

THE COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.

*Aim of Association.*

To be a means of binding past Students to one another, and to the College.

*Its Constitution is as follows:—*

Members, comprising Students trained in the College, Ex-Officio Members, the President (the Principal), and the College Staff.

RULES OF MEMBERSHIP.

1.—Members of the Association shall receive the Holy Communion at least once a month.

2.—They shall use the College Prayer said daily in Chapel.

COLLEGE PRAYER.

Almighty God, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, regard, we beseech Thee, with Thy love and favour, our College. Be pleased to prosper with Thy blessing those who teach and those who are taught therein. Grant that all who have been trained within its walls may be faithful in their vocation, of one heart and of one mind, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

3.—They shall endeavour, as far as circumstances permit, by some voluntary service to the Church, to recognise their responsibilities as Church-trained Teachers.

4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2/6, 1/- of which will be given to the Church Schoolmasters' and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution.

Members receive the College Magazine free of charge, and are entitled to wear the College Association Badge. The Card of Membership and the Badge, 3/1, or 8/3 (in silver), including postage, can be obtained through the Secretary, Miss Elwell,

## ASSOCIATION CORRESPONDENTS.

<i>College</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
	1864-1896	Miss Elwell .. ..	Training College, Lincoln
	*1897	Miss E. Ayres .. ..	"Opawa," Monks Road, Lincoln
	*1898	Miss W. M. Brown .. ..	"Opawa," Monks Rd., Lincoln
	1899	Miss Ada Brown .. ..	85 Thorpe Rd., Melton Mowbray
	*1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh..	"Whynscar," Yarborough Rd., Lincoln
	1901	Miss Jessie Drake.. ..	18 Lower Grove Road, West Park, Chesterfield
	1902	Miss Edith Barker .. ..	Pupil Teachers' Centre, Gains- borough
	{ 1903	Miss Ada Doodson .. ..	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester
	{ 1903	Miss Elsie Botterill .. ..	School House, Wilnecote, Tam- worth
	* 1904	Miss Mary Hoole .. ..	3 Sydney Street, Boston
	* 1904	Miss Edith Sheckell .. ..	4 Abbey Walk, Grimsby
	{ 1905	Miss Ida Gibbon .. ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester
	{ 1905	Miss Jessie Stringer .. ..	6 Richmond Road, Lincoln
	* 1906	Miss Gertrude Border .. ..	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln
	{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan .. ..	299 Moseley Road, Birmingham
	{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wickham	The Deanery, Lincoln
	{ 1907	Miss Margaret Wilson .. ..	School House, Denham, Norfolk

\* Note change of address.

## PRINCIPAL'S LETTER.

*April 4th, 1908.*

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

It is always a pleasure to feel that our magazine is keeping me in close touch with all of you who are day after day doing such excellent work by your teaching and your personal influence in the schools, not in England only, but in India and South Africa also, and with you who are now preparing for that work. In all the changes and threats of changes amid which we are living, one feels that there is one thing which never changes, and that is your loyalty and affection for the old College, and I might also say the real deep interest which the College is taking in each and all of you. The Magazine will itself tell you of all that is going on in the College, and as to much of that which is going on outside it, perhaps the less said the better—only let us all shew that these bitter attacks of the enemies of the Church in England are only helping to bring us who love our Church closer and closer together in our determination to be true to her and her teaching.

Yours very sincerely,  
A. W. ROWE.

## PAST STUDENTS' ADDRESSES, 1903-5.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Elizabeth Bailey,	Newton Green, Sudbury, Suffolk.
Helena Bott,	51 Clarence Road, Derby.
Ethel Brickell,	12 Mansfield Road, S. Croydon.
Elizabeth Bunting,	Osborne House, South Crowborough, Sussex.
Mrs. Lewis (Elizabeth Burge),	The School, Great Abington, Cambridge.
Ada Clarke,	315 Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham.
Elizabeth Comer,	109 Cemetery Road, Beeston Hill, Leeds.
Florence Dawe,	S. John's Wood Institute, 46 Wellington Rd., London, N.W.
Bertha Dickens,	18 Augusta Road, Ramsgate.
Ethel Drury,	95 S. Mary's Road, Wheatley, Doncaster.
Ethel Fox,	130 Weaste Lane, Weaste, Manchester.
Ida Gibbon,	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Height, Manchester.
Lilian Gibbs,	Ingrebourne, Upminster, Essex.
Dorothy Gibson,	45 Grainger St., Darlington.
May Gibson,	24 Alexandra Road, Grimsby.
Lily Gouldthorpe,	North End, Goxhill, nr. Hull.
Jennie Greenep,	11 Tylney Road, Sheffield.
Ida Hartley,	119 Albert Road, Colne, Lancashire.
Margaret Harvey,	11 Colegrave Street, Lincoln.
Lilian Henchcliffe,	Richmond House, Balmoral Road, Winshill, Burton-on-Trent.
Ethel Heslop,	51 Broxholme Avenue, Doncaster.
Eva Hinton,	491 Wandsworth Road, Clapham, London.
Ellen Hornsby,	60 Crownhill Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.
Mabel Househam,	Legbourne, Louth.
Gertrude Hurst,	Ivy Cottage, Brandesburton, Hull.
Jessie Jones,	40 Whitbread Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
Margaret Jones,	52 Palmerston Road, Bowes Park, London.
Charlotte Langford,	The Chestnuts, Mapperley Hill, nr. Nottingham.
Jessie Linnell,	Birchdene, St. Patrick's Road, Coventry.
Laura Mann,	9 Methley Drive, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.
Rose Mawer,	27 Dorrington Road, Carlton Hill, Leeds.
Beatrice Mortlock,	43 Beachall Avenue, Southall, Middlesex.
Mabel Noble,	498 Staniforth Road, Sheffield.
Violet Nuttall,	211 Church Street, Eccles, Manchester.
Connie Penzer,	6 Walton Road, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.
Elizabeth Polwarth,	55 Anne Street, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Madeline Reader,	c/o Mrs. Maw, Plum Street, Norton, Malton.
Lily Richardson,	26 Derby Grove, Nottingham.
Isabel Rigby,	108 Warwick Road, Carlisle.
Lilian Rosson,	22 Eastbury Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
Hilda Seymour,	611 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.
Louise Shirley,	Astley, Nuneaton.
Gertrude Sivil,	12 Rutland Park, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.

Maud Stimson, 12 Rutland Park, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.  
 Jessie Stringer, 6 Richmond Road, Lincoln.  
 Erica Stuart, c/o Mrs. Redfern, Overseale Cottage, Saxon St., Lincoln  
 Lucy Thurlby, 109 Cemetery Road, Beeston Hill, Leeds.  
 Edith Tomlinson, 37 Regent Street, Oxford.  
 Dorothy Walker, 31 Delph Mount, Woodhouse, Leeds.  
 Gertrude West, 192 City Road, Sheffield.  
 Louisa White, 38 Roper Street, Whitehaven, Cumberland.  
 Sarah Winnall, 54 Aswell Street, Louth.

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### WHITSUNTIDE RE-UNION.

ACTING on the principle of "the more the merrier," we are this year sending out a large number of invitations, viz.: to the two years who have left most recently (1906 and 1907), to all Association members living in Lincoln, the Correspondents of the various years, all Association members of years previous to 1885, and all Students of 1902 and 1903; a total of about 300. Though considerations of space necessarily limit the numbers invited, we should like again to call attention to the earnest request of the Principal, that any student who does not come in the invited section, but who, for any reason, specially wishes to be present this year, will write to Miss Elwell, who will at once forward an invitation.

Programmes will be sent to all who accept invitations. It is specially requested that intending visitors will reply in good time; if at all possible *before May 11th*. Miss Elwell will be glad if replies are not sent during the Easter holidays—(April 15th to May 6th). It is also most important that if any one is prevented from coming after accepting the invitation, the earliest possible notice should be sent.

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### OLD STUDENTS' PAGES.

#### MARRIAGES.

On September 14th, 1907, at St. Mary's Church, Walthamstow, by the Rev. F. E. Murphy, Vicar, Frederick William Hargrave to Florence Elizabeth Davis (Lincoln, 1902-4), 33 Henniker's Gardens, East Ham.

On October 21st, at Calcutta, Hedley Thickett, Inspector of Schools in the Patna Division of Bengal, to Annie Turner (Lincoln, 1901-3), Bankripore, E.I.R., India.

On March 3rd, 1908, at Derby, Frank Berry to Millie Gascoigne (Lincoln, 1901-3). 11 D'Arcy Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

On Thursday, December 26th, the marriage took place before a large congregation at Holy Trinity Church, Gainsborough, between Mr. T. A. Layne (eldest son of Mr. T. Layne) and Miss Jessie Hutchison, for seventeen years Head Mistress of Holy Trinity Girls' School, Gainsborough. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Hodgkinson, assisted by the Rev. F. Baldwin. The service was fully choral. The bridesmaids were Miss M. Layne and Miss G.

Agar, and Mr. B. Layne acted as best man. A reception was afterwards held in the Boys' School, at which about seventy guests were present. Afterwards the newly-married couple left the G.N. station by the 2-10 train for London. The presents were numerous and costly. 24 Trinity Street, Gainsborough.

#### BIRTHS.

On July 9th, 1907, to Kershaw and May Hadfield (May Kent), a son, John Kershaw.

On Sunday, September 29th, 1907, the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster-Williams (Margaret Freeborough), a daughter, Frances Margaret.

On March 11th, 1908, at 51 Lynwood Road, Blackburn, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Entwistle (Bertha Roberts), a daughter, Muriel.

On March 5th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Clark (Eliza Dyson), a daughter, Laurretta.

#### DEATH.

On January 23rd, 1908, at 25 Victoria Road, Bromhall Park, Sheffield, Hannah, wife of William Smith.

Mrs. Smith, known to Lincoln students of 1864-5, as Hannah Ward, had been in delicate health for some time, but the end came somewhat suddenly. She represented one of the best types of old Lincoln students. She kept up a kindly and affectionate intercourse with her old college, and was ever ready with loyal help and sympathy. It was always a great delight to meet her at the annual gathering of the Lincoln Students' Club, in Sheffield, of which her old friend, Mrs. Wing, is the President. Our deepest sympathy is with her husband and children in the irreparable loss they have sustained.

#### APPOINTMENT.

Miss Edith French, Holy Trinity Girls', Gainsborough. Assistant.

#### RE-APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Isabel Rigby, Caldergate Council School, Carlisle. Assistant.

Miss Eunice Turner, Clarksfield Infants', Oldham. Head.

Miss Gladys Thornton, Alexandra St. Infants', Goole. Assistant.

Miss Gertrude Hurst, St. Luke's, Hull. Assistant.

Miss Helen Marden, Wombwell Council Infants'. Head.

Miss Minnie Sells, St. Thomas's, Oxford. Head.

Miss Gertrude Smith, South Wigston Council Girls'. Head.

Miss Eleanor Donson, Holy Trinity Girls', Gainsborough. Head.

Miss Lilian Dickinson, Chester Wesleyan Girls'. Assistant.

Mrs. Plowright (Jessie Birchenough), Little Roke Council School, near Coulsdon. Assistant.

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We are glad to record a brave action of one of our past students just lately brought to our notice. At a school entertainment at Oxford, where some of the children wore dresses of cotton wool, one of them caught fire, and Miss Winifred Waller, who was stand-

ing near, sprang on to the platform, took the child in her arms and rolled with it on the floor until she smothered the flames in her own dress, thus saving the child's life, and probably averting a panic amongst the other children.

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Miss Selvage's children at Hainton have again given a most successful concert in aid of the funds of St. Hugh's Home, Lincoln. The sum of £1 8s. was realized.

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Miss Jessie Thomson (Lincoln, 1904-6), has obtained the Associate Diploma of the Victoria College of Music, the Silver Medal for Harmony, Counterpoint, and Musical Composition, the Gold Medal for Pianoforte Playing, and the Fellowship Diploma of the National College of Music.

We offer our warmest congratulations on these really brilliant successes. We shall feel more than ever in this reflected glory, that we really are a musical college.

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Miss Violet Searby has passed the first part of the Higher Fröebel Examination.

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Miss Maude Bourne has joined the Sisters of the Church, and sailed on January 18th for Albany, Australia, from whence she travels by rail to Perth, there to take up missionary work among the natives. She writes on her journey :—

s.s. *Suevic in Indian Ocean*,  
Tuesday, Feb. 11th, 1908.

Here I am, about 7,000 miles away, writing to you. We sailed away from England (Liverpool), on Saturday, January 10th. It was a lovely day. We were to sail 1 p.m. prompt, but a great Royal Mail Steamer was late, so that made us so late we only got as far as Rockferry, and there we had to wait until midnight for the tide to take us over the bar. The *Suevic* is a very large vessel; five times round the deck is one mile, then there is quite a third of the vessel farther on. Part of that is at present inhabited by some wild animals and birds from the Zoo, on their way to Sydney. There is a horrid sly-looking jackal—there were two, but one died of sea-sickness—a wolf who spends his time pacing his tiny cage as if he were mad; poor thing, it is enough to make him go so. There are some lovely antelopes which will allow themselves to be stroked, a curious pair of a species of monkey, black with a white fringe to outline their faces and heads, and with a thick bushy tail—knowing-looking little creatures—some lovely parrots and pigeons and swans. This route to Australia is not so interesting as the other way, as after leaving Liverpool, we do not sight land again until we reach Teneriffe. We did not stop there, but passed near enough to see it very closely. It was grand and beautiful, I wish I could describe it. When first we came in sight of it it was about seven o'clock,

and a glorious morning. The great purple rocks rose straight up out of the sea, peak behind peak, then came, here and there, a little sloping valley with clusters of white dwellings. The lights and shades on these rocks were beautiful beyond description. Then we came in sight of the Peak, with its round snow-covered top glittering white in the brilliant sunshine. After that the land became less mountainous, and we were opposite the town, built on the sides of hills sloping towards the sea. After that no more land for a fortnight, until last Saturday, when we arrived at Cape Town. We stayed there about four hours, and those who wished to, could land. I meant to do so, but when I found we had to go down a very steep ladder with only a rope hand rail, then get from that into a little motor boat, I was too much of a coward to venture. Those who stayed on the boat found plenty of amusement in watching the vendors of feathers picture post cards, and grapes. They did not do a very good trade as so many had landed. I bought some cards and am sending you one of them. Many of the people brought back such lovely flowers and a most lovely shade of blue water lily and red and white heath especially—such heath—big flowers like wax.

*Feb. 13th.*

On Monday night "the wind began to roar and the weather to moan," and we have had the worst two days of the whole journey. However, we have had a wonderfully good passage, but I am very tired of it, and long to be at work. I am counting the days to Albany, then it is about thirteen hours' railway journey to Perth.

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On Friday, March 6th, the Principal and Mrs. Rowe, Miss Elwell, and Miss Martin were guests at the annual "Social" held by the Lincoln Students' Club, in Sheffield. The arrangements were admirably made and carried out by Miss Ellen Wilson, the secretary, aided by an energetic committee, and a very delightful evening was spent. Mrs. Wing, the president of the Society, was unavoidably absent, and Miss Rose Dyson, in a short speech, welcomed the visitors. Canon Rowe responded. A most successful dramatic reading from "Much Ado about Nothing" was kindly given by the Pitsmoor section of the Sheffield Shakespeare Society, and this new feature of the entertainment was thoroughly appreciated by all who had the privilege of hearing it.

