliant success, and the delicate little guests left in very high spirits armed with their beautiful gifts. There were so many toys over that many children, whose age or physical disabilities prevented from coming, had toys left at their own homes by Guides who have volunteered to do this work.

The training proper began on March 7th at 10 a.m., with an opening address by Miss Blyth, after which work in earnest went forward. Fifty-four officers attended the training, who were divided up into six patrols with a patrol leader, each patrol being in charge of a different floor daily, thus giving all a chance of organising another department every day. An organising officer over all was chosen daily, and she was answerable for the successful running of her day. Drills of all sorts filled the mornings besides work for the electrician's badge and country dancing, also lectures on subjects necessary for the diploma examination. Each day from 2 to 3, after a route march, there was either a yarn of interest to all those engaged in Guide work or a lesson in public speaking, the latter taken once by Mr. Walter Roch and once by Mrs. Mark Ken. From three to five hard work filled the programme, basket work, carpentry, and toy making; tea followed, and a Court of Honour attended by all the patrol leaders, the organising officer of the day, and the school staff, who assisted in running the week. Criticisms of the organisation and corps were daily read out by Mrs. Blyth at lunch, and these criticisms were found very helpful. Each evening had a delightful programme, a lantern lecture on his "bird sanctuary" at Hanwell, by Mr. Mark Webb, a model Guide, being carried out with much originality by Miss Erskine, discussions on senior Guides and Guide problems filled two evenings, and one other was devoted to a splendid lecture on "Stars," by Professor H. H. Turner, F.R.S. The week ended with a very help-

ful and clever lecture by Miss Norah March, B.Sc., on the "Teaching of the ninth law," at Victoria Hut (Y.W.C.A.) open to all Guide officers.

POTATO ROLLS.

These rolls resemble very much, both in appearance and taste, pre-war breakfast rolls. They have a nice, crisp crust. The following is sufficient for 18 small rolls:—1lb. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mashed potatoes, a pinch of salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. yeast, about 1 pint milk and warm water. Mix flour, potatoes, and salt together. Mix yeast with milk and warm water to a smooth paste, add to flour, etc. Add sufficient milk and warm water to make mixture bind, but do not get it moist. Mix well with a fork, turn on to a board and knead well. Leave in a basin covered with a cloth near to stove for one hour to rise. Break into shapes 1 inch thick, bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

PHYLLIS M. DEANE.

(Capt. 1st Monmouth.)

ONE OF OUR ALLIES.

"The Girl Guides of Brazil will be glad to correspond with the Girl Guides in England." Letters should be put in an open envelope with a 2½d. stamp for S. American postage, and enclosed in another envelope addressed to Miss Pemberton at the Girl Guide Office, 76, Victoria Street.

A NEW SONG FOR GUIDES.

"The Union Jack," words by Robert Stevenson, D.D., music by Amy Troubridge, can be got at the Girl Guide Shop, 84, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1. Post free 4d.

This is a first-rate song, and teaches the composition of the Union Jack. It is certain to become a great favourite, and would be most useful in displays. It could accompany the forming of the flag, or might be sung by four Guides dressed in national costume.

Advertisements for copies of GAZETTE cannot be inserted free. Please send all advertisements to the Secretary at Headquarters.

ARE GUIDES CONCEITED?

Someone told me they were, the other day. "Think they know everything." Well, it is rather a temptation to think that other people do not know what you have just learned, and if a Guide compares herself with what she was a year ago, perhaps it does make her carry her head a bit higher. It is rather exhilarating to feel you are ready for any emergency, you rather hope that lady who has seen your uniform, and deliberately crossed the street, is going to ask you the way; or you are almost guilty of being disappointed that the chauffeur just prevented an accident. It would have been such an opportunity; but if you feel like boasting about it, the cure is to make friends with others who know more; you can always find them; they are generally the quiet ones, so they may need looking for. There is always hope for a Guide who makes a chum of a Patrol Leader; she will catch her enthusiasm; she cannot help it; she will learn to see things with her eyes, to hear things with her ears. "Oh! So-and-so is not as bad as you think. Yes, I know, she kicked Mary, but she has plenty of pluck any way"; or "You cannot always believe what you hear; she has always played fair with me." These are the things I constantly overhear my Patrol Leaders say. Their Patrols are their children, and their faith in them is almost unshakable.

