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GIRL GUIDES' GAZETTE.

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OUR TOUR IN THE EAST. Part II—BURMA.

By THE CHIEF GUIDE.

HERE is one very important personage connected with our journey through India and Burma and Ceylon, whose very existence even until now I fear I have not written about.

But just as you don't speak of the everyday useful, usual, and convenient things that one uses—like chairs or tables, trains or telephones—so this all-pervading, wonderful and invaluable person has somehow evaded mention.

He was everything and everywhere—day and night, in trains, or in houses, or even at Scout and Guide rallies, this presence made itself felt.

His influence was such that no worries or troubles came near us, and never have I seen or experienced more tender care for one's comfort and convenience.

This treasure was no other than our Indian bearer, Mahwatti. He was lent to us by a kind Scout Commissioner, who spared him to us for the whole of our trip, and the help that this good man gave us cannot be measured in words.

He packed and unpacked daily, almost hourly, and was careful and thorough in every detail.

He fetched and carried, and though he nominally knew no English he would take telegrams and messages without turning or muddling their meanings.

His powers of observation and deduction would beat any Scout or Guide that I know, and he seemed to have eyes and ears at the back of his head as well as all round, for nothing escaped his notice.

On arrival at the different stopping places clothes were whisked off to the "dhobie" to be washed, and on their return, missing buttons would be sewn on without our asking for it.

His position was nominally that of a

valet, but his care of my clothes and travelling equipment was beyond anything that has ever been expended on it in England.

When meal-time came round on the long train journeys he would appear in a



Photo]

Elephants at Work.

[Ahusa, Rangoon.

new role, of butler, putting on a clean white linen belt as a badge of this office.

In emergencies he would provide food conjured from a cubby hole of a kitchen, looking ahead and planning as a most experienced householder might do.

Though to our knowledge he had never been on board ship before, he settled himself down to his new surroundings as if born to a sailor's life, and at any moment of the day he would be found quietly squatting outside one's cabin door in case anything was required of him. The temptation to go off and amuse himself with other kindred souls amongst the crew never took him from fulfilling his duty of self-sacrificing loyal service.

In the matter of railway travelling he showed himself a most able courier, handing money twice the value of his wages and, unasked, keeping careful record of his expenditure.

It cannot have been an easy matter piloting us through the very intricate tour, for we never stayed in any one place more than three nights.

We would arrive at a station and be carried off in all probability to see Scouts and Guides direct from there, and he would be left to deal with all luggage and to find his own way to wherever we were to end our day.

And like magic he would always be there, unperturbed, attentive, quiet and dignified, ready and willing to obey even an unexpressed wish.

When we went up to the Himalayas and did the journey across country on ponies we naturally had to be parted for a few hours from this able Thomas Cook. It was arranged that he should take our belongings by train and meet us at a junction some way down the line at which we should arrive by a branch line.

But Mahwatti was not to be outdone. He discovered that by catching an early train he could journey up the branch line and meet us some six hours sooner at the railhead, where we were to leave our ponies. So that when we hove in sight of the station, rather late and running to catch our train that was due to start, who should we see but our invaluable caretaker standing calmly with a nonchalant air on the platform, keeping the train waiting for his protégés!

Mahwatti! You may not know it, but though in a humble sphere you are a very great example!

Thoughtfulness, level headedness, thoroughness, kindness, courtesy, alertness, cleverness and all manner of "nesses" were personified in this dear, good man—and where can he have got it all from?

In India out of the 380 million inhabitants only 5 per cent. of these get any education at all. He may have been one of those 5 per cent.—he may not; and in any case even had he had such a chance it would hardly have taught him Western modes of living, nor would it have been devised on Scout lines for inculcating common sense, powers of deduction, and the charm of good manners.

No, these qualifications must have been just inborn, and gradually the man's good sense and the good environment into which his calling brought him had developed his good traits.

But what a lesson to us—and how easy we ought to find it to implant these simple traits in our Guides. They come to us as Guides, many from beautiful homes, many from good homes, some from moderate homes, some from bad homes. But they have all got certain degree of education and a certain amount of natural knowledge as a frame-work on which to weave the material, and it seems to me that many of the ways and thoughts of this Indian manservant might well be taken as an example of simple honest goodness such as one would delight to meet with in our Western world.

Burma.

And now we had to hurry on our way.

And after a last hasty farewell to many Guide friends we shook the soil of India from off our feet, and were carried away reluctantly to yet another atmosphere—both mental and physical—for Burma, though still a part of the Indian Empire, is separated by many miles of space, and its people, by ideas, character, and customs; the Burman is in short not an Indian.

As we steamed up a branch of the Irrawaddy to Rangoon, our eyes were attracted and held at once by the great tall spire of the Shwe Dagon, the largest Buddhist temple in the country, shining bright with gold in the morning sun.

It stands aloft, towering above the modern city, and draws the pilgrims from far and near to come and worship the great god Buddha at its shrines.

Rangoon itself is disappointing, in being to a large extent merely a commercial, cosmopolitan shipping centre, but after a little exploring, we were able to wander through street after street filled only with the shops and wares of the people of the country, and there wonders never ceased.

One shop particularly attracted us—this was the ivory carvers. The shop had few goods in it to be sold, but the carvers were there themselves, sitting on the floor and doorstep hard at work with their tools on the various tusks, toiling day after day at the most delicate task, where one slip of a tool might destroy not only the work of weeks, but a piece of ivory worth several hundred pounds.

One would have thought that carefully arranged lathes and strong steady benches would have been necessary for carrying out this finicky craft, but instead of that the carvers seemed to prefer to be seated on the ground, and to hold the tusk on which they were working carelessly across their own wobbly knee or even steadying it against the doorstep with their naked feet.

And yet, since their carved ivories are noted throughout the world, it seems that it is not the tool nor the material that counts, but the craftsman himself.

The streets are bright with colour—very different from the somewhat drab surroundings in India. The women, dressed in gayest pinks and yellows, flit about like so many Iceland poppies, whilst the men, who also dress in long flowing skirts called "lungis," are equally fond of decking their hair with flowers, pink ribbons and bows tied coquettishly over the left ear.

The most noticeable feature of these gay, butterfly-like people is their smiling

cheerfulness. All seem happy, all contented, and hail fellow well met, and one can only suppose that where the sun is always shining, and one's domestic arrangements are catered for in such simple form, cares do not weigh very heavily on these light-hearted people.

Anyone who has read "The Soul of a People" will be able to picture the country and its inhabitants, and though we spent but a few days there it cast a fascination all its own about us as we passed through.

Scouting is forging ahead in Burma, and Guiding will before long be making its mark. Thanks to a powerful hard-working pioneer, sister to some other Guide pioneers in other places, there are some ten companies already in existence, and they are, as I saw for myself, not going to be left behind in any side of Guide activity.

At the farthest East point that we reached on our travels we came upon a smart, alert keen little school company, and were able to hear the same old Guide Song and see the same type of display as what we have in the home country. It is truly a marvellous joy to travel over 7,000 miles and still to be met with one's own Guide family, all doing the same things that we do, living up to the same laws, and all imbued with the same wonderful Guide spirit and friendly good comradeship.

Here at Moulmein also we had a further new experience, and one that can only be got in some few of these Eastern countries. We were taken to see some elephants piling teak logs, both out-of-doors in large water meadows by the huge wide sluggish river, and also in the buildings of a saw mill.

It was lovely, and I could have watched those dear, clever sensible beasts for days and days. They were just like a good Patrol of Guides. Each one knew what he was expected to do and did it. Solemnly, quietly, with no undue haste, they went about their business, picking up whole tree lengths between their trunks and tusks and carrying them as we would carry a match between our finger and thumb, working steadily and well, either singly or in couples—helping one another and getting the job done without making any fuss about it.

The care and precision too with which they would place a log carefully upon a heap of timber was perfectly human in its accuracy, and their practised eyes would note any unevenness in the stacking of the wood pile, and with their wide clumsy-looking feet they would gently push any such misplaced logs into position.

It was hard to believe that these tame gentle-looking beasts had been born and bred in the wildest jungle, and that any literally wild animal could thus be taught and trained to do this work for man. They are caught in "keddars"—big compounds such as described by Kipling in "Toomai of the Elephants"—tamed and taught when they are comparatively young, and an elephant will be at his prime for work at about the age of 30, going on for another 30, steadily doing his bit and being worth untold gold to his owner.

THE GUIDERS' BOOKSHELF.

What Scouts Can Do. More yarns by Sir Robert Baden-Powell. (Pearson, 2s.) A new book by the Chief Scout!

After that there is nothing more to be said, of course. A glance at the chapter headings will give you an idea of the contents of this little volume—Drawing, flying, firemanship, and clown stunts; Life in the Wild; Among the Maories and Red Indians; Adventures on Sea and Ice; Stalking; &c. The book is written in much the same style as our handbook, and full of those wonderful little drawings.

Do you know anything about "The Art of Gooming"? If not, read what the Chief has to say about it. It is an art many of us know and love, and the verb "to goom" is one to conjure with.

M. C. C.

The World of Sound, by Prof. Sir William Bragg, K.B.E., F.R.S., D.Sc., 1920. (G. Bell & Sons Limited. 6s. net.)

Under the title, "The World of Sound," Prof. Bragg has collected together the six lectures he delivered before a juvenile auditory at the Royal Institution during the Christmas period of 1919. He has dedicated it to Peggy, Gwendy and Phyllis, who discussed with him many things in the books as they walked to school in the morning, and all the other juveniles (including those of the grown-up variety) who came to the Christmas lectures. Much space is devoted rightly to sound in music, the beginning of stringed instruments perhaps being suggested by the twang of the bowstring. Length may very be the kind of note. A clear idea of how the pipe-organ notes are produced is given, pan-pipes being the oldest, and so, too, with the tin whistle, with its stops or holes. Next, Prof. Bragg tells us some very interesting things about sounds of the town, the noise of traffic, of tram cars, the escalier, the sounds in buildings, as in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, the sound of the singing kettle, &c. Naturalists will find much to interest them in the chapter on sounds of the country, the cricket, grasshopper, cicadas, the deathwatch, wind instruments of the blue bottle, the sound of the wind, the bull-roarer of the aborigines, of aspen leaves, wind in the pines, murmuring of the brooks. This is a charming chapter. Very wonderful results have been obtained by a study of the sounds of the sea. The sea is very silent below the surface. Not only will this suggestive book appeal to every child, but it is a book for grown-ups also.

A. R. HORWOOD.

Flower Legends. By M. C. Carey. Illustrated by A. M. Fleming and the Author. (Pearson, 2s. net.) Stocked at the Shop.

Why is it that we all love Lavender? Is it only because of its sweet scent and lovely colour, or is it not that Lavender always reminds us of old beautiful gardens, with long walks shaded by clipped yew hedges, of grey walls which seem to have absorbed the sunlight of many centuries

and to give it out even on the dullest and coldest of days; and because it brings back to us much of the peace and quiet of it all, and the hum of the bees, and underneath and through it all a wonderful sense of romance.

