

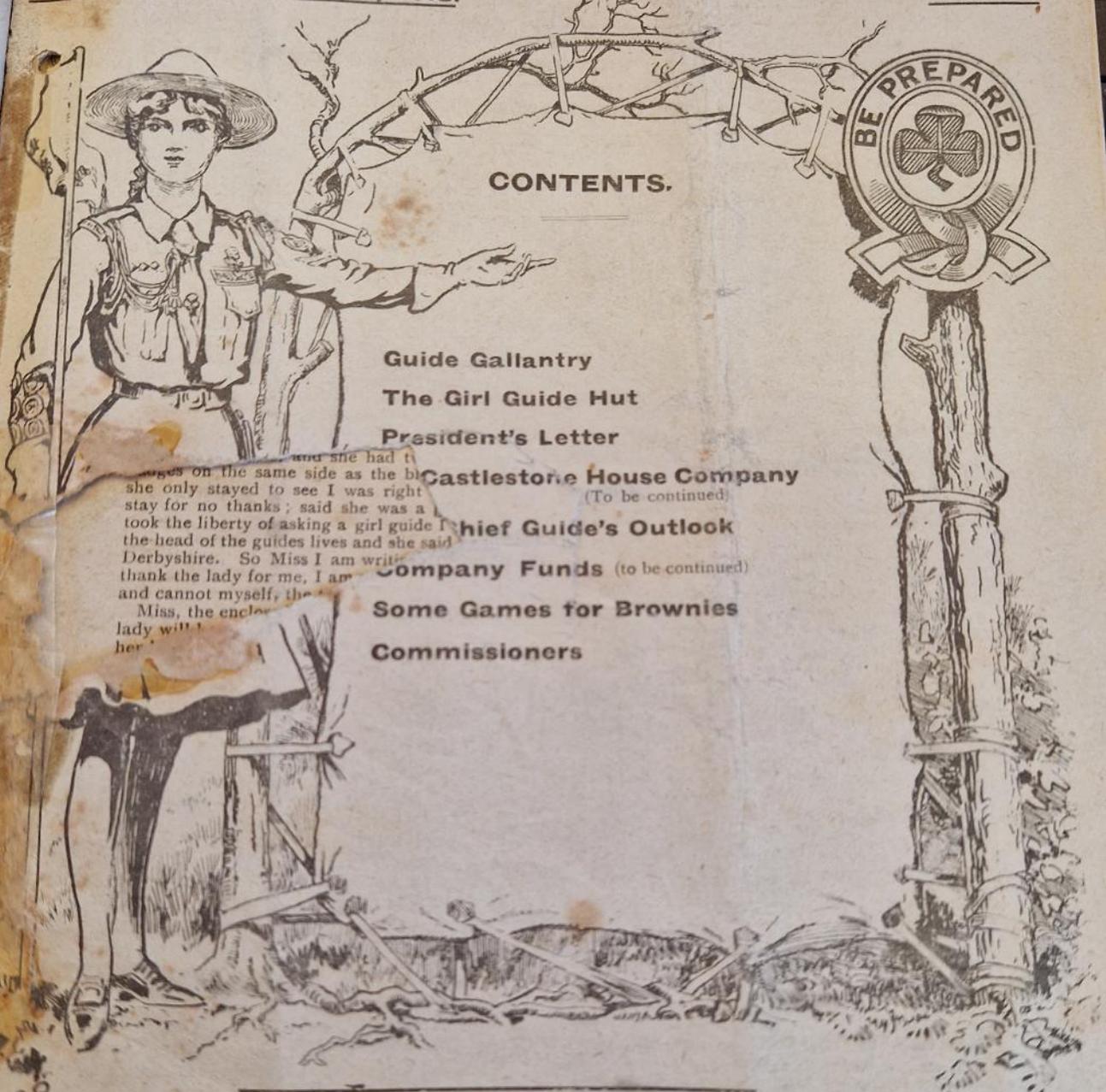
Girl Guides' Gazette

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

No. 57.

September, 1918.

Price 3d.



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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

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*First Aid " (cloth)	3d.
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Going about the Country with your Eyes Open	1/6 3d.
Guide Law Cards	1d. 1 1/2d.
Heroes by Kingsley	1/6 4d.

The Girl Guides' Gazette.

4/- per Annum. Post Free.

All Orders and remittances should be addressed to

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 The Editor, 76 Victoria Street, S.W. 1

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

Vol. V. No. 57.

SEPTEMBER, 1918.

Price 3d.

GUIDE GALLANTRY.

The following letter was read out by the Chief Guide at the Commissioners' Conference at Swanwick, as having been received by her that day from a Canadian Soldier:

Tuesday
Dear Miss,

Victoria Station.

I hope you will pardon me in taking the liberty in writing you. Will you find out one of your young lady officers and give her the enclosed and thanks for me. I should have been a goner last night but for her. Being still a bit dazed and deaf from shell shock I was going to Victoria after a bit at the A.B.C. at the corner, and never saw or heard two taxis coming straight at me.

Miss, I felt a dash behind me, and this young lady officer must have run direct in front of both motors and grabbed my arm and pulled me quick across to the safe kerb. It was a near thing for me and still more for her. An the motors was coming quick, and one caught her something terrible hard on her shoulder.

Miss, the young lady wore a uniform; she is tall and fair and looks bonnie; she wore glasses, and has a grey cord on one side of and blue and white cords on the other, and she had two or three red badges on the same side as the blue cords; and she only stayed to see I was right and wouldn't stay for no thanks; said she was a guide. So I took the liberty of asking a girl guide I met where the head of the guides lives and she said you are in Derbyshire. So Miss I am writing to ask you to thank the lady for me, I am now off again to fight and cannot myself, the train is due soon.

Miss, the enclosed is not much, but if the young lady will keep it they may remind her that she did her bit.

I hope you will pardon this liberty Miss,

With respects, Truly yours,

(Sgd.) H. J. ROPER. Can. Inf.

The letter had only been read in part when one of the Commissioners, who carried her arm in a sling, was seen to slip hurriedly out of the Hall.

* * * * *

On 25th August at Swanwick, Lady Baden-Powell, as Chief Guide decorated Miss Marjorie Storey, Commissioner for Salisbury, with the Silver Cross for Gallantry.

THE GIRL GUIDES HUT FUND.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions:—

Kinross Girl Guides	£2	0	0
Fortrose Company		2	6
10th Edinburgh Leith	1	0	0
1st St. Albans		15	6
10th Hull		10	0
Fernhurst Company	3	12	0
Newton Abbott	5	11	8
Tiviot Dale	1	6	0

THE GIRL GUIDE HUT.

The Girl Guide Hut, with the Girl Guide flag floating over the roof, is a very favourite place for the soldiers from the big camp near it in France, and is doing splendid work. Besides the refreshment room there is now a billiard room, also a "Quiet Room" for writing and reading, and here are to be found all the magazines and papers sent out by various Girl Guide Companies. There is also a chapel, which is always open for private prayers and services. Lectures, concerts and dramatic recitals are occasionally given.

The Leader of the Hut (Rev. R. W. Forbes) writes: "The Girl Guides may be assured that the Hut erected under their auspices is doing splendid service, and that it is not the least of the numerous and generous gifts bestowed upon the Y.M.C.A."

The Hut is situated in the centre of a very important camp away in the country and a good distance from a town; under these circumstances the value of the Hut is fully realised by the men.

Books, magazines and papers, for the use of the soldiers visiting the Hut, should be addressed to The Leader, the Girl Guides' Hut, A.P.O., S.73, B.E.F.

GUIDE SHOP NOTICES.

Rallies.

All notices, with particulars of London and Greater London Rallies should be sent to Headquarters beforehand. If possible a poster with information about each Rally will be put in the shop window.

Badges.