Well, I told my friend that if she did hear a Guide boast it was not about what she did not know, or could not do, as some other girls are fond of doing. We have all met them, "The can't-help-its." "The wind is blowing up from the South-west, I think I shall take an umbrella, what do you think?" says a Guide. "Oh, it's no good asking me; you and your South-wests and North-east; I don't know anything about that stuff."

"Join the Guides, and learn First Aid! Not me, why I faint at the sight of blood. When my mother cut her finger, I ran out into the street." "What, had three teeth out without gas! Why, I scream if I have one out; I cannot help it."

"No, I cannot touch rice, nor porridge; mother has tried all ways to make me eat it, but it is no good; my brother is just the same. He must have butter; it is no good giving him margarine."

"I daresay you do have fun at camp, but I could never sleep in a barn. Fancy mice, why I could not sleep in this house if I thought there were mice in it."

"Oh, I should not be any use in a raid; it upsets my nerves. Carried the child home, did you; could not walk, I know, poor little thing. That is just like I go; my legs give way under me. I go all of a flop."

There are other kinds of "Can't-help-it" people. The only difference is that they call it WON'T.

"Why did you not give notice? Serve her right for complaining. I would not stand it, I know." That is because she could not stand it, has not enough self-control; besides, she does not want to know her faults, as she is too lazy to cure them. These sort of people generally swear a good bit, for the same reason as a baby cries; they are too weak to keep it in.

When a Guide discovers she cannot do anything, or eat something, she just lies low about it, and pegs away until she can. She knows she could never travel like the Chief, unless she could eat all sorts of food. She is too unselfish to let people know if she is frightened during a raid. She wants to be like that brave Lieutenant at the Front, whose men thought he did not know fear; and all the time he had never got over the first terror of it all. One day, leading his men, he was mortally wounded, and when his Captain knelt by his side and told him, he smiled and said, "I am glad, now they will never know."

A. M. M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOK'S BADGE.—If you read the "War Time" Test for this badge, you will find the Food Regulations do not prevent your Guides going in for the Test.

BROWNIE'S TOTEM.—These are not stocked at the Headquarters. Why not procure an old umbrella, cover it with, say, scarlet, cut out cloth figures and stick them on. Cut off the end of the umbrella.

BROWNIE EMBLEMS.—These are distinct from the Brownie Recruit Badges. The Emblems are worn on the front of the hat, the Recruit Badges on the left side of the overall.

"Look out towards the light and all the shadows will fall behind you."

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK.

*(Notes by Lady Baden-Powell.)***The eyes of the world are watching you.**

The other day I heard a story which put a big feather into our Girl Guide hat.

A Commissioner approached the headmistress of a school in her neighbourhood and asked her to become interested in the Girl Guides with a view to forming a Company within her school.

"No," came the reply; "I will have nothing to do with the Guides. They are only noisy young girls who carry sticks and talk to soldiers."

Our Commissioner knew better, however, and merely asked the lady to watch the Guides in the district to see if they were true to this description of them.

Some time later the Commissioner and the school marm met again in the road, and there was a different tale to tell.

"I think the Guides are splendid. I have been watching them, and they are certainly all that you claimed they were, and I am going to start a School Company as soon as I can."

"I shall resign."

Have you ever heard that said? I have—often. It has been said by all grades in all spheres of life, and it becomes more and more surprising to see how willing and wishful people can be to chuck their jobs directly there is the slightest trouble or difficulty.

We often hear of even statesmen and others resigning when trouble threatens.

A Commissioner wrote to say that as Girl Guide matters were rather flagging in her district she thought she had better give it up.

And a Brownie in a Pack "chucked it" because she failed to win her second star.

Why? Surely if things are going badly with the work on which you are engaged that is the time above all others in which to stick to it all the tighter and to work at it all the harder.