What is Romance? It is a very difficult question, almost unanswerable. Romance is something so elusive and yet so fascinating that we are ever seeking after it, fluttering round what we think is romance like moths round a candle.

Blue hills on a hot summer's day, the scent of heather or gorse on a soft cool breeze, and a road winding over the hill-top and into the distance—What is Romance?

Elusive though it is this little book has caught the spirit of it, and in reading its pages we catch here and there a gleam of a something—we know not quite what—which makes us read on and on.

This is surely the way to learn to love the flowers far more than by pulling them to pieces and examining them by parts, all of which have very long names (and yet even in this way there is magic when one thinks of the close relationships and of the flowers which are so like and yet so unlike each other, just as are human beings).

As for the legends themselves—these are not easy to tell. They are small tiny sketches and scraps of old stories from which it is very difficult to make any complete whole. Some of these old sketches are so beautiful that the author has very rightly inserted them, but there are many longer stories which are quite new, and which will, I think, quite change the face of some of the flowers for us. Shall we ever think of the plantain as a small dried withered brown flower again, after reading its story? I think not. And through all the legends the author has woven a story, naive and charming, which runs through the book as a vivid thread through a tapestry, giving added meaning and interest to the whole.

I am sure that all who have this book (and every Guider and Guide will want it) will ask for a second volume. We want to hear more about Penaninky and his book, for we are sure there are many beautiful pages which he has not opened for us.

I wonder whether there was another elf who had a book about the star legends and another who kept the history of the birds. Were the leaves of his book made of feathers? We would like to know. Perhaps if we sent out a messenger along that white road winding like a ribbon over the hill and disappearing we know not where, and perhaps if we waited like the little plantains on either side, holding up our heads to see the first sight of the returning messenger on the top of the slope, one day we, too, shall get our answer and shall be told about the stars and birds. In the meantime it is good to have Penaninky and his book.

V. R. D.

"O'er wayward childhood wouldest thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be
thy graces—
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school." *Coleridge.*



Entries have exceeded the present number of beds. The Hayes Secretary has, however, increased the accommodation from 294 to 307 by extra beds in the larger rooms. The Conference Secretary hopes the members will not object to this arrangement. It will enable others to attend and save much disappointment.

As entries have been placed in rotation and beds allotted, parties cannot now be arranged. Names on the waiting list will be entered as vacancies occur. Extra accommodation is available in the village for those who wish to attend the Conference and care to make their own arrangements. List of rooms with terms will be sent on application to Mrs. Pickering, Conference Secretary, Ridgehome, Bentley Doncaster. Members are asked to arrange for their meals in their rooms or in the village, as the Hayes Secretary cannot accommodate more than 307 already booked.

HAMPSHIRE TRAINING WEEK-END, FOR ALL BROWN AND TAWNY OWLS.

The above training week-end will be held at Foxlease Park, Lyndhurst, Hants (by kind permission of Mrs. Saunderson), from October 28 to 31.

Trainer: Miss Rachel Heath, Great Brown Owl (Head of Brownies). Fee: 16s., not including transport to and from the station.

All names must be sent to the County Secretary, Miss M. May, Down Grange, Basingstoke, with a deposit of 5s., before October 7. Owls who do not belong to Hampshire cannot be definitely booked till after this date, as the total number of those who can be taken is limited, but those who apply will be placed on the waiting list in order of application. Deposits will be returned if the name is withdrawn before October 19, but if on or after this date they will be forfeit. Full particulars may be obtained from Miss May.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"STARS."—(1) A Brownie is enrolled in the Company just like any other recruit. (2) It is very important that no Guider should teach country dancing who has not first personally learnt the movements and understood the method. (3) Guides do not, as a rule, carry staves except for ambulance work.

(Continued on page 132.)



HERE is a certain phrase which wanders in and out of Brownie work, and has many meanings as it is possible for one small phrase to have: "The Brownie in the home."

We all know the kind of people who go round, metaphorically, with packets of sweets, murmuring, "Brownies delightful little things helping mother in the home," and make every self-respecting Pack grind its teeth. That is not what what we mean at all; and the sad thing is that those people have the kindest hearts in the world and we mustn't let them see how ridiculous they make us feel. Then there are other people who think that the whole thing is just pretence, and they do their best to play up, and remark in surprised voices, "Why! the table's laid again! There must be a Brownie in the house." And it's very hard to smile brightly and let them think they've helped us a lot, when, all unknowingly, they have completely spoiled the game.

If we could only explain to these people just once that we're in earnest and that they really needn't trouble to pretend, all would be well. But as that is impossible we must see to it that the Brownie in the home is something to be counted on, just as Guides may be counted on in their country, and then no one will need to pretend on our account. We know ourselves that it is no good pretending to be Brownies, because the Pack would see through us every time. We've got to be Brownies quite naturally, before we can take our part in the game.

So it is with the Brownie in the home. It isn't a pretence or a sentiment or a joke. It's a simple fact. Home, whether it be the kitchen or the nursery or the area steps, is a Brownie's battlefield. All that we do in the Pack meeting is to help our Brownies to get to grips with their daily life at home.

Home isn't always a helpful place by any means. We know, as Brown Owls, what a difficult problem it can be. Of course, there are jolly happy homes where the importance of being a Brownie is understood, but there are others where all Brownie things are just one bother more, and others still, where to be a true Brownie is so brave a thing that most of us need to be silent about it. But no matter what the circumstances are, to be a Brownie at home is the hardest test of all, and that's why we don't want to be made to feel ashamed of it. Brownies have their woes and worries and triumphs as well as everyone else, and if they can win through at home they can win through anywhere. So let us make sure that the

Brownie in the home is what it really should be, and that is, the justification of all our Brownie work.

It was mentioned in the July GAZETTE that drill should not form a part of Brownie training. In case anyone has been misled it should be explained that the drill in question is Company drill, not marching or simple physical exercises. The "Seaside Drill" and "Garden Drill" and other varieties unknown to military circles, are being taken up with enthusiasm by Brownie folk. But though they are very fascinating, and a great stimulus to invention on the part of the Brown Owl (for the Pack will soon tire of one particular version) we mustn't forget that the exercises themselves are the thing, and that unless the Brownies are doing them correctly they had much better not be doing them at all. Incorrect physical exercises are a positive danger and many of us are very ignorant about them. Where possible, it is well worth while to get expert advice on this subject.

Once the Pack has learnt the exercises it is quite easy to make up simple stories about them, taking care not to put too many exercises of the same kind into one story. At first it is probable that the Brownies will follow the story open-mouthed, or else anticipate the exercise and do it all wrong in their hurry. But when it is really grasped, and when, as the story progresses, each exercise is done correctly without any ostensible commands, how it does impress the older folk to be sure! And as all wise Brown Owls know, a legitimate opportunity for showing off is a very necessary part of Brownie training.

Here is one of the very simplest stories invented by a Brown Owl and recommended by an expert. The sentences are numbered and the exercises given below.

THE MILLER.

1. The windmill goes round and round.
2. The wind whistles through the sails.
3. The miller stands by his door.
4. The machinery grinds the corn.
5. The bread rises in the oven.
6. The family sits down to breakfast.
1. Alternate arm, forward, upward, sideways and downward swinging.
2. Deep breathing.
3. Stand at ease.
4. Running on the spot. Knees high. Running on the spot.
5. Curtsey sitting, three times, quickly down and slowly up.
6. Brownies sit.

GREAT BROWN OWL.

Girl Guides' Gazette.

Brownie Drill.

BY SYLVIA STEUART.

THE prevailing opinion voiced at the Cambridge Brownie Conference seems to have been that ordinary drill is taboo for Packs. Yet it was agreed that some form for moving the Pack was necessary on occasions. Why should not Brownies have a distinctive drill of their own? The following formula is suggested in hopes it may be of use to Brown Owls:

Commands.	Movement.
1. "Plant the Seed-Hungs."	Pack falls in single file.
2. "Name the Seed-Hungs."	Brownies number over shoulders. "Fir, Spruce, Fir, Spruce," &c.
3. "Thin the Spruces."	"Spruces" take 2 paces to the right.
4. "Plant the Spruces."	"Spruces" take one pace forward to come in line with the "Firs."
5. "Forward" . . .	All march forward.
6. "Bend Firs" . . .	To turn to right
	or
7. "Bend Spruces" . . .	To turn to left
	or
8. "Halt."	elements of steering.
9. "Forest of Firs" . . .	All left turn—forming ranks,
	or
10. "Forest of Spruces" . . .	All right turn (from file) to form ranks.

These terms could also be used for "about turn" from either position.

For formal occasions, when "tun" was desired, the Brownies could turn from Trees to "Lamp-posts." Trees move their arms (*i.e.*, branches), but Lamp-posts stand rigidly erect! When teaching new Brownies the drill, in case they thought it illogical that forests should move, they might be told the story of Dunsinane from "Macbeth"! Town Packs would also have to be shown drawings of firs and spruces, so that they might see these trees are straight, to encourage them to hold themselves well, and should also have the idea of planting seedlings and system of "thinning" explained (all a help with Nature lore).

Some such scheme as this should meet the purpose of moving the Packs as desired, and at the same time obviate all military feeling. The commands may still be given smartly, and should be carried out promptly. "Fir" and "Spruce" are suggested because of one syllable and yet are unmistakable.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Continued from page 131.)

NEWLY FLEDGED.—1. Guides give the half salute when out of uniform and meeting for the first time in the day. 2. Guides do not salute a War Memorial. 3. The Brown Owl is addressed as such by her Brownies. 4. This point *re* training is for local decision. Generally the Patrol Leader trains the recruit. 5. All matters relating to the money affairs of a Company are for local decision. There is no ruling on the point.

NOVICE.—A pause should be made on the bottom of the dash, the rule being that a dash is three times the length of a dot.

September, 1921.

BROWNIES

WORDS BY DOROTHY WILSON-FOX
MUSIC BY ARTHUR FOYSEN

IN THE FAR-AWAY DAYS OF LONG AGO FAIRIES IN HABITED LAND FAIRIES AND BROWNIES WERE OFTEN SEEN PRANCING AND DANCING TO AND FRO FROLICKING ROUND WITH THE FAIRY QUEEN. NOW WE ARE TOLD THEY HAVE ALL FLED AWAY, OR ARE WE TOO BUSY TO SEEK THEM, TO-DAY?

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May, 1921.

In the far-away days of Long Ago,
Fairies and Brownies were often seen
Prancing and dancing to and fro,
Frollicking round with the Fairy Queen.
Now we are told they have all fled away,
Or, are we too busy to seek them to-day?
Fairies inhabited | woodland and field |
Pixies and gnomes lived | under the
hills |
Little green elves would—chuckle concealed
In | odd nooks and corners; and | rivers
and rills
Were | full of wee water sprites |; such a
gay throng
We | read of their doings in | story and
song.
Fairies they tell us could | never abide
To | live very near to the | big Human
Folk :
So they | flitted about in the | clean
country side
And | hurried away from the | dirt and
the smoke.
But | friendly and tame as a | bold little
mouse
A | Brownie would sometimes be | found
in a house !