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*Letter from Miss Phæbe Bury.*

S.P.G. MISSION,

CAWNPORE, INDIA.

DEAR MISS ELWELL,

*February 15th, 1908.*

It is with some fear that I do as you ask me, and write some account of my schools for the College Magazine. I can see some of the students looking at the address and remarking: "Oh, Missions, She is sure to want something. Let's leave that out."

At all events that is what I should have said when I was in college ; but, no doubt, you will tell me that students have much improved since my year. I have been here fifteen months now, and blissfully happy months they have been too. I have charge of the Non-Christian schools in the station. The largest school is in our compound and is a day-school for high-caste Hindu girls. It has to be divided into two separate parts, one for Bengali girls and one for Hindustani. The difficulty of this, from my point of view, is that in this small school of about eighty children, two completely different languages—Bengali and Hindi—are spoken. Consequently teachers and classes have to be in duplicate. There is a small school in the bazaar for Mahommedan children. In that, a third language, Urdu, is spoken. So one's first year, or rather years, out here are chiefly taken up with trying to master the languages which are all written in different characters, though they have some words in common. We are hoping to start two more schools this year for low-caste Hindu girls in the city. It is only very recently that there has been any desire for education for girls in these Provinces, and we are still far behind any other Province in India. Still the desire is certainly beginning, though at present the most enlightened people on the subject are the Bengalis, and they, of course, are really aliens. We teach the ordinary school subjects, including a Scripture lesson every day, and the children are wonderfully keen on their work. They are most attractive children, and so pretty and courteous. The other week I was teaching a class of little ones the Hindu alphabet. There are one or two letters that are almost impossible for a European to pronounce, and I said " We English cannot say that properly." A small girl promptly replied, " What does it matter, Miss Sahib, you speak English so beautifully." Well, it is something to know that one can still speak one's mother-tongue. The purity of my pronunciation was merely a matter of faith, for the child does not know a word of English. One great attraction of our mission schools is that we teach needlework. I remember about the first week that I was out here going into the school and seeing the Indian teacher giving a needlework lesson. She was sitting on a form, her feet upou it as well, the material was held securely between her toes, thus leaving both her hands free to do the tacking. The vision of Miss Turner immediately came before my eyes, and I longed to know what she would have said if she had found one of us adopting that method. I do a good deal of the needlework, as that and drill are subjects that can be taught with a limited knowledge of the children's language. And now, oh unwary Lincoln students, if you have read so far, you had better leave off now for, I *do* want something, and I want it more badly than I dare say. First, I want some Lincoln students themselves to come. The time has come when trained teachers can be of use here. An Indian gentleman said to me the other day that if I realised what a great work

from a missionary and national point of view lay to our hands now in Hindu girls' schools, I should move every power to get teachers and money to open out the work. And the first power I move is to write to you, my fellow-collegers. At present Government gives practically no help to girls' schools, and life is made very difficult when the children are ready and willing to come and we have no money or teachers. My next want, perhaps someone would help in—that is the children's prizes and presents—"What bribery!" you say, and so it may be; but for all that if you were here and saw the intense joy the presents give, and also had learnt enough about the sadness of an Indian woman's life to know how few joys she has, then you would not condemn the bribery. Take this fact alone, that all my school children marry at eleven years old and after that do not come out of the zenanas. Many are widows at twelve and have nothing but a solitary life to look forward to. I must not write any more for I am afraid this is already too long. But there is so much, especially about Hindu life and customs, that is thrillingly interesting, and I feel I could write pages. Do not be nervous, however, I am not going to!

Yours affectionately,

PHEBE H. BURY,

(Lincoln, 1901-2.)

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*Letter from Miss Jane Martin.*

ENHLONHLWENI,

LADYSMITH,

NATAL,

October 12th, 1907.

MY DEAR MISS ELWELL,

I intended writing to you much earlier than this, but somehow have kept putting it off. On the whole we had a splendid voyage, and I was fortunate enough to have friends to meet me at Cape Town and Durban.

The curate (in the absence of the vicar in England) met me at Ladysmith station at six a.m. on August 6th. After breakfast at the hotel, I asked for a directory to look out the name of an assistant teacher with whom I had worked in Grahamstown. To my surprise I found not only her name, but also that of Miss Kate Charlton, as head of the Government Girls' School. I at once set out to find the schools, and as we were going, Mr. Wilkinson, the curate, said "There is a Miss Churm just come, and she is living with Miss Charlton." Alice certainly looked surprised as I stood in her school doorway, and Kitty could scarcely believe it, though they both remembered me. Miss Milne, the assistant, I know, was much surprised. Morning tea, eleven o'clock, was sent for, and three Lincoln students of twenty years ago had chat and tea together. Of course they asked after all at the College, and

were much interested in all the improvements there since our day. I have spent one week-end with them already, and Alice came out to the Mission for three days at Michaelmas. My work at Enhlonhlweni Mission is very interesting, though at present I am unable to do any good with lessons in Zulu reading and translation, which forms a good part of the Elementary School Syllabus for Native Schools. So far I have fifty-eight children, ten of whom are boys, and twenty-eight are boarders. Classes are from Infants to Standard V., and at present Standards IV. and V. help to teach the lower classes during the greater part of the day. But for them, I am afraid they would not learn much, for the majority of the little ones know no English, and so far I only know a few odd words of Zulu. School hours are from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 3-15 p.m., the latter for sewing with which I am supposed to have nothing to do, as it belongs to the industrial work. The girls who teach have an hour's lesson with me from 6-15 to 7-15 a.m. At present my schoolroom is the Mission Church, but as Government will not give the grant for that building after this year, it is hoped that we may soon begin building a new school, which is to become a training school for native girls. The Church is behind other denominations for she has not one college for natives, while the dissenters have many. The Mission is situated about nine miles from Ladysmith, and all among the Little Berg Mountains. The drive in and out of town is lovely, and on a clear day the highest peak of the Drakensberg Mountains can be clearly seen, though I have been rather unfortunate so far and had hazy weather. When Alice was here, we went to Vaal Krantz for a picnic. This you may remember was the scene of General Buller's work, and from its summit, Spion-Kop and Doorn-Kop were plainly visible. On the two latter the enemies' guns were fixed, and our poor men must have had a terrible struggle to gain the top of Vaal Krantz, for they climbed the steepest side near the Tugela River, which winds in and out among the mountains. Waggon Hill, Cæsar's Camp, Bulwana, and others of interest can also be seen when driving out, and some day Miss Cooke who is in charge here, hopes to take us to visit the battlefields. The monuments on Waggon Hill and Spion-Kop stand out plainly, and on Vaal Krantz there were two large stone crosses with the names of the fallen on them, besides numerous small iron crosses with the inscription "Here lies a brave soldier."

I am now reading the "Natal Campaign," and hope to know a little more of the war than I do at present. We are very fortunate in having a horse and trap, and thus being able to get away from our work for a few hours. There are only three European workers, and to-day I am left in charge of post office, boarders, etc., while Miss Cooke and Miss Werness drive into Ladysmith for the day. I really get out much more than they do and so was very pleased when this was suggested to me. My experience at S.

Matthew's often comes to my aid. Please remember us and our work here. Miss L. Nevile who is now in Tokyo gives me much encouragement by telling me some of her many difficulties. We have an English celebration of Holy Communion at 7 a.m. on Fridays, but all other services are in Zulu. I must not write more now; the post bag must be made up. Much love to Miss Turner, Frances, and yourself; trusting all are well. Kind regards to Canon Rowe.

Yours affectionately,

JENNIE MARTIN.

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Welcome letters have also been received from Mrs. Hopf (Marianne Thomson), from the Transvaal, and from Miss Grace Harlock, St. Matthew's College, Keiskama Hoek.

### A SCHOOL NATURE-STUDY VISIT TO THE PEAK DISTRICT.

Of late years, great strides have been made in elementary education with regard to the training of the child's every faculty. Sight, hearing, and touch are now cultivated, where before the mind was exercised in an abstract way only. When such scientific lessons as Botany, Nature Study, and Geology are seen on the school timetable, one is apt to wonder how subjects so far from the scope of ordinary elementary teaching can awaken enthusiasm and interest in the child. Where possible the subject of the lesson is brought into class, but in many cases this is out of the question. At all times it is surely better that the works of Nature should be seen in their own environment. At present this is not realised by many educationists, but in the larger and more advanced teaching centres, great efforts are now being made to carry out this principle, and during our stay in Sheffield we had ample opportunity of realising this.

Early rising, and a hurried breakfast do not make for good temper; still less does a railway journey, terminating at one of our great manufacturing centres, wrapped in its smoky cloud. Thus, at least, we found it, as we steamed into Sheffield station. The kindly face of Mr. Quine reassured us somewhat, as he hastily sorted us into groups, providing each with a guide to lead us to our respective schools. It was then that the news of a Nature expedition, in which we were to be allowed to partake, fell upon our rejoicing ears. The familiarity of the term "Nature Expedition" at once gave a collegiate character to the Wednesday's jaunt. But on how far greater a scale was this undertaking! More than one hundred senior boys, overflowing with animal spirits, were to be set free from the restraining influence of school atmosphere, and for one whole day to wander among the hills and valleys of the

Peak District. The boys had been prepared by previous lessons how to derive the greatest benefit from such an outing, and their behaviour as they alighted at Edale Station shewed that they, at least, did not consider it merely as a holiday. Each boy was provided with notebook and pencil, and a hectographed plan of the proposed route. These latter had been partially drawn up by the eldest boys in the school, and to our great delight there was also one for every student. Upon examination, we found that on proceeding from the station, we were to climb by a gradual and winding ascent to the summit of Mam Tor, then proceed through Mam Gap to Windy Knoll. Here the boys were to examine the strata in which several veins of "blue john" were to be found. Thence the road led to the Blue John Caverns, after visiting which we were to continue through the Winnats to Cave Dale, Castleton, where tea was to be provided. A walk to Hope station, and the return journey would end the day.

With what eager hearts did we rise on Wednesday morning, and though to our disappointment, the air was slightly foggy, there was every evidence of its clearing up later. At the Midland station the various groups united, all carrying mysterious parcels, which to the initiated, suggested "nourishment." Several carriages were reserved for students and boys, and after a short journey through the beautiful scenery amidst which the Pennines culminate (we speak not of *the* tunnel) we alighted at Edale station. Here boys were lined up on the platform, and a few instructions were given by the masters, the walk up to the mountain top being a good chance for the observation of mountain vegetation. The keener naturalists of the College party also made good use of their time, and nigh upon sixty specimens of plant life were gathered on the road. Others thought it irksome to examine these minute works of nature, when her more striking beauties of rugged hills and fertile valleys claimed all our attention. To a child brought up in the unceasing stress of Sheffield life, such a wide panorama, so peaceful, so strong, and yet so simple, because perfectly natural, must have brought with it a feeling, perhaps scarcely a conscious one, of reverence for the works of nature, which could not but be a lesson in itself. When, after a vigorous climb, a projection near the summit of the mountain, for Mam Tor is over seventeen hundred feet high, was reached, the headmaster called his boys together for a brief study of the geography of the surroundings, and it speaks well for his personality, that in an incredibly short time, those scattered boys had collected in an eager group around him. As we looked down at our circuitous path, to the left stretched the grassy slopes of Lord's Seat, to the right lay Love Hill, and far beyond, the faint outline of Win Hill, shrouded in hazy blue, could be distinguished, while before us stretched a range of undulating heights sloping upwards to the bleak Edale Moor. All these, and more were noted by the boys, their elevation, position, and even construction being

learnt; with the latter they seemed to be far more familiar than did we, and many were the learned remarks as to limestone, shale, and gravel, the results of denudation, and the causes of landslips, which we overheard. Perhaps the boys added more technical terms when they knew we were listening.

From the ledge on which this lecture was given, to the summit, was but a few steps, and there all paused to enjoy for a moment the splendid view, enhanced by a slight mistiness on the horizon, which was visibly disappearing, and through which, as we watched, the sun shone, lighting up the more distant hills, though never reaching Mam Tor itself. We should have liked to wander along the ridge of hills, but it was not to be, and regretfully we turned to the descent of the mountain on the other side. This was accomplished more rapidly, perhaps, by the boys, than by the students, as the former recognised the value of hills as fine tracks for amateur tobogganing.

Windy Knoll, our next stopping-place, was a circular hollow, on one side of which the rock rose sheer up, exposing a rugged and much broken-up face. Here a halt was made for lunch, which was rapidly consumed, and all prepared themselves for a further talk about the structure of the surroundings. It was then that we learned that the spot on which we sat, had once been the drinking-place of buffalo and bison, for there were traces of a small pool having once filled the hollow. Bones of jackals and hyenas had been found in a cave near by, whence it was inferred that they had preyed upon the buffalo and bison as the latter came to drink. At this juncture, a peaceful cow bellowed mournfully, and approached the headmaster with the evident intention of learning more about his ancestors' sad fate. When equanimity was restored, the lecturer went on to say that veins of blue john, a species of fluor-spar, were here to be seen clearly, and he expatiated upon the increasing value and rarity of this mineral, discovered first by the Roman invaders. A dark appearance was given to portions of the rock by some traces of asphalt, which is exceedingly rare in the British Isles. Here the notebooks appeared, and the boys took down notes more or less coherent and readable. Geological hammers and pieces of granite were speedily applied to the cliff-side, and many boys became the proud possessors of specimens of the much-coveted blue-john. Fossils also were found, and passed round for inspection. The excellent behaviour of the boys was doubtless due to the influence of the headmaster, who managed them marvellously, his slightest word being instantly obeyed; yet palpably his was not the discipline of fear, but one in which perfect trust and admiration formed a bond between teacher and scholars.

The school was now divided into three groups, each under the charge of a responsible master, to visit in turns the Blue-john Cavern. Those left behind spent a muddy quarter-of-an-hour

scrambling into the small cave, the boys emitting shrieks and growls in its dark recesses, which they considered hyena-like, but which to the amused students, lacked ferocity. Exceedingly noticeable was the change in temperature, as we emerged from the chilly darkness, none the cleaner nor sadder, though perhaps wiser for our little under-ground excursion. The wonder of this, however, faded into insignificance before the magnitude of the Blue-john Cavern, those mysterious chambers hollowed out of the mighty rocks by the incessant whirl of waters, veiled with darkness, yet of irresistible power. At the entrance of the cave small lighted candles were distributed amongst the more reliable of the adventurers, and thus equipped, we descended into the bowels of the earth. At intervals our guide, by the aid of magnesium wire, showed us more clearly the chief points of interest in the various caverns. Stalactites and stalagmites glittered in the sudden glare; twice we gazed overhead through "swallow-holes," cylindrical tunnels where once the moisture trickled unceasingly, and on one occasion we faintly heard the rush of water in the recesses of the rock. After perilous descents by means of winding steps, we entered a subterranean hall of vast dimensions, where we halted. We were now three hundred feet below the sunlight, and the cold was growing intense. However, this was soon dispelled by a hearty chorus of songs, and our old favourite, "Jock o' Hazeldean" was perhaps, never sung in a more unique spot. The boys applauded vigorously, and wished to favour us with a selection; so presently the strains of "The day Thou gavest" and "Crown Him Lord of all" echoed through the vaulted heights. After rendering "Oh who will o'er the downs so free," a few bold spirits ventured still further into a cavern where water falls perpetually, while the rest whiled away the time with impromptu dances and drill. It was time now to retrace our steps, and we came up to the sunlit world once more. How warm it was, and how bright seemed the daylight after the yellow flicker of our miniature torches! But we had spent more time than we had thought, and now a brisk walk brought us to the deep gorge termed the Winnats.