Don't you think that we in the Guides might make a point of showing that when a job is undertaken it ought to be carried through and carried on with a real sense of duty—duty either to your superior officer, to your cause, or to your own conscience?

We don't want any of that "shan't play any more" attitude in the Guides, do we?

Somebody wrote to me the other day and said: "I am busy looking after 16 young girls from 14 to 16 years of age, and they take some looking after, too."

"I am absolutely amazed that, although they are quite nice, good girls, their manners are so frightfully bad!"

"I mean they never think of saying good morning or standing aside to let anyone pass; nor do they attempt to keep their sitting-room tidy."

"Of course, this can all be taught in time, and we are getting on; but it all points to the lack of discipline and to thoughtlessness on their part, for I am sure they do not mean to be trying."

I wonder if those same 16 girls would make good Guides. Probably they would be the first to conform to the Law of Courtesy if only they knew it and had it pointed out to them.

Empire Day.

This month the Boy Scouts all over the world are celebrating the Day of their Patron Saint—St. George.

He is the Saint who stands for Chivalry, and all Scouts, as well as members of Cavalry Regiments, take him for their own special Saint as an example as well as a hero.

Some time ago there was a discussion in the GIRL GUIDE GAZETTE as to the desirability of the Guides having a Saint of their own, too, and as there was no very definite wish expressed on the subject, the Chief Scout suggested that the Guides should continue to use the 24th of May as their day, as they have for so long.

On St. George's Day the Scouts do several things, and though Guides don't always do what Scouts do, it would be well to take a leaf out of their book in this respect.

They renew their Promise on that day. Sometimes it is done simply at their ordinary Parade, or sometimes at Rallies or in Camp, or wherever Scouts are collected together.

Guides might very easily have special little meetings on Empire Day, and renew the Guide Promise, thinking specially of what it really means.

Empire Day is more than ever an important day with us during these years of war, because never before has the whole

British Empire been drawn so close together.

Then also another practice in the Boy Scout Movement is for the Officers to re-read their Handbook.

Now that "Girl Guiding" is available, it would be grand if all Guiders would look it through once again, even though they may have read it only this month for the first time.

There is so much in the book which will be helpful and yet which may slip out of one's mind so easily, and no doubt every time the book is read fresh ideas about Guiding will be brought forward into the mind of the reader.

And then the third thing that the Scouts do is to send greetings to the other members of the Fellowship in other parts of the world.

Guides again might do likewise, and send Post Cards or Letters to other Guides in Companies in the Overseas Dominions, in America, or in any other Allied Country where Guides exist.

This will strengthen the bond between our nations if the girls as well as the men and boys show friendliness and good feeling to other countries.

"The W.A.A.C.s."

I was over in France last month on a visit to the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, and it was frightfully interesting to see what fine work the women and girls are doing over there.

It is altogether quite a new idea for women to actually be *in* the Army, but that is what these W.A.A.C.'s are.

They wear the King's uniform and they are doing the work of men who have been sent to other parts of the country where women cannot go.

It is a fine life, and the members of this women's army are doing their bit splendidly, and though the work is hard and they have to stick to their job day in day out, they are a jolly keen, happy lot.

There is no discontent amongst them, and that is, I believe, mainly because they know that they are taking a real share with the men in the work of winning the war.

They are doing all sorts of different kinds of work as clerks, store-keepers, car drivers, cooks, waitresses and orderlies.

There are also some girl gardeners amongst them who are caring for the graves of the soldiers who have fallen.

Ex-Guides.

I met several ex-Guides whilst I was in France, and I was glad to find that they were keen to keep in touch with the Movement and that they will come back to it again after the war is over.

There is a fine *esprit de corps* in the Women's Army, and when I was amongst them I felt quite as if it was a grown-up Guide Army, and I only wished that our Sisterhood had been started twenty years ago, so that we might all have been ready to all go into it hand in hand.

They need women who are trained to special work as well as women trained in such things as Guides know, and the ex-Guides who are out there find that what they learnt during their time as Guides is standing them in good stead.