Much disappointment and waste of time would be avoided if customers would kindly bear in mind that *no badges can be issued* to Captains or Companies at the shop in Victoria Street *without a written permit* from the County Secretary, or from the District Secretary.

Tenderfoot Badge.

The makers of the Tenderfoot Badge regret that it is impossible to improve the fastening of the 2d. badge until they are able to put up a new machine after the war. The 6d. Tenderfoot has a jeweller's pin and is much more secure.

Signalling Simplified.

We would bring to the notice of our readers the excellent little book, "Signalling Simplified," price 1s., which is now in stock at the shop.

New Pamphlets.

The following two very useful pamphlets will shortly be published, "Twelve Programmes," an invaluable help to new Companies in arranging their weekly Guide meetings; and "Senior Guides," which gives full information about starting and training senior Guides. When published a notice will appear in the Gazette.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

September, 1918.

MY DEAR GUIDES,

I met the dearest little poison in one of my country walks the other day; I wish you could see her.

She lives near Cambridge, and no doubt if you looked in the ditches and pools about there you would soon find her, for this really happened and was no fairy story. She was showing us how she managed to be prepared, although Nature denied her the fresh air she loved so much.

At the time I met her she was very busy trying to build herself a little silvery silken tent; she had plenty of stuff, but one of the chief difficulties in making her home was that she had a quite determined longing to have her little abode *under water*!

Well, she reached down into one of these quiet streams and bound cords to the stems of the water plants and made a secure foundation down below the surface and then she came up again to breathe the air. Then she stretched her glistening satin over so that she made quite a nice little nest in the water. But, she wondered, how was she to breathe down there?

A capital idea struck her, which was to build it on the "Diving Bell" plan and fill it with air. For, as you know, if you try to plunge a tumbler rim downwards into a pail of water, the tumbler still remains full of air, and you might sit in it, comfortably dry, if you were small enough.

So she persevered, and came up to the top of the water and clasped a bubble of air in her arms and carried it down and popped it under the tent. Then she got another bubble, the hairy fur of her coat helping to hold the air in until, after fourteen patient journeys, she had successfully filled the tent and was able to sit in there and enjoy her dinner in comfort. You will be asking her name, it is *Mrs. Argy Ronetra*, and she looks like a rather hairy spider. And now she has a large family in there and as they grow up they will all go and do the same thing. I wonder if you could ever find any of these pretty little silvery houses, they are not unlike thimbles fixed in between the grasses and stalks under the water.

In your Nature Study rambles you will find that some of the most delightful and fascinating objects are the Leaf-insects and the Stick-insects.

There are the Butterflies which look exactly like leaves, and Moths which are so like the bark of a tree that you cannot see them even when pointed out. A Moth always rests with his outer wings flat on his back, and it is these wings which are coloured to imitate bark. Now a Butterfly rests with both wings erect, folded together up above his body. The brightly painted sides are then folded in and he has the good sense to colour the under-sides of his wings to resemble the leaves or plant he generally sleeps on, in order to be protected from birds.

You will have noticed that it is generally the upper side of Butterflies' wings which are gaily coloured.

Caterpillars would very soon all be eaten up if they were not hidden by being so like their surroundings. The one which crawls on the "Ragwort" has yellow and black stripes which make it look just like part of the Ragwort's yellow flower. Then there is the "Buff-tip" Moth which could be absolutely mistaken for a small broken branch with dark bark.

"Stick Caterpillars" are most difficult to find, though very plentiful, as they keep quite still and match the colour of the twig, and the knob of the head looks just like a bud. Some Butterflies colour their wings to appear like dried leaves and even go so far as to imitate the marks of mildew and stains so as to keep birds from eating them.

Those Guides who are unable to find these little country friends might perhaps be able to go to a museum and there see many beautiful sorts; or if a naturalist would sell you some of the eggs you could rear them yourself. I have hatched a great many and brought up large families of lovely butterflies, far more beautiful than most of the weather-beaten ones in the fields.

Someone was asking a Commissioner what force we have to keep the Guides in the right path! "We have our Code of Laws," she answered—the ten Laws of the Guides—"is not that enough?" "Certainly enough," we all say, "if only we could manage to remember to keep them." By keeping these Laws the Girl Guides will go out in their thousands all over the kingdom, able to influence other girls and help them to live cheerfully and bravely.

Our Guides will not only influence the girls they meet, they will influence the boys and men too. Guides will show themselves strong in moral courage, turning away from all that is low and bad and giving a wide berth to vice; also Guides will be strong in physical courage, able to bear pain without a murmur and facing danger without flinching.

It should be the object of a Guide to crush out of life anything that is a reproach to woman. The Guide name stands for the upholding of honour as well as the upholding of the standard of purity.

A Guide keeps her mind clean and pure to fulfil our Law, and makes every endeavour to keep her soul spotless.

This is greatly needed just now, we are in a most critical moment of the history of England, and our thoughts are all turned to the valiant heroes who have braved so much at the front for our sakes, in the defence of honour, of home, and of all that makes life worth living.

One of our Laws says that a Guide never grumbles, she cheerfully endures any small sacrifices and privations and accepts them as our share in the War, and gladly, for we are not called on to bleed or to die for our Country as our brave men have done.

There are many thousands of girls who are not lucky enough to be Girl Guides and have not our Laws to help to keep them from disgracing their Country.

We can go on "singing and smiling" but without falling into the danger of being too flighty or too frivolous. We have a duty to perform in cheering on our men, and we want to make their days at home, when "on leave," not only a pleasant holiday but also a blessed and honourable holiday for them to look back upon, and to remember proudly. Girls can help in this, for they now have the opportunity of showing themselves strong in courage both physical and moral.

The *New Age* says that "Guides are able to do almost anything. They can fly every flag except the signal of distress, and they are able to track everything except a lost letter which leaves no footmarks. And Guides can run a mile, can swim two, and can fly as far as Heaven." When they try it I hope they will be let in.

Yours sincerely,
AGNES BADEN-POWELL.

THE CASTLESTONE HOUSE
COMPANY.

A School Story of Girl Guides.

BY MRS. GREGORY, County Sec., Kincardine.

"Do you know what your honour means?" began Miss Hull, when Dot stood before her.

An enrolment was always an impressive affair, for Miss Hull insisted upon perfect decorum on such occasions, telling the girls that as each recruit made the threefold promise, they should take the opportunity to renew their own vows. But, possibly, the perfect silence and serious faces made the new members a little nervous.

Dot spoke up clearly, and was presently invested with her hat, staff, neckerchief, and badge. As the captain pinned on the latter, she explained that the badge was the Guide's "life," and that for any breach of honour or discipline, it might have to be handed back, its wearer being in disgrace for such length of time as should be decided upon.

Dot then faced about, saluted the patrol, and retired to her place.

Estelle was led up, and in a low voice made her responses: "I promise, on my honour, 1. To be loyal to God and the King; 2. To try and do—"

Miss Anderson stepped suddenly forward; "I think Estelle feels faint," she said, slipping her hand under the girl's arm. Estelle's face was perfectly white, and she gave a little shiver as she was led to a seat. Beatrice ran for a glass of water, the other girls remaining in their places until dismissed, though Estelle's pallor had created some consternation amongst them.

The little girl soon recovered, and declared herself ready for the rest of the investiture, but Miss Hull excused her from any more standing, and allowed the patrol leader to put the various insignia on her as she sat in the chair.

Ivy Grant stood alone at one end of the room. She knew none of the girls, so far, and looked a little awkward. Iris, good-naturedly, anxious to put the new girl at her ease, stepped across with a smile. But Ivy was not shy, and was soon chatting merrily. "I never saw such solemn people as you are at your enrolment," she said. "I wonder all your new recruits don't faint!"

"Oh, it was standing so long caused it, I think, and I suppose one always feels a trifle nervous at having to go forward, but Estelle seems all right now."

"Are there only three of us in the patrol?"