The descent was sudden, and the mountains rose on either hand, bare, gaunt peaks sharply outlined against the sky. The search for blue-john was still carried on among little heaps of stone débris by the roadside. For some distance, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery claimed all our thoughts, but as we emerged from the Winnats, weariness overcame us, and it seemed a long walk to Cave Dale, where tea was awaiting us, served on a grassy slope, opposite the crag on which Peveril Castle stands. The grateful beverage was quickly passed round, and a spice of excitement was added by the daring efforts of the boys, who had feasted previously, to scale the steep face of the Castle Rock. Once more the tobogganing instinct came to the fore, to the detriment

of their garments, and the consequent sorrow of their mothers. During the walk to Hope station, a distance of two and a half miles, the headmaster, Mr. Snelgrove, was busily engaged in identifying the plants which his pupils had gathered during the day, and it was pleasant to see the great enthusiasm which they displayed, not in this only, but in every educational phase of the expedition.

Perhaps the sharp mountain air had made us all sleepy, for both boys and students were wonderfully quiet on the return journey, and it was most regretfully that we left the carriage, and plunged into the prosaic streets of Sheffield. We were tired and dirty, it is true, but the spell of the beauties we had seen still lay upon us, far outweighing such minor discomforts, while we fully realised that it was the excellent tone of the school, largely due to the personal influence of its master, which could make possible, profitable, and delightful an expedition so fraught with danger, so full of responsibility, as was this visit to the Peak.

WINIFRED MARDEN,

ALICE PAYNE,

Second Year Students.

AUGUST, 1907.

#### SEASHORE VEGETATION."

SEASHORE VEGETATION! The suggestion of this as a subject for study during the holidays rouses no enthusiasm in the minds of the unfortunate students. A vision rises before them of a bleak sea-shore washed by the waters of the North Sea—a low stretch of dry sand, with occasional sand hills, both covered with coarse greyish grass; beyond this a salt marsh—a sorry hunting-ground they think. Doubtless, after patient, laborious search the wearied students will be rewarded by a scanty collection of practically uninteresting plants. Meanwhile, with the remembrance of the varied glories of the hedgerows still strong upon them, they set forth upon the expedition with the complacent feeling that they are performing a painful duty. The scene of action is the Humberstone foreshore, and ten minutes' brisk walk soon belittles their ideas upon the matter. Within a few feet of the sea, ground has been fenced off for the growth of oats. Hawthorn bushes are planted along the fences to protect the crops from the full force of the cold wind. These bushes present a brave front, but their branches are bent away from the sea and bear leaves only on the landward side. Easy access is gained to this partially cultivated ground, and here, the now humble and eager students might spend hours of investigation. Among the coarse, stubbly grass the Scarlet Pimpernel shines like a bright little jewel, and "the little Speedwell's darling blue" outrivals the sky; less conspicuous is the Field Scorpion Grass. The latter is a hardy little plant with hairy leaves and stems, which, together with its spike-like cluster of pale-blue blossoms, render it easily distinguish-

able from the bright blue flowers and smooth green leaves of the water variety, the more delicate, true Forget-me-not. The little Heartsease smiles shyly side by side with the dainty Blue Sherardia. The latter is a member of the Crosswort family and the likeness is detected in the whorls of small green leaves and the angular character of the stem. High up on the sand bank, on the side protected by the hawthorn barrier is the Common Mallow with its tough, woody stems, its coarse hairs and showy blue-pink flowers. Here also the Goat's Beard is easily recognised by its long blade-like leaves, which clasp the stems, and by its bright yellow head. To its habit of wrapping up the flower head at mid-day in its dark green involucre bracts, it owes its picturesque name: "John-go-to-bed-at-noon."

Returning to the dry sand of the exposed shore they realise that they are studying sea-shore vegetation proper. A mass of golden blossoms catches the eye, this is Stonecrop or Wall Pepper, a yellowish green plant with thread-like fibrous roots, fleshy leaves, and star-like yellow flowers. Of the same fleshy character is the Sea Purslane (*Arenaria peploides*); this type of plant is characteristic of the dry sand vegetation.

The Sand Lyme Grass is another typical example; this has a dense spike composed of little spikelets set in pairs, greenish white in colour, dry and artificial in appearance, and having a long creeping underground stem. Of the same dry texture is the Fox-tail grass with its knee-like joint near the base of the stem.

Trails of pink and white *Convolvulus* creep along the sand, while here and there clumps of small red poppies, with scanty foliage, stand out vividly against the background of yellow sand; the latter make charming patches of colour, but are poor specimens when compared with those grown amongst the corn.

Nearer the sea the ground is carpeted with Bird's-foot Trefoil, shading in colour, from orange to scarlet. The searchers discover what they suppose to be a giant specimen of Black Medick, but the close proximity of the real plant disillusionises them, and they learn that the "giant" is Hop Trefoil. It has a fibrous branching root, the leaves are composed of three leaflets, the flower heads are yellow and globe-like. Yellow seems to be the predominant colour. In addition to the yellow blossoms already mentioned there is the pale lemon yellow of the slender Hawkweed, the silky Mouse-ear Hawkweed with its leafy runner and the graceful Cinquefoil, the yellow lipped flower of the Yellow-rattle with its purple spot on the upper lip, and the rich gold of the Furze bushes. A quaint little addition to the collection is the Sand Rocket. This grows in the driest parts of that dry sand known to children as "pepper." Its leaves are arranged in a rosette at the base of the stems, the flowers are four-petalled and pale yellow in colour.

The sweet scent of new-mown hay is borne upon the breeze and the explorers step into a luxuriant mass of fragrant white and yellow Melilot; smaller, but equally interesting is the tiny plant known

as Eyebright, it has a lipped corolla, in colour white, with purple lines and a yellow centre. High up on the sand-hills, tossed by the salt-laden wind, grows the Sea Campion, its shorter thicker stems and blunter leaves distinguishing it from the Campion of the hedge-row

Brilliancy of colouring is not lacking: the Lesser Knapweed, with its harsh wiry stems and tough brown buds, rear its magenta head, the Nodding Thistle has the same rich tint, and the tufts of pink Rest Harrow add to the gay effect of the whole, which is softened by occasional patches of Chamomile and Scentless Mayweed. Of the less conspicuous plants Herb Robert, its leaves already glowing with the sunset colouring of Autumn's art, and the silky Dove's-foot Crane's-bill are welcomed as old acquaintances, and their near relative the Stork's Bill as a charming new one. The latter is a hairy, bushy plant with a delicate red flower, deriving its name from the beak-like character of its fruit.

Somehow, the Sea Holly seems most in keeping with its surroundings, save perhaps, the Sand Lyme Grass. Distinctly unsociable, it dwells in the most unpromising parts and seems to express in its isolation the weird loneliness of the beach. Perhaps it would hardly be called beautiful by the majority of people, but, it is undoubtedly curious and interesting. Each plant is a compact little bush, its stems are tough, the leaves spiked, the colouring grey, beautified by a delicate purple bloom. The blossoms are dense heads of small blue flowers.

Meanwhile envious eyes are being cast upon a purple stretch in the distance. Arriving on the low, dreary, salt marsh, the reason for the purple haze is discovered, the ground is carpeted with Sea Lavender, and here, at once, a striking contrast is seen between the plants of the dry sand and those of the marsh. Many of the former were dry and practically colourless, the latter are fleshy in character and the leaves are a rich green in colour.

On this dreary waste, where the adventurers sink ankle-deep at almost every step and need all their courage to jump across the channels of water, from one grassy island to another, there is a new world of flowers. The Sea Lavender, whose lilac blooms derive nourishment from this salty ground, is a typical marsh plant. Its leaves are spoon-shaped, dark green, and grow in a rosette close to the ground; the flower stalks are tall and leafless and branch off into forks of small scentless blue purple blossoms, arranged in spreading tufts. Equally beautiful, the rosy Sea Pink or Thrift rises on its tall bare stalk from its ball-like tuft of leaves. This plant may be transferred to an inland garden, there it flourishes, but loses its delicate shell pink colour. On the same ground the soft grey *Artemisia* diffuses its aromatic scent, reminiscent of the Southernwood in old-fashioned cottage gardens. The same grey hue is repeated in the Sea Purslane (*Atriplex portulacoides*) with its succulent whitish leaves and brownish yellow flowers, arranged

in spikes and set in the axils of the leaves. Against this background of silver-grey are set the bright pink flowers of the Centaury, the small tufted variety common to the sea-shore, its wide open petals testifying to the fineness of the weather. Deep down, near the stagnant water, is the Starwort or Sea Aster. Under these unfavourable conditions it does not present a very pleasing appearance but, when found on a higher level it is distinctly beautiful, its yellow-eyed purple blossoms suggesting the Michaelmas Daisy.

A curious form of marsh plant is seen in the Sea Milkwort with its rounded, fleshy leaves, which also chooses muddy dwelling places, hence the beauty of its pink crimson dotted flowers is often marred. This Milkwort in no way resembles the dainty little blue and red natives of the heaths.

Celery growing wild on the sea shore!—this is indeed a discovery. It looks like celery, smells like celery, and *tastes* like celery. Reference books at home tell the anxious botanist that it *is* celery, also dignified by the name of Smallege. It is a relation of the garden celery, though it is not eatable until the leaf stalks have been blanched by the exclusion of light.

Still further on these students wander in the interest of science, across a stretch of land which affords sufficient green herbage for the nourishment of a few melancholy sheep and donkeys. That true evidence of poor land, Self Heal, monopolises the ground with its purple flowers and a small variety of clover struggles for existence. A ditch of stagnant water, with the beautiful pink Water Plantain, the graceful Water Dropwort, and bank growth of Silver Weed, adds its share to the collection.

"A happy hunting-ground" indeed is the Humberstone foreshore, but physical endurance has its limitations, and the time must come when even the most ardent disciples of Nature Study have, perforce to retrace their footsteps.

Gladly then they carry home their trophies, scarcely realizing their weariness, triumphant as victorious Cæsar dragging the spoil of half a world, and the captives of a great campaign in chains at his chariot wheels.

MAY CLIFTON,

Second Year.

### CONCERNING A HOUSE-BOAT—"TOMMY" AND SOME OTHERS.

"Everyone who has been upon a walking or a boating tour, living in the open air, with the body in constant exercise and the mind in fallow, knows true ease and quiet. The irritating action of the brain is set at rest; we think in a plain, unfeverish temper; little things seem big enough, and great things no longer portentous; and the world is smilingly accepted as it is."

R. L. STEVENSON.

It was a gloriously sunny morning in June, that most delightful

month in our English summer, which festoons the newly-budded hedgerows with fragrant honey-suckle, bespangles them with the delicate pink and white stars of the wild rose, and fills every meadow with the sweet-smelling and delicate wild flowers for which our country is justly noted. There was a perfect chorus of jubilant bird-music from every clump of trees. High in the azure a lark was carolling a love song to his mate, while the thrushes were singing a morning hymn, which on *such* a morning seemed a paean.

It was truly a day to make those whose lot compelled them to toil in a smoky, bustling city, long to escape to the sweetness, beauty, and peace of "God's out-of-doors."

During all the early spring days I had been one of these toilers, and the first day of my emancipation saw me after a long railway journey, swinging along this lovely country bye-way, to spend a few days on a house-boat belonging to a relative and some friends. As their main object was to get "far from the madding crowd," where they could live a thoroughly Bohemian life, letting the soothing influences of country, river, and sky do their work of recreation, they had sailed their boat high up a little-known, but picturesque river of one of the Eastern Counties.

The house-boat began its career, ~~jo~~joining in the name of "Calathumpian," which I *think* means travelling all over the world. When it passed into the present owner's hands, he decided to choose a shorter and more suitable name. Much time and laughter (during a wet afternoon) were devoted to the choice, and when one of the crew intending to say "Spider," said "Spowder" it was unanimously voted, because of its incompleteness, to be the happiest and most catchy name. So "Spowder" it became.

It is only about 23 ft. long, painted white, out-lined with pale green, and upholstered in crimson leather. The cabin accommodates six (if only of average size) for feeding, and four, preferably fewer, for sleeping. The ladies sleep and breakfast at the nearest country inn.

The crew when all hands are aboard, consists of:—FREDDIE, the captain, chef, banjoist, artist and therefore bachelor; THE PIRATE, Peter's husband; HADDIE, second officer, violinist, poet, artist, bachelor and general Jack-of-all-trades; PETER, wife of the Pirate, artist and general peacemaker; THE STOWAWAY (sister of Peter, and so named, because of her capacious appetite when aboard), assistant cook, and groom-in-waiting to the last, but by no means least important member of the crew; TOMMY, the canine custodian and friend of the "Spowder" and the Spowderites. Poor Tommy, a miserable waif from the streets, crawled into Freddie's studio on a bitter winter's day, in a half-starved and utterly dejected condition. He was bathed and fed and his gratitude was so unbounded and pathetic that no one with a heart of flesh could have turned

him away again. He is partly Gordon setter, partly retriever: has no pedigree, but nature has amply compensated him for this deficiency by the rich endowment of a huge heart and the most loving disposition that it is possible to imagine in the possession of human or canine creature. He is beloved by all, and has won over to himself the hearts of one or two notorious dog-haters in the family. The part he plays in the Spowder's ménage will appear anon.

Before I go further, I should explain that the meals are taken in the cabin, or on the small deck, and in very fine weather on the river bank. The cooking, learnt by the captain abroad, is done by means of an oil-stove and a spirit-lamp, and is of no mean order, though the courses are not perhaps very varied. Chicken (which is usually dissected and fried in butter), eggs, fruit and vegetables can generally be wheedled by means of a little "blarney," even from those villagers and farmers who say they do not sell. Fish is sometimes caught in the river and trout from a stream near. Fresh meat can be got from a town not many miles away. Tinned meats (potted since 1906) are stored for emergencies, and most visitors on their second appearance at least, remember that a little present of rations is *always* acceptable and *sometimes* a god-send, especially when the Stowaway is not of them. The others get so engrossed in their sketches that they forget for a while the claims of appetite and Stowaway does not sketch.

Visitors for the day, frequently have served to them for supper, the Captain's deservedly noted "cheese and onion soup." It is easily made, and is so satisfying and nourishing that one rarely wishes for another course. A bowl of it keeps the crew in good temper for twelve hours at least. For the use of picnickers I give the recipe straight from the chef's hands, and I can testify to its efficiency and the entire satisfaction which it gives. "Take three Portugal onions, chop up small and fry in butter in the pan in which you are to make the soup. When the onions are *beginning* to brown, add stock or water and Oxo, or Liebig's Extract. Pepper and salt to taste. Let the mixture simmer for about an hour, and before serving, put in bits of bread or toast and grated or scraped (1) Gruyere cheese, or (2) Parmesan, or (3) Cheddar; 1, 2, 3, is the order of merit. I cannot tell the exact proportion, as I generally do it by guess work. Serve hot, and be thankful! A little bacon or ham cut small, helps."—Signed, F. W. E. Speaking of the scanty rations occasionally to be found in the ship's locker, reminds me of an incident which occurred just before my arrival. Freddie had met along the river bank a bevy of the fair sex—friends whose home was not far from the Spowder's moorings. He asked them to 'afternoon tea,' the next day, and straightway forgot the fact. Early in the afternoon as he was sketching on the river bank they appeared—a vision of glory, ready to enjoy themselves and reason-

ably looking forward to nice thin bread and butter, rich country cream, and perhaps early strawberries, Alas! "the cupboard was bare"—the necessaries, let alone the delicacies, of afternoon tea, were not. Freddie tried to pass it off by treating the whole affair as a joke. He made the tea, and apologising for the absence of cream or milk, assured them that they had lots of whisky, and that it was a grand substitute. He had no bread, but stacks of cake; no butter, but plenty of sardines or bovril. Fortunately their own tea-table was not far away, and after a very short visit they left, sadder and wiser girls. Probably if Freddie could have overheard their remarks he would have been cured of this special form of forgetfulness to which he is somewhat prone. But in justice to him I must mention that they received and accepted another invitation, and this time he "did them proud."

