FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF KWE DI GANGLA SCHOOL.

WE DI GANGLA SCHOOL means the School near the Euphorbia trees—those who have not seen these trees can imagine them by dreaming of the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple and a huge cactus plant, for they are something between the two. The said euphorbia trees grow half way up the Mission Hill where the ladies' house and the dispensary and the little school are built. In the plain below lies Korogwe village, from which most of the children come. It is a collection of some two hundred little round huts, on an island formed by the forking of the river Luvu. Everything in the daytime looks so homely and pleasant there. The shadow of the palm trees falls on the bleached grass of the huts, and the river circles swiftly under bamboos and dense undergrowth. The women sit in groups gossiping, or else pound Indian corn for the evening meal. The children climb trees, fish with crooked pins, and make mud pies just like English village children. Then at sunset the goats are driven across the plank bridge, the herd of kine swims across the river and all the villagers foregather for their evening meal. But there is the other side—that strange dark side of African life of which a European can understand so little. The fear of witchcraft, the evil dances for quite small children, the child marriages, the killing of ill-omened children, the propitiation of evil spirits, the tyranny of the medicine men and the strange relics of serpent worship with its subtle connexion with war.
That for evil and good is the environment of the children, and yet strange to say every day about 8 a.m., some twenty children in dark blue kaniki may be seen climbing up the hill with its red brown earth, that glows like burnished copper in the morning sunlight. It seems a daily miracle—Why should a little heathen child of four or five leave all the delights of the village to come and sit on a hard form and learn about a religion which is utterly strange, and be taught to say the names of curious black marks on white cardboard and write hieroglyphics in sand trays. They like the hymns and Kindergarten songs and it is the greatest privilege to hug a rag doll or a somewhat grimy woolly lamb, but as a set-off to these joys there is a certain amount of school order and discipline which is very alien to freeborn little Ziguas. Sometimes they play truant, but as a rule they come. One day no one came from the village, and the reason was not far to seek. A child had fallen off the bridge into the river the day before, and as neither the Bondei teacher nor any of the Swahilis and Indians in the market could swim she would have been drowned if mad Yusuf had not jumped in and saved her. After that all the elders of the village had a council, and it was agreed that the children should be allowed to come once more, if the Mission would send a man to carry the babes over the bridge every day.

"Why take such trouble over mere babes?" people will say. But it is worth while. All heathen African children learn evil as soon as they can speak, so it is never too early to begin to teach them. Moreover here the girls are often married when they are nine or ten years old, so that their school-time is all too short. Then the mothers are so difficult to teach—cooking, providing food, and such like domestic duties have been the limit of their thoughts for so many years that even if they are laboriously taught the elements of Christianity they forget again all too quickly from sheer intellectual inability to understand or grasp things. The children’s early training will make all the difference in their preparation for baptism hereafter.

So though Kwe di Ganga School is very small, and most of the children mere infants, our hopes are big for the future if people in England will help us with their prayers. These fat little Mangomes and Makombos may be the Christian African mothers of the next generation, and it is as true in Africa as it is in England that “mothers wield the fate of kingdoms.”

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In Memoriam.

Harry Partridge.
Likoma and his body rests beside George Sheriff's, so there are two Brixham Fishermen and Missionaries lying side by side, sleeping till God shall call them at last. His Vicar, the Rev. A. Baring Gould, writes of him. “Harry learnt from boyhood the craft of seamanship in our waters, and was then called to a greater work, leaving his nets and going forth to follow Jesus to the death. From the first he knew the perils, but they never moved him. ‘Africa,’ he said in one of his letters, ‘is my home.’ He was heart and soul a Missionary. During his holiday in England one saw him every morning at the Eucharist, and we knew he was praying for the Mission. Every day saw him trying to interest some one in Central Africa, still trying to help the Mission. His spirit, his surrender, his joyousness, will live on to kindle our cold hearts, and will in God’s good time fire others to the Missionary life.”

TO SCATTERED MEMBERS OF THE CORAL LEAGUE.

It is not possible to write separately to the 140 of you who send your subscriptions of 1s. 6d., or 3d. yearly direct to Miss Herring, as there is no branch of the League in your neighbourhood. So I must thank you all through the pages of our magazine, and tell you a little about the boy whose education is paid for by your money, and the place in which he lives.