"Yes, you three, and the leader, Beatrice. But some Brownies will come in soon. And now that Estelle has joined, I expect Florrie Ames will want to, for they are friends. But Florrie says she won't learn up her tenderfoot test until the exams are over."

"Why, is she always top?"

"Indeed, no! the other way about! She's quite the most stupid of the seniors. But I think her father has promised her something if she does well this term. Estelle is far smarter, especially at languages; she goes with the seniors now for French. It's lucky you three have joined to-day," went on Iris, "for the Company is invited to a War Dressings entertainment next week, and we are all going in uniform. The other girls are wild, because they'll have to go to bed at the usual time, while we are out enjoying themselves."

"Why can't they go?"

"Oh, it's a half private affair, but we are invited because of some war work we did last term. Will Mrs. Hobson let you come? Dot and Estelle are both day girls, and will meet us at the door of the hall, and I expect you could do the same. We will ask Miss Anderson, she is going to be in charge that night."

"Your lieutenant?"

"Yes, she's awfully nice, and isn't she pretty? She's engaged to be married, and I expect we shall make a Guard of Honour at the church. But we shall be sorry when she leaves, and I don't know what the kindergarten will do without her."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONCERT.

On Tuesday night there was much brushing of uniforms, and polishing of badges, with requests to be allowed to run to the kitchen "for two minutes to iron my tie and hair ribbon."

When ready to march off, the company presented a smart appearance, and the headmistress remarked on this to Miss Anderson, as she stood at the door.

"I hope we have done right in admitting that pupil of Mrs. Hobson's," she continued. "She strikes me as being a little rough and loud in her demeanour. Of course, we can't expect perfection, even of Girl Guides! and we must hope that Ivy may improve."

"I know what you mean," answered Miss Anderson, "her influence does not seem to be exactly what one would choose, and I can't help hoping that she will not become too friendly with any of our girls; at any rate, unless the influence is to be on the right side."

The hall was fairly full when Miss Anderson entered with her charges, and Ivy, unable to sit with her patrol, took a vacant seat in front of them, next to Iris Fawley.

"This is jolly," she whispered. "I was afraid I should have to sit near someone I didn't know. We shall be all right here. Look, Iris, Mrs. Smith is coming in, with Dora and the boys; Dora is at our school. I was at their house to tea a fortnight ago," and Ivy blushingly acknowledged the smiles of the party who sat down immediately before them.

At the same moment a quartette of singers mounted the platform, and the programme commenced.

"Daisy's green with envy to-night," murmured Elsie, when the interval was reached, "and wishes she had become a Guide. She would have done anything to come to this concert."

"Daisy would have to learn not to whine," laughed Angela, "and she would find that harder than the tenderfoot test. I'm sure Meg wouldn't put up with it in our patrol. I'm glad I'm in the Daisies. Look at Iris talking to those boys in front, I don't believe Miss Anderson likes it; she looks uncomfortable."

"It's because we're in uniform, partly—we're supposed to be specially circumspect in that case. They're some of Ivy Grant's friend, I saw her talking to that fat lady, and then introducing Iris. They're making rather a shindy, aren't they?"

The two young Smiths, vacuous looking lads, were leaning over the back of their seat, making comments which, if not particularly intellectual in character, evidently won the approval of Ivy. The girls were laughing rather loudly, and several glances were directed at the party by people seated near.

"They are making everybody stare at us!" complained Angela, and she was relieved when the second part of the entertainment began.

One of Mrs. Hobson's daughters was in the Hall,

and Ivy had orders to join her for the walk home. "Send your patrol on in front, and walk with me, Iris," said Mrs. Anderson, and Iris, feeling vaguely uncomfortable, obeyed. The Guides were in high spirits, and chattered gaily about the evening's enjoyment, as they marched along the dark roads. The lieutenant was silent for a few moments, then she began gravely: "I am very proud of my uniform, Iris, and yet, to-night, you made me feel a little sorry that I was wearing it."

Iris' face went scarlet in the darkness, and she asked in a low voice, "Why, Madam?" "We went there as Guides—in uniform—" went on Miss Anderson, "and therefore bound to hold the honour of the whole Guide movement—not only of our own company, but of every other possible company. What we did to-night we did as Guides, any comment upon our conduct was made upon us as Guides. You see what I mean?" "Ivy introduced me to the Smiths," murmured Iris.

"There is no harm in that, but Ivy's manner is a little loud, and you were naturally drawn into the fun that was going on. There are some girls, Iris, who seem incapable of talking to young men in a natural, modest manner. To me, the ideal always seems to accept respectful attention from gentlemen, as a right—not to attract attention by silly, giggling ways. I don't want to scold, dear, only to help by offering advice; especially because you are a patrol leader, and the younger girls are disposed to look up to you and copy what you do."

They were nearing the school gate, and Iris whispered, "I'm sorry, I didn't think—"

The lieutenant pressed her arm kindly. "We have a rule," she concluded, "which helps in such cases. It is: 'Guides should not do anything which attracts attention in public.' And now, Iris, Ivy seems anxious to be friendly with you, and I'm going to depend on you to show her what a high ideal Guides have of their conduct, whether in uniform or not!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

"Help me, someone, with this theory," cried Alice Porter: "Daisy, you know it all by instinct! What's B to F?"

"I'm writing to Aunt Matilda," objected Daisy. "If you'll compose a suitable letter for her, I'll do all your theory—it's a diminished fifth—that's far easier than thanking her for asking me for a week-end."

"Doesn't that clinking of knives and forks sound cheerful?" interrupted Angela. "I can't think of anything, except that we are going to dine late and have a fancy dress ball. Such gorgeous swank!"

"Wait till to-morrow for your letter, Daisy, you'll have heaps more news after the dance is over, and you could help me with my theory now."

Daisy moved over, rather reluctantly, to Alice's side. "Something smells very nice in the hall," she said; "if it were not for the French exam on Monday, I should be happier. I say, look at the time! The dressing-bell will ring directly."

Steps sounded along the passage. "Here comes Ada to ring it!" But it was not Ada. Mademoiselle appeared at the door, and looked round the school-room, her face drawn into angry lines.

"Marguerite Sinclair!" she called, and then withdrew.

"Help!" ejaculated Meg, as she rose to follow, "what have I done? She looked fearfully wild! I

hope she won't keep me long, it'll take me ages to get dressed."

"She did look queer," commented Alice. "She's going as a Turk to-night, perhaps she wants to assassinate Meg, to get the right expression. Miss Hull is going to be Jeanne d'Arc, she'll look a darling, and Miss Wright's early Victorian—she usually is, because she's got some things that belonged to her great grandmother. There's the bell, now!" and the girls jumped up with alacrity.

There was a rule on these occasions that costumes should be impromptu affairs, made up of one's own, or one's friends' garments. A great deal of borrowing went on, much ingenuity was displayed, and some wonderful toilettes were compounded of very matter-of-fact material. If accessories were purchased, the cost must be limited to one shilling.

"I must go along to the mistresses' room," said Angela, "Miss Hull promised me some hairpins."

"Tell Meg to hurry if you see her," shouted Alice, as she ran off.

The door was slightly ajar, and as Angel tapped, she heard Meg say, defiantly, indignantly: "Do you really think I did that?"

"Oui, je le pense!" was the reply, "il faut—" "Well then," began Meg; Angela tapped again, but Mademoiselle's voice rose angrily—"Il faut parler français!"

"Eh bien!" slowly and deliberately, "vous—vous—pouvez le penser! Cela m'est égal!"

Angela, with wildly beating heart, fled to Number 6. "Girls!" she gasped, "Meg's in the most frightful row! I don't know what it is, but Mademoiselle is furious, and so is Meg—absolutely furious—in French, too!"

"What on earth—?"

"What did they say?"

"Tell us about it!"

The girls, in various stages of déshabille, crowded round, almost forgetting their former interest in fancy dress. But Angela could tell very little, and by-and-by, in a dispirited fashion, the toilettes were finished.