But I am afraid I have digressed unpardonably since I started off on my travels on the glorious June morning. To return, Tommy first espied me approaching along the towing path, and of course gave me a loving welcome, but at the same time a somewhat subdued one. As soon as I had been welcomed by the other inmates of the Spowder, and relieved of my present of "loaves and fishes," I enquired into the cause of Tommy's depression, and found that the poor dog had been in disgrace, and though by this time he had been forgiven, such is his almost human sensitiveness, he had not yet been able to regain his usual exuberant spirits. It appeared that a day or two ago, Peter had brought with her a large joint of sirloin, ready roasted, so as to obviate the necessity of cooking lunch in the heat of the day. The temperature had been unusually high, and so the beef also had become corresponding high—in fact so high as to be beyond the reach of the appetites of the crew. It must therefore be disposed of, and as the Spowderites have decided objections to the contamination of rivers, it was agreed to bury it. Tenderly and gingerly, and also regretfully (being 5-lbs. of good—or rather bad beef) it was carried at arm's length, by the one on whom the lot fell, to the far corner of an adjoining field and there entombed. Tommy, by the way, was an interested, but distinctly mystified spectator of the proceedings. While breakfast is being prepared Tommy is always relegated to the river bank where with ill-concealed impatience he watches eagerly for permission to come aboard and breakfast. He is usually so hungry in this fine air, that he quickly dispatches all odds and ends given to him and is not always above accepting a crust. On the morning following the burial of "Sir Loin" he came aboard with very evident reluctance; Freddie then observed on the tip of his (Tommy's) nose a small excrescence closely resembling a miniature and hardened mud-pie. His suspicions of Tommy's integrity were at once aroused, and he was immediately put to the test. A piece of bread and butter was offered him, and Tommy, knowing well he was under close observation tried his utmost to swallow it. It was laughable (though

they did not laugh) to see him roll it over and over on his tongue ; but every fresh position of the bread seemed to entail a huge effort. All in vain ! Tommy resigned himself to his fate and awaited events. After breakfast a solemn procession was again formed, with Tommy most reluctant in the rear, the tip of nose and tail almost meeting under the canopy formed by—the rest of him. Freddie's worst fears were realized ; they found an open and an empty grave, and without a shadow of doubt the knighted joint was in Tommy's safe keeping. We do not believe in corporal punishment for dogs of Tommy's calibre ; so his higher nature was amply punished by sending him to Coventry for the rest of the day, and his lower one by being kept on the strictest Lenten diet for a day or two. It was pitiable to see Tommy's misery at their aloofness, for he loves to be very near to the friends to whom he is devoted. When the Spowder goes a sailing he runs along on the bank nearest to which the boat keeps, not being allowed aboard, as the exercise is necessary and good for him. Recently the boat had to tack a good deal, hugging first one bank and then the other. This greatly distressed poor Tommy as it necessitated his swimming from bank to bank in order to keep near those whom he loved. Finally he decided—though not very fond of the water—to swim after the boat and this he did for several miles, howling most dismally when the sails propelled the Spowder at a quicker rate than Tommy's four legs propelled him. However he took it out in his supper that night, crusts being eagerly snatched, *after* he had demolished a huge plateful of bread and meat. At last a day dawned on which Tommy made, as he thought, ample atonement for his one lapse into dishonesty. Another house-boat took up its moorings a short distance from the Spowder, and Tommy at once became interested in its occupants and their doings. The day being gloriously fine, they made preparations to lunch on the river bank. Tommy fascinated, drew nearer and nearer and soon espied a nice brown juicy duck among other good things. He guessed there was no such princely fare on the Spowder, and I feel sure he thought if he could only present his master with such a prize he would make full reparation for the stolen beef. So at the first favourable opportunity he seized the duck by the legs and brought it in triumph to the Spowder, depositing it at the feet of his lord and master. The question "What will he do with it" ? at once arises. Well ! like Penelope's servant lassie in Edinbro', I must answer "I cudna say." I did hear that Tommy would not further imperil his soul, and resisted all their coaxing to return for the apple-sauce and onion stuffing ! It may be urged that this incident furnishes a second proof that Tommy, like most other dogs, was not strictly honest ; but it must be remembered that in the first instance he *knew* he was doing an ignoble act for his own naughty gratification, while in the second he *thought* he was doing a noble act for his beloved master's gratification. At

any rate, this time he was not sent to Coventry—on the contrary, I think he had the bones! I wonder if I shall weary you with Tommy's vices and virtues, if I tell you one more incident in his career—one that has no connection whatever with the Spowder or the Spowderites. Those who love dogs (and they are many) will, I'm sure forgive me, and those who don't—well, perhaps this will show them that at least some dogs are well worthy of their love.

Tommy extends his devotion to Freddie: very freely to Freddie's mother, and on fine days follows her persistently about the house until the time arrives when she dons her out-door garb. Then his bliss is complete if she accepts him as guardian on her country walk. I could tell you many touching incidents that have occurred on these rambles, but I must refrain. Then a time came when his mistress suddenly became ill and had to remain in bed for a while. Tommy wandered disconsolate about the house and refused to be comforted. It was an entirely new experience and he was miserably mystified. At last, a brilliant idea occurred to him! At the first opportunity he rummaged in the boot cupboard until he found a pair of his mistress's boots. These he carried upstairs, and the first time the bed-room door was opened he stole in and rearing himself up by the bed (he is a big dog) dropped them on the counterpane close up to his mistress, and asked her as eloquently and persuasively as a pair of loving and expressive eyes could, to get up and come down-stairs. The look of pained disappointment in his face when she did not respond to his overtures was a really pathetic sight. Must we believe that when Tommy's short span of life is ended, all this almost human capability of loving devotion and faithfulness is also ended? May he not too, learn to love more perfectly, learn to find better means of proving his devotion, than by stealing ducks for the object of it! At least one may hope so!

But to return to the Spowder! I will not give you details of my visit, but will try to picture to you the general routine of the average day. As already mentioned, only the men sleep on board, the sleeping area in fine weather being augmented by a canvas sheet being stretched from the cabin across the small deck. At night, just before retiring, preparations are made by which the kettle can be boiled and the matutinal cup of tea made without the necessity of any one of the crew arising, though there is usually a sleepy argument as to which of them the duty belongs. Afterwards, the first beatific pipe is smoked by the still recumbent men, and peace once more reigns on the Spowder. The doors are thrown open, the fresh morning breezes blow in softly, bearing with them the sweet scent of the newly-awakened flowers. A peaceful half-hour (or more) is spent watching the lights and shadows play on the ripples of the water, the clouds chasing each other across the sky, and in listening to the splashes of the fishes, water-rats, etc.,

the joyous twitters of the bird choir, and all the varied sounds made by the animal world which is already busy "seeking its meat from God." The lark at "Heaven's gate" sings a song, so inspiring and intoxicating that its invitation to come forth and live, and enjoy, can be no longer resisted, and the men arise. If the weather is favourable some of them take their bath in the river. R. S. Stevenson in his "Travels with a Donkey" says, "To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity, a semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing." However, for some, a big splash in a bucket of water cold from the river, is sufficiently invigorating. Then the breakfast is prepared, the spirit lamp boiling the water for coffee or tea, the oil-stove cooking the bacon, eggs, omelette, etc. Sometimes a very energetic individual will rise early, go to the trout stream near and occasionally bring back in triumph a brace or two of trout for breakfast. But this is not an unmixed blessing. His early rising, coupled with his success as an angler, so impresses him with a sense of his own superiority and the inferiority of the rest of the crew, that he needs persistently repressing for the next few hours. A good appetite is brought to the feast, and the most delicate viands eaten under shelter of a roof are as "apples of Sodom" compared with the simple dishes thus prepared and dispatched under the blue dome of heaven. Then the daily scrimmage begins, the pots and pans are washed and packed away, the silver (?) and cutlery cleaned, the beds stowed into the bunkers, the deck swabbed, and everything made neat and taut against the arrival of the ladies who are always kind and tactful in their approval of the house-men's work, although sometimes they would themselves adopt slightly different methods. Then the men are set free, one going off with his easel, another with his rod, another with his book, while another may prefer a long walk, and he usually forages for food, "*Chacun à son gout*" is the order of the day, and Tommy generally joins the one who seems most likely to be interestingly energetic. Peter also goes off sketching, and Stowaway prepares the lunch which, in these days of potted meats, is usually a cold one. The feature of this meal is usually the salad made in a tin bucket kept for the purpose. My first experience of its quantity amazed me, and I thought we might be supplying the inn near; but no! it was so good that not a sprig of cress (got from a stream near) was left. Often, if the wind is favourable, all work is vetoed and the Spowder sets sail and explores new reaches of the river. It may be urged by some, that this is a very uneventful and monotonous existence, with none of the excitement that has so large a share in the holidays of the majority of people to-day. There certainly is no excitement like that afforded, say, by a motoring holiday with a "Lightning Conductor"—no excited wonder as to whether a vivid green patch

flying by is a field of graceful waving barley *or* merely potatoes; whether a golden blaze of colour is a field of glorious yellow marguerites *or* the mundane mustard plant; whether that sloping bank is starred with bright-eyed daisies *or* strewn with the débris left by vandal picnickers; whether in the next village you will run over three dogs and two cats or five hens and a baby; whether you will break the record of your running up to date, or more exciting still, the record of your dearest rival on the road! If you wish for this kind of excitement then take not your holiday on a house-boat, for you would be an uninitiated nuisance to the rest of them. But a milder form of excitement, that will not frustrate Dame Nature's efforts to recreate you, is not wanting there. One day lunch was just ready to be served, and an elderly visitor was there whom we much wished to impress with our marvellous powers of domestic management. He was *very* nearly related to the Captain, and "A prophet is not without honour, etc." Stowaway was hanging over the boat, hugging at the same time the basket containing all the boat's silver and cutlery. An unexpected jerk, and the whole lot, excepting Stowaway, shot into the river. What could be more exciting than doing without these implements as our forefathers did, and what more harmlessly exciting than the afternoon spent in harpooning or lassoing them out, one by one; not to speak of the moral training derived by abstaining from expletives when a fork repeatedly refused to be landed, slipping back into the river just as it was within a few inches of the outstretched hand. Such intense excitement attended the performance that we might well have been believed to be fishing out the body of the King or the Kaiser or the Pope! On another occasion the rudder of the dinghey got detached and sank to the bottom of the river, and it also had to be reclaimed by means of a lasso. This operation was a lengthy one and provoked much excitement and curiosity to the dwellers on the banks, whose queries as to the nature of the submerged article elicited by no means truthful replies—*e.g.*, "case of champagne," "piano," "sewing machine," etc. Then there was the excitement caused by Peter spilling all the ground rice on the floor of the cabin, and immediately after upsetting a kettle of boiling water also on the floor of the cabin; thus making a ground rice pudding by a *recipé* certainly not given in Mrs. Beeton. Of course there was not wanting the wag to introduce a spoonful of sugar to the messy mixture.

But we must return to the day's routine. After lunch there are "varied occupations" similar in character to the morning's programme. "Forty winks" are often indulged in by the early risers and others, a novel not too profound is carried to a comfortable spot on the river bank; the morning's sketch must be finished before the light fades, and the botanist may revel among the wild flowers, which grow here in profusion. The necessary excitement and zest can readily be created. On one occasion I stated very

decidedly that I could get at least thirty different kinds of wild flowers from one gorgeous bit of the river bank. This resulted in a very innocent wager of chocolates. Think of the pleasurable excitement when I plucked the thirtieth specimen, and of my triumph at tea when I claimed my prize, by showing about fifty species. To a town-bred visitor, how exquisite is the pleasure of lolling on the bank among the flowers, lazily examining them while breathing the fresh pure air and listening to the songs of the birds. It is glorious, for a time, to have no other duty than to rest and enjoy, and according to Lord Avebury, "Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means waste of time."

But the sun does not always shine nor the clouds always sail across high in heaven. When the deluge comes, the area of the cabin is felt to be a trifle small, but we are philosophic and make the best of it by remembering it might be much worse. Then our body lies fallow and our wits are taxed to the uttermost. One is musical, another a good story-teller, one a poet (embryo), and *all* are talkers, so *none* are dull. One wet afternoon we spent in helping Haddie to produce a poem that should astonish the whole civilized reading world. I assure you that if it were fit—or rather suitable—for publication in a College Magazine, all who read it *would* be astonished; but I fear I may only quote. It begins thus:—

"HIGHER WATER."

By HALTER WADLAND (the poet's true name disguised by changing the position of two letters.)

IDYLLIOTIC POEM.

Now I sing of the great river,  
And the boats that are upon it;  
Of the "Spowder." Yes! the "Spowder"  
And two things that are upon it.  
Sing I of a pair of painters,  
Fred-wit-wit — Haddi-ha-ha;  
How they both had indigestion.

The country folk were always very interested in our artists' sketches, but not always complimentary in their remarks. However, exhibitors in the R.A. only felt hurt for a few days, and they were not quite unaccustomed to a lack of full appreciation of their efforts. The great poem speaks of it thus:—

And they got their bits of wood out,  
And they put small bits of paint on.  
Very pleasant were their panels,  
When as yet the paint was not on.  
And the natives stood behind them  
And asked how much they got for them  
For their bits of stained wood work,

For their blessed Chinese puzzles.  
 And then up spoke "Loafy Simpsin"—(the disguised name of a  
 And he said:—"Which is the picter great celebrity here.)  
 Of those bits of wood you're painting?  
 I'st the one that you are holding  
 Or the one upon the easel?"  
 But the painters ne'er responded  
 From their seats upon the campstools.  
 Then when the long evening shadows  
 Fell upon the crimson water.  
 Water, water, crimson water  
 Yes, the water wet with wet wet.  
 Then they played upon their baujos  
 Till the fish rose up to slay them.

Readers will probably agree with the closing lines of this masterpiece :

"You ask me what this poem meaneth;  
 I will answer, I will tell you,  
 "Maistlins nowt"—this poem meaneth."

Thus you see what harmless nonsense a wet afternoon was responsible for. Still, I venture to say that as each member of the crew possesses a good head-piece which is fully exercised when at actual work, they were no worse for this frivolity and mental relaxation (humbly begging the author's pardon). Soon after tea the event of the day begins *i.e.*, the cooking and subsequent partaking of dinner. If the larder will run to three or four courses, the meal is "dinner," but if only one or two courses can possibly be created it is "early supper," and in either case all are well content, provided there is enough, for an amazing appetite is owned by all (*not* the Stowaway only) as the result of this healthy out-of-door life.