His name is Almasi. He is a nice boy of about twelve living at Tiwi, a scattered village lying at the foot of the hills just where the three rivers Kasamba, Kaombe and Kaombemufu join, to flow on together through several miles of “forest” country to the great Lake Nyasa.

Tiwi is in the charge of a Native Teacher, the nearest Mission Station at which there are English Missionaries being Kota Kota, about four miles to the south-east. Both are in British territory.

Almasi began to attend school when it was opened about three years ago, and has been quite regularly ever since. After being a “Hearer” for two years he was among those chosen to “receive the Cross” (as they call being made catechumens) on April 13, 1905. He has gone steadily on, quietly trying to live up to the teaching he has received.

There are only three Christians in Tiwi at present—the head teacher, his assistant, and one boy who went to school at Kota Kota; but if Almasi perseveres, and is as regular and attentive in the coming year as he has been in the past one, he may be among the first to be baptized at Easter next year. All have to be catechumens for at least two years, so that is the earliest date possible for his baptism.

He has no near relations who are either Christians or catechumens, but his parents seem to be quite willing for him to be taught.

Will you all help him by your prayers as well as your money? Try to remember his name (it is Chinyanja for diamond) every day when you say your prayers, and you can ask that his baptism may not have to be put off for any reason.

S. M. Elliott.

The Stamp Club would like a little more attention than it is getting. Will all our friends who are stamp collectors remember this, because we are very sorry to hear that the funds have fallen off of late, though the wares are as good as ever and only need an enlarged opportunity of placing themselves before collectors to ensure their purchase. Since the Club started in 1901, £637 9s. 7d. has been raised for the Mission, so it has some claim to consideration. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from the Secretary, S. Matthew’s Clergy House, Westminster.
He Rev. H. C. Goodyear now took charge until his death a few months later, and the year following troubles arose between the German East African Company and the Natives (for the Usambara country lies within the German protectorate). Bishop Smythies was in England at the time, but he hastened at once to the scene of action, and resolutely refused to withdraw the Mission, although pressed hard to do so by Government authorities. There was real danger in remaining, for the whole district was in a tumult; the ladies (including the three Sisters) were sent for safety to Zanzibar, and the Bishop took up his quarters at Mkuzi. At last the German Government took the control of the district out of the Company's hands, and by its strong measures, put an end to the strife.

And so, after a long time of distress and tumult, Magila entered upon a period of peace and safety.

In 1895, Father Woodward (S.S.M.), the founder of Miosoze, took charge of the district, and later became Archdeacon; a
post which he still holds. The last few years have been uneventful; they tell of steady and cheering progress, of a Church in the midst of the "dark continent" where the natives gather, as children round him who is indeed a father to them, and a father of the Mission as well, having worked in Africa for thirty-one years—longer than any one else now living.

I wish I had space to say more of the work here, for, says Miss G. Ward, "It is no exaggeration to say that the Christian settlement at Msalabani has transformed the face of the country." The "Central School" is fed by the more promising boys from the numerous out schools, and thus influences a wide area. The various workshops train a certain number of boys, with special aptitudes, for mason's work, carpentry and printing. The Hospital treats cases of accident and sickness, and deals with periodical epidemics of smallpox, jiggers, and suchlike; while the daily routine of happy and holy activity from the Angelus at sunrise, to the Compline bell at night, is a perpetual witness to the standard of life preached to the people. Work amongst girls has prospered considerably of late years, and the large day school, which had hitherto been held in the central building, was transferred to Hegongo, a hill some half mile distant, this year. The severe famine of 1902-3 left some twenty little girls absolutely dependent on the Mission for subsistence, and they have been housed under a native teacher.

One of the most remarkable products of Msalabani is a little monthly newspaper, printed in Swahili at the Mission printing press, and enjoying a wide circulation; it is carried to many distant villages and is often read aloud by a Mission schoolboy to large crowds of unlettered natives, thus being the means of carrying instruction to many who would not otherwise be reached.

A notable mark of progress in Christian thought is the Annual Conference of Native Christians, held under the presidency of a native Priest, to discuss such questions of customs as have come into conflict with the Christian standard of morals. Much useful work has been done by this conference in guiding and consolidating public opinion.
to feel an interest in Msalabani, and would like to hear more of it, please read Miss Gertrude Ward’s Letters from East Africa,* which will surely leave them in love with the Usambara Mission for ever.