"There's the door of Miss Wright's study, now! Listen, here's someone coming—it's Meg! She's gone up to her room, I must go, too!" and Angela darted up the stairs.

Meg was sitting on the bed, her face very flushed, and beside her stood a Fisher-girl, Red Riding-Hood, and Bluebeard. Angela burst in, deposited a rake and a watering-can on the floor, and flew to Meg. "What is it?—Mademoiselle is hateful!—never mind, Meg, let me help you to dress. Where's your armour? Tell us about it while—"

Meg laughed bitterly. "You needn't trouble, I'm not coming!"

"Not coming! Why ever? Oh, Meg."

"It's true. Miss Wright says I had better go to bed and think over my conduct."

There was a gasp from all the girls.

"But," asked Diana, "what have you done?"

"What does she think you've done?" amended Angela, loyally.

"Well, it's this way; you remember when Mademoiselle was in charge of prep., she sent me to the mistresses' study for her old red pencil. Then when she came back, she found that she had stupidly left Monday's exam paper on the table there."

"She couldn't blame you for that."

"No, and she might have known I wouldn't have looked at it, even if somebody had stuck it up in front of my very eyes. But, later on, in the passage

outside, she found a piece of paper, and written on it were all the verbs to be conjugated, and the page and paragraph of the translation. A delightful idea now, of course, she has to alter the whole exam."

"But what made her think it was yours?"

"Meg!"

"Fact! here it is!" and Meg pulled the crumpled paper from her pocket.

There was a sympathetic silence from the strangely garbed little group round the bed.

Exercises were done on one side of the papers only, which, after being duly corrected and returned, were torn in half, clipped together, and used for all scribbling purposes, under the title of quarter-sheets.

"You see," said Meg, in a hard voice, "it's half my science exercise; there's M. Sinclair and the date at the top."

"That isn't your writing on the other side."

"No, but she thinks it is. And you see, it's in copying-ink pencil, and very faint, and there's so little of it."

"There's a corner torn off," remarked Hilda.

"I see that, Miss Sherlock Holmes, but it doesn't seem to help matters, much."

"What shall you do?" asked Nancy, awestruck.

"But," persisted Angela, "why did Miss Wright send you to bed?"

"Well, when Mademoiselle said she thought I'd done that, I told her she could just think so then—I was so mad. And then she marched me off to Miss Wright."

"Oh, dear," sighed Hilda, "and your silver armour was so lovely."

"It's a shame, a disgusting, horrible shame," declared Nancy.

"I shall bring you something from dinner. What a good thing I'm Red Riding-hood, I shall put something in my basket when nobody is looking."

"That's a spiffing idea; what could I bring in my watering-can?" asked Mary-Mary-quite-contrary.

"Soup, I should think!"

"Soup's no good. But I'll manage jelly, or biscuits, or trifle if we have it. Oh, there's the gong! Meg, darling, it's a frightful shame!" and Angela was almost crying as she flung her arms round the girl's neck.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEG IN DISGRACE.

The longer Miss Wright thought about the affair of the paper that Mademoiselle had picked up, the more keenly she felt on the subject. Possessing a strict sense of honour herself, she was most anxious that both teachers and girls should be imbued with the same, and that the general tone of the school should be unimpeachable.

"Whether your percentage of marks in the examinations be high or not," she would say, "let it at any rate represent an honest result."

Meg Sinclair's conduct had so far given no cause for serious censure, indeed the headmistress had considered her an impulsive, good-hearted girl. She would not now condemn her without making exhaustive enquiries.

"No other girl seems to have left the schoolroom during the time that the paper was dropped," she said, as Meg stood before her on Monday. "Miss Rae's theory class certainly was dismissed, but the pupils stayed in the classroom, with the exception of the day scholars Estelle and Madge, who went into the passage to put on their coats." Meg looked up.

"Still," went on Miss Wright, "you must admit that both of those girls are almost exempt from suspicion. Madge is only ten, the senior French paper could be of no possible interest to her. Estelle, of course, takes the French exam., but she is perhaps the one girl in the school who needs absolutely no help with the subject. You will remember that she gained ninety-seven per cent. at the last examination. Then, this paper is written with copying-ink pencil; have you such a pencil?"

"Yes," answered Meg, hopelessly.

"Estelle has not, so she tells me."

"I don't know anything about it," persisted Meg, after a pause, "but, of course, anyone who took a quarter-sheet out of my desk could take the pencil, too."

"Did you miss it on Saturday?"

"No, I didn't think of looking for it. I had finished my prep. on Friday night, and I was writing home and sewing most of Saturday." There was another pause.

"I understand you have carried out my orders, and made an apology to Mademoiselle for your rudeness?"

Meg flushed angrily; "If was she who—I have never had my word doubted before," she burst out, checked herself, and added more quietly, "Yes, Miss Wright."

Miss Wright looked severely before her. "Do not let us have any more temper," she said. "I feel disappointed, Margaret, that my opinion of you has been so much lowered during the past week. Miss Morris, also, had occasion to reprimand you recently, I believe. You will admit that in this instance appearances are very much against you. I can only urge you, if you have done wrong, not to persist in obstinate denial, but to make an honest confession. Come, we should only think all the better of you," she added, in a kinder tone.

Meg shook her head. Her lip was quivering, and she could not trust herself to speak.

A still more trying interview awaited her at the end of the week. A Court of Honour was usually held before the Guide Meeting. This was attended by the officers and leaders.

"I am really sorry, Meg," began the captain, "for what I have to say, but Miss Wright feels that until this unfortunate affair is cleared up, we must not allow you to act as leader."

Meg's face went very white, and she half rose from her seat, and then sank back. "I am sorry," repeated Miss Hull, "but it seems to be my duty to ask you to consider yourself suspended from office for the present. I find it almost impossible to believe that any of our Guides—a leader especially—could stoop to dishonourable conduct, and your defiant attitude makes things so much worse. One has to think of the example to younger girls. I can only hope, Meg, that before long we may have reason to restore you to your former rank."

"To have Miss Hull turn against me, too," cried poor Meg, as she lay on her bed shaking with sobs. "I don't mind Mademoiselle, or Miss Wright, half so much. Now Miss Hull thinks I'm horrible—and so I might as well be!" she finished desperately.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANGELA HAS TOOTHACHE.

"It's a horrid shame!" was the verdict of Number 6.

"If I were Meg," declared Daisy, "I wouldn't go back to those loathly Guide meetings at all."

"Meg wouldn't do like that," quoth Elsie, "she knows she has to be loyal to her captain, and that

includes accepting punishment, I suppose. But it's awfully hard luck. How I wish we could find out about the whole thing."

"It's so perfectly mean," muttered Daisy, "if she's really done nothing."

"You can't say she's done nothing," was Alice's judgment. "She checked Mademoiselle, which of course we have no business to do. And now Miss Wright thinks she's rolling a deliberate lie, as well as having tried to be unfair about the exam."

"You are very quiet, Angie," said Daisy. "Do you suppose Meg really did it?"

"Do I suppose I did it myself?" scornfully. "No, but I've got toothache, and it strikes me it will be my painful duty to see the dentist."

"Try some of my camphor," urged Elsie.

"Wrap a shawl round your head," suggested Daisy.

"Ask Miss Morris if you can go to the kitchen and get some salt to sniff up your nose," advised Alice.

Angela accepted the two first suggestions, with the result that she succeeded in dropping off into a doze. For a time she slept peacefully, but the aching tooth was not to be soothed so easily. Gradually she seemed to be dragged back to the consciousness of pain, and as her senses grew clearer, the throbbing only increased. Moonlight was streaming into the room; she looked at her wrist watch, it was half-past twelve.