You | never could catch one, but | knew
it was there
By | finding some morning the | hearth
had been swept,
Or the | boots would be cleaned with
most | scrupulous care
And the | Farmer's Wife knew she had |
long over-slept !
That | night she would leave on | the floor
of the dairy
A | saucer of cream for the | good little
fairy.
Moral.
So—Brownies to-day must be—busy and
kind
And | never “show off” when they’re |
helping another :
The | Farmer's Wife may not be | there,
but they’ll find
It is | really much nicer to | do things for
Mother.
Re | wards like the saucer of | cream seem
to show
That these | stories were written a | Long
Time Ago !

Girl Guides' Gazette.

Articles and Reports, photographs and drawings for insertion in the GAZETTE, letters to the Editor, and Books for Review should be sent, if possible, by the 1st of the previous month to the Editor, Girl Guides' National Headquarters, 26, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

MSS., photographs and drawings, cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

The GAZETTE can be sent direct by post from National Headquarters to any part of the United Kingdom or abroad at the rate of 4d. per month (which includes postage). Post free for a year, 4s. 6d.

Editorial Notes.



Editors, publishers and printers must have a holiday sometimes and this seems to be the month when all three do it at once, and “words fail.”

Consequently, these notes, like the streams this summer, are going to dwindle away and leave space for very much more interesting matter.

Although they will not appear until September 1, they are penned in August and end with a hearty wish for good camping these holidays to all our subscribers, and may they return to start work in the autumn determined to support the GAZETTE more strongly than ever.

Shop Notice.

We are afraid that many of our customers have had to wait a long time this summer for goods which they have ordered from the shop and we feel that an explanation is due to them. The coal strike effected every trade, and it was most difficult to get supplies. Now that the coal strike is over the drought is upsetting things again. Rain water has to be used for dyeing and as there is none to be had, we have had to wait for our pale blue and green ties and material for overalls. These difficulties, together with an enormous increase in trade, have resulted in long lists of waiting orders and we hope that our customers will be patient with us until we can get straight again. The “out of stock” list is growing shorter each week, and by the time that this appears in print, we hope that it will have ceased to exist.

“Talk little, and in your turn.
Speak wisely, listen much, and reply
only to the purpose.”—

La Rochefoucauld.

The Story of a Trail.

A Page from
a Girl Guide's
Diary.

BY MARCUS
WOODWARD.

THE Old Man of the Woods, as we call him—Ol' Man for short—has a magic ash-plant. You see him walking quietly along a hedgerow, then suddenly stopping, and gently moving aside the herbage with his stick, and lo! there is a bird's nest. It is just like magic. Where he touches earth, bush, or tree his stick seems to form a nest with eggs or nestlings.

He takes me for walks sometimes, and now and then he allows me to bring along a party of my Girl Guide comrades, who are studying for the Nature badges. He is always very rude about us, but we don't mind. Of course, he says what all men always say, that girls talk so much they never heed anything but their own voices. He says we never use our eyes to see the right things. And he says we all have great, clumsy feet, and that a pack of girls in a wood makes more noise than a herd of elephant in a jungle. I am sure my feet are not one-quarter as large as his. Still, I must admit his feet never crack a twig as he goes along, while I seem to tread on every dry twig there is in a wood.

This afternoon he took a party of five of us for a Nature ramble. Before we started he swore us all to perfect silence. And we did keep fairly quiet, but he talked all the time. He talked in what he calls his bird voice. He says his bird voice has the same effect on birds as the song of the nightingale—it makes them sing. He talks so much that it is as if he were trying to tell us Guides everything he knows about every flower we pass, every bird, beast, insect and reptile.



First we went along down an old green lane, and nest after nest he brought to light with his magic wand. The first was a partridge's in the hedgebank, having lovely brown eggs. Then in a tree he found out a tit's nest. Next, there was a whitethroat's in some nettles. Then he swept his stick to a branch overhead, and there, through a thin platform of twigs, we could see the two white eggs of a turtle dove. His eyes seem to look everywhere at once, and he hears the least rustle of a mouse in the grass, or the slithering sound of a grass snake.

He loves grass snakes as much as we all hate them. He pins them down with his stick, and then takes them in his hands,

and lets them coil round his neck, and strike at his face or his hands just as they please. And when we scream, he calls us a pack of sillies, to be afraid of a snake which is quite harmless. This afternoon he caught an adder, and he told us that you need never be afraid of an adder biting you unless it is coiled; otherwise, it is powerless to strike a blow. He tells us the strangest things, and he always has something new to tell every time we go for a walk.

After going down the green lane, and finding 17 nests in a quarter-of-a-mile, we went into a wood. Until you have been out with Ol' Man you have no idea what an art there is in walking through wood.

First, you must observe the way of the wind.

It is as good as a compass if you are lost, he says.

The second law is that it is better to have the wind blowing in your face as you go

through a wood than to have the wind behind you. You must look behind you often as you go along, so as to remember the way. At all corners, where tracks cross, you must notice the landmarks.

You must look out for tracks in the soft places. You can find the keeper's track very often, by noticing how the marks of his dog's feet fall on the top of the nail-marks of his boots. The keeper's dog walks to heel, you see. And, remember, you will see nothing much in the wood if you talk. Nor, indeed, if you walk. You must stand still, sit down, lie down, go into ambush, and keep very quiet, if you would see all the life of the woods. Of course, if you can talk in a bird voice, like Ol' Man, it is another matter.

He can make the birds sing by whistling. On a hot May afternoon, when the birds are sleepy, he will provoke a nightingale into song by a peculiar, long, low, inflected whistle. Or he will call up a jay or a magpie. And he can bark like a fox so naturally as to deceive even the vixen.

He gives us orders like a sea-captain.

"Up that tree!" he suddenly said, as we were coming out of the wood. One of the Guides climbed, not knowing why, and suddenly the trees seemed alive with squirrels. He had seen their nest, or drey, at the top. All the squirrel family came out in a hurry at the noise the Guide made in climbing, the mother squirrel chattering with rage. And how the poor thing screamed!—the Guide, I mean.

When we left the wood, we came on to a common, striking a little sandy lane. As we did so, Ol' Man gave another of his orders. "Divide the road!" he commanded. We formed two single files, and crept stealthily along up the gutters of the lane, wondering what we were supposed to be looking out for. "Use your eyes!" he said, as we advanced up the road. But we saw nothing but a wide

Girl Guides' Gazette.

common on either side of us, and a sandy track at our feet, and the sky overhead, and ourselves creeping along like Red Indians.

When we came to a corner of the lane, he ordered us all to sit down on the bank and rest a bit, and he said he would tell us a story with a moral.

This was his story:

"Old Farmer Turnops was walking over his land one day, when a long-legged Cockney fellow came along, and asked for work."

"What can you do, my lad?" said Farmer Turnops.

"Well, sir," said the Cockney lad, "I can run."

"If you can run," said the Farmer, "you may be useful to me, and I might give you a job on the farm. But first I must prove if you can run. Now you see all those sheep grazing on the down yonder, and you see this fold. Do you now herd the sheep into the fold, and close the fold door, and then report to me at the barn. And that will prove whether you can run or not."

"So the Farmer went to the barn, and the Cockney lad ran to the hill, to bring down the sheep. After a very short while, he came to the Farmer at the barn, and reported that all the sheep were folded, and the door of the fold was fast shut.

"How many sheep did you bring in?" asked Farmer Turnops.

"One hundred and twenty-five, sir," said the Cockney lad.

"Never," said the Farmer, "for I have but one hundred and twenty-four sheep, all told."

"So they went to the fold, and there were only one hundred and twenty-four sheep. But after he had made his tally, the Farmer said, 'Why, bless me, there is a rabbit among the sheep. You must have counted in the rabbit, to be sure.'



"You mean that little brown fellow?" said the Cockney lad. "Why, that's the little artful sheep that gave me all my trouble."

"Now," said Ol' Man, "what is the moral of that story?"

We said it showed that the Cockney lad could run very well if he could herd a rabbit into a sheep-fold.

Ol' Man said: "Yes. And it also shows that some people can follow on a rabbit's trail without knowing it. For example, five Girl Guides have been following a rabbit's trail up a sandy lane this afternoon, and have no idea that the rabbit which made the trail is to be seen within a few yards of where they are sitting."

"Can you see the rabbit?" we asked.
"No," said Ol' Man, "but I can find him in a moment. Let us follow up his trail again from the beginning."

He led us back to where we had joined the sandy track as we came over the common. There he made us gather round him, and with his ash-plant he pointed to the trail on the sand.

"Observe," he said, "that the rabbit sprang from the bank on to the road, then bolted up the road. It was a mighty leap, and he must have been in a mighty hurry. Now why should a rabbit jump from his burrow on to a road, when he might have jumped on to grass?"

"He must have been frightened," we said.

"Yes," said Ol' Man. "You can see he jumped a clear 10 ft. You can see from the imprint how he landed on his toes, and how far they were driven into the soft sand. The probability is that there was a stoat on his trail. Look!"

We followed the trail along the track, and sure enough there was a double trail, clearly visible; the tiny marks of a stoat's feet beside, and upon the top of, the rabbit's trail.

"Observe," said Ol' Man, "that the rabbit was travelling very fast at first. Do you see how the marks of the hind feet are in front of the marks of the forefeet? As he gallops, the forefeet come down together, making two little marks, either one in front of the other, or side by side, and sometimes mingling. Then the hind feet flash forward, and come down at a wider distance apart. And you have a triangle, like this." Ol' Man drew a picture on the sand.

"Now," he went on, "notice, as we follow up the trail, how the space between the marks of the hind and forefeet of the rabbit grows shorter and shorter. That shows he was slackening speed. The stoat was gaining. The rabbit was giving up in despair, growing, as it were, paralysed by fear. Look!"

Just opposite the bank where we had rested there was a great troubling of the sand.

"Here," said Ol' Man, "you can see what happened at a glance. Here the stoat made his death-spring, landed on the rabbit's back, and rolled over on to the sand. See! The rabbit still crept on. But we may be certain he has not gone far. We shall pick him up, round the turn of the lane."

And as we turned the corner, there, sure enough, lay the rabbit.

"A rabbit, freshly killed by a stoat," said Ol' Man, "is perfectly good to eat. Now which of you would like to take him home for supper?"

We all screamed at this; the idea seemed horrible.

"A pack of sentimental sillies," said Ol' Man, putting the rabbit into his pocket.



A Few Hints on Part-Singing.

By Lieut.-Col. the Hon. STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, D.S.O.

HAVING been asked to put down a few points in connection with vocal ensemble or part-singing, I do so with some diffidence as, although my acquaintance with that most delightful and interesting of all forms of musical endeavour extends over more years than I care to remember, it has, at best, been but a nodding acquaintance, and I hope, therefore, that any hints I now give will be accepted with all reserve.