It is always well to know about things beforehand, there is so much going on in these days, so we ask all our readers to remember that our Anniversary will be held on Thursday, May 31 (the Octave of the Ascension), and we hope a great many will be able to come to it.

It is very nice to hear of a remote parish in the North of England where 164 Missionary Boxes are held by the parishioners, who number 2,600. Of these boxes the men hold six times as many as the women and children.

We hope many of our readers will avail themselves of the reduction in price of some of our most useful Publications. Magila in Picture can now be had for 6d., Bishop Tozer’s letters, 9d., The Mission Atlas, 1s. 6d., And the Map on Calico for 6d.

Our readers will be glad to know that a new serial story called “To-morrow and the Day After,” by Ethel Edwards (Ethel Ashton, Author of The Way), will commence in the May number of this Magazine.

* Published by the U.M.C.A., 9, Dartmouth Street.

The principal sub-stations of the district are Mkuzi and Misozwe. They were built for European occupation and the stone church at Mkuzi is almost equal to that of Msalabani. The work at Mkuzi has, however, always been hampered by the prevalence of Mohammedanism, which, both there and at Umba, is a serious obstacle to Christian progress. At S. Luke’s, Misozwe, the people are far enough away from Moslem influence to make them more promising as Christians. Both Mkuzi and Misozwe have, since 1896, been under the charge of native clergy, who have proved themselves in every way worthy of the trust reposed in them.

And now, will those who are beginning

ARCHDEACON WOODWARD AND NATIVE CLERGY.
ARRIVED at Kota-Kota some years ago as a small child strapped on his mother’s back. His mother was the slave of Bibi Siani, the widow of the great slave-raiding chief, Jumbe, who was executed by the British at the time of the suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast of Lake Nyasa. In due course he and two brothers, who were born after his mother’s arrival, began to attend the Mission school; though his youngest brother, Leo, was baptized first, as “Stambuli” (as he then was) had been nominally made a Mohammedan and had taken part in the “jandu” dance, which is considered by the people themselves as attaching a lad to Islam. He showed, however, an earnest desire to become a christian, and eventually was admitted a catechumen and was baptized in April 1905 with a specially good record. In 1904 he made such good progress in the school that he won prizes both for “njelu” (knowledge) and attendance, though according to the rule of the school he was only allowed to receive one, and he was moved up two classes at one step. For two years he was the personal “boy” of the priest-in-charge, who never wished for a more willing and devoted “body servant,” and his great desire is to ultimately become a teacher. He is a quiet boy, very amenable to discipline if there is no attempt to “drive” him, and quick at picking up his exceedingly miscellaneous duties. He is even a fair cook, though quite self-taught, and a very nice companion on “ulendo” (journeys), although he did once serve up banana fritters flavoured with sage! He achieved distinction by writing to a friend in England in the quaint African fashion about his priest-in-charge—“Mr. P. loves me very much and I try very hard to love him!” But Mr. P., who is his godfather, is quite satisfied with the many proofs of his devotion, and is very happy in “loving him very much.” His “patron” is the parish of Ranworth in Norfolk.
WHY THE GIRLS WENT TO SCHOOL.

IT was at a lakeside village in Portuguese territory that the two little Christian daughters of the Teacher did not attend school, and the reason was that as no other girls from the village attended school, they had ceased to learn in a class by themselves, and did not attend with the boys.

The local Elders of the Church were spoken to on the subject, and were reminded that some of their own children were growing up unable to read and write, and some of them as heathen.

They promised to look into the matter and see what they could do. One of them was acting chief at the time, as the real head of the village was away at the neighbouring magistrate's giving evidence in a law case.

Next day there appeared forty females, from the tiny of about six years, to the strapping young amazon with a baby on her back—all eager to learn, and very attentive. From past experience we knew what a whip up of this sort meant, attendance once or twice, and then a rapid thinning of the ranks until things were nearly, if not quite as bad as they were before.

However, on the morrow there they were, as many as ever, and as keen as ever, and remember there is no inspector as in England to force the children to school, and those who do not wish, do not attend unless some relation compels them to go, a thing that does not very often happen.

