

# Girl Guides' Gazette

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

Price 3d.

No. 53.

May, 1918.

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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

### Goods Obtainable through the COUNTY SECRETARY ONLY:

BROWNIE BADGES.		Each	Postage
Brownie Recruit ...	...	2d.	1½d.
" Second Class ...	...	1d.	1½d.
" First Class ...	...	2d.	1½d.
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2nd Class. Silk Trefoil Badge on left arm ...	...	3d.	1½d.
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Proficiency Badges ...	...	3d.	1½d.
Tenderfoot Badges, Brooches... (Gold Plated)	...	1d.	1½d.
" " " (Gold Plated)	...	6d.	1½d.
Attendance Badges ...	...	2d.	1½d.
" Thanks " Badges (Silver) ...	...	...	3s.
" " (Gilt) ...	...	...	1/3
" " (Gold, 9-carat) ...	...	...	21/-
Captain's Badge ...	...	...	1/3
Lieutenant's Badge ...	...	...	9d.
Committee Badges, Silver Trefoil ...	...	...	2/6
Red Cross Armlet ...	...	...	6d.
Enrolment Cards (for each Guide) per doz. ...	...	...	6d.
County Secretaries' Badges ...	...	...	6d.
Local " " ...	...	...	5s.
Commissioners' Cords and Silver Badge ...	...	...	8d.
Navy Hat Bands... ...	...	...	1/-
Brown Owls enamelled badge ...	...	...	1/-

FORMS for Officers' Warrants, Warrants, Company Registration Forms.

### Goods obtainable from HEADQUARTERS 76 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PUBLICATIONS, &c.			
Nora, the Girl Guide ...	...	3s.	4d.
Training Girls as Guides ...	...	1s.	3d.
The Patrol System for Girl Guides ...	...	6d.	1½d.
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The Little Dressmaker ...	...	1/6	3d.
Going about the Country with your Eyes Open ...	...	1/6	3d.
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My Adventures as a Spy... ...	...	3/6	4d.
Scouting Games (Sir Robt. Baden-Powell)	...	1/6	4d.
The Scout as a Handyman ...	...	1/6	4d.
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What They Are ...	...	4d. doz.	...
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Basket Making at Home ...	...	1/6	3d.
Bartons Veterinary Book ...	...	6d.	2d.
Drill Book ...	...	6d.	2d.
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Questions and Answers on First Aid	...	3d.	1½d.
Guide Law Cards ...	...	1d.	1½d.
Scout Law (By Hon. R. Phillips)	...	6d.	2d.
Parents' Forms (24) ...	...	4d.	1½d.
Official Registration Certificate... (Through Secretaries only)	...	1/-	1½d.
Astronomy for Beginners ...	...	6d.	2d.
Surveying Book ...	...	1/6	2d.
First Aid Book ...	...	1/-	2d.
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Morse Cards ...	...	3d.	1½d.
Tracking and Pathfinding ...	...	6d.	2d.
Displays for Girl Guides... ...	...	9d.	2d.
Brownikins and Other Fancies ...	...	2/6	4d.
Girl Guiding (Handbook for Girl Guides by Sir Robert Baden-Powell)	...	...	...
Paper Covers 1/6 post 3d. Cloth Covers	...	2/6	4d.
British Nesting Birds by Westall ...	...	1/6	3d.
A Child's Book of Saints by Canton ...	...	1/6	3d.
The Heroes by Kingsley ...	...	1/6	4d.
Parables from Nature by Margaret Scott Gatty ...	...	...	...
Book of Golden Deeds by C. Young ...	...	1/6	4d.
Tales from Shakespeare by C. Lamb ...	...	1/6	3d.
Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay ...	...	1/6	3d.
Book of Sain s and Heroes by Lang ...	...	1/6	4d.
Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights ...	...	4/-	6d.
Puck of Pook's Hill by Rudyard Kipling	...	6/-	6d.
Rewards and Fairies ...	...	5/-	3d.
Soldiers' Tales ...	...	5/-	3d.
A Fleet in Being ...	...	6/-	5d.
" " ...	...	1/6	4d.



# GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE

Vol. V. No. 53.

MAY, 1918.

Price 3d.

## EMPIRE DAY— CHIEF SCOUT'S MESSAGE.

*In this month, on the 24th, comes Empire Day, the Annual Day of the Girl Guides.*

My Dear Guides,—

I want you to remember that this Day, although you may use it for a general jollification, is really also a day for solemn thought, especially in this year of war.

Our Empire and the different Dominions that make it up has been likened to a bundle of sticks.

If they are left lying about separately they can be taken up one by one and easily broken, but if they are bound together in a faggot they can stand against the strongest attempt.

So it is with our Overseas Dominions, and the cord which ties them together in a bundle is the spirit of loyalty among them all.

The King is the visible sign of that spirit. If all are loyal to him and loyal to each other nothing can break them.

This strong and happy Empire was brought about by Queen Victoria. She was loyal to her people in trusting them to govern themselves and they were loyal to her in love and admiration.

The 24th of May, her birthday, has therefore been very appropriately called Empire Day. It has equally appropriately been adopted as the Girl Guides' Day, because it is at once the National Day for Guides all over the Empire and at the same time the day of that great woman Guide, Victoria.

Like her, the Guides are doing work for their country, and will do more as they grow up and go out into the world.

At the same time, they will do the right thing by following her lead in the other line of domestic work in their homes.

The Boy Scouts with their St. George's Day and the Girl Guides with their Empire Day, by working together under the same Law and the same Promise, will in the end be better comrades and better citizens, bound together with the spirit of loyalty which will make our Empire strong for peace and prosperity.

These are things I hope you will think of on Empire Day.

*Agnes Maynard*

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Two Camps in beautiful country surroundings.

**WALTON-ON-THAMES.** Miss Agnes Maynard will be running a Camp for Guiders at Walton-on-Thames from May 18th to 25th and for several other week ends, during June and July.

Any Guiders who wish for information about these Camps are asked to write without delay to: Miss Maynard, 34 Woodside, Wimbledon, S.W. 19.

### Sussex Guiders' Camp.

It is proposed to hold a camp for Guiders between Horsted Keynes and West Hoathly from July 27th to August 7th. Accommodation in a barn and some in tents. Details of kit and provisions will be sent on application (please send addressed envelope for answer) to the County Secretary, Miss Muriel Messel, West Hoathly. July 1st is the last date for booking accommodation, but those who wish to come to the camp are asked to apply as soon as possible.

The camp will not be restricted to Sussex Guiders if others wish to attend it.

## HEADQUARTERS NOTICES.

**War Service Badge.**—The War Service Badge may be gained for 100 hours' work in any garden or allotment, or on the land, which may help to increase the food of the nation. The work may be the growing of vegetables, fruit, haymaking, fruit-picking, reaping, hoeing, etc. The worker must receive no wage, neither must she be in direct receipt of the profits if the produce be sold.

The Badge may also now be gained by the making of over 200 Treasure Bags made with the aid of a machine, and of 150 made by hand.

**Thrift Badge.**—The Thrift Badge is not a Proficiency Badge, and may be obtained by any Brownie, Guide, or Member of the Association.



## GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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Badges for School Companies.—Badges may be obtained by Members of School Companies during the school holidays by agreement between the Home District Commissioner and the Captain of the School Company to which they belong; the Badge to be obtained through the School County Secretary.

O.T.C.—The following Officers have been granted Diplomas: Miss Fox, Miss Hetherington, Miss Hope, Miss Kelway, Miss Maynard, Miss Murray, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Potts, Miss Riley, Miss J. Robotham, Mrs. Strode, Miss Thornburgh, Miss Wiseman.

### PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

May, 1918.

My Dear Guides,—

You asked me to tell you about my tame birds. But I have had so many, their histories would fill a volume. How many had I? Well, there was a pretty fir-tree, like a Christmas-tree, in our hall, and sometimes I had as many as twenty-one little birds living there in the branches, happily, without any cage or wires, and there they sang and ate and slept in perfect freedom, and even built their nests.