The subject is so large and so important that all that can be done in the space of this short article is to mention one or two of the main headings and some of the points which need to be studied, watched, or avoided as the case may be. Here let me emphasise the fact that the broad principles that govern solo singing equally apply to part-singing and that, in order to get a good combined effect, each member of a choir must have those principles constantly in mind, to ensure a really artistic result.

First of all, then, and perhaps most important of all is DICTION. What is a song but a story told in vocal instead of speaking tones, and if your audience cannot hear every word you sing, the whole object of the song and the point of the story are lost. The secret of clear diction is, to a great extent, exaggeration, that is to say, the sung word in order to carry to the far end of a concert hall must be enunciated with a clearness that would sound almost ridiculous in ordinary speech. Consonants must be given their full value, especially the terminal consonants (remember the "d" at the "end"), and vowels must be given their true value. We are told that "a man's a man for a' that," but many a singer turns him into a "marn" when he gets on to the platform.

Next in importance comes TIME. Many songs rely for their effectiveness on rhythm, and nothing is so inartistic or amateurish than to read into the score a lot of rallentandos, pauses, &c., which are not in the music and which the composer would certainly have written in if he had wanted them. That is not to say, of course, that one may not give emphasis to some special point, as for example, at the climax of the song; but if you put in all your "best effects" at the beginning, what are you going to do to prevent your audience from being frankly bored towards the finish? And, above all, do not take a song too slow, rather err on the fast side if you are not sure of the time the composer intended. Another important factor in keeping time is how to take breath. If the time between two phrases is not sufficient to do so, the last note of the phrase should be shortened a trifle so that the first note of the succeeding phrase can be started strictly "on time."

Following TIME comes TUNE, and by that I mean not only singing in tune, but also hitting or beginning the note "plumb in the middle," not swooping up to it as though you were trying to

reach up to it and were not sure if you could. Mentally register the note you are going to sing and then translate the thought into sound and the true note will come. There are times when a composer will deliberately write a portamento, but that is the only occasion when it is permissible.

Equally important and closely allied with time is the question of ENSEMBLE. It is really easy so long as every member of the choir will watch the conductor, but therein lies the difficulty; however, it can be done, and must be done if you want to avoid the smudgy, sloppy singing one so often hears in poorly trained choirs. The conductor's beat must be firm and decided, and, given this, if the choir will "keep their eye on the stick," ensemble and finish will follow. Always remember that the termination of a phrase, verse or song is just as important as the beginning, and do not fall into that mistake so easy to make and so often heard when, for example, the last word ends with the letter "s," and each singer hangs on just so long as the breath holds out, with the result that the final sound tails off in a long-drawn-out hiss-s-s-s.

The last point is INTERPRETATION, and this is a matter that, in part-singing, principally concerns the trainer or conductor, because, after all, it is the conductor who "sets the pace." Read the song carefully, not once but possibly many times, and make up your mind exactly what is the import of each phrase, the sentiment that the words are intended to convey, and the places where you want to make your main effects, and then when it is sung keep those points well in your mind. Make sure that your audience, even in the farthest corner of the hall, hear every word, and understand the meaning of the story, and you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done what you set out to achieve, namely, "to do your bit" towards helping on the great ideal of good music worthily performed, and in so doing you will reap your reward in the approbation and applause of your audience and in your inward consciousness that you have done your best.

Toy and Crafts Fair.

November 11 and 12, 1921.

See Page 109. July GAZETTE.

LABELS for the different classes of the Toy and Crafts Fair and Competitions will be obtainable on October 1, from Dr. May Thorne, O.B.E., Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

They must be attached to each article or set of articles (in the case of a set of doll's furniture).

Guides and Scouts from Malta, Ceylon, Penang, British Columbia and other parts of the world are taking part in the Fair, and toys have already been received from China, musical instruments from Japan, and embroideries from India and Mesopotamia.

Further details will be given next month.

GO AHEAD, GUIDES!

A CAMP FOR COUNTRY

By SARAH

THREE has been lately in America a great "boom" for camps. Efforts are being made everywhere by the Girl Scouts and similar organisations to get the city children off the streets in the hot summer for a few weeks camping in the country. The needs of city children, and the benefits of such an outing are only too obvious. Few people realise, however, that the country child is in as great, if not greater need.

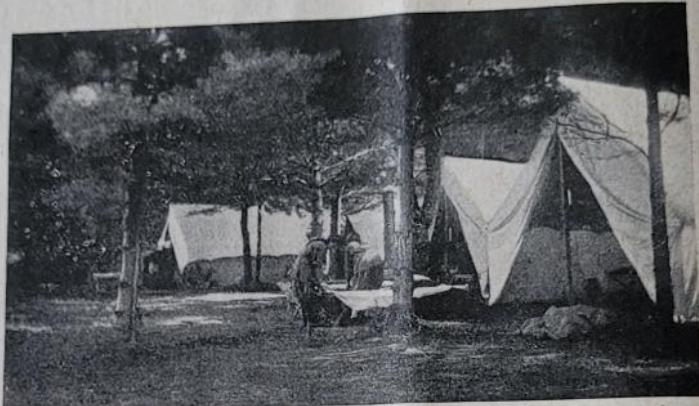
People living in the cities, even though they are country born, have the miseries of the cities at their doors, and are only too apt to make all their gifts of money and service to city charities and organisations. When the social worker asks the country born man for money to send children out of town for an outing, he gladly gives it, for he remembers his own boyhood, the hunting and fishing trips, the glorious ache of hunger and sleepiness after a long day in the woods, and he feels sorry for all those who have not known those things too. But there is another side of his boyhood he has forgotten, or pushed into the background of his memory. He has forgotten his mother's chronic weariness with the ceaseless round of work in the house and yard behind, especially in the winter, when nothing passed on the road to give colour to her day. He seldom thinks now of the school house—how bitter cold it was early in the morning, how, as it slowly grew warmer it grew stuffier and stuffier until he could hardly keep his eyes open. Then there was Mary, who sat next to him at school. When she first came she was one of the brightest of the scholars, but as she grew older she became thin and fretful. She said she "had the tooth-ache awful," so that she hated to eat, and half the time she "couldn't sleep at nights." Her mother and two older sisters had had to wear false teeth when they were twenty, and she guessed she would too. She would be glad when she did, because false teeth wouldn't ache.

But these things the man does not remember now. He feels that health and happiness are the only things consistent with the scenery and air of the country. He does not think that among the green hills lie ignorance, poverty and ill-health, as bad as on the darkest city streets. These things are only the more serious because they are hidden and unnoticed.

Even to those who realised that all was not well with the country children there seemed no way to help them. What could be done when they lived miles apart, and could not possibly be brought together, as can city children, in afternoon classes, or clubs, or Guide meetings? A few years ago, however, someone

suggested, "Why not have a camp for country children? Once you brought them together, it would not matter how far apart their homes were, you could do all sorts of things with them at camp, and, most of all, you could get to know them really well, what they like most to do, what they need most, and so, perhaps learn further, more practical ways of helping them."

for no other car could have survived the trips we took. In the valleys the roads were still soft from the spring thaw and we grew very expert at rushing the muddy stretches, and, when we foundered, working the car out of the mud by laying stones under the wheels. The mountain roads went up for such long stretches, that we would have to stop the car at intervals to let the boiling radiator



Green Mountains Camp. Getting ready for Tent Inspection.

This seemed an excellent suggestion, and we determined to act upon it. We interested the school superintendent of a typical farm and lumber county in Vermont in the idea, and he let us come with him, when he went on his rounds of the schools, that we might see and talk to the children. We went with the school superintendent in his Ford, up and up hill, and down again, and through miles of forests, to the various rural school houses. The schools were generally built on a cross-roads, apparently miles from any houses, and were one-room, wooden buildings, with the teacher's desk on a platform at one end, a stove in the middle, and desks for twenty or so scholars. At the first school we came to the children were practising for the "last day of school celebrations," and were lined up on the platform, reciting a poem, and wriggling their bare toes over the edge of the platform as they recited. Their ages varied from six to sixteen, and in this school, as in so many, there were not more than two or three of the same age.

After talking to the children in the schools we went to the homes of those whom we thought most likely to come to camp. We blessed the inventor of Fords,

cool down, and we learned to stop at every spring to give the thirsty engine a drink. However, we followed the roads, according to the directions given us at the post-office general store (it is the centre of all gossip, and the post master store-keeper knows everyone and everything) in the faith that all roads must lead somewhere. Also, once we set out on one of those narrow roads, it was exceedingly difficult to turn back. When our faith in even getting anywhere had really reached a low ebb, we were very apt to meet a chicken in the middle of the road. It would rush at us in fascinated horror, and then vanish down the side of the road, minus two tail feathers. But we would bump on with fresh courage, for as the dove, to Noah, so the chicken was to us a symbol of hope. It meant habitation was near. If the habitation proved to be the house we sought, our real task, of persuading the family to let their girl come to camp, would then begin.

Of course, the families varied greatly, and the objection to letting the girls go camping varied with the family.

Almost all objected at first—who would not object if confronted by two strangers and an unheard of proposal like ours! The most common and difficult objection

GIRLS IN AMERICA.

BRADLEY.

was that the girl could not be spared during the haying or berrying season, for she was needed to help her mother, or the men in the fields, or to look after the stock.

Also the matter of payment presented difficulties. It was extremely important that the camp should not be a charitable institution, for the people of the region were too proud to accept the

to live to home. I should like fine, she would see some other girls."

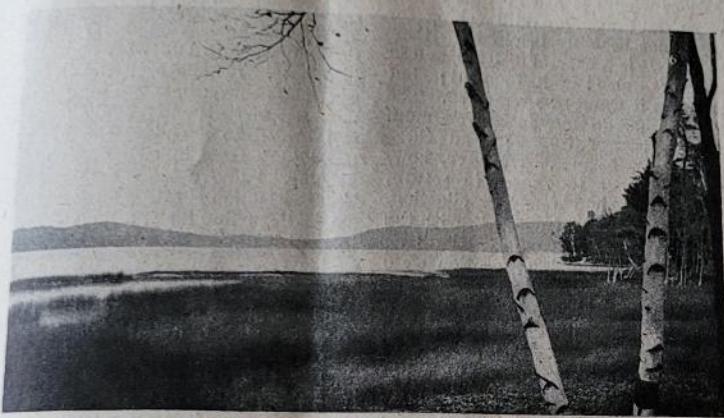
As I said before, we undertook the camp, as much in the hope of what it might lead to, as of what it could do in itself.

But we learned through this child, and others like her, of what great service the camp itself could be. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage under which

and she fell at once into the spirit of co-operation in the play and work of the camp.