The teacher was asked for a reason for this unusual state of affairs, and he answered that the temporary chief had reminded all the girls of the village that the time was approaching when a long stretch of road would have to be rehoed for the Portuguese, who had the road cleared once a year. There was a big hill in the portion allotted to this village, which meant considerable work, and so he threatened to give a double portion of the work to all those who did not attend the school, and so this was the reason that all these young people desired to have their names entered on the register, so that they might escape the obnoxious work of road-clearing, school being evidently less objectionable than work of this kind.

One had to move on to another village, and so could not tell how long this state of affairs would last—perhaps returning in about a month's time a few may still be attending regularly. A. G. De La P.
THE next meeting Mary told me about Africa, and I thought about it till I put in another penny, because I was not an African. Then one day when I got a chance to turn a penny selling eggs, which I was not in the habit of doing, Mary brought the box in, where I was counting my money, and said:

'A penny for your benefit, Aunt Mary;'
but I said, 'This is not the Lord's benefit,'
and she answered, 'If it is not His, whose is it?'

Well, I dropped in my penny, and the words kept ringing in my ears, till I could not help putting more to it on account of some other things I never thought of calling the Lord's benefits before. And by that time, what with Mary's telling me about those meetings, and I almost always finding something to put in a penny for, and what with getting interested about it all, there really came to be quite a few pennies in the box, and it did not rattle nearly so much when I shook it. Then one day Mary brought me a green pamphlet, and said, 'Aunty, here is a missionary magazine I have subscribed to for you, as you are so much interested in missions!' Me interested in missions! But when I came to think it over I could not deny but that I was, in a way, and I said it over to myself, rather curious to see how it sounded. It was just what they said about Mrs. Stapleton, who was the president of the missionary society. And that night our new boarder picked up the magazine, and said, 'Why, what is this?' And I said, quite pleased, 'That's a magazine that my niece, Mary Pickett, subscribed to for me, as I am so interested in missions.'

'My mother used to take it,' he said. He was a young man, not much more than a boy, and home-sick, I think. 'It looks like home,' he said. So I was pleased to hear him say that, for the boarders do not usually say much, except to find fault, so when I went into the dining-room, I just put another penny in for the magazine itself, part for what he said, and part for what I had been reading out of it that afternoon, and while I was dropping it in, Mary came up behind me and gave me a big hug. 'You dear inconsistent thing,' she said, and then I knew she had heard what I had said in the parlour. Well, it went on that way for some time, and it came to be quite a regular thing that a penny would go in every time I heard about a meeting. I thought Mary would have died laughing the time I put one in because I was not born a cannibal, and one day—I'll never forget that day, Mrs. Malcolm—she was telling me about Turkey, and she told me how some missionaries heard a little girl saying that the largest thing in all the world was not any larger than the joy of her father when she was born. These words went right through me. I was standing over the ironing-board and Mary was opposite me, when all of a sudden, instead of her, I seemed to see my husband's face (he had been dead ten years), and he leaning down over our little baby that only lived two weeks—the only one I ever had. It seemed to me I couldn't get over it when that baby died, and I seemed to see my husband smiling down at it, and it lying there all soft and white, such a pretty baby. And before I knew it I was dropping tears all over the starched clothes, and I turned round, and went and put another penny in the box, for the look on my husband's face when he held her that time. And Mary saw that something was the matter, for she walked off and never asked a question. But all the rest of the day I seemed to be seeing that little white face before me, and thinking how I had her for my own, and how I knew she was in glory; before that I had only felt it hard that I could not keep her here. And before I went to bed I went into the dining-room, and I put in a little bright sixpence for my
baby, because I couldn't bear to count her just like everything else, and I found myself crying because I hadn't enough money just then to spare anything bigger. I suppose it was from thinking about her so much that I dreamed about mother: I could see her so plain, and father with her, and we were back on the old farm, and while I was kissing them both, I heard some one saying, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' And I was saying, 'O Lord, I am a wicked, ungrateful woman!'