They can stand the rather rough life in camp, they know how to put a smile on in difficulties, and they have learnt also to do their work thoroughly and well in order to help their country during its time of need.

SENIOR GUIDES.

(Continued from the March Gazette).

By Mrs. MARK KERR
(County Commissioner for London)

With regard to the story or poem, it is not intended strictly to limit captains to the books given below. These are, however, suggested as models. Captains may use other books for this test if they prefer them and consider them equivalent, always keeping in mind the triple aim, to foster the love for noble deeds and heroism, the spirit of citizenship, and the appreciation of good literature. Thus the books should be simple, without being too childish or too colloquial. Of the books mentioned, No. 7 is perhaps the best, but it is not very well known, and may perhaps be difficult to procure. The Guide should not be given one story to skim through and paraphrase, like an exercise, but should be encouraged to read several books, or at least *one* book, right through, then selecting her favourite story, and giving her own comments upon it.

We have not included any cooking test (although cooking is most essential) on account of the present difficulty of obtaining materials.

The three chief points on which stress should be laid in the training of Senior Guides are :

Homecraft. They should learn to do everything in their own homes, from bathing the baby to putting a washer on a tap.

Citizenship. Let them study English history and literature, not academically like a school lesson, but from the configuration, the buildings, of their own town or country side. Let them know the legends of King Arthur, the tales of Robin Hood. If they are from Northumberland, let them learn the Border ballads; if they are from Sussex, let them know all the poetry and stories which centre round the South Down. Let them know how their own town, their own county, is organized and administered. They should also know something of present-day happenings, both in England and abroad, and should understand the responsibility of having the vote. Let them also do some definite piece of public service in their town or village, and realize that each girl is an integral part of the State.

Service for others. Let them feel that the fact of being a Senior Guide gives them opportunities for helping other Companies; that, for instance, they can be called upon to act temporarily as Officers or Instructors in Companies when an emergency arises. Two more words of advice, suggested by those who have experience in this matter: first and foremost, let the Senior Guides run their own Company as much as possible, without too much interference from the Captain. Secondly, bring in as much music as possible. Part-singing, folk-songs, and country dancing may be taught with the utmost advantage, so long as nothing is made too much like a lesson.

Let the Captain's game be a watching one; let her see what attracts and interests the girls, and evolve her own scheme in accordance with the lessons she learns from them.

Suggested books for Senior Guides' Test.

1. A Child's Book of Saints. William Canton.
2. The Heroes. Charles Kingsley.
3. Parables from Nature. M. Scott-Gatty.
4. Book of Golden Deeds, Charlotte Yonge.
5. Tales from Shakespeare. Charles Lamb.
6. Lays of Ancient Rome (Horatius). Macaulay.

(All the above are published in the Everyman series, at 1s. 6d.)

7. Life in Ancient Greece. Jennie Hall. (George Harrap & Co.)
8. King Arthur's Knights. Henry Gilbert. (T. C. & E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d.)
9. The Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights. Mary Macleod.
10. The Book of Saints and Heroes. Andrew Lang.
11. Puck of Pook's Hill. Rudyard Kipling.
12. Rewards and Fairies. Rudyard Kipling.

GIRLS AS LANDWORKERS.

(Continued from March Gazette.)

By RUTH M. CHARRINGTON (Capt. 1st South Park Co., Reigate).

The staff of ladies in charge of the Hostel are the kindest friends to all who come, and take a real interest in arranging for each girl to get trained in the kind of work she is keenest on: farm work, market-gardening, learning to look after horses or cows, or to drive a steam plough, and so on. There is plenty of variety in the work undertaken, and although a landworker must of course be ready to fill any post on the land for which women are at the time most needed, still the Staff and Committee of the Hostel always endeavour to find out the type of work a girl is most fitted for, and to get her a place which suits her capabilities and where she will be happy.

The minimum wage is now fixed at 18s. per week, and many girls, if they prove themselves really capable, earn more than that.

Some of the "Trainees," if they get paid jobs on farms near Canterbury (after their training time is over), remain at St. Augustine's as boarders, paying 15s. per week for their board and lodging.