"It's that fancy dress dinner," moaned the sufferer. "I ate heaps of sweets, and I got hot dancing, and then put my head out of the window. I'll go to the dentist—tomorrow, anyway. I'll go even if it feels better—I can't bear another night like this."

She reached out of bed for Elsie's camphor, rearranged the shawl, tried lying with her head higher, tried lying on the other side, tried sitting up.

The memory of Alice's salt cure at last made her jump out of bed. "It can't make it any worse than it is—I'll try it!"

Angela was a plucky little soul, but the thought of the dark kitchen at midnight daunted her somewhat. Still, it would be mean to wake any of the other girls. Muffled up in her dressing-gown, the shawl over her head, she crept noiselessly down the stairs, across the hall, and through the swing-door into the kitchen passage.

She had brought matches, and soon found the salt jar. Putting a little into a cup, she was approaching the door again when a sound made her start.

What was it?—footsteps near at hand?—someone in the passage? Had Miss Wright or one of the teachers heard her moving, and come to see what was wrong?

No! the quiet footfall came from the other end of the passage, from the cellar stairs. Angela's heart stood still. She was close to the half-opened door, and paralysed with fear she clung to the dresser, staring before her.

The moonlit passage was darkened by a shadow, then—no stalwart burglar as Angela expected, passed the doorway, but a woman's figure! It was Mademoiselle, fully dressed, and carrying her shoes in her hand.

Angela hardly knew how she got upstairs to her room. Shivering with cold and fear, she fled up the servants' staircase and along the back passage to Number 6. Even after she lay in bed she shook,

partly with terror and partly with cold. The throbbing in her tooth was terrible. The clock on the landing struck two, half-past two, three. At last, from sheer exhaustion, she slept—even through the clamour of the dressing-bell, and was only awakened by Daisy's shout of "You'll be late, Angela!"

The events of the past night seemed like a dream to Angela. Hurried dressing was a necessity if she wished to escape a late mark, and as she sat at breakfast and saw Mademoiselle presiding calmly over her end of the table, it seemed impossible to realise her midnight adventure. Was it all a nightmare? No, the cup of salt at her bedside was the proof of her visit to the kitchen.

What then was she to think? Was Mademoiselle a somnambulist? That theory did not commend itself to Angela. Mademoiselle's movements had been so stealthy—she seemed to know so well that it was necessary to avoid observation. Yet what possible object could she have in visiting the cellars? According to Dot's account the place was distinctly gloomy and unpleasant. Then Angela remembered her walk with Miss Hull, and how the teacher had spoken of subterranean passages. But even if there were one, what incentive could Mademoiselle have in inspecting it, whether it led to the Lepers' Home or to the church?

The thought of the Lepers' House reminded her of the light that had been seen. What a mysterious muddle the whole thing was! Perhaps Mademoiselle's interest in the cellars was purely historical, but in that case, why did she not satisfy her antiquarian instincts by daylight?

"If I told anyone about it," mused Angela, "it would be my patrol leader, but that's Meg, and Meg is in trouble. Oh, if I could do anything to get her out of it! I shall go on feeling that she is my leader whatever they say about reducing her rank. No, I shall not tell any of the girls. What good am I if I can't do a little elementary tracking, and hunt out a mystery?"

Beatrice Mark was deputed to accompany Angela to the dentist's house, and to remain with her while the offending cavity was filled. If Angie was quiet during the walk, Beatrice put that down to a little natural nervousness with regard to the coming ordeal. Near the station they passed Canon Fielding. "I expect he is going to meet the Bishop," remarked Beatrice, trying to distract Angela's thoughts. "The confirmation is to-morrow. Did you know that Miss Wright had put Meg off?"

"Put Meg off?" repeated Angela. "No!—not letting her be confirmed, do you mean?"

"Yes; says that Meg can't give any explanation about that paper, and won't confess to it, and persists in being defiant."

"It's wicked!" pronounced Angela, "perfectly wicked; Meg is as fit to be confirmed as any of them. I don't know how Miss Wright can be so mean!"

"It's very unlucky," admitted Beatrice, "but she will only have to wait till Easter, I expect. And in a way she has herself to blame—she was so rude to Mademoiselle."

"Well," argued Angela, "it is insulting to have one's word doubted, isn't it? I don't believe any of the English teachers would have done it. They expect us to speak the truth, and so we do, and they always take our word." Beatrice admitted this, but being a prefect, felt herself bound to uphold the Powers that be. "Miss Wright would probably have taken her word, if she had not been so angry

to begin with, at what Meg said to Mademoiselle. Meg seems to have had a talent for getting into scrapes lately. She upset Miss Morris first, and now Mademoiselle and Miss Wright. And I suppose Miss Hull is annoyed because the others are, and she never likes any of us Guides to get into trouble." Angela looked so pale that Miss Wright sent her to bed for the afternoon. Pain and want of sleep had made her very tired, and she soon dropped into a comfortable slumber. There was a Guide meeting to be held in the evening, so Angela, on awakening at tea-time, dressed in uniform, and on awakening stairs looking more like her usual self.

"Miss Hull says I have to act as Leader to-night," whispered Elsie, "but I don't want to do it—it would make me feel so mean towards poor Meg. But after we go to our corner, we'll do something all together, like ambulance or signalling, and everything will be just as usual, except that Meg won't have her two stripes."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANGELA'S MIDNIGHT WATCH.

"I'm thinking in dots and dashes!" complained Angela at bed-time. "I've got Morse code on the brain, and I keep spelling words in my head."

As she spoke she was pulling a nightdress over her uniform. A wild plan had formed in her mind to try to-night and investigate the mystery which was worrying her. She had spent the afternoon in bed, so would surely be able to keep awake long enough to watch whether Mademoiselle paid another nocturnal visit to the cellars. Slipping off her shoes, she jumped into bed. Then a thought struck her—"Miss Morris may wonder where my clothes are!" And springing out again, she took some garments from her chest of drawers, and arranged them on a chair. She blushed a little in the privacy of her cubicle, but defended herself by arguing that deceit was necessary in the cause of secret investigation. Angela's cubicle was the one at the door of the room, and she felt distinctly uncomfortable when the teacher came in to put out the light, but Miss Morris noticed nothing unusual, and passed on her round to the other rooms.

It seemed a long time till Angela heard the household retire to bed and everything was quiet.

"Now! I must 'be prepared'!" she thought, and creeping softly out of bed, she took up her position beside the half-opened door. The night was cold, and Angela reached down a thick coat and slipped it on, putting her electric torch into the pocket.

"What about provisions for my journey?" she said to herself, and laughed silently at the notion. "There is my chocolate that I bought coming home from the dentist's—it will help to keep me awake if I get tired." In spite of the afternoon nap, Angela felt herself growing sleepy after waiting for an hour. She shivered and took a bite of chocolate. Twelve o'clock struck. It was getting very dismal; everyone was asleep, and apparently Mademoiselle had no intention of taking a walk abroad to-night.

What was that little scratch? A mouse, perhaps! Angela peered cautiously through the doorway.

No! Something was going to happen, after all! A faint light shone under the door of Mademoiselle's room, at the head of the stairs. Angela was wide awake now, her heart beating fast with excitement.

The light went out. Quietly, so quietly that scarcely a rustle could be heard, the door opened,

and Angela saw a dark figure glide down the staircase. There was sufficient moonlight to enable her to see that Mademoiselle was dressed in her outdoor things, and carried a small bag. Where could she be going—perhaps not to the cellars this time? Yes—she was turning in the direction of the kitchens.

Angela's plan was all thought out; she waited until Mademoiselle passed through the swing-door, then fitted after her. Keeping always a certain distance behind, making furtive dashes from one doorway to another, so as to leave a way of escape if the French teacher should return unexpectedly she tracked her to the head of the cellar stairs. Mademoiselle also had a torch, and after putting on her shoes, lighted herself carefully along, avoiding wet and uneven places. The little tracker was obliged to let her quarry get well ahead, for she was equally afraid to flash her torch, or to stumble over loose stones, and so make her presence known.