The other most serious handicap to rural children after that of isolation, is ill-health. It is commonly supposed that the health of country children is better than that of city children, but in the country near our camp, and it is typical of much of rural America, this was not the case. We had the children examined by a doctor soon after they came to camp, and nearly all of them were suffering from enlarged tonsils, adenoids, teeth that needed filling, eyes that needed glasses, or some such remedial defect. In many cases the child's health was being seriously and permanently impaired. When the camp was over we went to the parents of the children, and urged them to let the child have the necessary "doctoring." It was not an easy thing to do, but the camp puts one on such a friendly footing with both the children and their parents, that it can be done. We also asked the district nurse to give talks at camp on personal hygiene, as well as on first-aid and home nursing. Her talks were extremely valuable, for on the remote farms it takes many hours to reach a doctor, and a knowledge of first-aid and nursing is often a matter of life or death. The personal hygiene talks covered everything from the whys of standing straight, taking exercise, and keeping windows open at night to personal and household cleanliness. It had been found, in a health census taken in the schools of the region, a few years before, that the health of the children tended to decline as they grew older. This was believed to be due to malnutrition, so we added classes on food values to the course in personal hygiene. We had a very strict personal inspection of hair, hands, &c., twice a day, and a tent inspection in the morning. At this inspection, not only had everything in the tent to be absolutely clean and neat, but each girl had to lay out on a piece of oilcloth at the foot of her bed, her brush and comb, soap, tooth brush and tooth paste. We discovered at the opening of camp that the last two were sometimes missing. They were at once provided, and an informal tooth brushing class added to the personal hygiene course.

The camp was begun just after the United States had entered the war, and although almost all the girls had relations in the army and were raising an unusual amount in their gardens, and going without white flour and sugar because a man named Hoover had asked them to, many of them had very little idea what it was all about. It is not strange when you think



Green Mountains Camp.

charity. On the other hand many of the families were too poor to pay money for the camp. We found, however, that even the poorest could give something in the way of butter, eggs, bread, or beans from their farms. So we asked them to pay either in cash, or in farm products that could be eaten at camp. In this way all were able to pay, and the food expenses at the camp were considerably lessened.

A few of the parents consented at once to letting their children come, and with an eagerness that was almost pathetic. I remember one family in particular that lived at the top of one of the steepest roads I ever tried to climb, in a house so slightly built I could see light between the boards. How they ever survived the winters when the thermometer stood for weeks at ten and twenty below zero (forty or fifty degrees of frost) and the snow lay three or four feet deep, I never could understand. The little girl was not there, she had gone to play with her nearest neighbour two miles away. "They ain't good for much," the mother said, "but their better'n nothing. It would be good to have her go to camp. You see the school's four miles away, and when the road gets blocked in winter she just has

rural children live is their isolation. No one who has not lived through one of those long snowbound winters, cut off from all living things outside the actual farm, can realise what it means. The children who came to camp from such isolation, could hardly speak at first, not so much because they were shy, as because they had never had the habit of speech. They had no idea of play, and little idea of what social intercourse and friendship was. But in the close community life of camp, when all their work and play was in co-operation with others a side of their nature that had never had a chance began to grow. They learned what it was to do things in a team with others. Team play is a joy that those who have always had, do not fully appreciate, and it is a joy that, once learned, is never forgotten. The girls at camp made real friends with each other. They promised to correspond, and the long winters were made less lonely, because each girl had a touch with something outside the snowbound hills. When the little girl whose mother "liked fine she should know some other girls" came back to camp the next year, she was at first as silent as ever, but this time only for some hours instead of some days,

that Europe meant nothing to them but one of the maps in the geography book, and they very seldom saw, much less read, the newspaper. It seemed very wrong, however, that they should not understand why their relations had disappeared to strange places, and why they were asked to work unusually hard in their gardens, so a class in current events was started, which consisted of an account, as simple as possible, of the war since 1917. The girls were so interested that the class has been carried on through monthly letter almost ever since.

The ardent campaign that I have described in the schools and homes, when we first took up the idea of this camp, persuaded sixteen girls to come camping. Last summer, the fourth year of the camp, 60 girls came, and more applied than could be accepted. This success is not due to any particular merit in the camp—it is a very ordinary one, but because it gives the children the companionship and widened range of interests they so desire and love, and it seems, at present, to be the only means through which they can get them. Even so, the camp but covers a small corner of the field of work, and there are still many unsolved problems before us. One of the greatest of these is how to keep the camp interests and spirit alive during the winter months when the children are separated. We have a monthly "Camp News" to which all the children write, and in which the current events and other classes are carried on. This is helpful but very little compared to what should be done.

I have been, however, very much interested in the Lone Guides, and I am hoping that perhaps the winter correspondence connected with our camp can be enlarged on the lines of the Lone Guide work. I do not suppose the problem of country children is so difficult here, for there is not the same isolation as in America, where the farms are so far apart and the country roads so bad, yet the Guide movement covers such a wide field of interest that I have been able to learn a great deal that will help in this camp work for the country children. Indeed, my last letter to the "Camp News" was full of the Guides and what they do, and the camp children are prepared for all sorts of exciting innovations when I come back to America, and the Green Mountain Camp next summer. Sometimes I think I had better go back at once, before I see any more Guide activities, otherwise I shall want to be trying so many new things at camp that everyone will be quite worn out. I shall try to avoid that, however, but I shall have to be very careful not to make the mistake my nurse made when I was little. She talked so much about my cousins, where they had just been, that I wished heartily they had never been born. I am not only going to tell the Green Mountain Campers about the cousins, where I shall have just been, but I am going to teach them many things those cousins taught me to do. But I don't think there is much risk of their wishing you had never been born because they will so love doing the things you have taught me. I do want to thank you for

teaching me, both from myself and from the camp children who will find their long winter months on remote farms happier because of the cousins where I shall have just been.

The Embryo Nurse.

[Reprinted by permission from the *Nursing Mirror*.]

"From magnanimity, all fears above;
From nobler recompence, above applause;
Which owes to man's short outlook all its
charm."

IT is of little avail to deny that at the present time the average matron is not satisfied with the type and class of girl who is offering herself as a probationer. If the matron distrusts, as all human nature distrusts, the generation who succeeds her, she must the more suspect that those who receive high salaries where she had to pay a premium, numerous recreations when she had no time to call her own, and who are still asking for more, cannot be truly inspired for their life work. It is a natural distrust, and in many cases, alas! well founded; but nevertheless it cannot be remedied. The girls of to-morrow may ask even more than the girls of to-day; and these demands must be met. We have, however, every right to expect in return, faithful service and ready application. It would, indeed, be a tragedy if, with the increase of material comfort, the true character of the nursing vocation were lost. For the future probationers to become a pampered race would be disaster to the sick and sorry, and it is not wise to gild the austerity of the call to nurse and to serve to such an extent that the pleasure-loving and indolent are deceived into thinking that hospital life is a bed of roses.

But the nursing profession offers a vocation as well as a reasonable chance of a fuller life, a higher status, and intellectual advantages. If the prospective nurses can be drawn from the right quarter, therefore, there is no reason for pessimism. One of these avenues of hope has not as yet been fully recognised—the rapid growth of the Girl Guide movement. It was but five years ago when the Girl Guides fought their hard struggle for existence, and they now number nearly 30,000 all over the world, a fact recently emphasised by the Prince of Wales. That the movement is growing is, therefore, beyond question, but that it is a good movement is not always recognised. There still exists among their elders a strong prejudice against Girl Guides; an idea that the whole cause of their being is to emulate the male sex, to become hoydenish and ill-mannered, and to occupy a great deal of their time in cooking indigestible messes in wet tents and waving meaningless flags round their heads. But the Girl Guide movement means far more than that. It is perfectly true that the members are encouraged to become amateur carpenters and farm workers and gardeners, accomplishments previously reserved for boys; but they are also taught the very virtues the matron looks for in her probationers—self-reliance, a strong sense of order and discipline, and an eagerness to extend a helping hand to

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all who need it. The Guide's law in itself is a guarantee that their leaders are attempting to train the girls as the Boy Scouts have been trained, to be useful and honourable citizens. For a Girl Guide must be trustworthy, loyal, useful, kind, a friend to all, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, and pure in thought, word, and deed.

That, surely, is a good start; but the training does not stop there. The Guide must be useful with her hands; she learns to milk, to sew, to wash and dress a baby, the beginning of hygiene, to keep a house clean, to mend what she breaks, to use her eyes and wits. She is also taught to be tidy in her own appearance, and the neat plait of 15 should do much to result in a lack of "kiss-me-quick" curls at 20, in the absence of jewelled combs, crushed collars, and crooked caps.

As regards actual nursing, the interest of the girls is stimulated by the Nurse Cavell Badge, which is bestowed for special bravery in life-saving, for self-sacrifice, for endurance in suffering, and calmness in danger. It is naturally much coveted. Special encouragement is also given to domestic virtues, and a Red Cross armlet is awarded to a Guide who has passed proficiency tests in sick nursing, house-keeping, laundry and domestic work. This distinction is rather strangely known as the "Nursing Sister's Badge," perhaps in a spirit of prophecy!

The programme of the Girl Guides, it may be remarked, is perfection. But however many may fall sadly short, the very fact that the girls are being trained up to an ideal, and to put thought for others before thought for self, augurs well for an embryo nurse. The girls are at an age when it is comparatively easy to kindle enthusiasm and a spirit of self-sacrifice. The fire thus lighted has no opportunity to die out; it is daily fed and fanned until its feeble flames burn clear and steady. Therefore the Girl Guide, should she choose the nursing profession, will come to it with the rudiments of the true nurse developed in her, and, above all, with the right spirit of devotion and cheerfulness that forms the backbone of the profession. It remains to those who have the welfare of that profession at heart to take care that its demands and the rewards which it can offer are brought to the notice of the Girl Guide. Thus she may grow up with the idea of becoming a nurse firmly rooted in her mind, make straight for the goal she has set before her, and not be lost to her vocation through a lack of knowledge of its existence.

Answers to Correspondents— (Concluded.)

"QUERY."—In the case of a Guider taking the Star Test for the Gold Cords, as regards the clause "two-thirds majority of her Company, etc."—the Guider must have a letter from her Commissioner stating that to the best of her knowledge the Guider has been living up to the Guide ideals, and that she has not only run her own Company successfully, but also been of use in the district.

Oversea Settlement for Women.

WHEN the Dominions Royal Commission, set up during the war to inquire into the natural resources, trade and available food supply of the self-governing dominions, presented their final report to Parliament in March, 1917, an important section of that report dealt with the question of migration within the Empire. The Commissioners recommended the constitution of a central authority to deal with emigration and pointed out that in their opinion the pre-war system of what was practically a case of *laissez-faire* with regard to emigration had proved unsatisfactory, both from the view of the settlers themselves and that of the countries of their adoption. One of the chief reforms urged was dissemination of up-to-date and reliable information to all proposing emigrants, and greater control of agents whose financial interests are directly concerned with the booking of individual settlers.

In accordance with the policy thus recommended the Government set up the Oversea Settlement Committee under the presidency of Lord Milner, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the chairmanship of Lieut.-Colonel Amery, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the same department.

It is by no means easy for women accustomed only to the conditions attaching to a small and closely populated, old-established country such as the United Kingdom to understand the differences to their everyday life in all its details that must be occasioned by conditions of large, thinly-peopled areas whose development lies in the future rather than in the past.