I will just describe one day in the life of a "Trainee."

At 5.30 a.m. a loudly clanging bell rouses everyone; by 6 o'clock (dressed in regulation overalls, breeches, boots, gaiters and felt hats) we troop into the big, picturesque kitchen for a cup of tea and slice of bread and butter, and are given our rations for the day. Then after tidying our rooms and making our beds, we set off on foot or on bicycles to the farm or market-garden where we work, getting there by 7 a.m. Some girls work at a big market-garden, 20 or more together, under a forewoman.

I work at a Dairy Farm with two other trainees: our morning's work is cleaning the dairy, and milk pails, etc., and cleaning out the big cowshed (for 40 cows) and smaller calves' sheds—taking care that the calves do not escape into the yard, which they will do if given half a chance! A calf is a remarkably obstinate, self-willed and determined young creature to deal with!

Cleaning out cowsheds does not sound an attractive occupation, but there is a great satisfaction in doing a job which "pays for doing"; we take the greatest pride in our sheds, and they do look nice, when, after carting away dirty litter, swilling down with buckets of water, and much scrubbing with stable brooms, fresh litter is spread, clean water and fresh food put in the mangers, and the place looks spotless.

We have half an hour for breakfast, 8 to 8.30 a.m., and one hour for lunch; the rations given us at the Hostel are excellent and ample, and we enjoy those meals immensely; a great sunny barn makes a dining-room hard to beat. I believe the winter hours of work are to be slightly different: we shall breakfast at the Hostel before starting out. It will mean a longer lie in bed, which is not to be despised! but I believe I shall be sorry not to have that delicious breakfast in the barn, when one is so hungry, and the chunks of bread and butter, and slices of ham taste so good.

In the afternoons we may be set to pull mangolds, or sort potatoes, or get a chance to learn ploughing, or harrowing, or "shimming." It is delightful to be able to help in the work; much of it so simple that the merest novice can be of use, and at the same time feel that there is so infinitely much to learn, that a lifetime is not long enough to learn all about the earth and the fruits thereof!

At 4 p.m. the cows are driven in from the fields, and all hands turn to, and start milking. The farmer's wife comes out to help, and the newest "trainee" (though she may be in a mortal funk of cows!) is told to take her milking stool and pail and have a try. She feels certain the cow will tread on her, or the cow in the next stall will kick her, but in all probability neither of these things happen; the cow contents itself with giving her an occasional flick in the face with its tail! Cows are, on the whole, very stolid, placid, long-suffering animals.

When 5 o'clock comes the trainees leave

off work and go home, with a hearty appetite, for supper at 6 o'clock, in the Hostel dining-hall, a fine room, with high mullioned windows and long polished tables.

If you wish to see for yourself whether women landworkers are hard-working, happy and healthy, I should advise you to have a peep at the dining-hall at St. Augustine's one evening; from the girls' hearty appetites you might guess that all had done a hard day's work, and you have only to look at them, to judge that they are healthy and happy; perhaps the happiness comes partly from the knowledge that they are doing their level best to help fill the places of the men who are fighting, or who have fallen for their country.

IN CAMP.

As the Camping Season approaches the following remarks by the Head of the London Training School for G.G. Officers on the Camp which she held at Andover last year will be of interest.

"A camp such as we have run for this week teaches one the use and value of ceremonials. It is well, however, for the Officers to keep a sense of proportion. Keep pomp and ceremony in their proper place. Do not be pompous at Courts of Honour, judicial or otherwise: you may overawe your girls and so not get at their real opinions, or only get the opinions of the 'forward' girl.

"Do not be pompous or ceremonial out of uniform; remember you are the friend and comrade of your girls. When in uniform you are her superior officer, and she has to obey you. Do not run your Company yourself.

"I wish to compliment the camp on the way the members have played the grand old game of Guides

"Comparing it with others, I have found this camp very responsive to suggestions, extremely orderly and hard-working. I was especially pleased with the kit; every member brought the right things.