The bird who has been my chief friend would perch on my shoulder and then creep inside my coat, or he would lie in my hair and go to sleep there. Even when I was dressing he would stay there on top of my head when I put my skirt over, which showed that he had confidence. His name was "Oliver Twist," because he was always ready for more, whether it were cake or fish or even leg of mutton. Sometimes people would say, "I hear your canary singing beautifully," but I had to explain that it was a real London street sparrow singing. "Oliver" seemed to have a gift for elocution, and he learned to imitate the black-bird's whistle and the lark's note. He seemed to understand most of what we said, but he never quite grasped the difference between the words *biscuit* and *basket*, and if I told him to eat his biscuit he would sometimes fly to his basket, which was a cosy little round one in which he slept.

Of course, like most birds, Oliver was passionately fond of bathing, but he invented a most curious substitute for a bath when he could not get a real one. He would fly to a newspaper, and sitting down on it he would go through all the actions of washing and splashing and throwing the imaginary

water over his back; then he would "come out" and dry every feather with his beak! He went many journeys with us, even on board ship, and was my constant companion for eleven years.

If you can get birds quite young it is all the easier to tame them and to gain their confidence. Before their eyes open they will let you feed them, and then they get to know your voice and your hand, and have no fear at all, especially if they are quite away from their parents.

We all delight in the sweet notes of our British singing birds, and now is our time as good "friends to animals" to help protect the thrushes, blackbirds, nightingales, chaffinches, whilst they are bringing up their little ones.

Yours sincerely,

AGNES BADEN-POWELL.

### THE WOMEN'S LEGION.

Motto—"ORA ET LABORA" (Pray and Work.)

The Women's Legion was founded by the Marchioness of Londonderry in July, 1915, "To provide a capable and efficient body of women whose services can be offered to the State as may be required to take the place of men needed in the firing line or in other capacities. Also to organise such industries as may be useful to the country."

The organisation is entirely non-political and without class distinction or religious restrictions. For information regarding training, posts, etc., apply to General Secretary, Women's Legion, 115, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Training is given in mechanics in agricultural work, in fruit-bottling, and in many other forms of useful work. There is scope under the organisation for both voluntary and paid workers. A branch was also formed in Scotland, with Lady Inverclyde at its head. Paid workers have been posted on estates for forestry and in gardens, and members are serving as drivers in the Motor Transport Section.

The Women's Legion is one of the Societies affiliated to the Girl Guides' Association.

To help your country. Guides, will you still further help by going on with potato planting, so long as it is possible in your district. It is not yet "too late" to plant late varieties.



## GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

## PATROL LEADERS SECTION.

I think it is a splendid thing to have this Section for Patrol Leaders, and I only wish that more Patrol Leaders would contribute to it. It is a help to have ideas from other Companies, as well as interesting to read accounts of their doings. It seems to me that it is hard to get to know the Guides of one's Patrol well, because of the amount of work to be done, often in so short a time. When the Weekly Parade is only an hour and a half in length, it is especially so. The idea of our Captain to have a "Patrol Week" I think is a very good one. This means that on the first Saturday in every month the Patrol Leader of each Patrol arranges the programme herself for the whole, or nearly the whole, afternoon. She, more than anyone, knows what is wanted to make her Patrol more efficient. For instance, if she sees that her Patrol is behind others in roller bandaging, or semaphore, she can devote a special afternoon to coaching the girls in that subject—the second helping her. Then, if her Patrol is specialising for one badge, there are all the girls together, where they may work up for it at once.

Our Company has done this for about four months, and it seems to be working well. Then if the Leader wants to speak to any of the girls about non-smartness or any other failing she can do so without all the other Patrols hearing.

Every week a Guide from any Patrol is chosen out to speak for about five minutes on a subject given the week before by the Captain. The Guide has time to prepare her lecture, which may be on some subject such as "Kindness to Animals," any Guide Law, "Aims of the Guide Movement," "Neatness," etc.

P.L. GRACE LOWTH.

## TWO GUIDE GAMES.

By Guide NANCY HICHENS,  
1st Guernsey Company.

In the summer our Captain takes us for Guide picnics along the coast. When we arrive at our destination, which is generally a pinewood near the sea, we divide into four Patrols and set about making camp kitchens—the great aim being to get our fire lighted before the others. When this is done, we

place a row of billy-cans on them and proceed to poach and boil eggs, fry bacon, and make Oxo. Somehow everything tastes twice as good when cooked and eaten in novel surroundings.

After tea we play Stalking. For this, our Captain stands on a low bank, behind her is the cliff side sloping to the sea, and winding down this is a narrow and somewhat slippery path. The open space in front of her is overgrown with bracken and gorse, which is very high and excellent cover when stalking. This clearing slopes upwards for some two hundred yards to the edge of the pinewood, where we take up our stand. We then divest ourselves of hats, haversacks, and even belts and ties in order to attract less attention. The Captain then shuts her eyes and gives us five minutes for concealing ourselves, at the end of which time all must be hidden beyond the given distance. When we hear her whistle we start crawling towards her, keeping under the bracken. The Captain now tries her hardest to spot a Guide, whose object it is to get as close up to her as possible, unobserved. She may often see a rather suspicious waving of bracken, but not a vestige of the Guide. This does not count until within twenty or thirty yards of her; beyond that, it may be the Company's mascot! (our Captain's dog). Guides should not try to disturb the bracken more than they can help, however, because it might cause the Captain to suspect, peer more closely, and perhaps catch a glimpse of a blue uniform.

When the signal arranged goes at a given time, we all stand up, and the girl who is nearest wins. But alas! for your hopes if the whistle sounds, and you hear her say: "The Guide who has just touched her head, stand out!" And you know you are that unfortunate girl who has just tried to free her hair from a gorse-bush!

Guides take it in turn to be stalked, the winner generally being chosen.

Another very good game is "Despatch Running." To play this, the Captain reads a message to all the Guides, such as, "Meet me at 4.30 p.m. Tuesday." Then three or four girls are chosen as despatch bearers, and each is provided with two despatches, one bogus and the other real. The bogus one should have only a very slight alteration, such as a.m. instead of p.m. These they conceal somewhere about them, but not in their mouths, under uniforms, or in stock-



ings, in fact nowhere that causes undressing in any way. Some favourite places are behind badges, in a hole in the sole of a shoe, in a Guide knife, in a plait or hair-ribbon knot, or between the paper and the wood of a matchbox.

The object of the game is to get from one fixed spot to another through the enemy's lines. A hill rises steeply above the pine-wood to a monument, and from this the despatch runners start; they then have to go down into the valley, cross a stream, on stones that make very uncertain footing, and mount the other side of the brake to a field which is their objective.

A Guide who has been touched by the enemy must surrender and be searched for two minutes; if during that time the despatch has not been discovered, or the Guide who is searching has found the bogus one and thinks it to be the real message, she may be allowed to continue her way and chance reaching the other side with the genuine despatch. A Guide can be searched whenever she is caught.

Meanwhile the other Guides are posted anywhere between the two fixed points, roughly in the same line of defence, and wait in ambush for the despatch runners.

One or two Guides should be stationed as look-outs; these should conceal themselves as well as they can, and report any news of the runners. A good way to make a Guide hat less conspicuous is to put bracken round it and through the band. The despatch bearer must reach the opposite side and deliver her message within a stated time, generally twenty minutes.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss C.—1st Class Brownies and 2nd Class Guides have to know the five Physical Exercises. These can be found on Scout Chart No. 1.

The white haversack is still the official uniform; they wash well, and the keeping of them clean is part of the Guide training.

We are very much hoping to have "Girl Guiding" in stock again soon.

The Brownie Entrance and Patrol Emblem are worn side by side on the left breast. It is the Entrance Badge which is the really important one, and it is on this that the additional bar and Hand for the 1st and 2nd Class is placed.

In answer to many requests from correspondents, Miss Macdonald has compiled the following from the Book of Rules, which every keen Guide should possess.

## THE GUIDE SALUTE.

The Guide Salute is made by raising the hand, with the three fingers pointing upwards and the thumb resting on the fingernail of the little finger. In the full salute the hand is raised so that the fingers are level with the brim of the hat, and in the half-salute the fingers are level with the shoulder.

A Guide salutes all Officers and those of higher rank than she in the Movement with the full salute, and every other Guide with the half-salute. An Officer may return a salute either with the full or half-salute.

When a Guide meets another for the first time in the day, whether she is a comrade or a stranger, she salutes with the half-salute. She shakes hands with the left hand. Whilst shaking hands with the left, the right hand is kept at salute.