She had to stand for some time at the entrance to the coal-cellar, water dripping dismally around. A drop fell on her neck, and, flashing the torch in at the doorway, she sought a drier spot. A coal-hod stood near by, filled with sticks and waste paper, evidently intended by the maids for use in the morning. The light fell on this hod as Angela waited. Amongst its contents lay some old exercises belonging to girls in her class, and she amused herself glancing at the corrections. Her eye caught sight of a crumpled bit in one corner. "Yours, Star," stared up at her—"Yours, Star!"—that was what Estelle Carter signed sometimes. In Latin class the declension of "stella" had given rise to some chaffing, and Estelle had adopted the pseudonym of "Star" to her friends. It was the work of a moment to straighten out the paper. This was what she read:—"Dear Florrie, learn these up for Monday";—and then the signature. This, then, was the fragment torn from Meg's quarter-sheet! In a flash Angela realised what the finding of it would mean. Now Miss Wright could be convinced that Meg had not written the incriminating words! It was evident that Estelle had done it in order to help her own friend, Florrie Ames. She buttoned the scrap of paper into her breast pocket, for there was no time to linger. Following Mademoiselle's retreating footsteps, Angela found that, as Miss Hull had said, a wall had been built across the passage. A part of it had fallen down or been removed, and Mademoiselle, by lifting away a few loose stones, could creep through the aperture. She laid the stones on one side, perhaps intending to replace them on her return, so it was easy for Angela to crawl after her. The ground was drier here, but the air was close and stale, and the child shivered a little as she remembered that she was below the road, and too far now from the school for anyone to hear a cry for help. But she would not turn back.

(To be continued.)

SCOUTS CLUB

Members of the Girl Guide Association *in uniform* will be welcomed at the Club, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1, on Tuesday and Thursday Evenings at seven o'clock. The following is the programme for the next few weeks: Tuesday Sept. 17th, Whist Drive. Thursday, Sept. 26th, 4th Brockly Minstrel Troop. Oct. 1st, Social Evening. Oct. 10th, Special Scout Evening. Oct. 15th, Concert. Oct. 24th, White Fox on Sketching.

THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK

(Notes by Lady Baden-Powell.)

War Economy.

We hear so much nowadays about how to save up our food and our money, how to make clothes wear longer, and how to save coal by using hay-boxes for cooking.

But has anyone tried making gloves out of old stocking tops yet?

Mrs. Hawkey has invented a National Standard Dress, with a view to having a garment that would take very little time and trouble to make, which would use half the material usually required, and which would be smart and well cut, and suitable for everybody to wear.

She has now started this scheme for making gloves out of wool or cashmere stockings whose feet have worn out.

She came to the Guide Store the other day, and held out her hand and said, "Look at that." I looked, and couldn't see anything special in her hand. There was a very neat glove on it, that was all; and then she showed me how it was made.

If you want to know how they are made, then write to the Girl Guide Depot (84, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1), and they will send you the necessary directions.

Overseas Guides.

We have lately heard of the great development that is going on with the work of the Guides in Canada, and the Movement is progressing too very fast in South Africa; and the girls of those far away parts of our Empire are all getting keener and keener on the work, as Guides should.

We look forward to the day when travelling will be possible again, so that parties of Guides from home can go overseas to meet those sister Guides who have joined up during the war.

There is a very interesting little monthly magazine, called "Overseas," which can be bought for 6s. a year from the Overseas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2., and this gives interesting information and stories about other countries.

It is the official magazine for the Overseas Club, and this movement has recently been taking a greater interest in the Guides, and we hope by degrees that there may be some Guide Companies formed under its auspices.

We must, therefore, be ready to give a welcome to those Overseas Guides, and you can best do it by starting now to write letters to those who are already in the Sisterhood. Some months ago quite a lot of letters came to our Headquarters Office for sending on to far away Guides, but I suppose that, with Summer Camps, Rallies, Parades, etc., there has not been much time for writing.

However, you Guides with Clerks' and Scribes' Badges might well practice your art on someone; so send those letters along for us to post. We can put you in touch with Guides "over there," and it would be most interesting for you to get to make a friend of a girl whom you have never seen, but who will probably be able to tell you a great deal of interesting news about her country. And then, what fun it would be, if some day you met.

The Girl Scouts of America.

On the 4th July, the American Independence Day, we sent a message of greeting from the Girl Guides to their sisters in America, and, in acknowledging it, Mrs. Low, their President, writes: "The message you sent to the Girl Scouts was the most welcome you sent to the Girl Scouts we have ever received, because it proved, beyond doubt, that our sisters, the Girl Guides, are in real sympathy with us. Every link that binds us is of the greatest value at the present time."

This feeling, I am sure we heartily reciprocate. Mrs. Low, at the same time, reports that the Girl Scouts are framing their Handbook exactly upon ours, with, of course, some alteration in details to suit local conditions.

So, it will be pleasing to know that those girls are training in practice and spirit on identical lines with us.

She also reports that on the strength of the explanation of our work which we sent from here, the Fosdick Commission has now offered to pay the salary and travelling expenses to a Girl Scout Captain to train their agents in all the duties of Captains, so that they may introduce the Girl Guide activities into their recreation centres.

This will mean a very large extension of the Movement throughout the United States.

In the five great American Universities, courses of training for Captains have been started during the summer. These have proved so popular and successful that these colleges have now arranged to keep up the training in winter as well as in summer. They train thirty Captains every six weeks.

When shall we see our Universities doing the same?

An interesting enquiry was held not long ago by Dean Russell, the Professor of Education at Columbia University, as to the relative merits of the Camp Fire Girls and the Girl Scouts, and he went carefully into the good points, as well as any defects in both systems, in a most impartial manner; but, finally, he gave his verdict in favour of the Girl Guides' training. And I feel sure he was right—don't you?

The Education Bill.

This measure has now been passed through Parliament, and should help a great deal towards preparing our girls and boys for their work in life.

Some people have supposed that when attendance at school became compulsory for girls over fourteen, there would be less need for Guide Training. But, as a matter of fact, the opposite seems to be the case, for a large number of our Guides are no doubt still, in any case, attending schools, and come to Guide meetings after school hours, and they enjoy and benefit by the activities just as much as—if not more than—the girls who have already left school, and are at work or play which keeps them occupied, and makes their attendance at Guide meetings less regular.

Many of our Senior Guides' Badges are instituted with a view to helping them in their Continuation School work, under the new Act.

Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest.

Some new books on Guiding are coming out shortly, which may be helpful to Guiders who are keen to know yet more about how to run their companies even more successfully.

And yet, the other day, a Commissioner writing

to me said:—"Guiders want more directions now-days. In the early days of Guiding, I knew my old Blue Handbook, with no Book of Rules, no Girl Guiding, or any guiding lines for helping us along. And yet, I think we achieved the same end as the present day Guiders."

I feel sure that is very true, and that it is not the actual instructions for the game that are going to help you most.

Of course, it is important to know company drill, in order to be able to move your Guides about in a body at a Rally; it is important, also, to know the Morse Code, for developing the memory through teaching must be learnt.

But it is the keenness and initiative of each Guider herself, as well as of each Guide herself, that is going to make the Company really successful, that is the spirit, not the letter, of Guiding that leads you to success. At the same time, I would like to point out that Guiders will help themselves most by reading the Gazette, by absorbing "Girl Guiding" in mouthfuls, and by studying the Book of Rules which makes our aims, our methods, and our details so clear to all.

Commissioners' Conference.

This number of the Gazette has to go to press just when the big Conference of Commissioners is being held, so that it is not possible to give any account of the meeting this month, beyond saying that over three hundred have come together at Swanwick for it.

But a detailed report will be published of the proceedings, and it is hoped that this will prove of interest to those who were not able to be present.

The Land Workers.