The fundamental fact that in Great Britain supply of the more ordinary types of labour is usually in advance of the demand, whereas in the dominions the reverse is the case, not only alters the position of the wage-earner, but affects the whole position of the woman whether she be employee or householder.

The housewife in an English town or rural parish may be accustomed to perform her own household duties, but should illness or other misfortune occur, assistance either from a kindly neighbour or from a paid help can usually be secured.

In the new countries conditions are wholly different. Hired labour, especially in country districts, is scarce, generally unobtainable, and neighbours instead of being within a stone's throw are probably many miles distant.

The existence of a large farm in Canada does not necessarily involve a cluster of cottages for the workers. Agricultural help is hired only for the summer months, disappearing after the harvest, occupying only a wooden shanty during the season, and demanding to be "laundered and mended" by the farmer's wife. These and kindred facts require to be placed before every intending woman settler, not in order to dissuade her from her purpose, but to ensure that she shall really under-



Brownies of Walkerville, Canada, with their Totem and Mascot.

stand the conditions of life which she proposes to adopt. British women will not shrink from a strenuous life if the truth is told to them, but they bitterly resent persuasion which, in order to induce emigration, hides behind a rosy surface the darker side of the picture. Only by care and patience can difficulties be avoided.

The Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women carries on correspondence with those private residents in the dominions who in pre-war days acted as correspondents with the three emigration associations now amalgamated into the one association, and registers vacancies thus notified, selecting suitable applicants from amongst those women who apply for oversea employment. By a system of close co-operation with the Ministry of Labour women registering at official employment exchanges and ex-Service free passage applicants have exactly similar opportunities with regard to these vacancies as have those who write direct to the Society.

It is universally admitted that in order to ensure contented women settlers a system of "follow-up" or welfare in the new countries is advisable.

By co-operation between the various authorities concerned this has been achieved in Canada by the Dominion Government having set up a Council of Women, which includes representatives of all the larger voluntary societies to which each woman travelling under the auspices of the Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women are recommended and the members of which ensure her welcome overseas. To this Council inquiries respecting employment and employers are addressed and introductions are given to each woman to residents in the neighbourhood of her new home and to the minister of whatever religious denomination she may belong. Every woman traveller is offered 24 hours' free board and lodging in a hostel upon arrival, and is given a list of addresses of such hostels throughout the Dominion to which she can return in case of need. To women settling in Australia or New Zealand the Society obtains private

introductions through the Victoria League, and the latter communicates in each instance with the resident overseas to whom an introduction has been given, thus ensuring a welcome when the newcomer presents herself.

A monthly magazine, *The Imperial Colonist*, price 4d., published by the Society, contains up-to-date information regarding openings for British women in the various dominions, both for professional and industrial applicants.

The Oversea Settlement Committee is most anxious that the public should distinguish between "oversea settlement" or migration within the Empire, and "emigration" or settlement under a foreign flag. In the one case the traveller only leaves one portion of the British dominions for another part of the same Empire, while in the second case he or she quits the Empire to live under a foreign power and settle amongst strangers.

Logs to Burn.

Oak logs will warm you well, if they're old and dry;

Larch logs of pine woods smell, but the sparks will fly.

Beech logs for Christmas time, Yew logs heat well;

"Scotch" logs it is a crime for anyone to sell.

Birch logs will burn too fast, Chestnut scarce at all;

Hawthorn logs are good to last, if cut in the fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax, you should burn them green,

Elm logs like smouldering flax, no flame to be seen.

Pear logs and apple logs they will scent your room;

Cherry logs across the dogs, smell like flowers in bloom.

But Ash logs, all smooth and grey, burn them green or old,

Buy up all that come your way, they're worth their weight in gold.

THE WILES OF THE GAME.

BROWN OWL, on her way to the Pack meeting, conned the story of Gareth and Lynette in her mind. It was not often that she found a tale at once so attractive and so suitable as that of the Kitchen Knave. Besides, she had a practical object in telling it, and Brown Owl, who was a born idealist, prided herself excessively on any practical achievement. Rumour had reached her that two of the Pack, renowned for swift repartee, were not so reformed as she had fondly hoped. The tale was meant to have a direct as well as an indirect effect. Brown Owl, with six months' experience, felt herself to be infinitely subtle.

She turned the corner of the village street, and saw far off a splash of brown. As she looked, it split into several pieces, each of which raced towards her.

"Brown Owl! The door's locked and we can't get in."

"Mr. Timms has got the key, Brown Owl."

"An', Brown Owl, he says he isn't goin' to come no more to open it for us, an' we're to wait till he's had tea."

This significant statement produced an awestruck silence. Brown Owl was helpless, and knew it. Timms, the caretaker, had his orders to open the schools for the Pack meeting at five o'clock, and the extra work entailed thereby was a source of endless trouble. He was never known to appear with the key until long after five, and Brown Owl, who found her weekly meeting far too short for all her plans, was driven nearly frantic by the loss of a good quarter of an hour. It must be admitted that the Pack returned Timms' unpleasantness by ways of torment known only to childhood. When Brown Owl pointed out the Brownie way, a volatile chorus assured her that they had tried it, really and truly, and been laughed at for their pains.

"Why!" cried a Brownie indignantly. "Mary went and did her good turn to him once, and he threw it away and told her not to come messin' round."

The expressions of the Pack intimated that by so doing Timms had placed himself beyond the pale.

On this occasion Timms made a leisurely appearance at a quarter past five. He kept up a muttered grumble while he unlocked the door, the Pack meanwhile exchanging allusions to which it was fortunate that he paid no attention. They swarmed into the room in a noisy crowd which nearly swept him off his feet. Brown Owl closed the door upon him as politely as she could and gave the Pack call.

A yell which seemed to raise the roof, and was caused by each Brownie shouting the name of her six at the top of her voice, showed that the "secret session" as the Captain facetiously called it, had begun. Timms grunted and opened the door a crack. The Pack was performing the Grand Salute, and Timms face expressed the disgust he felt at such foolery.

It is impossible during a Pack meeting

to think of even the most unfortunate of troubles, if it does not concern the work in hand. The Pack split up into sixes and busied itself happily in the four corners of the room, while Brown Owl, chalking out the floor for an obstacle race, kept her eyes and ears open for what was going on around her.

She became aware of unusual excitement in the corner occupied by the Sprite Six, which by rights should have been a peaceful spot, since the Pack Leader, by special request, was explaining the details of the Union Jack.

"I said to him," a Brownie declared, "that St. Andrew wore a white cross on a blue ground and he said it was the other way up."

"He didn't wear it," explained the Pack Leader patiently.

"So I said I'd ask you," continued the Brownie unheeding, "cos he said I was a little silly, and I said he ought to know better 'cos he's older than me, and anyway it was a triang'lar cross—"

"Diagonal," corrected the Pack Leader,

"An' he said I was cross as two sticks, and then I hit him."

The approval of the Six was crushed by the strong disapproval of the Pack Leader, who now realised why her aid had been called in. Brown Owl, glancing sideways, noted the speaker. She was one Patsy Benn, a ringleader within and without the Pack, and one of the two Brownies whose powers of repartee had marked them out for judgment. Patsy was never at a loss for a reply, and Brown Owl knew from experience that direct dealings invariably left Patsy the victor.

The obstacle race ended in a breathless triumph for the Elves, and the Pack settled down comfortably in the Pow Wow Ring.

Brown Owl, looking round at the eager faces, began with the coming of Gareth to Arthur's court. At the bouts between the hero and Sir Kay the Pack became interested. At the appearance of Lynette they nodded wisely. Brown Owl, making the most of the lady's rudeness and the Knight's patience and courtesy, would have liked to note a decided impression which was not forthcoming. She went on to the episode of the three Knights. At each battle the Pack brightened visibly, but when Brown Owl drew on her imagination a little in order to make the lady duly repentant, she became aware that the tale was verging on anti-climax and brought it hastily to a conclusion.

Instead of the customary rain of questions, a single voice inquired:

"Why did she call him Kitchen Knave?"

"Because she was angry and wanted him to leave her."

"It's not a nice name, is it?"

This innocent remark came from Patsy and took an unexpected meaning.

"It was very rude indeed," said Brown Owl with the best intentions, but as it proved, unwisely.

There was a chill silence, and Brown Owl felt keenly disappointed. This was not what she had hoped. Moreover, the tale having been cut short, ten minutes of the Pack meeting had still to run. With a sigh she adjusted herself to the

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necessities of the moment, and was on the point of starting a game when a cheerful voice broke the silence.

"Pack Leader's got a story!"

As if by magic the Pack was galvanised into tense excitement.

"Do tell us! Oh! Do! Is it 'bout Elsie? Is there any more? Oh! do go on!"

The Pack Leader hesitated in embarrassment.

"It isn't much of a story," she said doubtfully.

"Oh! let's have it!" exclaimed Brown Owl brightly. Whatever her faults she was not small-minded, and her tone completely deceived the Pack Leader, who launched forthwith into an interminable and totally inconsequent tale, concerning a child called Elsie, whose mode of life was detailed with infinite accuracy and a complete lack of discrimination. The Pack hung entranced on the story-teller's lips. They seemed to know all Elsie's previous history, for there were many references to characters and events quite unknown to Brown Owl.

"And so Elsie's mother said to her, 'Now, go straight along to the shop, mind, and if you meet Polly Dibbins on the way, don't you speak to her.'"

At this charitable injunction the Pack gave vent to an unanimous "Oo-er!". Polly Dibbins was evidently the villain of the piece. The Pack Leader's imagination did not extend beyond the episodes of daily life, but she knew how to keep an audience in suspense. Brown Owl wondered whether there could ever be a climax to such a tale, but just when she had ceased to take an interest in the doings of the meek and unnatural Elsie, the Pack Leader quickened her tone, the Pack took a deep breath, and Polly Dibbins with diabolical intent, tripped up the heroine in a puddle, and vanished.

At this crisis the Pack Leader, master of her art, stopped.

"Oh! What happened next? Do tell us more! What did Elsie's mother say? Didn't Polly get found out?"

"I'll tell you another time," said the Pack Leader, thereby evoking a dismal chorus which was cut short by the whistle. The Pack howled with as much gusto as if the mournful Elsie were not left bewailing her fate, and the meeting came to an end.

Ten minutes later, Brown Owl, with a heavy case in one hand, made her way down the street. She was troubled because things had not fallen out as she had planned and because her efforts did not seem to bring her any nearer her goal. She thought over the Pack meeting. The second class work was not going along very quickly. The obstacle race had produced a good deal of argument and one stand-up fight. Two of the Sixers were over-zealous, and a third ineffective. The Pack in fact was going through the teething stage, and Brown Owl fussed over it like an anxious mother. To crown all, she felt that her Pow Wow had been a failure. The Pack Leader's story had no meaning at all, yet she had succeeded in holding the Pack in absorbed attention while Sir Gareth had made no visible impression.