"Some members who were friends were even unselfish enough to separate and share tents of members who were utter strangers, in order to learn more, which is a splendid proof of public spirit. The camp organisers have played their part with dignity and seriousness, really shouldering responsibility."

AN APPEAL TO "OLD GIRLS."

My Dear "Old Girls,"—

I want to put before you three questions for your careful consideration. If they seem rather premature I must ask you to forgive me, as this may be the last Budget I shall have the opportunity of contributing to for some time.

My first question is: "What are you going to do after the war?" We are all hoping the end of the war is in sight, and many of you who are now busy at hospitals, canteens, and various kinds of war work, are probably beginning to ask yourselves what you can do after the war. We have all got so thoroughly shaken out of our old grooves that we feel we cannot settle down as before to a round of home and social duties and pleasures. I am not for one moment advocating the neglect of home and friends, but there are, I feel sure, many among you who feel they could spare one or even, perhaps, two afternoons or evenings a week in wider service outside the home circle, and to these I make my appeal: Will you help the Girl Guides?

We need officers badly; the Movement is kept back for lack of them. There are hundreds of girls eager to join, but we cannot organise companies without Captains and Lieutenants to lead them. It is fascinating work, and no one who begins it ever gives it up willingly.

There are no special qualifications required to become an officer, except a general knowledge and acceptance of the aims of the Movement and a minimum age limit of 18 for Lieutenants and 21 for Captains. We are quite ordinary people, but there are certain qualities which all officers are the better for possessing, if they are going to make a success of their Companies.

One of the first is imagination. Much of the Guide training is carried out through games and competitions, and to make these a success the organising officers must be keen and ready to play and enjoy that most fascinating of games, "Let's pretend." But from the way "Old Girls" produce impromptu charades, waxworks, etc., at reunions, I do not think they are lacking in imagination!

Sympathy, tact, and sense of humour, and a large stock of patience, are all needed in any concern where a good many people of different characters, ideas, and circum-

stances are trying to work and play together, as all of you who are making a success of your work very well realise.

Steadfastness of purpose is an essential quality—that power of sticking on through the difficulties and disappointments that are bound to come now and then, and through that period of dullness which sometimes creeps in when the first novelty has worn off and it is yet too soon to see any result from one's labours.

I think you all know our aim and method. We try to train girls to be good Guides for the next generation, and to inculcate a high ideal of womanhood by working on that love of romance and admiration for chivalry found in most girls and boys. The Guides' (and Scouts') threefold promise of loyalty, service for others and obedience, practically embodies the vows of the new-made knight of old. The Guide Law is a practical one; it does not say, "Thou shalt not," but outlines an ideal which all can attain in some measure. It says, "A Guide is (1) trustworthy, (2) loyal, (3) helpful to others, (4) a friend to all, (5) courteous, (6) kind to animals, (7) obedient, (8) cheerful in difficulties, (9) thrifty, (10) pure in thought, word, and deed."

If I have succeeded in interesting any of you so far, you are ready for my third and final question:

"Can you, and will you begin to help now?"

We need you at once, if possible, and there are several ways in which you could make a start. There may be a Company in your own neighbourhood with whose officers you can get in touch. They always welcome offers of help, and the particular kind of war work you are doing, or your musical ability, or some other accomplishment, may fit you for teaching just what the Company is dying to learn.

If there are no Guides near you, see if you can get hold of some of those energetic "flappers" whose misdirected "flaps" only need tactful guidance to make them into splendid women; and, having interested them, form yourselves into an officers' training corps.

Full particulars for doing so can be obtained from the Guides' Headquarters, 76, Victoria Street, S.W.1, who will also give advice about Guide literature. You can also obtain from the Scouts several extremely helpful books.

There is now in London an Officers' Training School, which meets every Tuesday, from 11 to 4, at Bryanston Place, W., where I suggest that any of you who live in London should call and see either the President, Mrs. Blythe, or the Secretary, Miss Hetherington. I joined the School last October, and have found it most inspiring.