More and yet more girls and women are taking up work on the land, and from all accounts, they are enjoying it, and from what we see, they are making a success of it, too—the happiest of combinations.

When first they join the Land Army, the girls have a certain time of training at various centres, and after that they are drafted to farms and estates where help is urgently wanted, either in groups or singly—it all depends.

Where they go in couples or more, they are naturally happy in the companionship of a fellow-worker who is out on the same road, and interested in the same things.

But, in some cases, these Land Workers are in isolated places far from their own homes, and to these, Guides might hold out a friendly hand, for, though they are happy and absorbed in their work in the fields, and in tending the farm live stock, spare hours may hang heavily on their hands in the autumn and winter time.

The Director of the Land Army has appealed to us to do what is possible to make the Land Workers welcome in Guide Club-rooms, and at Guide meetings, and at any Guide Socials or entertainments. Commissioners and Captains could be doing a good turn by getting into touch with local Land Authorities. The Headquarters of the Movement is at 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, and Miss Muriel Talbot will be glad to answer letters, and to inform possible well wishers where their help would be most welcome.

Look before you leap.

We are apt perhaps, sometimes, in these days of rush and hurry, to be always leaping forward with

our work or with our ideas, and to have little time for attending to small details.

It is right to have large ideas—we want, when we see a thing that is good, to make for it with all haste, and grab it.

But, even so, when aiming for a big thing—such as an important and difficult Badge, or when forming a new company, or when starting a new Local Association—it is all important to consolidate our positions, as it were, as we go along, and to be sure that our foundations are well laid.

Accuracy is one of the most important attributes to be developed and practised by Guides and Guiders, and even such small details as stamping letters correctly, addressing envelopes legibly and giving orders clearly, either in writing or by word of mouth, are ways in which we Guides can show an example to others and can compass success for ourselves.

GUIDES REQUIRED IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES

Several Girl Guides are required for work in a Government office. Salary 17/- per week. Guides already in Government service may not apply.

Send name and address **only** to Miss Macdonald, 76-Victoria Street S.W.1.

DIPLOMA'D GUIDERS.

Several Guiders have taken the examinations held by the three official Guiders' Training Schools for special diplomas and have passed as follows:—

THE CHIEF'S DIPLOMA.

(The highest grade of diploma, which entitles a Guider to hold Training Camps and courses for training other Guiders.)

	<i>Examined by</i>
Miss Colman (Norfolk)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Robotham (Derbyshire)	West of England G.T.S.
Mrs. Strode (Surrey)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Wissman (Devonshire)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Rawstorne (Lancashire)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Crosbie (Hertfordshire)	London G.T.S.
Miss Hetherington (London)	London G.T.S.
Miss Wicking (Leicestershire)	North of England G.T.S.
Mrs. Lidbetter (Westmorland)	North of England G.T.S.

SECOND CLASS DIPLOMA.

(The second grade of diploma, which shows that a Guider is well qualified to run a Company and to instruct Guiders in certain subjects, and is herself a first-rate Guider.)

	<i>Examined by</i>
Miss Barbour (Cheshire)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Bardsley (Lancashire)	West of England G.T.S.
Miss Cox (Derbyshire)	London G.T.S.
Miss Bray (Surrey)	London G.T.S.
Miss Upton (Surrey)	London G.T.S.

THE PROVISIONAL DIPLOMAS which were awarded to distinguished Guiders early this summer, enabled experienced Guiders to run Camps or Guiders' Training Circles until they were able to devote time to the Diploma Examination. They were granted for this year only. Alice Baird (Head of Guiders' Training Schools).

COMPANY FUNDS.

(continued from page 112.)

Many companies make an income by bee-keeping, but owing to shortage of sugar for winter feeding this is more difficult in war-time.

A London company added to its Company Fund by a very courageous venture. Starting with *nothing*, the Guides saved the weekly penny subscriptions for six months; they then gave a concert, and with the sums thus saved and earned, a room was fitted up as a small hospital ward. Sick-nursing and ambulance work were taught and the local doctor showed his good opinion of Guide work by sending two patients to the miniature hospital.

This list gives only a few out of the many ways in which Company Funds may be earned. We shall be very glad to receive new suggestions and to publish further lists in the Gazette. Methods of earning money which are the result of a Company's own experience, being specially valuable.

3. ENTERTAINMENTS AND DISPLAYS.

These are usually given separately, but are sometimes combined, as an entertainment is a good opportunity for showing an audience what guide work is, and musical drill, signalling, ambulance demonstrations, etc. help to vary an entertainment programme.

Whether separate or combined there are some golden rules for success.

1. Have a varied and interesting programme, and let as many guides as possible take part.

2. Decide on the length of the performance *and do not exceed it*, people like to know beforehand how long an entertainment will last.

3. Do not make the show too long, an hour and a half to two hours is a good average length; remember that quality appeals to an audience more than quantity.

4. Have no pauses between the various items, waits are amateurish and start an audience yawning. Ensure *silence* behind the scenes and forbid peeping from behind the curtain.

5. Organise the selling of tickets or collection, also the seating arrangements, so that there may be no mistakes or delays "on the night."

6. Rehearse! Rehearse! Rehearse! Insist on everyone being absolutely word-perfect, see that each item is begun and finished in the time allotted to it and that the performers are waiting ready for their turn. Rehearse the stewards who show people to their places, the raising and lowering of curtain, the collectors, programme sellers, etc. **LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE.**

It is a good plan to rehearse each item separately, timing it until it is smartly and briskly done. This applies specially to ambulance, signalling, and other displays, which often bore the audience and make a bad impression if too long or too slowly executed.

When every item, whether song, dance, play, recitation or demonstration, goes without a hitch and within the time allotted, then combine them and rehearse until all work together and there are no hitches, mistakes or awkward pauses.

Whether entrance is paid for or a collection is taken or the show is free, remember it is a point of honour to do the best possible. Guides play as well as they work. Though your Company Fund may have benefitted, your guide prestige has suffered if your audience gets tired or bored or sleepy or goes away with a pain in its head and a yawn on its countenance, or if it wishes it had kept its sixpence in its pocket and had stayed in its happy home.

When preparing for an entertainment in a public

hall, ascertain well in advance all the local regulations, the price of the hall, how many it will seat, and at what hour it closes and make your arrangements accordingly. Be thoroughly "up" in its exits and entrances and see about dressing accommodation, etc. Also go into the question of lighting, heating, cleaning, etc., take care of the details and ensure smooth working. Only those who have experienced this preparatory work can realise how essential and how onerous it is. Entertainments have been ruined because no one had seen there was oil in the lamps or because the closing time of the hall arrived before the programme was finished.

Accustom your performers to the hall. Do not alter your programme after it is finally arranged, parents will not be pleased if their children are taken out of the show at the last moment, it is therefore advisable to try your guides first and select the most suitable for individual parts before deciding on a programme.

It encourages the parents as well as the guides themselves to see the children taking part, therefore try to get in all the guides at some part of the display, if no special thing for some of them to do, a brief item of well rehearsed drill will include those who have no special talent. Bring the Brownies into the entertainment too.

Limit your performers to Guides and Guiders, if other people help let it be behind the scenes, the audience *comes to see guides*, do not therefore be persuaded to put on friends who are not guides.

Be very firm in keeping down expenses in every way, you are giving a guide show, guides need resource, ingenuity and adaptability in making the best of the materials they have at hand. A little time and thought in preparations, costumes, writing out notices, programmes, etc. will very often save a great deal of money, and the less the initial expenditure the greater the gain to your Company Fund.

One company wrote on its programme, "we are giving a Demonstration in War Economy, some of our costumes cost 6d. each, the others cost a needle and a reel of cotton." The guide uniform itself forms an effective background for many tableaux.

In preparing for entertainments, time for rehearsal is the greatest problem to be faced, ordinary parade night should be interfered with as little as possible and many girls, however keen, can spare very little other time away from their home duties, the work therefore should be so divided that the entertainment can be practised in sections.

