

Drawing is a very pleasant occupation for a girl who has left school, and has to depend upon herself. She may paint and sketch, or make designs or plans for architecture, which is becoming a very popular occupation.

There are many hobbies, and different people like different ones; but of them all my favourite hobby is the joy of Drawing.

—I. KEENAN.

AN ADVENTUROUS CAR TRIP

We had been spending our Christmas holidays in Redcliffe. The time came when we had to return to Warwick. One morning we left the sea at seven o'clock. Of course, we didn't want to leave. Nobody does, do they? We drove through Brisbane, taking the wrong turning several times. At nine o'clock we arrived in Ipswich, where we had breakfast at a cafe. Then off we started again. We intended coming over Spicer's Gap. The roads were good. In Ipswich we took the car to a garage, and had it examined. It was pulling well in flat country, and so far we were having a good trip. Along the road we counted white horses, and we soon reached a hundred. We didn't get out of the car for our morning tea, but each of us had an apple. When we reached the bottom of the gap we found that the radiator of the car was boiling. We waited at the bottom until it cooled, then started up the mountain. We got half way up, but could not climb any further because we had no more water, and what was in the radiator had nearly all boiled away. We did not wait to have any dinner, but decided to turn round and go back to Ipswich, and then home by Toowoomba.

We had no time for lunch, so we each had one or two biscuits as we sped along. The car went well when we were going at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, but it would not pull slowly. We left the Gap at two o'clock, and arrived at Ipswich at four. We then decided not to go by Toowoomba, but by Heifer Creek. At Gatton we asked the way and the distance. The man told us the way, and said it was forty miles to Allora. We started out again on a road we had never traversed before, and the car was pulling very badly.

Heifer Creek is very pretty. It is a winding road up and down creek beds. It is all wild bush, with many native flowers and ferns growing, and birds sweetly singing.

We started over the small range, just as it was getting dark. We asked two men, each twenty miles away from the other, how far it was to Allora, but each replied forty miles. When we were twenty miles from Gatton a man still said it was forty miles.

After we crossed part of the Range, we came to a tremendous bush fire. We thought we were going through it, but happily for us the road turned, and we left that treacherous fire behind. Once we stopped at a house, and asked a man for some water for the car,