Guides do not salute the Military or Police.

Guides who are not enrolled are not allowed to salute.

When the National Anthem is played in church, the Guide stands strictly at attention, but does not salute; on other occasions, if in uniform, she stands at the salute; if not in uniform, at attention.

A Guide in uniform also salutes the hoisting of the Union Jack, the colours of any regiment, and any funeral.

The salute of a Boy Scout should always be returned by a Guide.

When marching in Company or Patrol formation, Guides do not salute with the hand. When passing other Companies or Superior Officers, the Officer or Patrol Leader in charge alone salutes, and at the same time gives her Company or Patrol the command "Eyes right" or "Eyes left" as the case may be, the Guides, of course, turning towards the Officer whom they are meeting. Having passed the Officer or Company to be saluted, the Officer or Patrol Leader in charge gives the command "Eyes front."

The fingers should be pointing upwards, as given in the illustration in the Book of Rules (page 66), as it is not a military salute, but a sign of respect and friendship between the members of the Sisterhood. The three fingers pointing upwards remind the Guide of her threefold Promise.



THE CASTLESTONE HOUSE  
COMPANY.*A School Story of Girl Guides.*

BY MRS. GREGORY, County Sec., Kincardine.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN DURANCE VILE.

"Surely Cousin Anna must have asked them to keep me," was her final decision. "But why didn't they explain? Even if Mr. Rendle is ill, I shouldn't have made any noise. And after I went for the doctor, in the night, too, they needn't treat me like a baby."

Somewhat defiant in attitude, Meg went down stairs upon her release at tea-time, and approached the clergyman.

"Mr. Williams," she said, "please explain to me what all this means. Did Cousin Anna ask you to keep me here?"

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man, "it's all right, my dear."

"But why? Is the landlord worse? Is Cousin Anna ill?" as a horrible fear crossed her mind that Mr. Rendle in his struggles might have attacked her relative.

"No, no," soothed the good rector, "they're quite all right,—quite all right, Peggy. And they want you to be a nice girl and stay with us. Has the luggage arrived yet?" he asked the house-keeper.

"Of all the rotten holidays I ever had!" mused Meg. But she took a book from the shelves after tea, and sat in a rose-wreathed arbour until the sun went down. Every now and then she could see a face peeping at her from the doorway.

"Afraid to leave me alone for a moment," she grunted, disgustedly. There was a click of the lock again after Meg retired to her bedroom, and the door was fastened securely, she found.

"I simply *won't* stand it," resolved the poor girl. But she soon fell asleep in the dimity-hung, lavender-scented bed, and her dreams were pleasant in spite of the locked door.

The same state of things prevailed in the morning, unvarying pleasantness on the part of her host as long as she seemed contented; unvarying watchfulness on the part of both the man and the woman if she stirred from the house. Again she was invited to accompany Mr. Williams to matins, while the housekeeper was busy in the kitchen.

Without demur, Meg went up to her room for her prescribed afternoon rest, but took the precaution to provide herself with a book. By and by she heard the rumble of a motor-car, and saw Mr. Williams run to the gate and wave his hand. The car stopped and the clergyman came back to the house, the owner of the car with him. They were talking earnestly, and sat down on a seat below her window.

"A nice girl,—very nice," replied the old man to some question of his companion's, "but more subject to fits of violence than expected. Very, very sad for her, poor thing! But I do think she has been decidedly quieter to-day,—perhaps the air! I should like you to see her occasionally, for I feel the responsibility."

"See her now if you like," responded the other.

A tap came on Meg's door, and it was opened gently. "Could you come down, miss?" asked the

housekeeper. "There's a gentleman in the garden Mr. Williams would wish you to see."

Meg soothed her hair. She would be glad to see anyone, she felt, as a change from her gaolers.

She was introduced again, simply as "Peggy," a pet name which the clergyman invariably used, and which she could hardly resent in so grandfatherly a man.

The conversation was kept on general subjects, though Meg felt that the stranger was glancing at her keenly whenever she spoke. When the old man went indoors for a book which had been mentioned, Meg seized the chance for which she had been waiting. "Could I speak to you, please," she gasped—"somewhere alone, before you go?" It struck her that here was an opportunity, perhaps to communicate with Cousin Anna. The man nodded. Presently he rose; "this young lady will see me to my car," he said.

Once out of earshot, Meg began hurriedly to explain her difficulties, and to ask if her companion could give her news of the landlord of the "Blue Fish."

"He is my patient," responded the stranger, standing still on the drive, "and—"

"Oh!" interrupted Meg, "are you the doctor?"

"I am;—and are you, by any chance,—what is your name, by the way?"

"I'm Meg Sinclair, of course, and I came for you in the night, you know."

To Meg's surprise, the doctor, after a prolonged stare, leaned his back against the fence, and indulged in a silent paroxysm of laughter.

"If Anna is all right," she said, huffily, "I should be very glad to go back to her. They are quite kind to me here, but sometimes I think they are lunatics,—they won't leave me alone for a moment, and they lock me into my room."

The doctor doubled up again, his face becoming purple with emotion.

"Did it ever occur to you that they might think you were?"

"Me,—a lunatic, do you mean?"

He nodded. "Come back to the house," he said, controlling himself with an effort, "and I'll explain. By the way, have you any proof of your identity,—any letter or card?"

Meg fished in her pocket. "Here's the letter telling me my brother had scarlet fever;—that's why I couldn't go home," she said.

The doctor looked at the address, his mirth overtaking him afresh. "The poor old rector thought you were rather violent," he remarked, "what have you been doing to him?"

Explanations, apologies, regrets, and mutual compliments took up the next quarter of an hour, Mrs. Jones becoming almost tearful in her excuses.

Meg was allowed to depart at last, her arms full of choice roses, and promising to pay a visit to the rectory again as soon as possible, with Cousin Anna.

"You see," explained the doctor, as the car bore them swiftly along, "Mr. Williams isn't very well off, and he answered this advertisement. The lady wrote that her daughter was called Peggy, and she would arrive some day this week. And though they thought the manner of your arrival, and the absence of luggage rather casual, they were hoping to have another letter with further instructions."

"And what about the real Peggy?" asked Meg.

"Evidently, she has yet to arrive," laughed the doctor, "and we must hope she will be less violent



## GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

"What you were!" "I am glad to get away. The doctor, with a sudden memory of the melan- choly 'Blue Fish,' 'I shan't be much better off at home. I really am having most mouldy holidays."

"Much better," said the doctor, "thanks to you for having fetched me when you did. I've managed to patch him up once more, and I trust it will be a lesson to him. Your poor cousin, however, has had a terribly anxious time, and the local policeman is searching for your tracks, with rosy visions of promotion before him. By the way," he added, "I got decent rooms at a cottage, and Miss Cave has moved there; her nerves couldn't stand the 'Fish.' I admit," he went on, in answer to Meg's caustic criticism of the place, "that we are not exactly a lively community, but there is plenty to be done, if you are of an energetic turn of mind."

"What?" inquired his passenger, incredulously. "Well, for one thing, sphagnum moss grows here in quantities, and we need people to gather that, pick it and pack it off. Do you know sphagnum when you see it?"

"I soon should, if you showed it to me." The doctor stopped his car at the side of the road. "No time like the present," he remarked. Then, jumping across a ditch, he held his hand for Meg to follow. There was a marshy expanse of moorland where they had halted, rushes and bog plants abounded, and little streams oozed up here and there.

"Now," said the doctor, pulling up a handful of yellowish green vegetation, "here is our precious sphagnum." He squeezed it as he spoke. "It is a most useful hospital dressing, on account of its enormous powers of absorption."

Meg nodded. "I know it quite well by sight, though I didn't know its name before. Cousin Anna and I will gather tons of it if it is so useful. I was pining for some war work, and I really thought I was going to be bored to death in Kingsham."

"As to that," said her friend, as they climbed into the car again, "I believe I could get you a job as a potato peeler at the Sandbury military hospital,—have you a bicycle?"

"I could send for mine," answered Meg, brightening up.

"Do, then, and I will find you plenty of work." The car stopped, and the doctor and his passenger, already good friends, alighted at the cottage door.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### FIRST AID.