One more inducement to join the Guides—work for them is the long-lost Elixir of Youth! One Captain wrote to me the other day: "I feel about thirteen when I am with the girls! It freshens me up wonderfully now." I know for certain that if, after careful thought, you decide to become Guides, you will enjoy it so much that you will never want to give it up.

Hoping soon to be able to sign myself your comrade in the Guides,

I remain,

Your Fellow . . . Old Girl,

X.

(Reprinted by permission from Bulcote School "Budget.")

THE CLUBROOM.

"Half the battle is to get a room lent for certain nights in the week or hired as a club for the Guides, even if they only consist of a patrol," says Miss Baden-Powell. Quite so. You want somewhere where your girls can spend their evenings pleasantly, a place where you can meet, store the patrol equipment, etc. Now as to the clubroom itself. Try, if possible, to get an empty room such as your girls will like to decorate and furnish themselves. As to the decorating, I should suggest painting the walls a light green (make the Guides do this themselves). When this is done scrub the floor thoroughly, and if the funds will allow it have linoleum or mats laid down. Next polish the windows, and get curtains or blinds for them. If there is a fireplace all the better. If there is not try and obtain a stove of some sort. Ask each girl to bring or make an article for the clubroom. Now as to the furniture and pictures. Get a picture of the King, and put it up in a prominent place also Scout charts, pictures of great generals, etc. Borrow a long collapsible table if you can; also you will require the following: Some forms, chairs if possible, a bookcase, and a cupboard. The cupboard should be for china, games, etc., and the bookcase will contain the patrol

library. Get each girl to bring a book for it, and buy one or two good books on Scouting. Now for the smaller articles: The room must be kept clean, so you will require a broom and one or two dusters, also some mugs and plates, a kettle, teapot, milk jug, sugar basin and butter dish, a bucket, two tea-cloths, and some soap. Put up pegs for coats and a rack for staves, and, lastly, keep the room clean, well ventilated, and in good order.

R. MILLAIS (B.P.G.G.).

THE COMPASS.

BY PAUL B. STATHAM (Bloemfontein, S. Africa).

The needle of the compass shows the magnetic north, and this varies considerably from the true meridian, the variation being greater or less in different parts of the world. Here in South Africa, for instance, the variation is about 23 degrees west of the true north. In some countries, again, the variation is to the eastwards, and again, in other parts, as along the eastern coast of North America, the magnetic and true north coincide. The only reliable way of finding the true meridian by day is to take the line of shadow thrown by the sun of a plumb-line or vertical staff at exactly 12 o'clock mid-day. This is a thing which the Girl Guides could easily do, only their watch must be dead-right time with a chronometer. Suspend a small weight, such as a Guide's knife with a string from some steady support. Keep it from swinging about, so that the string is exactly vertical, and then watch the shadow of the string. On the stroke of 12 stick a peg in the ground on the line of the shadow. This peg and the string will be in a direct line true north and south. They could then compare this with the compass and ascertain roughly the amount of magnetic variation.

THE HUT FUND.

We beg to acknowledge the following donations:—

Madron Girl Guides (further donation), 5s.; Godalming (result of Entertainment), £11 17s.; 1st Fulwell Coy., 5s.

"Time wastes our bodies and our wits,
But we waste time, and so we're quits."

WEED COLLECTING.

Prices for medicinal plants vary constantly, but information can always be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the Vegetable Drug Farm, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. The prices noted in the February Gazette, were, of course for the plants when dried and ready for the druggist.

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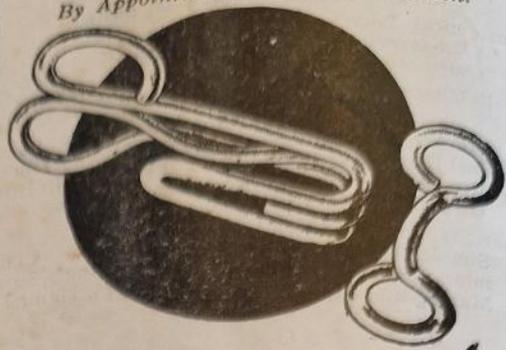
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