All hands, except the chef and his assistant, are sent packing during the preparation of this meal, for all available space is required. If it is wet the superfluous hands must tuck themselves into the smallest possible compass, and scarcely dare they move or speak to the man at the helm. The board which acts as dining-table is suspended by ropes from the roof of the cabin, and when not in use it is drawn close up to it, thus occupying no appreciable space. When all is ready it is lowered and is soon (sometimes) groaning under the good things provided. The meal proceeds with a crescendo of laughter and good-natured banter, and a diminuendo of appetite. The picture presented is one not easily forgotten, and the setting is unique. The cabin is lighted by candles, often assisted by the crimson and gold rays of the setting sun. The cushions and curtains are crimson, and generally a fairly white table-cloth is forthcoming. When the meal is rather frugal there is room on the table for a vase of flowers, but I'm afraid that on these occasions victuals are preferred to the most lovely flowers. A cosier dining-room I never wish to occupy, although I frankly admit I should not care always to dine in such close proximity to

my neighbour on either hand. If fine, we repair to the deck where black coffee (made by a marvellous process learned in Paris) is served. And, ladies, it is a fact, astounding as it may appear, all the washing-up, etc., is left to be done by the men after the ladies have departed to their sleeping-quarters at the inn! Then the banjo and the violin are brought forth, and we watch the last rays of the setting sun fade away to the accompaniment of dreamy airs from Schubert and other masters of melody. Solos by the ladies and part songs by the crew vary the evening programme. Then gradually silence falls on us as we watch the stars, one by one appear in the great vault of heaven, and when the moon shines forth over all, flooding the river with her silver light and illuminating every reed and flower along the river bank, we feel it is indeed good for us to be here. Here we realize fully what R. L. Stevenson felt when he said: "No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind,—their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets."

Finally, and always reluctantly on such evenings, we are escorted to the inn just at the closing-time, and the men return to their cosy cabin, tidy up and smoke a last pipe which soothes them into the sleep promoted by ample fresh air, and let us hope, by the possession of a good conscience.

And so the days slipped by, one pretty much the same as another, but none monotonous, and I learned many things:—that it is possible to eat fairly daintily with about one-fourth of the implements usually considered necessary in polite society; that a woman can be quite happy wearing only one frock per day, and that (if she is wise) not a smart one; that men may become *almost* as clever as women in the domestic arts; that a combined kitchen, dining and drawing-room is not incompatible with happiness.

When at last I bade the Spowder and its crew a somewhat reluctant farewell, I felt truly recreated, invigorated and ready for another term's work, even though the scene of it was perforce a grimy city. Other words than mine shall conclude these sketchy reminiscences:—

"To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal, and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself."

EMERSON.

"So then believe that every bird that sings,  
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,  
And every thought the happy summer brings  
To the pure spirit is a word of God."

COLERIDGE.

FRANCES ELWELL.

## A SECOND SPRING HOLIDAY IN ITALY.

## THIRD PAPER.

IF only it were possible to dip my pen in sunlight I might hope to do justice to the sunlit landscape that lay about us as we steamed southwards towards Naples, when our memorable week at Rome was over, and I might also hope to prove how well the vision of it compensated for the abrupt close of our seven days' visit.

As, however, these prosaic days permit of no such magic use of sunlight in the transcription of travelling experiences, I can but inadequately suggest the delights of our five hours' journey.

All nature basked in sunshine, and we, too, shared in nature's enjoyment, though cooped within the narrow limits of a railway carriage. Bright sunshine illumined the green meadows, orchards, vineyards of the wide plains and narrow valleys traversed by the railway, lit up the craggy summits of the distant heights, penetrated the recesses of the thick woods clothing their lower slopes. Golden light filtered through the feathery ilex and the spreading oak, threw out in strong relief the severe outline of the dark cypress, the strange contour of the stone pine with its umbrella-shaped crown of verdure lifted high in mid-air on its gaunt stem. The glorious pink of the gigantic bouquets of peach blossom displayed by many an orchard and garden added an enchanting note of colour to this array of "gold empyreal," as did also the softer pinks and yellows of the picturesque houses of the scattered villages.

Suddenly the sun was blotted out, the sky disappeared, a thick grey mist filled the air and poured into the carriages. Windows were hastily raised and ventilators closed, but still the mist poured in, not a mist of soft vapour, but of grey, gritty dust, which penetrated through invisible crevices, filled eyes, nose, and mouth, and lay in thick powder on hair and eyelids. Travelling costumes and travelling carriages were alike thickly coated with the fine penetrating 'rain.'

The fifteen miles of semi-darkness that ended the journey contrasted strangely with the sunny delights of the earlier hours. The cause was not far to seek, for the last great eruption of Vesuvius had occurred only a fortnight before and there had been much uncertainty as to the advisability, or even the possibility, of paying the projected visit to Naples.

A visit of investigation had resulted in the re-assuring report that all danger was past, and that "sunny Naples" was once more justifying its claim to its charming title, though it still bore obvious signs of the calamity that had overtaken it so recently.

Unfortunately the wind veered to the South on the very day of our journey, and after interposing a thick cloud of finest lava dust between Naples and the sunshine, blew on Northwards to meet us, and not content with obscuring the charms of the Neapolitan Campania from our sight, wrapt our persons in a novel but rather uncomfortable mantle of pulverized pumice stone.

The streets of the City, lined with high mounds of the same grey dust, shovelled from the central part of the roadway, were still undergoing a quasi-successful process of cleansing—water would doubtless in the end accomplish its work of purification, but for the moment it seemed almost to have aggravated matters by converting the dry dust heaps into thick puddles and muddy streams.

Their depressing appearance, as viewed from the hotel omnibus, brought loud recriminations from some members of the party against Dr. Lunn and all his staff, intensified doubtless by fear and alarm as to what the dust-laden air might portend.

But in the afternoon, the alarm of even the most fearful was dissipated, for the sun broke through, the air cleared as though by magic, the blue sky of Italy—of Naples—was again visible. A drive through the environs of the city afforded fascinating, and at the same time disenchanting glimpses of Neapolitan life, and its surroundings; but their fascination and disenchantment were utterly forgotten as we stood on a height overlooking the far-famed bay. Fragments of glowing, enthusiastic descriptions of one of the fairest scenes on earth haunted our memories, but none did justice to its rare beauty, for

"This region, surely is not of the earth!  
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,  
Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,  
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
But breathes enchantment."

The almost perfect semi-circle of the wide, open gulf, the exquisitely irregular outline of the rocky islands at each extremity, the smoking cone of Vesuvius rising full in the middle of the vast curve, with flanks descending to the water's edge, the spurs and broken ridges of hills sweeping round to North and South of the great volcano, form an absolutely unique setting for the white town, which gleams like a cluster of pearls in the bright sunlight.

The gem of the scene, however, is not the pearly town, but the blue bay that is flashing and sparkling within the curving hills. The dancing sunlight seems imprisoned under its glistening surface, and stirs it into restless, quivering movement.

Captivated as we were by the beauty of the bay, we were still more fascinated by the mystery of the mountain, and ever and anon we found ourselves watching the dark clouds of smoke that rolled round its summit, the thick column that rose unceasingly into the upper air, to a height of 20,000 feet.

Newspapers had already informed us that five hundred feet of the mighty cone had disappeared, and in spite of the smoke, it was easy to see that the pictorial representations no longer conveyed a faithful impression of the outlines of the volcano. The eruption had to some extent marred the symmetrical beauty of the mountain, leaving a truncated, rather shapeless mass in place of an almost perfect cone.

The knowledge of the catastrophe intensified the awe with which we gazed on that treacherous mount. Our thoughts involuntarily went back to the horrors of that fateful night when dense volumes of smoke rolled from the main crater, lurid flames wreathed themselves about the yawning mouth of the new vent, and lighted up with their glare panic-stricken cities and villages, and revealed to the terrified inhabitants the shower of red-hot stones and cinders that were flung high in the air, and the bright streams of molten rock that were pouring down the mountain sides.

What a day of terror must have followed that awful night, for a pall of darkness still hung over the skirts of the mountain, the new crater still belched forth rocks and stones, and a rain of ashes still fell so thickly that massive roofs collapsed under its weight!

No wonder villagers fled in wild dismay when they saw fresh fissures opening and new streams of lava issuing from the burning lake, and like fiery serpents, creeping slowly but surely down the slopes towards their doomed homesteads. Nothing could stay that steady, relentless, onward movement, and yet full in the middle of one of these ill-fated villages one of these dread torrents ceased to flow, and half the little place was saved from destruction.

The whitish-grey furrows that streak and score the mountain side testify to the number of lava streams that thus found their way along newly-hollowed channels.

Our hotel, or rather, all Naples had been half-deserted during that anxious week; tourists and the wealthier inhabitants had hastened away, but homeless villagers to the number of 100,000 had crowded in from the hamlets in the immediate vicinity of the volcano, as to a place of comparative safety. To a population that has always borne a reputation for dishonesty had been added some of the most lawless spirits from the country districts, hence our conductor enjoined us to abstain from wearing valuable jewellery, and to visit only the main streets and better quarters of the town.

A pilferer in the garb of a monk was pointed out to us as a warning during our tour through the famous Museum. He gravitated too naturally and too frequently to the art treasures in which we took especial interest; consequently we could not always give them our undivided attention, though they include the renowned Farnese Collections brought hither from the Farnese Palace at Rome, collections which are little inferior to those with which we had already made acquaintance.

Of the two Greek master-pieces that detained us longest, the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull, which had both been brought from the Baths of Caracalla, the last-named impressed, us most, partly perhaps, because the suffering of the cruel Dirce brought back the agony of the Laocoon in the Vatican, and the coil of the rope with which the avenging sons of Antiope are trying to tie their victim to the horns of the bull was in some sense a

reminder of the coils of the deadly serpents. Our eager and excitable little Italian guide thought to kindle yet deeper interest by his impressive stage-whisper that the whole enormous group was carved from one block of marble.

The clearest memories of the Naples Museum, however, are not of the marbles or the bronzes acquired by the Farnese family from the Baths of Caracalla or elsewhere, but the profusion of treasures unearthed in the Excavated City, and the enormous model of the City itself. These disclosed to us in vivid detail the life of the Romans at a gay sea-side resort—at the Pompeii that was “the miniature of the civilisation of that age . . . a toy, a plaything, a show-box.”

Lord Lytton’s prediction that posterity would here learn “the moral of the maxim, that under the sun there is nothing new,” found an instant fulfilment in our small party, the very words came involuntarily to the lips and were reiterated in room after room with a rapid crescendo of conviction.

The most ingenious of cooking, and the most artistic of heating stoves surprised us first, and cooking utensils, saucepans, ladles of every size and shape, pastry moulds, frames for cooking eggs, astonished us still more. But by the time we had inspected surgical instruments, fishing-tackle, weights and measures, locks and keys, lamps and lanterns, we had quite exhausted our powers of astonishment. Children’s money boxes, and toys, the requisites of the toilet, including perfume boxes still containing perfumes, personal jewellery, graceful vases and jugs, and a thousand other objects used in every-day life, did not meet with the appreciation they deserved, for we were *blasées* with wonders. And yet the liquids with which many of the bottles are still partly filled, and which still retain their natural colours, could not, and did not fail to carry our thoughts back in awed wonder to the Pompeian households that had been using them, to the fathers and mothers, daughters and sons, and servants who had stoppered them with little thought that their remaining contents would lie buried for almost two thousand years.

If interest had flagged a little, owing to the very multiplicity of the curios, it rose in a moment to fever heat at the sight of that simplest and most commonplace article of daily diet, a loaf, or rather a batch of loaves, that has only been drawn from the baker’s oven since the excavations. Like the corn, flour, onions, walnuts, and other nuts and fruits on view in the same hall, it is completely blackened, but retains its shape so perfectly that the very dints which were pressed into it to indicate into how many parts it was to be divided, are plainly visible.

An afternoon’s expedition to Pompeii itself deepened the extraordinarily vivid impression produced by this collection in the Museum at Naples, just as the journey thither deepened that of the havoc wrought by the recent eruption. The region of desola-

tion on our left formed an appalling contrast to the dimpling, smiling sea on our right. No sign of life was visible in the deserted villages, houses were roofless, streets were buried deep in volcanic dust that reached in some places half-way up the windows, gardens were transformed into veritable Saharas by heavy layers of that same dun-coloured sand. The trellised vines, the mulberry and peach orchards, the lemon, orange, and olive groves had all been victims to the devastating force of that terrible shower of hot ashes; foliage was scorched and dried, boughs were broken, and the trees were left as gaunt and bare as in a northern winter, if indeed they had not wholly collapsed. It was sad to think that some eighteen years must elapse before groves and gardens and orchards would again wear their wonted garb of green.

To our amazement, the country-side about Pompeii was smiling as though volcanic eruptions were unheard-of disasters. It looked, indeed, as if the wind had but just swept it preparatory to our arrival. Immunity from the destruction that had overtaken the neighbouring districts was evidently due to its position at the south-east, instead of the west of the mountain.

At last we were walking along the well-preserved pavements of that city of the dead, were halting to wonder at the traces of the chariot-wheels that rolled along its streets two thousand years ago; as on the Palatine Hill, at Rome, imagination succeeded in re-erecting for the moment its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum, its theatre, its circus.

The whole life of the wealthy Roman occupants of Pompeii is here laid bare with a clearness that neither painter nor novelist could rival. Between this long oblong of broken columns sat magistrates administering justice; between others reached by these still perfect flights of steps came the worshippers of the great Jupiter; lovers of the drama, some five thousand at a time, sat tier above tier on those very marble seats that form such perfect semi-circles in the Tragic Theatre, or on the smaller semi-circles of the Comic Theatre. Other pleasure-seekers disported themselves round the great oval of the Amphitheatre to watch the exciting displays given by the Gladiators from those barracks hard by. Still others wiled away their time at the Public or the Forum Baths, watching the wrestlers, and playing with dumb-bells in the outer courts, or enjoying the swimming and plunge baths of varying degrees of temperature in the highly-decorated and skilfully-heated inner rooms.

But it was the homes of the people that awakened the deepest interest. To enter their vestibules where the chests for their valuables are still standing, to penetrate into their private apartments—diningrooms, - and bedrooms—to tread the self-same floors that had so often echoed to the sound of their feet, to look on paintings that are as perfect now as in the days when they were newly executed, to saunter as they used

to do in the seclusion of their almost miniature gardens with bronze and marble colonettes and statuettes, with fountains of similarly minute proportions, was perhaps the strangest of our experiences. It seemed almost an impertinence to enter thus uninvited into their once beautiful dwellings, and yet it was by this very impertinence that we fathomed so much of the domestic routine, of the luxury and refinement of the daily life of the long-buried inhabitants.

The House of the Vettii in which the colour scheme appears to have been a study in red—red as a background for delicate paintings in white—is the most interesting of all the dwellings yet excavated. The graceful figures of nymphs and fauns, cupids and winged girls gathering flowers and making garlands, which adorn frieze and panels, are as perfect as the rich red background.

The hand of the artist has here also faithfully represented every-day occupations and amusements; oil-making, grape-gathering, and wine-pressing, chariot-racing, stone-throwing at a target, and even the bargaining in a jeweller's shop. But the actual shops excited us more than painted reproductions, especially the wine, oil, and fruit shops with their "entries" on the walls, and most of all, the bake-house, where that batch of bread had been in the oven for so many centuries.

