

ful. The Juniors acted Hans Anderson's "Swineherd," and several individual items added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Several of our members sat for commercial examinations this month, and one girl is sitting for Senior Public. We wish them all the best of luck.

At the end of the year we are to bid farewell to several girls who have been with us and worked with us for a long time, and we must all do our best to fill their places.

DORIS PIERPOINT, Captain.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A KANGAROO.

I do not remember the earliest stages of my life, but have dim recollections of a warm and cosy pouch in which I was in the habit of being jolted along at a tremendous pace. My mother was a dear, kind old kangaroo with a grey coat. When I was old enough I went to school with a number of other sons of the bush. The wise old owl taught us all he knew, though most of us were great dunces. I never have known, never do, never will know how to catch a mouse, enjoy and see the advantages of remaining awake at night and resting on branches in the day, and I was always the worst in flying lessons. At first I took all calmly, but at last I began to turn questions over in my mind.

My excellent mother was not in the habit of devouring mice; nor was my slumber ever disturbed by her night wakefulness. Neither had I ever seen a kangaroo perched on a tree, or winging (or tailing) his way through the air.

"Mother," I asked one day, "do kangaroos ever fly?"

"Bless your heart, honey, whoever put such an idea into your head? The only creatures who do that are parrots and owls."

"Do kangaroos ever eat mice, Mother?"

"Oh, Joey! Need I answer you? Not many creatures do that; only—"

"Owls. Mother, did you ever know a kangaroo to perch in a tree?"

"My dear Joey, what a child you are for questions! Birds do that; parrots and wrens, and kookaburras, and owls."

"That's what Dr. Owl teaches us, Mother."

"What? I shall most certainly teach you myself then, son! What a course for a joey like you!"