Thereafter Meg's time was fully occupied—an absolute essential to the happiness of her energetic spirit. Cousin Anna fell in amicably with the proposition for gathering sphagnum and even grew enthusiastic upon the discovery of the most excellent varieties. A hall in Sandbury had been set apart as a depot, and here, for several hours a day, willing helpers, both residents and visitors, cleaned the precious moss.

"Anna, did you notice a girl in the depot to-day with her mother?" asked Meg. "I verily believe she was a Guide. I couldn't be quite sure, because I didn't want to stare too hard, but I think she had a tenderfoot badge in her collar."

"The fair girl, with her hair plaited so neatly?" "The same. If she's there next time, I mean to chum up with her."

The first thing Meg noticed upon entering the hall the following day was a pair of shining plaits, and steering at once in their direction, she sat down in close proximity, Miss Cave meekly following.

The things Meg really longed to say to her companion were—"Are you a Guide?" But it is not easy to begin a catechism of this nature without some preliminaries. She had pinned her own badge prominently in front of her blouse, but without leaning forward and looking her companion direct in the face, she could not see if a corresponding badge was being worn.

"Why don't you ask the little girl if she is a Guide?" purred Miss Cave, breaking an oppressive silence; "no doubt she'll be very pleased to tell you."

"Sh,—please,—" whispered Meg, in unusual shyness; "wait,—I'll see presently."

But Miss Cave, who had finished her basketful of moss, moved off further down the table to pastures new, and Meg, who was not nearly so bashful now no grown-ups were listening, ventured a remark about the work.

Two grey eyes flashed round, and Meg hardly noticed the reply, for she had caught sight of B.P.G.G.

"You're a Guide!" she exclaimed. "Hurrah!" "I wanted to find out, but I couldn't be sure of your badge till you turned round." And then her diffidence completely vanished, and the catechism began.

"Yes, I'm a second class Guide. My name's Angela Dent."

"Angela! What luck to have a name all to yourself. Mine is Meg Sinclair. There are about twenty Margarets in our school, and we all have to try to have different every-day names, so as not to get muddled. Where do you go to school, and what Guide company are you in?"

"The 1st Stoneshires," said Angela, answering the last question first. "I've been to the High School at Little Easton, but I'm going to Tollbridge after the holidays,—to Castlestone House."

"Are you? Goody! That's old Mother Wright's, where I go! I say, I am glad. We wanted more Guides. How jolly if you could be in my patrol. I wish you were staying at Kingsham, there's nobody to speak to except Dr. Burleigh, it was he who told me about doing the moss."

Fingers and tongues went equally fast now, and the new friends were sorry when Miss Cave rose to go. But, of course, arrangements were made for sitting together in the future, the elder ladies became acquainted, and Meg and Angela soon grew to be real chums.

"Shall we go to Mr. Williams' church on Sunday, there is something special on, and the Bishop is going to preach?" Meg and her cousin were sitting in the garden after tea. It had been a very hot day, and the suggestion was not received with enthusiasm by Miss Cave.

"I don't feel quite up to it myself, dear, but why not ask Angela Dent to cycle out with you?"

"The very thing! I'll write and ask her,—no, I shall see her to-morrow, that will do. We had better take some sandwiches, then we needn't hurry back if it's hot. You wouldn't mind if we didn't come back till evening?"

This was agreed to by Miss Cave. Angela rode over from Sandbury directly after breakfast, and



the two girls, in their coolest frocks, and with a basket of provisions set out for the church.

"They will probably want to keep us to lunch," said Meg, as they turned off the main road into a fragrant lane, "but I don't think we'll stay; there will be the Bishop, anyhow, and that Peggy girl, I suppose, so that is about enough for Mrs. Jones to manage."

Angela acquiesced. "It would be more fun to eat our provisions in a wood, or down by a stream, or somewhere interesting. I do want to get some more flowers for my naturalist badge. I've forty-two, now, and I've set my mind on finishing it before we go home."

"There's a scrumptious marshy place I know of where you could get some good ones,—cotton grass and butterwort and sundew. I hadn't thought of that badge, but, perhaps, I'll start it, too. It's the best time of the year to do it, if you are making the collection of flowers. But I like Zoology fairly well, so I might do that, instead. Miss Morris teaches it, and we keep tadpoles, and learn up about the entrails of the cockroach, and suchlike fascinating beasties. Don't shudder, they are quite nice when you study them. And then, Dr. Burleigh has been helping me with ambulance, and with that, and the sphagnum, I've been fairly full up. We'll go off to the marsh, when church is over,—there's the spire, now,—do you see it amongst the trees?—but I suppose I must just speak to Mrs. Jones, she's never been able to forgive herself for threatening to throw a pail of water over me."

Angela laughed, for Meg's account of her stay at the parsonage had been most amusing. "I wish Mrs. Jones would throw some over me now," she said, "for I'm nearly roasted. Take me round to the back door, and introduce me as a dangerous lunatic of your acquaintance. Oh, Meg, what a lovely little place,—you needn't have been so wild about staying here! Let's sit down on this stone a minute; I want to dust my shoes with a dock-leaf, and tidy my hair."

It was cool and pleasant inside the church; doors stood wide open, giving a view of waving trees, bright flowers, and flitting butterflies.

"Wasn't it nice?" sighed Angela, as they came out again to the porch where their bicycles stood. "I wish I could go to church there every Sunday. I like to see the trees, and hear the birds and bees and things humming all the time."

"Through this little gate, now," pointed Meg,—"we'll go round to the kitchen, and see Mrs. Jones. Mr. Williams knows I'm here, I saw him looking at us in one of the hymns. The back door's open,—my!—what a crash!—she must be breaking all the rector's Sunday-best crockery!—I'll peep in and surprise her."

Mrs. Jones was sitting on the floor amongst a wreck of glass; an overturned chair showed that she had been climbing to reach something from a high shelf. She was clutching her apron round one arm.

"Oh!" gasped the girls, entering without ceremony.

"Mrs. Jones!" cried Meg, in consternation, "have you hurt yourself? Did you fall? Oh-h, you've cut your arm,—is it very bad? Oh, Angie, look!—Oh, what shall we do? Get some water, quick!—I must try to bandage it,—and that towel,—off that chair!"

Angela, after a moment's horrified silence, flew to

the sink and brought a bowl of water. "But it's no good, Meg," she said, in a scared whisper, as she stood beside her friend, "it's too bad,—it's bleeding so fast,—we can't do anything. Oughtn't we to get the doctor?"

The housekeeper, beyond a feeble, "Oh, miss,—oh dear, miss!" had not spoken, and seemed on the verge of fainting. Meg laid her head gently on the floor. "Where's that Peggy girl?" she gasped, "couldn't she help somehow?—oh, she stayed, I believe,—nearly everybody stayed to communion, except a few children. Fly for the doctor,—take your cycle—"

"But I don't know the doctor, nor where he lives."

Meg had dipped a handkerchief in water, and was holding it tightly over the wound.

"Feel in my pocket,—not that one,—this side,—that's it! Take my diary, and read it as you go."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE BISHOP'S DINNER.

Angela fled, the diary in her hand, mounted her cycle, and flew quickly up the main road. Though feeling helpless, she had the sense not to stay and bother Meg with questions; if necessary, she must ask directions at some house. Turning over the pages, she came, to her great relief, upon "Nearest Doctor—Nearest Police Station—" and so on. Angela registered a mental vow to buy a Girl Guide's Diary for herself upon the first opportunity. Opposite the doctor's name and address, Meg had inserted a slip, upon which she had drawn a rough map. A cross stood for the church, a red dot for the doctor's house, and Angela, seeing that it was about two miles away, pedalled frantically.

Left alone, poor Meg's brain seemed to be a confused jumble of all that she had learned from Dr. Burleigh, and which she had thought that she knew so well. Kneeling beside Mrs. Jones, pressing her thumbs on the pad over the wound, she revolved in her mind scraps of information about venous and arterial bleeding, pads, cold water, tourniquets, raising or lowering heads or limbs,—feeling all the time that whatever she did could never be effectual in stopping the terrible bleeding. She had not the necessary experience to act promptly and decisively in an emergency, yet was nevertheless annoyed at her own nervous flurry.