In displays it should be remembered that the Guides have often marched a long distance and require rest. Do not keep them standing unnecessarily, a Display which overtires the girls is never a success. When not actually taking part in the performance Guides and Brownies should be allowed to sit down until their turn comes.

Various forms of Entertainments are:—Concert, Variety Show, Play or Pantomime, Sports, Lectures or Recitals of various kinds, Magic Lantern Show, Social Evening with dancing, games, songs, competitions, etc., Badge Demonstrations, Tableaux, etc.

Of all these ways of raising funds the best means of getting money in a hurry is probably a concert with brief items of musical drill, etc. to give variety, should there be time for necessary rehearsal.

4. SALES.

These include Bazaars, Sales of Work, Jumble Sales, etc. Jumble Sales are very popular in poor neighbourhoods and are usually very profitable.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SOME GAMES FOR BROWNIES.

By K. O. RAND, Brown Owl, 1st Battersea.

Indoor Games.—1. Accident Game: When the Brownies know the symptoms and treatment of fainting, grazed knee, sprained ankle, nose bleeding, etc., the following game may be played. Have several pieces of paper in a box, all blank except three, on which may be written: (a) Faint—Signal. I shall scratch my right ear.—Signed, The Brown Owl. (b) Grazed Knee—Signal. I shall unbuckle my belt and buckle it again.—Signed, The Brown Owl. (c) Sprained Ankle—Signal. I shall undo my shoe and do it up again.—Signed, The Brown Owl.

One of these is written on each of the three papers. Let each Brownie take a paper at the beginning of the evening—they must not show their papers, so that no one will know who is going to be patient. Later on, when the Brownies are busy with something else, the Brown Owl will give a signal, e.g., scratch right ear, when the Brownie who holds the corresponding paper will proceed to faint. The Brownie who first sees her faint and is the first to reach her is then allowed to treat her. The other Brownies stop what they are doing, sit down and watch. After the patient is treated the Brown Owl asks for criticisms from the other Brownies.

This game trains the Brownies in (a) alertness in seeing the signal; (b) readiness to perceive when anyone is in distress; (c) quick thinking; (d) above all, the Brownie learns the habit of running to help instead of shouting for someone else to help.

It is well to get the whole game finished during the first half-hour; otherwise the girls will be in a state of tension the whole evening, and instead of attending to their games and work will be on the look-out for signals and accidents.

(When a Brownie gets the signal to have a grazed knee she must just rub her knee hard and look miserable—and for a sprained ankle she may proceed to limp across the room. Personally, I let them find out for themselves how to show the others that they have a sprained ankle or cut finger or bleeding nose.)

The Brownies' Smiling Game.—Let the youngsters sit in a ring on the ground. One Brownie is chosen to smile the Brownie-smile. Then by passing her hand over her face she wipes the smile off, and must then throw the smile to someone else. The Brownie to whom it is thrown must smile and then she, too, wipes it off and throws it to someone else. The Brownies must not smile until the smile is thrown to them. It is well to let them sit far apart, otherwise it will not be clear whom the smile is being thrown to. Moreover, if a Brownie is in close contact with others, the inclination to smile at the wrong time is greater than if she feels herself to be "on her own."

3. Brownies and Broomsticks.—The Brownies form two lines. One line are all Brownies and the other all Broomsticks. The Brown Owl calls "Br—ownies!" when the Brownies run away chased by the Broomsticks. When the Brown Owl calls "Br—oomsticks!" the Brownies chase the Broomsticks.

This game is an Army game and is good training in alertness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Camper."—The Amateur Camping Club, 4, New Union Street, London, E.C., publishes an excellent little magazine called "Camping."

"Kim."—1. Yes; the terms Attendance Stars and Service Stars are synonymous. 2. To gain the Service Star 75 per cent. of the possible attendances must be made. 3. Every member of the Movement, from the Tenderfoot to the Commissioner, is a Guide. The word "Guider" is used instead of "Officer," as being more in accordance with the spirit of the Movement. Any Officer holding a Warrant is a Guider.

G.V.—There is no fee for insertion of items of Company news; it is unfortunately absolutely impossible to publish in the small space at our disposal in the Gazette all the Company news we receive. A charge is made for insertions of births, deaths and marriages, advertisements, of back numbers of Gazette, etc. You can ascertain these advertisement fees by writing to the Secretary at H.Q., enclosing a copy of the proposed advertisement.

"Herbalist."—The Hon. Secretary of the Horticultural Section of the Women's Legion is Mrs. Drysdale-Bowden. The headquarters of the Legion are at 115, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1. You can obtain information about the preparation of herbs, roots, etc., by enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to the Hon. Sec. The underground stem of Couch Grass is the part to be collected.

"Leader."—This is a matter for your Captain. Please consult her.

COMPANY NEWS.

A specially large instalment of Company news will be published in October Gazette.

NOTHING.

BY A GUIDER WHO KNOWS "NOTHING."

What a vast wealth of literature now floods our land! Some represent hard facts, some carry the imagination to unknown heights or depths, some is elevating, some demoralising, some romantic, some tragic, some hopeless, some just fine, and some with nothing in it.

Many consider that this last class represents sheer waste of time and talent on the part of the writer, yet really it calls forth a most remarkable display of powers for the following reason: Every article is the expression of the thoughts of the writer; therefore, to write an article with nothing in it his thoughts must centre on nothing. Impossible!

What weary Guider has retired to bed pursued by harrying thoughts of the hopelessness of her Company? or having woven glorious plans wherein her Company consists of true noble girls, worthy citizens of this great Empire, is faced by grim reality in the shape of the fast retreating form of some enthusiastic Guide practising her hundred yards' test down an entry? Her brain begins to reel. Oh! that I might think of nothing! is her cry. Would it were possible!

Since such a course of thought is humanly impossible, some superhuman agency must aid in producing a literary article on the subject of Nothing. The dictionary does its best to help—

"Nothing (noun). Not anything." A most learned bit of information! Obvious nothing is not anything, for how can anything be anything but anything?

What, then, is nothing? It is given a variety of definitions, each person interpreting it to suit his or her peculiar case.

Nothing to an elder person may be everything to a child. Mother has not quite time to put the horse safely back in the cupboard before her young offspring returns on his way to bed.

"Mummie, what's that?" as the child sees the protruding hoof. "What, dearie?" "That there."

"Oh, nothing, darling; come along to bye-byes."

Here is another view of nothing. Mary has saved up many weeks' pocket-money to buy Pifi, whom she displays to great advantage during the Health lesson. "What have you got in your hand, Mary?" A slight scuffle and "Nothing, Miss Jones."

But nothing makes many a hero and heroine of ordinary common stuff. There are those brave souls whose sorrows lie too deep for human sympathy, and never a word or look betrays the depth of those hidden cares. A stray word, carelessly spoken, brings up the cherished sorrow and a look of pain momentarily crosses the usually smiling face. Someone sees it, and says: "What is it?" "What? I'm all right; it's nothing."

Apparently, then, people do accomplish the impossible, but few have the same ideas on nothing. If "nothing" to you means something, let it be something good and true; stand by it, fight for it till to others it becomes something, too. But if nothing really be nothing, it's foolish to waste your time and energy over nothing.

But after all nothing can be nothing but nothing.

MRS. MARK KERR'S COMPETITION.

Prizes offered are: 1st Prize, £1. 2nd Prize, 10/- (see August Gazette).

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Glamorganshire: Miss Gertrude Johnson, Deri Park, Bridgend.

Aberdeenshire: Miss H. T. Richie, 12 Albert Terrace, Aberdeen.

RESIGNATIONS.

Miss C. Gillies-Smith from being Division Commissioner for North Berwick.

Miss E. L. Mack from being County Secretary for Flintshire.

GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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