Brown Owl might have continued longer in this gloomy strain, had she not, on reaching the corner, all but bumped into Timms, whose state of mind and body seemed to be verging on apoplexy. He blocked her way forcibly and gave vent to his wrath. The Pack to use his expression, had been at it again. Not content with impertinent remarks when they ought to know better they had tried it on in public, "Making a fool o' me" grumbled Timms. "Never saw such goings-on in my life. Putting such ideas into their heads. Teach a child to behave itself properly, not to call people names and screed the place down. That little red-headed varmint, she's worse nor all the rest put together."

Timms' diatribes were a by-word in the village, and Brown Owl, knowing explanations to be useless, continued her way. But his remarks echoed in her ears. The little red-headed varmint beyond doubt was Patsy—the Benns had the reddest hair in the village—and probably the bulk of the Pack was with her. "Calling names" too. She wondered what Patsy's latest effort had been, and remembered with a shock that she herself had probably supplied it. If so, the game was over. Timms would inform the headmistress, and the Pack would be closed down at once.

Beyond doubt Brown Owl was over-weary. Nothing else would have made her take Timms' wrath so much to heart, as to go out of her way in order to pass Patsy's home and find out the truth.

Patsy was swinging on the gate.

"I can't take off my uniform," she explained guilelessly, "'cos mother's washing the children. Can I come along with you a bit?"

This proposition rather staggered Brown Owl. She assented nevertheless, and they walked on side by side, Patsy intent on keeping step.

"Patsy," said Brown Owl, "what have you been saying to Mr. Timms?"

"Nothing," declared Patsy.

The invariable answer for once rang true. Brown Owl was puzzled.

"You must have said something," she urged.

"No, I didn't. Not one word," responded Patsy.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Oh! come!" Brown Owl looked down at the cherubic face beside her. "He couldn't be angry if you had done nothing at all."

"He was," asserted Patsy. "He raged an' stormed something awful, and I didn't answer nothin' at all."

"Why not?" inquired Brown Owl, mystified.

"'Cos—," Patsy hesitated, turned a trifle pink, picked her way ostentatiously round a puddle, and concluded lamely, "'cos I didn't."

Brown Owl felt herself justified in saying a few firm words.

Patsy hung her head.

"You see," ended Brown Owl gravely. "You can't behave like that to older people because you are a Brownie."

There was a pause in which she glanced at the downcast head.

"I s'pose," said a small voice, "it was rude." Brown Owl's heart thumped wildly. Had she made an impression after all?

"I think it was," she replied. "Then why—" the red head was flung up sharply. "Why wasn't it rude of Sir Gareth not to answer the lady?" "Wha-at?" stammered Brown Owl. Comprehension flashed upon her. "Do you mean you didn't answer him because of that?"

Patsy nodded and continued volubly.

"He came and shouted at me and I didn't answer, and he went on very loud, and still I didn't 'cos I was remembering, and now you—you said—"

Her lip quivered. Brown Owl's hand which she had held out of reach until now resumed its ordinary position and was clasped immediately. Whether Patsy sincerely desired to emulate Sir Gareth, or whether, as was possible, she had merely seen in the story a new and delightful way of tormenting Timms, did not transpire. Brown Owl believed the former, and glowed at the thought. Timms' anger was merely caused by what he would consider mockery, and the rest of his outburst must have been thrown in to give colour to the case. Brown Owl ascertained that Patsy had been alone and that the rest of the Pack were not implicated. The burden slipped from her shoulders.

"I'm so sorry I didn't understand," she said. "It is difficult, isn't it? You see, Mr. Timms' didn't take it in the right way, but I'll try and explain to him. Never mind. The lady didn't understand Sir Gareth. I'm glad you did it, though, Patsy." She smiled. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye" echoed Patsy, and was left staring. For the first time in her existence, Brown Owl had given her the full salute.

Brown Owl trudged homewards at peace with the world. Patsy trotting back, espied the individual who had presumed to argue about St. Andrew's Cross. She dodged behind a fence, challenged, and routed him with ease.

"Yah! come out," yelled the discomfited one.

"Shan't," responded Patsy, secure behind the fence.

"Coward!" retorted her disgusted opponent.

Patsy watched her chance, dodged him and fled down the lane. The discomfited one forbore to give chase. At the corner Patsy turned and flung over her shoulder a taunt which left him completely dumbfounded

"Kitchen Knave!"



County Dublin Girl Guides' Nature Study.

In order to encourage the study of living animals the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland held a series of demonstrations at the Dublin Zoo for Girl Guides. Over 70 Guides attended, and 28 passed the examination held at the conclusion of the course. Prizes were awarded to the first four Guides for special excellence.

Here are the questions set at the examination, and they show the kind of information which the Guides had an opportunity of acquiring at the classes, which were much appreciated by all who attended:

Questions set at conclusion of instruction given at Zoological Gardens, Dublin.

1. Describe the manner in which the Chimpanzee walks, and contrast it with the method employed by monkeys.
2. Contrast the way in which the following animals chew:

Lion, Goat, Rabbit.

Tell something about the teeth of each of these animals.

3. Describe and contrast the foot in the:

- (a) Elephant.
- (b) Monkey.
- (c) Deer.
- (d) Tiger.
- (e) Bear.
- (f) Zebra.

4. Where do the following animals come from:

- Zebra.
- Bison.
- Rhea.
- Kangaroo.
- Coyote.
- Tiger.

Describe any one of these.

5. Describe some brightly coloured animal or bird that you have seen in the Gardens, and explain how colour may be of use to the owner.

The success of this experiment will, it is hoped, lead the Council of the Royal Zoological Society to repeat the course next year. Five members of the Council made themselves responsible for the instruction given.

The Dreamland Bay.

I know a bay where the hours pass dreaming
Around it, the blue hills in slumber lie,
And the blue waves beneath, in the sunshine
gleaming,
Have stolen a yet deeper hue from the sky.
And the hills are a glory of shadow and light,
As the cloud shadows linger o'er valley and
height,
For the soft lazy clouds are asleep too, and
dreaming,
And the unquiet world passes distant by.

CONFERENCES FOR GUIDERS.

Perthshire.

A CONFERENCE for Perthshire Commissioners, Guiders and Secretaries was held by kind permission of Canon Cunningham at Kinneirathie House, Perth, on June 11. In the morning business was discussed, questions were asked, and the answers elicited much useful information. In the afternoon there was held a model Court of Honour, a model Enrolment and a display of how to run a Company meeting, all of which was of great interest to all the Guiders present. It was the unanimous opinion that this Conference had been a great benefit to all present, and a hope was expressed that another could be held shortly.

Cheshire.

On June 24 the Guiders of the Chester Division went to Broxton Old Hall to spend a long and delightful week-end with their Commissioner. A picturesque Elizabethan house was our abode, but our Guide training (which was not too strenuous!) was conducted in the garden and woods. In these woods was an ancient cave, known as King James's Parlour. Tradition says that it was here that King James II spent the night on the eve of the battle of the Boyne. It is said that while here he existed on butterscotch! The romantic side of "Guiding" was realised to the full on our last evening, when the Guiders lit a camp fire in King James's Parlour; and sat round in the dusk watching the flicker of the flames play upon the walls of the cave. It was an inspiring moment for a camp yarn, and our Commissioner was, of course, equal to the occasion, and left us all with the longing to live up to the best ideals of Guiding.

South Norfolk.

A CONFERENCE was held at the G.F.S. Lodge at Great Yarmouth from May 13-17. Dr. Margaret Boileau, Division Commissioner for South Norfolk, and Mrs. Denny Cooke, District Commissioner for Loddon and Clavering, were the Leaders. Much practical training was accomplished, and interesting lectures were given.

Belfast.

A VERY successful training course was held in Belfast from May 23 to June 2. The trainer was Miss Ibberson, a diplomaed Guider from England. 90 Guiders attended, among them representatives from all over Ulster as well as from the 30 Belfast companies. This is the first training course Belfast has had, and it is to be hoped that it will become an annual event.

Truro.

THE District Commissioner held a Conference of Guiders on July 2.

Eleven of us met at her house at 4 o'clock. We discussed Guide work, compared our different methods, talked over difficulties, and picked each other's brains. We then adjourned to the woods for a picnic tea and boiled our kettle on a real

camp fire with an oven, and a drain pipe for the chimney.

After tea we all sat round the glimmer of a camp fire (it was too hot for more), and told yarns and sang songs, and so ended a very happy and helpful afternoon.

THE 3rd DENBIGH COMPANY.

At a picnic party which took place on Saturday, June 25, an accident occurred which might easily have proved fatal but for the timely assistance of a Lieutenant of the 3rd Denbigh Company of Girl Guides.

One of the girls, in opening a lemonade bottle, which burst, cut her forearm very severely. The cut was nearly two inches long, across the forearm, about half-way between the wrist and elbow, and reached the brachial artery. Miss Edith Knights-Smith, Lieutenant, who was standing near, immediately took charge of the case, and bound up the arm above the wound till the bleeding ceased. Four or five bandages were required, and were improvised from handkerchiefs, belts and straps. She was careful not to tie a bandage on the wound itself in case there might be glass in it, but she tied one below in case of venous haemorrhage. She then tied the arm up to the patient's chest in a sling improvised out of belts, and took her home.

The nurse and doctor who attended the case both praised the work heartily, saying that a trained nurse could not have done it better, so neat and effective was it; and that without immediate and proper attention the girl would have bled to death before she could have reached home.

Miss Knights-Smith was helped by several other Guides who were present, and all praise their coolness, presence of mind, promptness and skill. None of them had any training in First Aid other than that required for Second Class and Ambulance Tests, and all say that without it they do not know what they would have done. It was the first time that any of them had been called on to make practical use of their knowledge.

This is a great tribute to Guide initiative and to the value of the Second Class Test.

AWARDS.

Certificate of Merit.

Cadet S. Godjevac	2nd Shanklin Company.
	Gold Cords.
Patrol Leader E. Tudor	1st South Kensington Company.
Patrol Leader E. Mair	3rd Kensington and 6th Kensington Cadet Corps.
Patrol Leader P. Palmer	1st Newport Company.
Patrol Leader D. M. Palmer	1st Newport Company.
Patrol Leader W. Auld	1st North Berwick Company.
Patrol Leader J. Grosch	1st Slough Rangers.
Patrol Leader E. Ricks	8th Brighton Company.
Cadet M. J. Hornby	7th Bournemouth Central Company.
Patrol Leader N. Grenfell	6th Bournemouth Company.
Miss E. F. Lister, Capt.	3rd Denbigh Company.
Patrol Leader M. Bathgate	1st North Berwick Company.
Patrol Leader E. W. Read	1st Alderby Company.
Patrol Leader M. D. Giffard	1st Alderby Company.
Miss A. Shepherd, Capt.	Burley in Wharfedale Company.
Patrol Leader M. Jarman	12th Cambridge Company.

Girl Guides' Gazette.

Deaths.

The charges for the insertion of notices in this column is at the rate of 1s. per line (seven words to a line).

ESTHER CHAMBERS, Lieut. of the 2nd Linchouse Company. On June 26, aged 22 years.

Patrol Leader GRACE TURNER, of the 2nd Exeter Company. Killed in an accident on July 1. Aged 18 years.