"A tourniquet!" she thought, suddenly, and glanced about to see what she could use. Mrs. Jones had been writing a letter, the materials stood on a small table in the window, and Meg, with a tug at the cloth, brought the pen clattering down within her reach. It terrified her to leave go of the wound, even for an instant, and to see the red blood spouting up. She had just applied the new bandage and fixed the pen in place, when steps were heard outside.

Angela sped in. "I found him about half a mile up," she gasped, "here he is!"

The doctor entered hastily, and took Meg's place beside the injured woman. Meg had been pale when he came in, but she stood blushing rosily now, fearing lest she should have done the wrong thing and brought contempt upon herself, as well as possible injury to the housekeeper. To her surprise, however, he had only commendation for her efforts, and her self-possession returned as he called for her help in attending to his patient.

Mrs. Jones was lifted on to a horsechair sofa,



and encased comfortably there, when the congregation was heard leaving the church.

"I will get now," said Dr. Burleigh, "and try to capture Mary Atkins as she comes out; she will probably be quite glad to stay and attend to you, Mrs. Jones."

The housekeeper, who had recovered somewhat, glanced miserably at the range. "The potatoes, miss," she murmured, making an attempt to rise. "Lie still," ordered Meg. "Potatoes? Dear me! As if we couldn't take them off!" She was at the sink, when the doctor re-entered;—"Mary wasn't there, but her grandmother said she would go straight to the cottage and send her down in about an hour, if you can manage until then." Meg had regained her nerve, and promised that she and Angela would do everything necessary. "Are the bandages all right, Mrs. Jones?" he went on. "Be sure and not move them; keep as quiet as you can. I don't know how we shall get on without Miss Meg, when she goes,—she comes to the rescue in all emergencies. You'll have to lock her in again!—and her friend, too, this time!" and with a cheery smile, he disappeared.

Angela had fetched a brush, and was sweeping up the broken glass, and tidying away all signs of the accident.

"Which will you do, Angel?" enquired Meg,—  
"take the dinner up, or carry it in? I can hear them talking in the study, now."  
"Oh, you carry it in, Meg.—I don't know Mr. Williams, and I shouldn't like to go in. But, look at the stains on the front of your dress!"  
"It'll wash! Have you got an apron I could put on, Mrs. Jones?"  
"There's one lying on the bed, miss, if you'd care to get it."

Meg disappeared into Mrs. Jones' neat little bedroom.

"If you'll tell me how," began Angela, "I'll get things ready." She bustled about, perhaps not very skilfully, for she had not had much practice in domestic matters, but managed under Mrs. Jones' direction to dish the meat and turn out the pudding.

The Bishop's annual visit was an event. On the housekeeper's bed lay a shiny new alpaca dress, and a daintily immaculate cap and apron. Meg tried on the latter, but was not satisfied with the result; the muslin was thin, and the stains showed through.

An idea occurred to her.—Meg never lost an opportunity of play-acting,—and in a few minutes she emerged from the room in the character of a prim parlourmaid.

"Meg!"

"Oh, miss!"

"How do I look?" and the parlour-maid pirouetted on the hearthrug to give her companions a chance of inspecting her from all points. "Oh, Meg!" giggled Angela, unrestrainedly, "you won't go in like that!"

"Why not?"

"Well, you couldn't, without laughing! But, I don't believe that they would know you!"

"I hope you don't mind my taking your things, Mrs. Jones?"

"Indeed, no, miss, and you look a picture in them." The housekeeper was not a big woman, and Meg was tall, so the fit was quite neat.

"Lend me your glasses,—there! that disguises me a bit more. They'll only think it's that Atkins person come, the doctor told them he was going to send her,—and Mr. Williams is short-sighted, anyhow."

"Hurry now, Mary Jane!" giggled Angela, "the dinner's all ready to go in! Here's your tray!"  
Meg moved carefully off, her alpaca skirt whisking stiffly along.

"They didn't know me!" she whispered, de-lightedly, as she came back to the kitchen. "Mr. Williams called me Mary, and asked how Mrs. Jones was getting on now. Where's the pudding,—put it on my tray, now the sauce!"

Meg had spread her thin frock of cotton crepe on a bush, where the hot unshine had soon dried it. By the time the table was carefully cleared, she was quite glad to assume once more the character of schoolgirl. "Short skirts are best," she sighed, "especially in summer time."

"But, Meg!—if he ever sees you again anywhere! You know you are not like everyone else. Your hair is so black and fuzzy, and your eyes are so blue, and—"

"Rubbish, I'll risk it!" He will see me again, though, probably, for he's the one that comes to Tollbridge for confirmations. I'm so glad I've seen him close to, for I think he's a darling."

Mary Atkins having turned up, the girls had their afternoon in the meadows of which Meg had spoken. Angela, a basket full of botanical treasures beside her, flung herself face downwards on a turfy bank beside the stream.

"The Bishop must have intended his sermon for us," she mused; "did you notice his text was 'Be ye also ready,' that's much the same as our motto, 'Be Prepared.' I wonder how Mrs. Jones is now. I was frightened, Meg; how did you manage to know what to do?"

"Oh, I didn't! I felt an awful ass at first. By the way, where's my diary?"

Angela restored the book. "It's splendiferous," she said, "I must have one, too. I hadn't heard of them before. How frightfully useful it all is, with invalid recipes and ambulance hints, and how to find out where you are by the sun, and all the spaces for writing things in,—there's absolutely everything you want. But,—you were a proper Guide, Meg. Somehow, I never seem to 'be prepared' when I ought. And, of course, it's always a different kind of thing that happens each time."

"I might have been more prepared if I had been in uniform," remarked Meg; "because then I should have had a dear little First Aid case, with lint, and boracic ointment, and cañon oil for burns, and scissors and safety pins;—I'll show it you some day."

"I must hurry up and learn more," decided Angela. "There's ambulance and signalling and cooking and pathfinding, and thousands of other tests. And I'm a kind of Jonah—something is sure to happen to me before long, and it is certain to be what I am least prepared for. What do you suppose it will be?"

(To be continued.)

## COMPANY NEWS.

In response to many requests, a summary of work done by Guides in the war all over the Empire is given this month, for Empire Day, instead of the usual reports from individual Companies. (See Chief Guide's Outlook)



## THE CHIEF GUIDE'S OUTLOOK

(Notes by Lady Baden-Powell.)

**What British Girl Guides are doing in the War.**

We have had quite a lot of talk in the GAZETTE lately about the American Girl Guides—or rather Scouts, as they call them there.

They are evidently doing great things, and we would like, I am sure, to give them a pat on the back.

Well, you can do it—by post. That is, write and tell them that you are glad to know that they are keen on Guiding too and that they are going to do their bit for the war just as a great number of you have been doing.

One of their leaders in Washington wrote to me a short time ago and asked, "What have your Guides done for the war?"

And so this is what I replied:

They have been employed—

1. As messengers at the War Office, Foreign Office, and other Government and business offices.
2. As typists and secretaries.
3. Spinning, weaving, and preparing khaki cloth in the mills.
4. Winding for aviators and other aeroplane work, and making glass tubes.
5. Submarine and bomb-net making for the Government.
6. Electric gauging, making fuses for switchboards for warships, assembling parts for electric railway equipment, etc.
7. Undertaking leather work and making sheepskin coats.
8. They have been employed in factories engaged in mica-splitting for respirators.
9. The director of one of the largest surgical and medical glass instrument makers stated that many Guides had been engaged in war-work for the R.A.M. Department since August, 1914.

They have made the major part of the glass ampoules to contain immense quantities of anti-tetanus serum sent to our troops from England.

He states that the work has been specially valuable to the Government because, up to the outbreak of war, all ampoules have been imported from Germany.

10. Guides have worked in printing Army and Navy literature and also in the Post Office as telegraphists and in postal Censor work.

Then voluntarily and in their spare time Guides have done fine work for their country and fellow-citizens by—

1. Serving in V.A.D. and other hospitals as orderlies, pantry maids, ward maids, scullery maids, messengers, laundresses, assistant quartermasters, and also in many other capacities; also cooking and helping in the secretarial work.

The Guides in many districts have also given their assistance in—

1. Picking sphagnum moss for dressings for wounds.
2. Collecting eggs for the wounded in hospitals.
3. Making surgical dressings and bandages.
4. Preparing and serving teas at local hospitals.
5. Splint-making for hospitals.