This strange city of the dead seemed to us as it did to Rogers "a waking-dream"; for us, as for him, two thousand years rolled backward at a step, and "the long, long night that followed when the shower of ashes fell" was at an end, and:

"Now a ray  
Bright and yet brighter on the pavement glanced,  
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,  
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,  
O'er which the maidens, with their water urns,  
Were wont to trip so lightly.

Mark, where within, as though the embers lived,  
The ample chimney-vault is dun with smoke.  
There dwelt a miller; silent and at rest  
His mill-stones now. In old companionship  
Still do they stand as on the day he went,  
Each ready for its office—but he comes not.  
And there, hard by (where one in idleness  
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, an armed man;  
And in a tablet on the wall we read  
Of shows ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,  
Nor meanly.

Here long, as yet attests  
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew  
From many an earthen jar, no more supplied;  
And here from his a vintner served his guests  
Largely, the stain of his overflowing cups  
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,  
They sat and quaffed and looked on them that passed  
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.  
But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,

That word of courtesy so sacred once,  
*Hail!* At a master's greeting we may enter.  
 And lo, a fairy palace! everywhere,  
 As through the courts and chambers we advance,  
 Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,  
 And columns clustering in Patrician splendour."

Modern skill has succeeded in reproducing with painful accuracy the sufferings of the doomed Pompeians. In the Museum at Pompeii are casts of some of the sufferers, with their hands clenched, their limbs drawn up, and their faces buried in their arms as in the moments of the death agony. The showers of volcanic dust, and torrents of liquid lava in which they found their death-shroud, solidified so as to form the exact mould of the original figure.

At first, antiquarians were content to break away this outer shell, in order to remove the shrunken skeleton within, but later, liquid plaster of Paris was poured into the cavity through a small aperture, and allowed to harden. The petrified casing of volcanic ash was then removed and a perfect model of the victim obtained. Contortions of the limbs, details of attire, rings, embroideries of garments and sandals, the texture and the very stitches of the dresses, are faithfully reproduced from the impress of that trust-worthy mould.

About one-half of the town is now uncovered, the rest is still sleeping the sleep of ages under a solidified mass of ashes, twenty feet thick. Herculaneum, the sister city, lies no less than fifty feet below the present surface, the slope of the mountain, and the town of Resina which stands over its site, effectually hiding all traces of it from view, though some parts of it may be visited by means of tunnels and galleries recently excavated. The work of excavation of petrified streams of lava is infinitely more arduous and costly than the removal of the hard volcanic ash, hence international assistance has been solicited by the Italian Government.

And now I should like to dip my pen in a pigment of cobalt and sunshine combined, so that I might paint a blue word picture of that bluest of blue seas on which we found ourselves rocking when we first caught sight of Capri. But even if I did, it could not dye these pages with the inexpressible tint of those blue ripples, for they were dyed through and through, with a deep, dark—No! not dark!—a full and rich cerulean tint. Can it be water that drips from the lightly-lifted oar of the boatman rowing to the Blue Grotto? Is it not rather that same essence that tinges the petals of the gentian, for surely it is no less blue? Can the floor, or the roof of the famous Blue Grotto itself be more blue? Unfortunately we were not in a position to decide this last momentous question, for we gave up all thoughts of the excursion, and contentedly watched others swaying in the tiny, restless boats.

But we must leave these enchanting hues of the sea, and revel instead in the charms of the most beautiful of all the islands of the

Mediterranean—Capri—a bold and rugged mountain mass,—2,000 feet in height, that lay smiling in the sunshine as if fully conscious of its glorious beauty. Hills rise almost sheer from the landing-place, hence the drive up the steep carriage road to the town of Capri was a slow one, but was on that account all the more enjoyable, for it permitted us to feast our eyes on the myrtles and palms, the orange gardens and vineyards which cover the terraced slopes.

A steeper climb still up the ribbon-like road to Anacapri, followed by a very Italian repast at the hotel, revealed more of the wonders of the colouring of Capri. Rocks, and road, and walls were a study in sulphury yellows and browns, relieved by bright patches of green—the clumps of shrubs and bushes clinging to the face of the precipitous mass—and by brighter patches still—the brilliant reds and greens and blues of the peasant costumes. The crimson or green of the petticoat finds startling rivals in the blue, or purple, or orange of the bodice and apron, and the stripes of the kerchief covering the head, but the whole blends most happily with the rich-toned back-ground.

The erect carriage of some of the wearers of these fantastic costumes roused the most enthusiastic admiration. Heavy loads, gracefully balanced upon their kerchiefed heads, were conveyed safely up the steep and zigzag road to the town above.

The town must surely be one of the most picturesque in all Italy! Its narrow, hilly, winding streets aglow with sunshine, and gay with fascinating little shops offering the most tempting displays of pottery, coral, mosaics, lace, and a hundred other wares, captivate all comers. Sauntering about these thoroughfares was a delight, and we were loth to leave the home of the handsome, smiling islanders, who took such a lazy, genial interest in our movements.

The welcome disembarkation at the quay of Santa Lucia made us unwilling spectators of a scene that baffles all description. Cabmen who looked too like brigands to inspire any confidence, quarrelled violently as to which of us they should carry off as their lawful or unlawful prey. In their desperate attempts to secure a promising fare, they ruthlessly tried to ride each other down, and not even the side-walk was safe from the *mêlée* of rearing horses and lurching carriages. Fortunately we had already had some experience of the final peaceful outcome of these extraordinary struggles, but in the meantime, personal safety was a matter of moment, for though our self-possessed English conductor was steadily bringing order out of chaos, he was not ubiquitous, and Neapolitan horses and cabmen are no respecters of persons. Comparative safety, at least, was assured when we found ourselves seated in one of these gay little vehicles; but we felt somewhat unhappy under the guardianship of our villainous-looking driver. He dashed off at a mad pace along unfamiliar streets that might or might not lead to our hotel; as usual too, the smart harness

was disappointing on a close inspection, and repairs of rope and string suggested uncomfortable possibilities.

Our destination interested us more than our route, though the latter was teeming with interest. Hence we bestowed only a passing glance on the vociferating hawkers of trinkets of coral, lava, and shell, on the rascally vendors of edibles, on the cooking, letter-writing, hair-cutting, and other operations going on in the open streets, on the vivacious, but idle beggars who swarm like flies round any tourist who unwisely halts in his promenade. The milking of cows and goats at the customers' doors was, however, too novel a proceeding to escape notice, and we felt glad it was not our lot to inhabit either the upper or lower stories of the tall houses of the crowded, narrow, dirty, mal-odorous, and withal picturesque thoroughfares.

The Riviera and rain sound somewhat incongruous in one and the same phrase, yet a downpour worthy of the Scottish Highlands greeted us on our arrival at Mentone. But it passed with the day, and as I raised my head from my pillow at a very early hour the next morning, I caught a glorious glimpse through waving palm-trees of a coast that was indeed the celebrated *Cote d'azur*. It was evident that the Bay of Naples had no monopoly of either blue seas or sunshine.

Breakfast was served in a verandah that ran along the whole of the sea-front of the hotel, and we almost began to think we had strayed into Paradise, as we sat gazing on the lovely view and dallying with our meal. We drank in beauty instead of *café-au-lait*, and fed on the sweet perfume from the rose-bushes that almost lined the paths that ran down alongside the sloping lawn. We sat long under the shadow of the great palm trees in this enchanting garden, but allured by the sea, or rather the coast, passed out at last on to the promenade. This forms part of the magnificent Corniche (cornice) Road, one of Napoleon's great achievements, that here skirts the coast for miles, rendering accessible the sea face of the Maritime Alps, and connecting beautiful Nice with Genoa La Superba.

The enchanting garden was but an entrance to a larger Paradise of beauty. Sea and land vie with each other in loveliness, but it is the blending of the two that gives this coast its especial charm. The graceful curves of coves and creeks admit the blue sea far into the heart of the magnificent rocks, which, as long promontories, stretch their arms out into the azure waters, boldly, and yet lovingly embracing and sheltering their smiling charges. The brightness of the molten turquoise that fills one-half of each of these bays, rivals, but does not surpass, the dark beauty of the liquid sapphire that lies in the shadow of the other half.

The precipitous masses of the Alps that dip their feet into these blue depths are almost everywhere clad with a wondrous variety of foliage, but here and there, great shoulders of rock

thrust themselves forward in naked beauty, or veiled only by the transparent, ever-shifting, ever-changing lights.

The Corniche Road tempted us up its steep windings to the lofty ledges that have given it its name, up through more of nature's gardens that here look as well-kept as the grounds of a private property, to the wooded height of Cap Martin. The villas seem to have imbibed some of the beauty around them—they are dreams of charming architecture—almost as charming as their setting. The scent of acacia and roses from their gardens filled the air, but a stronger, sweeter scent still, set us searching for "the flowering odour"; at last we traced it to the clusters of white blossoms of a large flowering tree; trees appear to flower on these sunny slopes almost as freely as plants, hence high above the lowly flower beds, were flower roofs, no less gorgeous, and no less fragrant.

Later, as we sat on a low white wall by the road-side, enjoying the feast of colour provided by the tropical luxuriance of the flowers of more gardens opposite, the soft breeze came up from the sea laden with still another odour, faint, pungent, spicy; the rosemary was its own sweet remembrancer! The gentle reminder was more than sufficient, we needed no second invitation to clamber down the slope and help ourselves to large handfuls of the grey-green shrub. It was a wonder we ever returned to lunch that day! How could we resist stopping to admire trellised nooks bowered and almost buried under "a wilderness of sweets, for nature here wanted as in her prime . . . wild above rule or art." Lemon and orange trees mingled their golden fruit with clusters of banksia roses, and climbing geranium roofed and curtained arbours and garden recesses with gorgeous masses of bloom in which foliage was lost to sight. Or was it that the foliage was non-existent, and these ambitious plants had forsworn to produce aught but flowers!

A tram ride to Monaco and Nice is an intoxicating experience, for it is one long and yet rapid succession of views in which the very essence of the beauty of the Mediterranean seems to be concentrated. It is unfortunate that one cannot sit on both sides of the tram at once, for the outlook either way is entrancing. But here and there, the villas on the landward side claim exclusive attention, or rather, not the villas, but a certain lovely flower that grows luxuriantly on their sunny walls. It is impossible to conceive a more brilliant tint than that of the bougainvillea, whose glowing, purple red looks like a vivid stain on the gleaming whiteness of its background.

We had thought our promontory and double bay at Mentone unsurpassingly lovely, but when we came in sight of Monaco we involuntarily echoed the opinion of those who already knew both, that "it is the culminating point of the beauty of the Riviera. It glows with a rich and luxurious colour. Nowhere are the forms of bare and precipitous rock more bold and striking, and nowhere

are the flowers more bright and various." A narrow ridge of rocky headland juts out into the sea, then suddenly widens at its extremity into a plateau-like mass. On the comparatively level summit stands the town, dominated by its large palace, and defended by mediæval-looking battlements. The Casino, hotels, and villas of Monte Carlo, vie with each other in splendour, and the rich and rare displays in the magnificent shops far surpassed all that we had seen elsewhere, yet, nevertheless, the charms of Nature left a happier impression.

But we had to wrench ourselves away at last from all these pleasant scenes; our visit drew to a close, and we had to regretfully murmur our "Good-byes" to the fair land of the South as the train bore us on during the long hours of the night journey to Marseilles. Drowsiness was overcome for a moment as "Cannes" rang out in stentorian tones on the night air; but neither towns nor tunnels interested us after that until with the morning light, we entered the long rift of the Rhone, and saw the unbroken chains of Alps and Cevennes that close it in on right and left.

Evening found us at Paris, where we heard rather alarming reports of a forthcoming Labour Demonstration. Cabs and carriages were few and far between the next day (May 1st), but an early departure and a diplomatic landlord combined to smooth away all our difficulties, and we left for the Gare du Nord shortly after 8 a.m.

The patrols of the military at some of the railway stations suggested unpleasant possibilities, as did also a fellow-traveller's thrilling account of his experiences during an outbreak of the previous year at one of the towns *en route*. However, we reached Boulogne in safety, and soon steamers, boat-trains, London, and our friends were all left behind, and "we two" were hastening down to Lincoln and the College, where we arrived a whole day late! Term-time had begun without us, so we plunged at once into the well-known routine of college life; and steps and voices sounded pleasantly familiar as the Chapel service ended, and the girls we had left behind a month before, passed along the corridors.

By the close of another day, our Italian tour seemed almost a dream, but a dream with a 'glory' and a freshness that would not, could not, pass away. In the dark days and the weary ones that must sometimes fall to our lot, the sunshine of that flower land by the sea will shine on in our hearts; the odours of the modest rosemary, and the magnificent magnolia, will live "within the sense they quicken"; fancy will bring back that beauty that was not of earth; imagination will re-erect that dread palace of fire; while memories of our first love, "the magic city of the soul," will again awake, and we shall fall once more under the magic of its spell.

And so though the radiance and the wonder are taken from our sight, "those shadowy recollections" will continue to shed light on all the long days to come.

MARY TURNER.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

*Oxford University Extension Lectures.*

Lecturer, Rev. W. K. STRIDE, M.A. Subject :—"The Making and Makers of the British Empire."

*Examiner's Report.*

The work is very even and shows intelligent appreciation of the Lecturer's course, as well as careful study. The subject has evidently very keenly interested the candidates, and they have attained to real knowledge and understanding of it. The style, in many cases, is good, especially in the case of the highest candidate, who deserves warm praise.

The Examiner is very glad to find such good work done in his native county. No special caution is needed. There are some cases of very imperfect spelling and one where the candidate (in other respects very successful) was sufficiently ignorant (or humorous) as to speak of the earliest inhabitants of India as Darwinians.

(Signed) W. H. HUTTON, B.D., *St. John's College.*  
*Examiner.*

*Lecturer's Report.*

First, I must congratulate the students most warmly on the report of the Examiner, and their success in the examination.

That two-thirds of the candidates should have passed "with distinction" is a credit to the college.

Next, I can truly say that this result is not only most gratifying but thoroughly well deserved. With hardly an exception the students have either kept up to or surpassed the level reached in their earlier papers: in many cases indeed the improvement has been almost surprising.

W. K. STRIDE, M.A., *Lecturer.*

## LIST OF SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

*Passed with Distinction :—**Prize Winner : Clifton, E. G.*

Bielby, E. H.	Marden, W. A.	Searby, K.
Clifton, G. M.	Newey, A.	Seward, N. M.
Farmer, E. F.	Powell, E. H. M.	Stewart, J.
Field, D. K.	Pritchett, J. E.	Taylor, E.
Flowers, A. O.	Read, E. A.	Westland, W. A.
Gillatt, G. A.	Rowe, G.	Whitehead, E. F.
Hebblewhite, K.	Rushforth, C. A.	
Kitchen, J.	Samuels, H. M.	

*Satisfied the Examiner :—*

Bailey, Annie.	Cox, M. A.	Sandars, K. A. K.
Bedford, L. W. M.	Payne, A. E.	Thompson, E.
Burrans, E.	Roberts, E.	Wilson, R. E.

Total number examined, 32.