"Mrs. Malcolm, I don't suppose you could understand—you who are a clergyman's wife, and thankful to the Lord of course—what I thought that night; I lay awake thinking and crying, and yet not at all sorry, half the night. I kept thinking of all the things the Lord had ever done for me, and the more I thought of mother and the old home, the softer my heart seemed to grow, and I just prayed with all my might and main, and that box weighed on my mind like lead. 'A penny apiece!' I kept saying, 'a penny apiece for all His benefits!' Why, they came over me that night, while I was there praying, like crowds of angels all around me. In the morning I went up to the box feeling meaner than dirt, and I put in a penny for mother, and a penny for father, and one for the old farm and the rose-bush in front of my window, and for my little pet lamb that made me so happy when I was a girl, and for heaps of other things that I had been forgetting in those hard times. And when I could not spare any more, I went to work, and I do believe I was a different woman after that. For there were the verses in the Bible that I used to get up early to read those mornings, and there was the love of God, that I had never rightly understood, and there was church, that I could not bear to miss now, and there was the daily bread, that I never thought of being thankful for till that night, when I found out how much I had had in my life, and began to look about me for what I had now. And so it went on,
till the box grew heavier and heavier; and before the day came for it to be opened, three months from the time I had it, it was full, and I stuck one penny into the slit at the top and said, 'That's for you, Mary, for if ever I had a benefit from the Lord, you are one!' and Mary cried when I said it. So when the day came, I said I was going too, and I left the ironing, and we went off together; and there was singing and everything just as usual, only it was all new to me, and everyone seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been as rich as any of them; and at last it was time to open our boxes. And when I brought mine, I said, 'Mrs. Stapleton, if there was ever a mean-feeling woman come to a missionary meeting I'm the one, for I have been keeping count of my mercies at a penny apiece. It's all pennies there, except a six-penny piece, and that means something special to me, and I wouldn't let myself put in more,' I said, beginning to cry; 'for when I began to find out what I had to be thankful for, I said to myself, 'mean you ought to feel, and mean you shall feel! You'll just finish this box as you've begun it, and here it is, and every penny is one of the Lord's mercies.' So I sat down crying like a baby, and Mrs. Stapleton began to count, the tears running down her cheeks, and before she got through we were all crying together, for there were three hundred and fifty blessed pennies in the box, not counting that sixpence that nobody knew what it meant. 'And now,' said I, 'for mercy's sake give me another box; but don't let it have that motto on it, for I believe it will break my heart.' So they gave me this one, with 'The love of Christ constraineth us' on it, and Mrs. Barnes prayed for us all about having thankful hearts, and loving the Lord for what He has done for us. So I went home with the new box that's standing on the shelf, and life's been a different thing to me ever since that day, Mrs. Malcolm, my dear, and that's why I say, that missionary box is worth its weight in gold.'

(Conclusion).
HURSDAY was our Prize day. I invited all the mothers to tea, and Padre Baines gave the prizes. The boys did very well in the Examination. In the first Class Wilfrid and Raikes were 1st and 2nd. In Class 2, Michael Livingstone was 1st, and Charlie Andani and Johnson 2nd. In Class 3, Yona was 1st, and William Zanga 2nd. In Class 4, Michael Hamisi and Goodyear were equal. The mothers feasted to their hearts’ content, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

MASASI.

A letter just arrived from the Bishop tells of Archdeacon Carnon’s safe arrival at Masasi.

Letters to the Bishop from the Native Clergy tell us of the Christmas services, Padre Daudi Machina walking to the Stations in turn to take the Celebrations and all the people who were not away fighting making their communions as usual. They were very sorry that Archdeacon Carnon was not able to be with them, Padre Daudi had gone to Masasi so joyfully to welcome him, and he says, “When I read the letter saying he was not coming, I was heartbroken. But they all say it was quite right that he did not attempt it as the road is still full of rebels who hate Europeans. There is a great deal of famine all round as the people were so late in sowing their crops, but they hope it will not get very bad. We must all pray that this may not be added to their other troubles.

MSALABANI.

This little letter from an old Kilimani day boy, now at Msalabani, about Padre Harrison is so touching I have translated it for the readers of AFRICAN TIDINGS.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—

Salaam. And after salaams I write to tell you a little news. Here there is great grief. We grieve very much for Padre Harrison who has fallen asleep. Everybody in the land came to his funeral; the Church was quite full of people, even heathen people came, and a great cry went up, for they cried because their Padre was gone from them. All the Padres came even from Mkuzi and Misozwe. All the people came to see him, it was indeed the cry of the land, they were all filled with sorrow. We shall not see him again, he can only pray for us. May he rest in peace. Aha, we do not know why God has done this, only He knows. I have no more words. Your loving child. 