These services have all been of great assistance locally, and the demand for the help of Guides far exceeds the supply.

In their own homes too they have made things of use, such as—

1. Sandbags for the men at the Front.
2. Knitting socks and comforts for the men.
3. Collecting and sending out newspapers to the Front.
4. Making scrap-books for convalescents.

Various other ways in which they have helped include—

1. Working in fruit and flower depots.
2. Teaching English to Belgian refugees.
3. Helping in canteen work.
4. Caring for poultry.
5. Farming and dairy work generally to free men for fighting.
6. Work at hostels.
7. Caring for Belgian refugees in their houses.
8. Working for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild and also the Canadian Red Cross, United Women's War Distress Society, etc.
9. Assisting in the export of tobacco to the troops.
10. Assisting in the distribution of leaflets from central offices in connection with recruiting, etc.
11. Giving entertainments for soldiers' wives and mothers.
13. Making ammunition boxes and other munitions, etc., etc.



14. Making "Treasure Bags" for wounded soldiers. (Chintz bags much appreciated by the men for keeping their personal trinkets in when in hospital.)

The above will show some of the various ways in which the Movement has been working for the war, and some thousands of the special "War Service Badges" have been awarded to Guides since it was designed.

Well, that will show the Americans what Guides are doing here, and it speaks for the whole Movement.

But when you are writing to girls over there they will like not so much a list of work as actual stories and accounts of how you do it, such as descriptions of your weekly meetings and what you do at them, some incidents in your outings in camp or at a rally, or anything that you think you yourself would like to hear about from one of those sisters across the water.

Miss Pemberton, at the Girl Guide Office, 76, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, is keeping a list of names and addresses, and she will forward your letters if you send them to her.

#### **The Silver Fish.**

My correspondent also asked me about the highest award that we have in the Movement—what they over there call the "Golden Eaglet."

Years ago, when first the Chief Scout invented the game of Girl Guiding for us, he suggested that there should be an award in the Movement corresponding to the V.C. of the Army.

Well, the V.C. is a medal given for great bravery, and it is given without the recipient knowing that he is going to get it. You don't see a soldier going into battle aiming for the V.C. and then expecting and clamouring to have it given to him.

Well, the Silver Fish has in the last few years rather lost its original character. The one we all know so well is now a badge earned and gained like any other badge, and it serves to show simply that the Guide or Guider is a wonderfully fine hard-working person who has put her back into Guiding and has achieved splendid results.

We salute all Silver Fishes.

But the time has come when the Chief (who after all, you know, thought out and devised everything to do with our sisterhood) and others who have been consulted feel that the Silver Fish as such has served rather to encourage "badge hunting," and

that it were better to have several First-class Guides than one Silver Fish in a Company.

And so the old Silver Fish is ceasing to exist before long, and only those who have been already working up for it for some time from this date are going to have it awarded to them in the future.

Don't be alarmed, though. Just as when our hens haven't laid any fresh eggs for us we can go and buy egg substitute, or margarine will do equally well as butter, so now there is another equivalent being instituted for the Guides who, having already won their All-Round Cords, are now aspiring yet higher.

The Cavell Badge is one which will appeal in a way all its own.

The qualifications for it are much the same as were required for the Silver Fish, and it has the added meaning that the Guide is not only capable and proficient but also that she is going to live up to an even higher code of pluck and splendid work than heretofore.

The Cavell Badge is equivalent to the Cornwall Badge in the Scouts, which was instituted in that brotherhood as a memorial to the young hero of Jutland Bay.

The new Silver Fish, as the Book of Rules explains, will in future be what it was intended originally to be—the highest award that can be given and not gained.

#### **Commissioner's Badge.**

Great preparations are already in order for the big Commissioners' Conference that is now fixed for August 20th to 26th at Swanwick in Derbyshire.

Enthusiasm and keenness on it is running high, and nearly every Commissioner whom I have met lately is determined to be there.

It is going to be an historic affair in the advance of our Movement in being the largest thing of its kind that we have had, and it seems probable that we shall have over 300 present.

But, more than this, it is also going to be a sort of training week. There will be classes of instruction in the afternoons, for those who like to attend them, in tracking, camping, second-class work, inspections, addresses, etc.

And these are being arranged over and above the usual sessions morning and evening, when papers and addresses will be given dealing with all phases of Guide work and the Movement generally.



As Chief Commissioner, I want to urge EVERY Commissioner to come to it; and as Chief Guide I would like to tell Guides and Guiders alike that we are thus collecting together to learn and discuss how best we can help you all in the sisterhood by closer co-operation, greater knowledge, and wider sympathy and understanding.

#### Scotland.

Some six months ago mention was made in the GAZETTE of the reorganisation of the Movement in Scotland.

Great strides have been made there since then. Commissioners have been appointed and Companies of Guides have sprung into being, and no doubt the women and girls of Scotland will develop Guiding by degrees as thoroughly as they do everything else up there.

As travelling is rather a difficulty in these days, and the Commissioners of Scotland will not be able to come to the big Derbyshire meeting, there is to be another Conference held in Perthshire from August 28th to 31st with a view to stimulating greater interest and keenness and for making plans for increasing and improving the organisation all over the country.

#### Appearances Deceive.

Judging people or things or events by their appearance is a very easy but a very fatal mistake.

How often do we hear the phrase "The situation looks very bad" or "I don't like the look of her at all."

One says it without thinking sometimes, and it is only by degrees that one sees the folly of forming an estimate too quickly and merely from the knowledge of the surface of the thing or person concerned.

People do not always wear the clothes, hats, jewellery, etc., that we admire. They may do their hair in an eccentric manner; they may even adopt that silly fashion of adding manufactured colour to their cheeks if they haven't the luck to be healthy and rosy naturally or the sense to go out in the open air and take jolly exercise.

We in the Guides obey naturally the unwritten law that says that these things are "not done" in the sisterhood, but we must not therefore set ourselves up in judgment upon those who don't know any better.

Our line in this matter, as in all others, is to take a wide-minded view.

#### Criticism.

Just as we in the Guides, conscious of our

neat, business-like appearance in well-turned out Companies in uniform should be careful of passing criticism, so also must we remember that others may be criticising us.

Last week I met someone who was frankly and violently "anti-Guide." As a rule it is interesting to meet such people, for in 99 cases out of a 100 their views are formed through lack of understanding of the game of Girl Guiding.

But this case was the one in the hundred, and I had no answer to give to her complaints, which were as follows:

"I was standing on a platform waiting for a train when a Company of Girl Guides marched in. They strode boldly through the crowd of people, and when the train came in they hustled into carriages without giving a thought or a hand to the women who were getting out of the train with parcels and bundles of luggage.

"The person in charge of them was hung round with cords and whistles and decorations, which brought a smile to the face of my fellow-travellers."

In vain did I explain that the wearing of a whistle was necessary and useful to a Guider, and in vain did I invent excuses for the Guides who lost the chance of obeying the law of courtesy.

But it taught me a lesson, and I hand it on for GAZETTE readers to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

Let us take out the beam in our own eye. Let us look at our own deeds and appearances through the eyes of others before we in our turn criticise the deeds and appearances of others.

In the last paragraph I have touched on, the exception to the rule of good Guiding, and here is a rosier side to the picture:

A friend wrote some time ago and said:

"The Guides here have been most helpful since the war began in many different ways, and they are always most willing.

"I had them at a big fête last summer and they took charge of serving the tea, and as there were some 5,000 people present you can judge of the number of teas that were wanted.

The man in charge told me with bated breath that the girls hadn't even broken a cup or saucer.

"The Captain is splendid with her girls, and I have always admired the way she handled them, and you could tell in a moment to see them gathering round her how



they loved her!

"And another thing is that you *know* that whatever they undertake for you that thing will be efficiently done, and a nicer set of uniformed girls are not to be found anywhere."

#### The War Crisis.

Since the last GAZETTE was published the war has taken a very serious turn. Our Armies have been driven back from their positions and the clouds have been black and overwhelming.

Through it all the men have set their teeth, the Commanders have kept their heads, and we have one and all been urged to keep confident and to keep a stiff upper lip.

It is no use giving way to panic. That won't help to win the war, and the efforts of all—man, woman, and child—must be turned to that end. As President Woodrow Wilson has said, there is no intermediate course—those who are not helping are hindering victory.