W. H. HUTTON, B.D., *St. John's College, Oxford,*  
*Examiner.*

## HISTORY EXTENSION LECTURES.

Quite one of the most appreciated pleasures of last term was the course of lectures by the Rev. W. K. Stride, on "The Making and the Makers of the British Empire." First and Second Year students alike looked forward to each lecture with increasing enthusiasm.

Mr. Stride was so delightfully interesting, he always seemed to know just that which would appeal most to us, and he said it in such a way as to elicit at once our entire sympathy or, if it were a lighter subject, to produce an unanimous smile. His portrayal of characters, or rather of men, was most vivid. None of us who had the privilege of enjoying this course can ever forget that it is Courage, Insight, Promptitude, and Tenacity which mark England's greatest men, and that when a man possesses all four in a marked degree and has the opportunity of carrying them into effect, he will do great things. Nor can we ever forget the graphic descriptions of the builders of Canada and India, and of the people living there. We were shown Canada in its infancy; saw the first few huts erected by the earliest emigrants; heard the noise of war which separated it from France and joined it to England; and watched the gradual removal of discontent and disorder, until finally the Dominion was formed. It was impossible to sit and merely *listen* to Mr. Stride, his words carried us to the place he was speaking of and we watched the events there. The finding of Australia and the nature of that continent when found could only have been made more real to us by an actual journey on the famous carpet of Hassan.

But one of the most fascinating features of the course was the undercurrent of reflection on vast problems concerning our Empire which ran, sometimes almost imperceptibly, through the lectures. A few words during any one lecture often created a series of questions which did not however take definite form until, looking through one of the numerous and helpful books in the travelling library, the answer was read, and then, perhaps for the first time, we were conscious of the train of thought which had been going on in our minds.

For some of us, the lectures did not really end with last term, as after the Christmas holiday, we wrote another essay which was supposed to have been prepared or at least thought about at home, on 'What are the three chief lessons which you have learned from this course.' There were three prizes, each being a volume of Mr. Stride's own book on "Empire Builders."

We have all learned much from the course of lectures, and much too, which would not come under the category of "lessons." The British Empire is no longer a series of red patches on the globe, but is now a real thing to us, and its title has a new meaning, viz.: "A house set in order." Our interest has been aroused both in the structure and inhabitants of this house, and we shall not, I think,

allow it to diminish. Problems of the Empire will be national problems to us, and, thanks to Mr. Stride, we shall all, as teachers, be the better able to encourage a national spirit in the children under our care in the near future.

WINIFRED A. WESTLAND.

Second Year.

(The prizes kindly given by Mr. Stride, were won by Emily Bielby, Amelia Gillatt, and Winifred Westland).

\* \* \*

*Staff.* Miss Vaughan sailed in January to Mexico, where she is to spend a long and much-needed holiday with her brother and his wife. Miss Martin is taking Miss Vaughan's work with the students, and Miss Kate Webb has been appointed for the year to take the History and Needlework, which Miss Martin has given up.

We hope to have a letter from Miss Vaughan for the October number. She has had a good journey, but with some delays and adventures, and is possibly at the present time indulging in a good "College talk" with her sister-in-law, who is known to so many of us as Miss Elsie Piper.

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*Inspectors' Visits.*

These have not been "few or far between." Mr. Newton made his first visit on November 6th. Miss Dickson spent November 7th with us. Mr. Newton and Mr. Dale were here February 19th and 22nd, for the Teaching and Reading; Mr. Gordon, on March 23rd and 24th for the Science. Mrs. Carter and Miss Dickson came on March 24th to inspect the teaching of Drill—to and by the students.

This term does not however, exhaust all our pleasures; we still have to look forward to the visit of Mr. Lattimer for the Drawing, and Dr. Somervell for the Singing.

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COLLEGE ASSOCIATION AND MAGAZINE FUND.

BALANCE SHEET for year ending December 31st, 1907.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s d		£ s d
371 Subscriptions at 3/6	46 7 6	Correspondents' Expenses for Postage, Stationery, etc.	3 7 2
Donation from the College Committee	2 2 0	Postage, Envelopes, addressing Magazines for April and Oct.	6 11 6
104 Non-association Subscriptions to Magazine	5 4 0	Printing Magazines, including blocks for plates	33 15 0
Sale of 300 Magazines at 6d. each	7 10 0	Donation to Church Teachers' Benevolent Association	18 17 0
	£61 3 6		£62 10 8
Balance in hand from 1906	1 10 0	Balance in hand	0 2 10
	£62 13 6		£62 13 6

A. W. ROWE,  
Principal.

MARGARET ELWELL,  
Secretary and Treasurer.  
Dec. 31st, 1907.

*Lectures, Entertainments, &c.*

On Friday, October 11th, Miss Thompson came once more to speak to us about the G.F.S. Those who remember her visit two years ago will understand what pleasure and help she gave us and how thoroughly she got into touch with her audience.

She told us first how the G.F.S. could help each one of us by its fellowship of virtue, its great chain of intercessory prayer, and by its wide-spread net of friendship. Those of us who had lately spent a happy fortnight in the Sheffield Lodge appreciated what was said about these comfortable institutions, and we all felt what a great help it must be to unaccustomed travellers in this, and more especially in foreign lands, to know of someone in almost every large town to whom to go for direction, advice, or more substantial help in emergencies.

Miss Thompson next spoke of what we might do for the G.F.S. with our special opportunities as teachers, of reaching and influencing so many girls. She fully understood what very small leisure a teacher has, but suggested that if an Associate's duties with its clerical work and regular demands were too much, real occasional help could be given in the various classes of candidates and members by those to whom it is easy to teach to others what they themselves know. Moreover, such assistance forms one way in which a teacher is able to retain and develop the influence she has obtained over the girls who so soon pass from under her care.

In conclusion, Miss Thompson told us of the urgent need of a fund for the G.F.S. Homes of Rest for sick and tired members, and asked if any of her audience would help by taking collecting cards. The universal display of hands and the enthusiastic applause at the close of the address showed what interest and sympathy had been roused, and we hope that when next February once more brings round our Service of Admission many of Miss Thompson's hearers will have remembered her words well enough to wish to be members of the G.F.S.

A. M.

The collecting cards referred to resulted in the very satisfactory amount of £5 17s. 1½d.

\* \* \*

On Saturday evening, October 19th, our old friend, Mrs. Arthur Logsdail, who is now on furlough at home, gave us a most bright and interesting account of her own and her husband's work in Chota Nagpore, the lecture being illustrated by lantern slides. It was a great happiness to greet Mrs. Logsdail in her old college, and needless to say, the students welcomed her with great enthusiasm.

(A very interesting account of the foundation and growth of the S.P.G. Mission in Chota Nagpore, written by Mr. Logsdail, is contained in the March number of the *Sunday Strand*.)

\* \* \*

A donation of £5 was sent by the Principal and Students to the Teachers' Orphanage at Firshill, as a slight recognition of the

great kindness shewn by Mr. Quine and all the authorities, to the Staff and Second Year Students during their "teaching weeks" in Sheffield.

\* \* \*

A much appreciated innovation in the shape of a "half-term holiday," from October 25th to 29th, made a pleasant break in the very long term's work before Christmas. Most of the students went home or paid other visits; those who remained at college had a very happy and restful time, and enjoyed themselves, so we said and tried to believe, "quite as much as if we had gone away."

\* \* \*

*Sir Robert Ball's Lecture.*

On Wednesday, October 9th, a large number of students attended Sir Robert Ball's lecture on "Other Worlds than Ours." Many of the Second Years had previously heard him speak on the "Coming of the Great Ice Age," and all were prepared for a lecture at once interesting and really instructive. In this case it was rendered still more enjoyable by excellent photographic slides of the various planets, Mars, Venus, and the moon; and some views of nebulae were particularly beautiful. Everyone realized how little comparatively is known of the spheres which inhabit our universe, and how great are the difficulties with which scientists have to contend in their work.

\* \* \*

On November 6th, there were rival claims for our attention in the shape of an Organ and Violin Recital in the Cathedral, by Dr. Bennett and Mrs. Brookhouse, and a lecture in the Central Hall, by the well-known naturalist, Mr. Richard Kearton, F.G.S., his subject being "Peeps into Nature's Secrets." About two-thirds of the students enrolled themselves as disciples of art, and enjoyed to the full, the musical feast provided *up-hill*.

Mr. Kearton's lecture was equally appreciated by the remaining third, whose minds turned towards science, and incidentally to a longer walk.

The lecturer's vivid descriptions of bird and animal life were illustrated by excellent lantern slides prepared from actual photographs taken by Mr. Kearton and his brother, and often obtained under most difficult conditions. The collection, which was a splendid testimony to Mr. Kearton's patience, and his sympathy with nature, included pictures of almost every British bird, from the gulls of St. Kilda's to the water-hens of Hampstead Heath; but the slide which seemed to appeal most strongly to Second Year students was that which depicted three youthful crows assiduously practising their top note!—possibly it was reminiscent of the daily "ten minutes' singing" which is such a feature of Second Year student life. The exhibition of this amusing slide brought to a close a most interesting lecture, which could not fail to be appreciated by even the most languid disciple of Nature Study.

On November 13th and 16th, a large party of students attended excellent performances of "Twelfth Night," and "Merchant of Venice," given by the Benson Company.

The college too was well represented, at the Lincoln Musical Society's concert, by many old students in the chorus, and by more than forty present ones in the audience. A very fine performance of the First and Third Acts of "Lohengrin" was given.

\* \* \*

The Rev. W. G. Bott gave the address in Chapel, at the special service of Intercession for Foreign Missions; his subject being the nature, value, and duty of Intercessory Prayer.

Unfortunately the week of the General Mission held in Lincoln, in February, coincided with a week of Inspectors' visits for us; but we were able to have three special addresses in chapel by the Rev. C. E. Crowley, the Missioner for St. Nicholas.

\* \* \*

The usual "Breaking-up Dance" brought last term's work to a very pleasant close. During this term as will have been gathered from foregoing notes, our diversions have been mainly those of examinations, with the exception of the Shrove Tuesday dance and the out-door games which have been entered into with great enthusiasm.

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#### *The Fancy Dress Dance.*

Shrove Tuesday this year was signalled by a fancy dress dance in the Lecture Hall, from 7 to 10-30 p.m., and we spent a most exciting afternoon making final preparations.

No one was allowed to spend more than sixpence on her attire, but it was permissible for those who already possessed fancy dresses to wear them, and many took advantage of this, though indeed many of the sixpennyworths were quite as pretty and effective, and in some cases most original. Necessity has often been called the mother of invention, and this was certainly put into practice, judging from some of the costumes worn. Coloured paper did wonders, as also did the very accommodating art muslin whose chief virtue is cheapness.

Dressing commenced at six o'clock, and as each one dressed and emerged from her own cubicle, she was greeted with shouts of laughter or exclamations of delight as the case demanded.

At seven o'clock, all the governesses who had also taken a keen interest in the dance assembled in the Lecture Hall, each becomingly arrayed in fancy costume, and then our M.C., Elsie Clifton, announced each of us in turn, by our fictitious names as we passed into the hall where we were received by Miss Elwell, who greatly delighted us all by appearing as a typical-looking Puritan lady. She spoke to every one, addressing some appropriate remark to each. After this, the programme which had been most ably drawn up by our M.C., opened with a waltz.

Those who were not dancing, spent a most enjoyable evening watching the dancers and discussing the dresses, and trying to recognise the characters represented. All were so admirably personated that there was scarcely a case where one had to ask the somewhat damping question: "Who are you supposed to be"? Nearly all nationalities were represented, that of Japan appearing most frequently. Next in the roll of popularity came the Spanish dress, the black velvet and lace mantilla of a Spanish lady looking most stately and effective.

"Dolly Varden" was very charmingly personated by three different persons, who however, still retained their individuality. "Alice in Wonderland" suggested two characters, a most realistic old-fashioned Alice, and her modern conception; to say nothing of the Mad Hatter. Amusing characters were in the minority, and among these the most striking was the above-mentioned, who certainly played his part to perfection. His garments including his red-striped stockings suited him admirably and many cast longing eyes at the enticing piece of bread and jam (paint) which he carried in his hand. The mug, too, though it was constantly being mislaid, was never upset, or its contents spilt. Another cause of much amusement was "Topsy" who looked as though she had actually, just at that moment, stepped out of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Among the most original costumes were those representing "Kindergarten," "Music," and "Euclid," that of "Kindergarten" being especially ingenious.

At half-past eight the bell summoned us to the supper room, and the procession round the hall, passing in front of the Principal and Mrs. Rowe, and along the corridor, was quite one of the most effective items of the evening. Royalty was well represented in the persons of "Marie Louise," the unfortunate "Mary Queen of Scots," and her formidable rival, Queen Elizabeth. During supper great amusement was caused by the sudden removal of the Mad Hatter's headgear, thus disclosing the way his hair was made to look so effective. After supper, dancing was resumed, and in laughing, talking, and dancing, time only too quickly slipped by till half-past ten, when dancing ceased, and one and all retired after a really delightful evening.

The whole sight was strikingly pretty and effective, colours and costumes though so widely different yet blended perfectly, producing a delightfully kaleidoscopic effect, and rendering the scene almost like one of fairy land.

Last, but not least, we must express our best thanks to Elsie Clifton, for the splendid way in which she arranged the dance, and also to those who so unselfishly gave up the pleasure of dancing to officiate at the piano. The characters were as follows:—

Miss Elwell 'Puritan Lady'; Miss Turner, 'Spanish Lady'; Miss Martin, 'Kindergarten'; Miss Smith, 'Sweet Girl Graduate'; Miss Hurst, 'Dolly Varden'; Miss Butterworth, 'Dolly Varden'; Miss Webb, 'Pierrette'; Miss F. Elwell, 'Dutch Peasant'; Miss Searby, 'Alice in Wonderland';

Mrs. Inglis, 'Brown Paper Parcel'; Miss Barclay, 'Pierrette'; E. Aliband, 'Amy Robsart'; A. Bailey, 'Daffodils'; F. Binns, 'Alice in Wonderland'; B. Burrans, 'College Badge'; H. Burton, 'Irish peasant'; G. Clifton, 'Old English'; May Clifton, 'Red Cross Nurse'; L. Clifton, 'Queen Elizabeth'; M. Cox, 'Maid of Lea'; V. Cross, 'Pierrette'; A. Evans, 'Maid of Lee'; D. Field, 'Dutch Doll'; A. Fisher, 'Fishwife'; N. Flowers, 'Winter'; A. Gawthorpe, 'Poppies and Corn'; A. Gillatt, 'Gretchen'; K. Hebblewhite, 'Early Victorian'; K. Hewitt, 'Grecian Lady'; L. King, 'Gipsy'; J. Kitchen, 'Cingalee'; L. Little, 'Quakeress'; J. Maguire, 'Japanese'; W. Marden, 'Spanish Dancer'; B. Marshall, 'Mary, Mary'; A. Newey, 'Powder and Patches'; A. Payne, 'Venetian Gondolier'; C. Poole, 'Winter'; E. Powell, 'Dolly Varden'; S. Pritchett, 'Cingalee'; E. Rawcliffe, 'Topsy'; E. Roberts, 'Granny'; M. Robertshaw, 'Red Riding Hood'; C. Rnshforth, 'Betsy Trotwood'; M. Samuels, 'Lady Rowena'; K. Sandars, 'Chinese'; K. Searby, 'Orlando'; N. Seward, 'Marie Louise'; E. Shoubridge, 'Maid of Lee'; L. Siddons, 'Italian Girl'; G. Spencer, 'School Girl'; J. Stewart, 'Mad Hatter'; E. Stokes, 'Swiss Peasant'; E. Taylor, 'Queen of Diamonds'; G. Thompson, 'Ivy'; W. Westland, 'Olivia'; H. Willett, 'Violets'; M. Atkin, 'Wild Rose'; M. Baker, 'Red Cross Nurse'; E. Baldock, 'Gleaner'; B. Bambridge, 'Kate Greenaway'; E. Bellamy, 'Pondrée'; G. Blake, 'Grace Darling'; J. Brooks, 'June'; M. Broome, 'Night'; M. Clarke, 'Mary, Queen of Scots'; L. Clifton, 'Laurel'; E. Codd, 'Bo-peep'; D. Davison, 'Queen of Hearts'; F. Dickens, 'Ivy'; Ivy Ellis, 'Jessica'; R. Flowers, 'Lampshade'; E. French, 'Queen of Spades'; H. Godfrey, 'Country Girl'; N. Grosvenor, 'June Roses'; M. Heath, 'Evangeline'; H. Hollywood, 'Irish Fortune Teller'; E. Hudson, 'Irish Colleen'; A. Iddon, 'Breton Girl'; M. James, 'Japanese'; C. Jordan, 'The Sea'; D. Kingan, 'Music'; E. Fountain, 'Jack'; H. Kirby, 'Jill'; E. Milner, 'Forget-me-not'; W. Moss, 'Topsy'; G. Neale, 'Snowdrop'; F. Neaverson, 'Pierrette'; E. Norris, 'Poppy'; M. Ogden, 'Miss Muffett'; L. Reddish, 'Scotch Peasant'; G. Reville, 'Witch'; W. Searby, 'Kitty Bellairs'; D. Staniforth, 'Dutch Girl'; A. Stimson, 'Italian Girl'; D. Taylor, 'Stars and Stripes'; A. Village, 'Ireland'; E. Wales, 'Spanish Dancer'; A. Walkden, 'England'; A. Watson, 'Butterfly'; L. Watson, 'Euclid'; L. Wilkinson, 'Ivy'; E. Winkup, 'Night'; D. Wright, 'French Peasant.'