Patrol Leader NANCY WHITE, of the 1st Shottermill Company, on July 23.

Guide GLADYS GASCOIGNE, Canary Patrol, 1st Cridgestone Company, July 8, aged 13.

A very real loss to Guiding in general and to Cornwall in particular has been sustained by the death of the Hon. Mrs. GILBERT VANE, Division Commissioner for South Cornwall, which took place on July 29. Our correspondent writes:— "Anyone who ever came in contact with her must feel that a good comrade and a real friend has left them (for a time), and that this world is a happier place for her passage through it."

Dumbartonshire Guiders have to mourn the loss of Miss MAX FALCONER, District Commissioner for Dumbarton. In addition to her work at the Dumbarton Academy, Miss Falconer had many other activities and she was a most keen and interested Commissioner from the time the Local Association was first started in Dumbarton. Her unexpected death, following a severe operation, came as a great shock, and is deeply regretted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The charge for advertising in this column is at the rate of 1s. per line (seven words to a line).

HEALTHY CAMPING GROUND— Pure water. Broads, Bungalows, Winsford, Cheshire.

GUIDER. Young gentlewoman, travelling Bombay October, would give services voyage or longer in return for passage. Devoted children; references exchanged. Write, Box No. 69, c/o GAZETTE.

FOR SALE. Large bell tent, three ground sheets; all good condition. Apply, Henson, after six, or appointment, 21, Grove Park, Denmark Hill, S.E.

GUIDER. Trained Secretary, well qualified and efficient, desires post. Disengaged in September. Write, H, c/o of Headquarters.

BROWNIE CAPTAIN wants Unfurnished Large Room, or Attics. No attendance, London. Apply, 1, De la Warr Court, Bexhill.

WANTED, for country rectory, Essex, Gentlewoman (musical), who will give help and do little massage. Guider or Guide preferred; small salary. Write, Mrs. Booth, Norbury Rectory, Newport, Salop.

CHAFFEUSE (Guider) wants Temporary Engagement anywhere, or permanent in Bournemouth. Five years' experience garage and driving.—Drury, 25, Princess Road, Bournemouth.

RANGER seeks situation as House Parlour-maid.—E. Power, Hoddington House, Upton-Grey, Basingstoke.

September, 1921.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—*Cash must be enclosed unless a Deposit Account has been opened.*
No Goods can be Exchanged.

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THE GIRL GUIDES (INCORPORATED)

Headquarters Office: 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1
(Where all Letters and Orders should be addressed).

Shop: 27, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

TELEPHONE: VICTORIA 7876.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: GIRGUIDUS, SOUTHWEST LONDON.

Awards, Badges, etc.

(To be obtained through the County Secretary only.)

	Price. £ s. d.	Postage. £ s. d.
Armlets	2	2½d.
Sash	6	2½d.
Scout Cross	6	2½d.
Badges		
Brownie First-Class Proficiency	2	2½d.
" Recruit	2	2½d.
" Second-Class	1	2½d.
" Wings	6	2½d.
Brown Owl's, enamelled	1 0	2½d.
Capitals	1 3	2½d.
Committee	2 6	2½d.
Examiner	6	2½d.
First-Class Imperial and International Council	6 6	2½d.
Inspector	5	2½d.
Leaders	9	2½d.
Line Guides	1 0	2½d.
President	1 0	2½d.
Proficiency	2	2½d.
Ranger	1 0	2½d.
" with cloth back	3	2½d.
" Star	3	2½d.
Sea Guides		
Proficiency (Boatswain, Signaller, Swimmer)	2	2½d.
Tenderfoot	1 0	2½d.
Trade (Clerk, Cook, Housekeeper)	6	2½d.
Second-Class Secretary Badges, County, Division, District and Brownie	3	2½d.
Tenderfoot	3	2½d.
9-carat gold	1 0	2½d.
" 9-carat gold	1 0	2½d.
War Service	3	2½d.
Certificates		
Leaving	1 0	4d.
Cards		
All-Bound	1 3	2½d.
Gold All-Bound	1 9	2½d.
Enrolment Cards		
Brownie, 1d. each, or 10d. per doz.		
Guide, 1d. each, or 10d. per doz.		
Forms for Officers' Warrants, Warrants, Company Registrations, etc.		
Proficiency Badge, Certificate Books	4	2½d.
Hatbands		
Cadet	2	2½d.
Guide	1 0	2½d.
Ranger	1 0	2½d.
Sea Guide Cap Ribbon	1 2	2½d.
Stars, Service	2	2½d.
" 5 years	6	2½d.

Equipment.

Ambulance outfit, large, in case	1 12 0	1½d.
" pocket	1 9	5d.
Bandages, triangular, plain	9	2½d.
" printed	1 2	2½d.
Billy cans	2 0	10d.
Buzzer, Morse	12 6	10d.
" and Lamp	1 0	10d.
Card cases	2 6	3d.
Compasses	4 0	5d.
Kit Bags	1 9	5d.
Knife and fork, folding	1 3	4d.
Knife, fork and spoon, folding	2 3	5d.
Knife, fork, spoon and tin-opener, folding	6 0	4½d.
Knife, fork, spoon, tin-opener and corkscrew, in case	5 6	8½d.
Knife, " Girl Guide "	1 6	3d.
Lamp signalling instructors	6	6d.
Life lines (10 yards)	4 6	10d.
Mug, enamel	8	7d.
Plate, enamel	7	4d.
Pouch, leather, to hold ambulance outfit	2 6	3d.
Ditto, with strap	3 0	3d.
Purse, belt, Guide's	1 0	3d.
Guider's	4 3	2½d.
Safety-pins, gold, for Thanks Badges	5 6	2½d.
Skipping-ropes	1 6	5d.
Stationery compendiums	1 10	10d.
Staves	1 4	7d.
Stretcher Nets	1 9	7d.
Trek-Carts. Prices on application.		
Tumblers, water-tight, cardboard, doz.	1 0	5½d.

Publications Department.

Books.

A.B.C. of Common Birds	6	2½d.
Aids to Scoutmastership	2 0	3d.
Annual Report	1 0	
Astronomy for Girl Guides	1 0	
" for Scouts	1 6	4d.
Beside the Brook	1 6	6d.
Bird Land	1 6	6d.
Book of Cub Games	2 0	3d.
Boy Scouts' Camp Book	1 6	4d.
British Birds and How to Name Them	1 0	3d.
British Butterflies	3 0	10d.
British Nesting Birds	2 0	7d.
" Trees	1 0	3d.
B.R.C.S. Training Manual No. 3	2 0	3d.
Brownie Handbook	6	2d.
" Fairy Book	3 6	7½d.
Browninkins and other Fancies	3 0	10d.
Care of Infants and Young Children		
" in Health, by Dr. M. Burgess	2 0	2½d.
Castlestone House Company	3 6	7d.
Chambers' Home-Management Manuals	6	3d.
Child Nurse Books	3 6	8½d.
Countryside Rambles	9	2½d.
Drill Book	9	2½d.
Diaries, 1921	6d. and	
Education by Story Telling	8 6	9d.
First Aid (St. John Ambulance)	2 0	3d.
" Book of Nature Study	2 0	3d.
" Steps in Scouting	4	2½d.
Flowers of the Farm	1 6	6d.
Girl Guiding (Handbook for Girl Guides, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell), paper covers	2 0	4d.
Girl Guide Badges and How to Win Them	3 6	5d.
Girl Guides' Book of Games	1 9	3d.
Going About the Country with Your Eyes Open	1 6	2½d.
Golden Windows	5 0	10d.
The Guide, weekly	2	1d.
Home Health Nursing (St. John Ambulance)	1 1½	3d.
India, the Tadpoles	2 0	2½d.
Indian Memories	7 6	1½d.
In Nature's Way	2 6	10d.
Knot Book	1 0	2½d.
Little Star Gazers	5 0	10d.
More Dialogues, Duologues and Monologues	2 6	3½d.
More Nature Myths	2 6	7d.
My Adventures as a Spy, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell	3 6	8½d.
Nature Myths	2 6	7d.
Nora, the Girl Guide	4 0	10d.
Notes on Camping	1 0	2½d.
Oxford Conference Book	1 0	free
Olaf of the Trolls	4	2½d.
Patrol System for Girl Guides	6	2½d.
Perfect Cure, and Other Plays	2 6	3½d.
Physical Exercise Book for Children under 7	3	2d.
Pioneering and Map Making	1 6	3d.
Play O'Shaughnessy	5 0	10d.
Play in the Woods	1 6	3d.
Poems by Henry Newbolt	2 6	8d.
Practical Dressmaking	3 0	6d.
Puck in Petticoats	2 0	4½d.
Questions and Answers on First Aid	3	2½d.
Recitation Books	6	3d.
Reconography	6	free
Reformation of Bridget	1 0	3d.
Rules, Policy and Organization 1921, complete	1 0	free
Do, Ranger	6	free
Do, Guide	7	free
Do, Brownie	4	free
Scout as a Handyman	1 6	4d.
Scouting Games	1 6	3½d.
Scout Law	6	2½d.
" Plays and Displays	1 6	4d.
Ditto, Second series	1 6	4d.
Silver Crown	5 0	9d.
Six Plays for Girl Guides, by Lady Rachel Byng	1 6	3½d.
Step to Girl Guiding	6	1½d.
Stories for the Nature Hour	5 0	10d.
" to tell to Children	6 0	10d.
Surveying for Boy Scouts	1 6	3d.
Swedish Gymnastic Tables and Games for Infant Classes	1 6	3d.
Swimming, Self-Taught	6	2½d.
Tenderfoot Tests	6	2d.
Terry, the Girl Guide	2 0	6d.
The Tower of London	3 6	10d.
Tracking and Pathfinding	1 6	3d.
Training Girls as Guides, by Lady Baden-Powell	1 0	2½d.
Trees	4 0	7d.
Union Jack, Saints	1 3	3d.
Vegetables and How to Grow Them	1 6	3d.
Why-So Stories	1 8	3d.
Wild Flowers and How to Name Them	1 0	3d.
Wolf Cub Handbook	2 0	4½d.
Wood Carving	1 6	4d.
Woodcraft	1 6	3½d.
Woodland Voices	1 6	6d.
Charts.		
Anatomical Lecture Charts containing 12 diagrams, including 2 coloured plates of blood circulation	3 0	9d.
Compass	3	2½d.
Dumb-bell Exercises	3	2½d.
Fires for Cooking	3	2½d.
Hammock Making and String Netting	3	2½d.
How to Act in Emergencies	3	2½d.
" be Healthy	3	2½d.
" Prevent Consumption	3	2½d.
Indian Club Exercises	3	2½d.
Ju-Jitsu	3	2½d.
Knots, Hitches and Bends	3	2½d.
Morse Signalling Code	3	2½d.
Physical Exercises	3	2½d.
Rescue from Fire	3	2½d.
" Drowning	3	2½d.
Semaphore	3	2½d.
Sick Room Nursing	3	2½d.
Simple Bandaging	3	2½d.