It is difficult, and even in many cases it is impossible, for Guides to take an active part in work actually connected closely with the war, but work for the welfare of the community is all important and necessary also.

The men out there are giving their all for this country, for their mothers, their wives and their children, and for all three of these Guides can also do something.

A good many Guide Companies have done a jolly helpful thing in looking after children whilst their mothers have been out at work or have been doing their shopping, and who would otherwise not have been able to leave their homes.

Then also Guides may now be called upon to come and assist to work the Communal Kitchens that are being started in many centres to save waste of expense and food.

Guiders might do well to get in touch with the authorities who are establishing these kitchens, and it would be a fine thing if the Guides were able to volunteer for duty at these at certain times when wanted for washing up and for cooking and serving the meals. There is always work for capable, willing hands to do.

Then, as the summer is coming on, preparations are being made for Baby Week.

Last year we had many interesting reports of the Guides' good work in helping the municipal authorities to organise and carry

out the meetings and processions of mothers and babies.

Thousands of Guides have earned the Child Nurse Badge in this last year, so that not only will you be able to help a splendid cause by taking part in Baby Week activities but also you will be able to show that you have earned that Badge to some purpose.

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#### NATIONAL BABY WEEK COUNCIL 1918.

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A course of six lectures to prospective speakers and others interested in the Baby Week Campaign will be held on Mondays, May 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th, June 3rd and 10th, at 5.30 p.m., at Dr. Williams' Library, 14, Gordon Square, W.C. (by kind permission of the Trustees).

May 6th, "Mothercraft in the Rearing of an Imperial Race"; May 13th, "Baby Week, its Object and its Future"; May 20th, "Civic Responsibility with regard to Child Welfare"; May 27th, "Provision for Maternity"; June 3rd, "Factors of Infant Mortality"; June 10th, "The Working-class Mother's Point of View."

Cards of admission may be obtained free on application to the Secretary, National Baby Week Council, 27a, Cavendish Square, W.1, from whom information regarding the scheme for this year's July Celebration can be obtained. Stamped addressed envelope and visiting-card should be enclosed with each application.

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#### THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

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A public lecture on "The Formation of Character" was delivered by Sir Dyce Duckworth before the Royal British Nurses' Association on March 14th. H.R.H. Princess Christian (President) was in the chair.

Speaking out of the fullness of a physician's knowledge and experience, the lecturer made due allowance for the mysterious advantages and disadvantages conferred by heredity, and thereby emphasised the grave responsibilities of parents. But he was careful to avoid that spirit of fatalism which declares that people are born bad or good, as the case may be, and that no subsequent influence of education or environment can effect much change. He laid much stress on the importance of steady discipline from the very earliest years, and dwelt on the great



influence of the nursery in this matter. The influence of nature, of science, and of literature were passed under review, particular stress being laid on the love of truth inculcated by scientific study, and on the true humanity often developed by the love of animals. The audience, being composed chiefly of women, Sir Dyce naturally dwelt a good deal on woman's work in the world, and he exalted the quiet work of the home as the most important of all feminine callings. A timely warning was given with regard to the present emergency conditions, which cannot last.

Speaking of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements, the speaker said: "We look with great confidence to that splendid movement of Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell in establishing the Scout Movement for both sexes. . . . Our new future largely depends on the full appreciation by the nation."

The lecture concluded with a much-needed reminder of an important truth—namely, that progress in material things by no means necessarily implies the development of high character, and that such progress is indeed of comparatively small value unless it be made to serve the moral and spiritual uplift of the nation and the race.

### EMPLOYMENT FOR GUIDES.

By Mrs. MARK KERR,  
Commissioner for London.

In connection with the question of Senior Guides, I have been asked to write an article on employment.

The whole question is far too complicated to be dealt with in an article of this kind, but there are certain general principles which are obvious to every person who gives the subject a few moments' thought. The first of these is that *there are no prospects for girls who leave off their education and enter the labour market at the age of 14*. If a girl is to earn a living wage, still more if she is ever to rise in her occupation, she must have a good general education, as well as special training for one particular trade.

One of the best things for a London girl to do on leaving the elementary school is to go to one of the excellent Trade Schools established during the last few years under the County Council, and of which there are

eleven in London. The course lasts two years, at the end of which the girl can easily obtain a good situation, with every prospect of rising quickly. Meanwhile this demands self-sacrifice on the part of the parents, who have to keep the girl at home for two years, and also pay 10s. a term for her education. There are, however, a good many scholarships, which are awarded according to the financial circumstances of the parents.

In cases where it is not possible for the girl's education to be continued at a Secondary or Technical School, and where she has to go out to work at once, the best way of obtaining employment is through the Juvenile Advisory Committee attached to each of the Government Employment Exchanges.

The Juvenile Advisory Committee is appointed by the Ministry of Labour, and consists of representatives of Education, Care Committees, employers, Trade Unionists, and persons interested in juvenile welfare. There is a Central Committee, and twenty-one branches in London, one for each Employment Exchange.

The method of procedure is as follows: Conferences are held once a month at the schools, and are attended by the head teachers, a member of the School Care Committee, and a member of the Employment Exchange. To these conferences are invited the children (with their parents) who are shortly leaving school. The question of their future employment is discussed, and advice given to the child and parents.

On leaving school the girl goes to the Exchange, where she is seen by the Secretary and one or two members of the Committee. At most Exchanges an evening rota is held once a week, and anyone interested in a particular child is invited to attend. The Exchange then endeavours to place the child in a suitable vacancy.

When the child is placed, the work of supervision devolves upon the Care Committee; the Care Committees are short of workers at present, but their aim is that each child should have a friend to whom she can turn for help and advice. These supervisors have to report on the child once every six months; if she is unhappy, or not getting on well in her place, the supervisor reports to the Care Committee or straight to the Juvenile Advisory Committee, which then takes such action as is required. The work of the Care Committee lasts till the



child is 18, by which time she may be supposed to have settled permanently to some trade.

This mechanism works well, and what is required is that Guide Captains should know and make use of the opportunities afforded.

The old prejudice against the so-called "Labour Exchanges" is now dying out. The success of their work depends on the use that is made of the Exchange by both employers and children. If only the rougher class of labour applies to the Employment Exchanges, naturally the very best situations cannot be filled through them. Also it is very important that the juvenile part of the Exchanges should have control over practically all juvenile labour, because they can insist on and obtain from the employers good conditions and fair wages. It is owing to the Juvenile Advisory Committee that the new charter in the dressmaking and millinery trades has been obtained. That is a tremendous achievement, and they hope eventually to enforce similar conditions in other trades.

The Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association is another agency which has done splendid work in the past, and is now working in co-operation with the Juvenile Advisory Committee. This society publishes an excellent book, called "Trades for London Girls and How to Enter Them" (price 1s., to be obtained from their office, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road). This book contains not only a list of trades, with their conditions, wages, etc., but also lists of the day and evening technical schools in London, domestic employment agencies, and all the Acts relating to employment. It is a most useful book for Commissioners to have in their Headquarters, where it may be accessible to Guide Captains.

Hitherto there have been very few trades to open up any prospects to women; most of them have been badly paid, and subject to periods of overwork, followed by slack times. Among the few which in normal times offer any real security for a livelihood are: Domestic employment (which is growing increasingly unpopular), dressmaking and millinery (which offer excellent prospects now under the new conditions), embroidery (for girls of taste and originality), and optical work. Post Office employment offers steady work and the prospect of a pension, but should not be aimed at by girls who have not reached the seventh standard at school.

The great danger at present is the abnormal demand for labour and the high wages offered to untrained girls, which tempt the parents to put their children into "blind alley" occupations. There are enormous numbers of girls employed in Government and other offices where they are getting good wages, but in the majority of cases these girls are learning nothing, and are forgetting what they have learnt at school; they become slack and careless, and their earning capacity is ruined. The Juvenile Advisory Committee is trying to induce the employers to let these girls off in shifts to attend classes for further education. Unless some further opportunity for both general and special education is given, no girl should be allowed to continue in this kind of employment after the age of 15, or she will find herself turned off at the end of the war without any means of earning a livelihood.