## ROSE WILSON,

## Games.

Second Year.

The following is the list of hockey matches played during the present (1907-08) season. The College score is given first.

Nov. 9th	S. Lincoln Ladies	(away) .. ..	2	2
.. 16th	Sheffield T.C.	(home) .. ..	1	3
.. 23rd	High School	(away) .. ..	1	2
Feb. 19th	High School	(home) .. ..	3	1
Mar. 7th	Crookes Church Ladies	(home) .. ..	6	0
.. 21st	S. Lincoln Ladies	(home) .. ..	1	2
April 4th	Lindum A. team	(home) .. ..	1	6

Among College matches the following have taken place:—

Wickham v. King	.. .. .	0	0
Nelson v. King (victory for Nelson)			
Jan. 29th, Nelson v. Wickham (victory for Nelson)		8	0
Mar. 4th, Wickham v. King	.. .. .	2	2
Feb. 9—Second Years v. First Years (victory for First Yrs.)		1	0
Mar. 3—Age v. Innocence (victory for Innocence)	.. .. .	2	1
Dec. 17—Staff & Students v. Rabble (victory for Staff & Students)		3	0
Mar. 19— " " (victory for Rabble)	.. .. .	1	0

The best thanks of the staff and their students are due to Sergt. Roberts, who so ably and kindly acted as goal-keeper. The return match against Sheffield T.C. was scratched, owing to the prevalence of influenza at the Hostel; a like fate also befell the match between the second teams of the College and S. Lincoln Ladies.

The game of net-ball was introduced at the end of last term and soon found many devotees, attracting those who do not care for hockey. Matches have been arranged between the houses, but so far only one has been played, viz., King *v.* Nelson, when the latter won by 13 goals to 10. Since net-ball is played in summer as well as winter, it is hoped that all postponed matches will be played next term.

Paper-chases have been inaugurated this term, but so far only two runs have taken place. Better luck is hoped for next term.

It is also hoped that the general tennis tournament (doubles), may begin next week, and that the weather, so unfavourable last season, will permit the programme arranged by the enthusiastic captain, to be fully carried out.

G. H.

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*Additions to Fiction Library.*—\*Golden Butterfly—*Besant*; \*Strange Adventures of a Phaeton—*Black*; \*Sunrise—*Black*; \*Lilac Sunbonnet—*Crockett*; \*With Edged Tools—*Merriman*; *Pendennis*—*Thackeray*; *Battle of the Strong* (7 copies)—*Gilbert Parker*; *Seats of the Mighty* (2 copies)—*Gilbert Parker*; *The Weavers*—*Gilbert Parker*; *The Right of Way*—*Gilbert Parker*; *Under Salisbury Spire*—*Mrs. Marshall*; *Penshurst Castle*—*Mrs. Marshall*; *The Master of the Musicians*—*Mrs. Marshall*; *Under the Dome of St. Paul's*—*Mrs. Marshall*; *From a College Window*—*A. C. Benson*; *By Order of the Company*—*Mary Johnson*; *Margaret Ogilvie*—*Barry*; *Dr. Lavender's People*—*Margaret Deland*; *Fortune of Christina MacNab*—*Mac Naughten*; *The Long Road*—*Oxenham*; *Carette of Sark*—*Oxenham*; *The Tangled Skein*—*Baroness Orczy*; *The Man and his Kingdom*—*Oppenheim*; *A Master of Men*—*Oppenheim*; *A Maker of History*—*Oppenheim*; *The Black Diamond*—*Maurice Jokai*; *The Black Tulip*—*Dumas*; *John Inglesant*—*Shorthouse* (second copy); *The Refugees*—*Conan Doyle*; *The Botor Chaperon*—*A. & C. N. Williamson*; *The Old Peabody Pew*—*K. D. Wiggin*; *St. Jude's*—*Ian McLaren*; *The Chateau by the Lake*—*Amy Le Feuvre*; *The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl*—*Dorothea Conyers*; *Jasper*—*Mrs. Molesworth*; *A Strong Man's Love*—*David Lyall*; *For Maisie*—*Katherine Tynan*; *The Beloved Vagabond*—*W. J. Locke*; *The Daft Days*—*Neil Munro*; *Lin Maclean*—*Owen Wister*; *Return of the Emigrant*—*Lydia Mackay*; *Deborah of Tods*—*Mrs. de la Pasture*; *My Sword for Lafayette*—*Max Pemberton*.

\* Replacements

*Additions to the Reference Library.*—*Anderson*—The Bible and Modern Criticism; *Montgomery*—Mankind and the Church; *Ramsay*—St. Paul and the Traveller; *Smith*—Historical Geography of the Holy Land; Cambridge Modern History, Vol. V.; *Trevelyan*—England Under the Stuarts, Vol. V.; *Thwaites*—Epochs of American History; *Fiske*—History of United States; *Milton*—Walter Raleigh; *S. Brooke*—On Ten Plays of Shakespeare; *Hallam Lord Tennyson*—A Memoir; *Bradley*—Four Tragedies of Shakespeare; Illustrated History of English Literature, Vols. I. & II.; Oxford Treasury of English Literature, Vols. I. & II.; Boswell's Life of Johnson, Vols. I. & II.; Cambridge History of English Literature, Vol. I.; Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen; *Milton*—Children's Book of Stars.

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*College Magazine Club.*—The following magazines and papers are being taken this year, in addition to the daily papers provided by the Committee:—Weekly Graphic, Punch, Great Thoughts, Associates' Journal, Studio, Bookman, Pupil Teachers' Art Monthly, Cornhill, Harper's Magazine, Cassell's, Pall Mall, Windsor, Strand, Sunday Strand, Treasury, Quiver, Chambers' Journal, Girls' Own Paper, Lady's Realm, Girls' Realm, Woman at Home.

Last year's magazines were sent to Miss Boothby, for the Grimsby Fishermen's Mission.

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#### *Gifts to the College.*

A most beautiful Credence Table has been presented to the Chapel by "Four Friends." The Table is of carved oak, the design harmonizing with that of the Reredos—and is the work of Messrs. Elwell and Sons, of Beverley.

The Magazine Club has presented copies of 'Growth,' (*Graham Travers*), 'Prisoners,' (*Mary Cholmeley*) 'Peter Pan Pictures,' and 'Towards the Dawn,' (*Halliwel Sutcliffe*) to the Fiction library.

Miss Margaret Wickham is giving a monthly copy of "The Commonwealth" for college-reading.

\* \* \*

The Editor thanks the following Colleges and Schools for Magazines received:—Lincoln High School, Grahamstown, Cheltenham, Saffron Walden, Avery Hill, Sheffield, Warrington, Norwich.

#### ASSOCIATION MEMBERS.

College Year—before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Alice P. Twist (Mrs. Twigg), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Louisa Hamm, Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), Harriet Mounteney (Mrs. Stallibrass), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Alice Kent (Mrs. Howe), Elizabeth Brummitt, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Emma Shotton, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Susannah Doughty (Mrs. Linney), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Clara Brummitt, Elizabeth Satchell (Mrs. Williams), Fanny

Before 1897—*continued.*

- Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Annie Harrington (Mrs. C. J. Robbins), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Ellen Wilson (Mrs. Hoades), Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys, Selina Dix, Alice Whiteley, Maud Bourne, Annie Morley (Mrs. Clayton), Maud Etchells (A.T.S.), Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Margaret Parratt, Essie Ruth Conway, Florence White, Eliza Bass, Eunice B. Turner, Annie Glover, Emma Cook, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Hannah Thomason (Mrs. J. W. Shaw), Frances Annie Elwell, Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Hamer), Frances Calver, Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Charlotte Watson, Mary Heape, Ada Pepperrdine, Kate Barker, Mary Bell, Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Albina Elston, Agnes Radford, Kathleen Huddleston, Carrie Poole, Agnes Short, Edith Dawes, Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Edith Martin (Mrs. Croft), Gertrude Askew, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester), Ada Aughtie, Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Edith Macdonald (Mrs. Turner), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Amy Swift, Rosa Hill (Mrs. Horton), Alice Hill, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Mary Foottit (Mrs. Crabtree), Annie Taylor, Marian Trevitt, Jemima Mountford.
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Gertrude Kenning, Marianne Thompson, (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Ethel Craft, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Alice Upton, Minnie Rimmington (Mrs. Russon), Ada Rimmington, Susannah Sargisson, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown, Emily Ayres, Gertrude Hemsley (Mrs. Foxon), Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899 Ada Brown, Lucy Maud Marrows, Bertha Wilding, Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Mary Ellen Lamming, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Susannah Dewis, Helen M. Simons, Elizabeth Taylor, Lily A. Mottram, Ethel Rose Stapleton, Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, Gertrude Tall, Emily Wales, (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Gertrude Goulding, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Annie King, Mary Simmonds.
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Edith Nightingarl, Grace Hemsley, Rhoda Wallis, Agnes Hornsey (Mrs. Hargreaves), Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Gertrude Billett, Frances Randle, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird, Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.
- 1901 Mary Bannister, Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Beatrice Boultsbee, Cerise Cameron, Ethel Cheshire, Margaret Cooper, Marian Clayton (Mrs. Tyas), Kate Chapple, Mary Dent, Jessie Drake, Elsie Drake, Lilian France (Mrs. Powell), Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand, Clarice Hughes, Emma Austen, Alice Langford, Jennie Leonard, Ethel March (Mrs. Umeauff), Ita Peet, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson.
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker, Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer, Emma Brewin, Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances

Margaret -  
 Mrs. Meech  
 A

1902--continued.

- Clarke, Elise Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson, Minnie Fèvre, Lily Hacker, May Hulse, Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Evelina Lamb, Edith Meats, Marjorie Mullins, (Mrs. Longden), Annie Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter, Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Ellen Roberts, Lallah Robertson (Mrs. Bairstow), Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd, Isabella Shiach, Ellen Simpson, Alice Smith, Nellie Smith, Ruth Spencer, Lilian Underhill, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Graëme Armstrong, Ada Ashton, Evelyn Bakewell, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill, Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Laura Enderby, Jessie Fawcett, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe Rosa Gouldthorpe, Mary Hawthorne, Margaret Heritage, Emily Holmes, Frances Holmes, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Frances Inman, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson, Frances Eveline Johnson, Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan, Helen Marden, Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Elsie Newell, Edith Norris, Amy Oakes, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Emily Shead, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith, Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner (Mrs. Thickett), Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Alice Wilkinson, Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson, Edith Wood, Margaret Wood.
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Florence Davies, Ethel Dent, Lilian Dickinson, Alethea Duraunt, Charlotte Fenwick, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamum, Lucy Hartley, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy, Edith Laver, Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver, Mabel Panton, Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell, Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rosa Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Ruth Wheatcroft, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood, Matilda Wood.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Ethel Brickell, Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox, Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Dorothy Gibson, May Gibson, Lily Gouldthorpe, Jennie Greenep, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton, Ellen Hornsby, Mabel Househam, Gertrude Hurst, Jessie Jones, Margaret Jones, Charlotte Langford, Jessie Linnell, Laura Mann, Rose Mawer, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble, Violet Nuttall, Connie Penzer, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Hilda Seymour, Louise Shirley, Gertrude Sivil, Maud Stimson, Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Lucy Thurlby, Edith Tomlinson, Dorothy Walker, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall.
- 1906 Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Alice Charters, Katherine Close, Frances Cooper, Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland, Ethel Ellisson, May Fenton, Florence Friswell, Charlotte Gallimore, Ethel Gibson, Isobel Greene, Elsie Hacker, Elsie Harrison, Gertrude Hipwell, Florence Hotham, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Louie Langford, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Ina McWhan, Viola Moore, Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton, Kate Oldfield, Mary

1906—*continued*,

Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Alice Robertshaw, Alice Rogers, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Louise Swales, Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton, Louie Vezey, Edith West, Jessie West, Ruth Wilkinson, Rhoda Winterbotham, Amy Wyatt.

1907 Sarah Ainley, Margaret Antcliffe, Edith Atkin, Katherine Bice, Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Emily Clayton, Mary Cook, Janet Cooper, Maud Cotton, Mary Cox, Frances Crompton, Blanche Davey, Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson, Mary Dodgson, Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, Edith French, Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby, Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague, Ethel Henry, Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner, Marie Moore, Clara Mountford, Wilhelmina Nunn, Mary Palin, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy, Dorothea Playl, Annie Reddish, Magdalen Ross, Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith, Frances Thomas, Florence Tue, Edith Wand, Gertrude Watson, Lilian Westland, Margaret Wickham, Margaret Wilson, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

**Association and Magazine Subscriptions for the current year are due in January.**

**Miss Elwell will be glad if subscriptions may be paid as early in the year as possible. Great practical inconvenience is caused by want of punctuality in payment, since a heavy bill for printing the Magazine has to be met in April and November, and as at the present the Magazine does not pay its way, the cost of sending out reminders is a serious item.**

**Magazines cannot be sent to subscribers whose subscriptions are more than two years in arrear.**

**Annual Subscriptions to Magazine 1/- for Non-Association Members.**

**The Association Subscription of 2/6 includes that for the Magazine.**

**It is requested that all changes of address may at once be notified to the Correspondent for the year. Magazines constantly go astray from neglect to do this.**

**It is requested that Subscribers will communicate with Miss Elwell if the Spring number fails to reach them before the end of April, or the Autumn one before the end of the first week in November.**