HUGH SEMBOJA.

THANKSGIVINGS: Let us give thanks—

1. For Archdeacon Carnon’s return to Masasi.
2. For the steadfastness hitherto of the Native Clergy.
3. For the life and example of Harry Partridge.

PETITIONS: That it may please Thee—

1. To protect the Missionaries going to Likoma, Bro. Sargent and Edward Taylor.
2. To bless the children attending the Kwe di Ganga school.
3. To hasten the return of the Masasi workers.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I should be very much obliged if those who borrowed copies of the play *After Many Days* from me would return them, *if they are not making use of them*; for I have no copies left, and now when people ask me to let them see the play I cannot do so.

Emily Stephens and Louie Scantlebury have each exchanged four certificates for a prize this month.

A lady has several bound volumes of *Central Africa*, (1895, '96, '97, '99, 1900, '01, '02, '03, '05), which she has no longer room to keep and has sent them to me to give away. I should be very glad to send them to any child, or member of a Reading Circle, who would care to have them.

I am delighted that of the twenty-oneSeniors answering the questions this month eighteen have attempted the map. I am sure drawing these maps must help you immensely to realize the work of the Mission.

*Your affectionate friend,*

ELLEN M. NELSON.

The other day I heard of a Sunday School in a London parish which took deep interest in Mission Work. In each class they had an album and all the scholars were very keen in trying to get photographs and postcards of their favourite Mission to put in them. It struck me that this was rather a good way of exciting individual interest among children, especially if they were asked to explain the picture before putting it in.

RESULTS OF FEBRUARY COMPETITION.

**Seniors.**

Full marks, 61. Mabel Bottrell, 64; Mabel Hockway, 50; Louise Scantlebury, 49; Mary Lovey, Lily Vauson, 48; Alice Cameron, 44; William Roper Weston 38; Agnes E. Edwards, 35; Ethel Fortman, 34; Mimi Clarke, 33; Olga de Laveleye, 30; Jane Burrows, 29; Frank Tanner, 28; S. Hawling, Evelyn Johnson, 27; Doris Bradley, 26; Ada Faulkner, 24; Elsie Colwill, 21; Theodore Peters, 19; Samuel Court, 18; Robert Wycherley, 16.

**Juniors.**

Full marks, 36. Hannah Colwill, Emily Stephens, 29; Minnie Scantlebury, 28; Elsie Glenville, 26; Jasper G. Olivier, Lillie Snell, 24; Ina Colwill, 23; May Phillips, 22; Olive Ashborne, 21; Marjorie Beesley, 19; Allan Bates, Rose Edworthy, 18; Nona Clarke, Maggie Evans, Lily Fortman, Robert Vinter, 17; Winnie Boys, Clara Faulkner, Ruth Vinter, Elsie Yardley, 16; Winifred S. Knight, 15; Beatrice Jones, T. F. Middleton, Gladys Page, 14; Alexander Cook, 13; Dorothy Barnett, Maud Lukings, 12; Horace Bant, 11; Marie Richardson, Annas Watson, Florence Wycherley, Fred Wycherley, 10; Evelyn Mather, 9; Fanny Lukings, 7; Hilda Lampitt, 6; Alice Ward, Florence Ward, 5.

**COMPETITION FOR APRIL.**

**Seniors.**

1. Describe the inside of Likoma Cathedral.  
2. What did K. Z. advise us to do this Lent?  
3. Draw a map of the Magila district showing Tanga; the railways, Msalabani and Korogwe.  
4. What is the last news you know of Archdeacon Carnon?  
5. What do you know of Antonyo?

**Juniors.**

1. Describe the inside of Likoma Cathedral.  
2. What do you know of Antonyo?  
3. What is the last news you know of Archdeacon Carnon?  

Answers to be sent by April 25 to—  
MRS. NELSON,  
10, Avenue Road, Grantham.

**RULES.**

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes. Class I., Seniors, those under 18 and over 13; Class II., Juniors, those under 18. Three Certificates will be given in each class every month. When four Certificates are obtained they may be exchanged for a Prize.

2. One side only of the paper to be written on.  
3. Name, age last birthday, and address, to be written at the top of the first page.  
4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of the Competitor.