*Practical Steps.*—Guide Captains should have on the wall of their club-room the address of the local Employment Exchange and Care Committee Organiser for handy reference.

2. Captains should get into touch with the Secretaries of their Juvenile Advisory Committees; these have been asked to welcome the co-operation of Guide Officers; a letter from a Captain would in any case receive consideration, but would carry more weight if the Captain had previously made acquaintance with the Secretary and talked over matters with her. A Captain can also attend the evening rota when one of her Guides comes to it.

3. The Care Committees are anxious for Guide Captains whenever possible to assume the role of supervisor to three or four of her own Guides. This involves very little extra work, as the Captain naturally keeps in touch with her own Guides and interests herself in their welfare. The only formality is in filling up a form once every six months, a report on the child, to be sent to the Care Committee. This must be done systematically if at all, but in return it gives the Captain power to improve the conditions of work, and also enables her to claim medical benefits for the child.

4. It would be a good thing in large towns to have one person in each district, whether District Commissioner, Secretary, Committee Member, or Captain, who would take the trouble to study employment, so as to have information as to local conditions of



work, trade openings, etc., so that Captains might know where to apply for advice, and how to obtain books, etc. The Board of Trade issues a pamphlet every three months on trade conditions, etc., and this should be available for Officers and Guides.

5. There should be at least one Guide representative on each of the Juvenile Associations Committees which are now being formed in each Borough, to consider all questions relating to juvenile welfare.

6. Guide Captains should lose no opportunity of talking to the parents of their girls and of persuading them of the importance of putting their children to learn a trade which offers some prospects for the future, instead of insisting on their earning large wages immediately they leave school.

In general, the wages in women's trades are low, and there is not much prospect of improvement unless strong women's Trade Unions are formed in the future, but girls should aim at more thorough work and training, and should make use of the opportunities at present existing. The half-trained worker who moves from place to place is always at a disadvantage in seeking for work, while the girl who is determined to get on and is conscientious and ready to take responsibility will find no lack of openings; at the top of each trade there are always good positions to be obtained.

All those who have studied the question of employment, representatives of Juvenile Advisory Committees, Care Committees, Trade Schools, employers, etc., are inclined to admit the power of the Guide Movement, and are anxious for our co-operation in the work of raising the status of girls and women. They acknowledge that there is something in the Guide spirit which may make all the difference to women in the future by inculcating esprit de corps, sense of responsibility, good workmanship, thoroughness, reliability, enthusiasm. You find leisured and comfortable amateurs asking, "What is the good of Guides? What do they do?" but not these people. They who know what the conditions are among girls and women wage-earners, and how hard life is upon them, appreciate the lever which the Guide spirit puts into the hands of workers. Let us unite and organise, working together for the same great end, a finer and nobler womanhood, which will create at the same time a freer and better nation.

## BOOKS FOR SENIOR GUIDE CAPTAINS.

All Captains of Senior Guide Companies or Patrols will find most valuable hints and suggestions for dealing with their girls in four pamphlets issued by the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W., and entitled "Handbooks on Club Work."

No. 1, "The Club Leader, the Club Member, and the Club."

No. 2, "Religion and the Girls' Club."

No. 3, "Class Work in the Club."

No. 4, "Clubs in Villages and Country Towns."

No. 3 is particularly useful in suggesting subjects and methods of teaching. Each book costs 6d.

For the teaching of citizenship, both from an ideal and from a practical point of view, a most excellent book is "A Primer of English Citizenship," by F. Swann, 2s. 6d. (Longmans, Green, and Co.). Each chapter might furnish the subject-matter for several "yarns," and innumerable subjects for debate are given.

Arnold Forster's "Citizen Reader," 1s. 6d. (Cassell) is also good.

## OUR COMPETITIONS.

### Result of Company Funds Competitions.

A very large number of well-written, most useful papers were received, it is hoped that extract from many of them will be published later.

Bound copies of "Girl Guiding," signed by the Chief Scout, are awarded to:—

Ivy C. Meynell, Capt. 1st Hampton Hill (forming). Torcross, Uxbridge Road, Hampton Hill, Middlesex.

N. Buchanan, P.L., 1st Bray, Ireland. Sidmonton House, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

Gertrude Fell, Capt. Beverley Minster. 26, Grove Hill Road, Beverley, East Yorks.

Nancy Corby, P.L., 2nd Swansea. 79, Eaton Grove, Swansea, Wales.

Copies of "Girl Guiding," signed by the Chief Scout, are awarded to:—

M. C. Carey, Capt. 1st (Ladies' College) Guernsey. Beachwood, Guernsey.

Halcyon S. Wing, P.L., Daffodil Patrol, 1st Chelsea Christ Church Coy. 21, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, London.

Beatrice M. Jeudwine, Capt. 1st Leigh (1st Home Bridge). Home Bridge Vicarage, Atherton, Manchester.

Eda Lodge, Capt. 1st Crouch End. 2, The Pavement, Middle Lane, Crouch End.

Marjorie Phyllis Southam, tenderfoot, 1st Sands. Sands, High Wycombe, Bucks.

Dora M. Butcher, P.L. 11th (St. Barnabas) Carlisle. 6, Ashley Street, Carlisle.

Special Prize.—Elsie Grant, 11th Edinburgh and Leith. 30a, George Square, Edinburgh.



Highly Commended:—Mahala Spalding (W. Raynham), May Thyne (Chesterfield), Annie M. Devonham, Beatrice Bateson (Liverpool), port (Netherton), Edna Mary Mason (Dock-Sidney Weir (Bristol), Olive Blenkinsop (ing), Millicent Ward (Docking), Doris M. Davies (Haverfordwest, Beckenham), Doris M. Davies (Haverfordwest, G.F.S.), Morna Wake (West Raynham).

[N.B.—Competitors kindly excuse any delay in receiving your prizes, as "Girl Guiding" is reprinting, but expected from the printers soon.]

### Forthcoming Competitions.

1. Suggestions for Displays and Entertainments, with description of how to set about getting them up, how to organise them beforehand, and how to run them on the day.

Papers must reach Editor before June 20th.

1st Prize: An original sketch by the Chief Scout.  
2nd prize: books or goods to the value of 7s. 6d. (winner will receive a list to choose from).  
3rd prize: books or goods to value of 5s. No age limit.  
There will also be six smaller prizes, viz., ambulance outfits, knives, books, etc., open only to competitors under 16 years of age.

2. Suggestions for Guide Bazaars, Sales and Exhibitions, with full information about preparing and running them.

Papers must reach Editor before July 20th.

Ten prizes (details later).

Conditions for both competitions:—Full name, address, Guide company and rank must be stated. When competitor is under 16, age to be stated.

"Guide Games," and "Life as a Guide," are two autumn competitions; in connection with the latter there will also be an inter-patrol competition—details in June.

Should any of our readers or friends desire to offer a special prize for any of our competitions, the Editor will be glad to hear from them.

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Mrs. Otter from being District Commissioner for Ealing, Middlesex.

Mrs. Howrie from being District Commissioner for Lochgelly, Fife.

Miss Malcolm from being District Commissioner for Clevedon, Somerset.

Miss Erkin from being District Commissioner for N. and S. Paddington.

Miss Hewett from being District Commissioner for Barking and West Ham.

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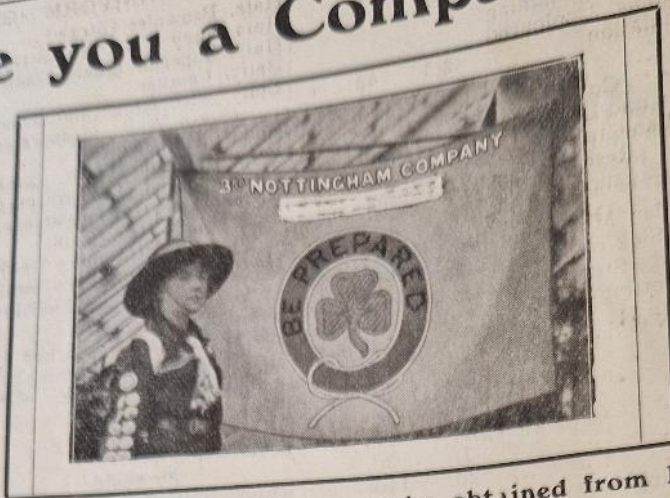
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