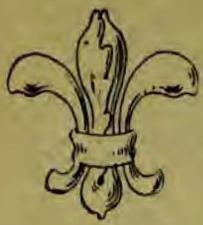
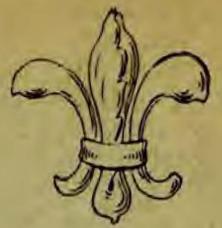


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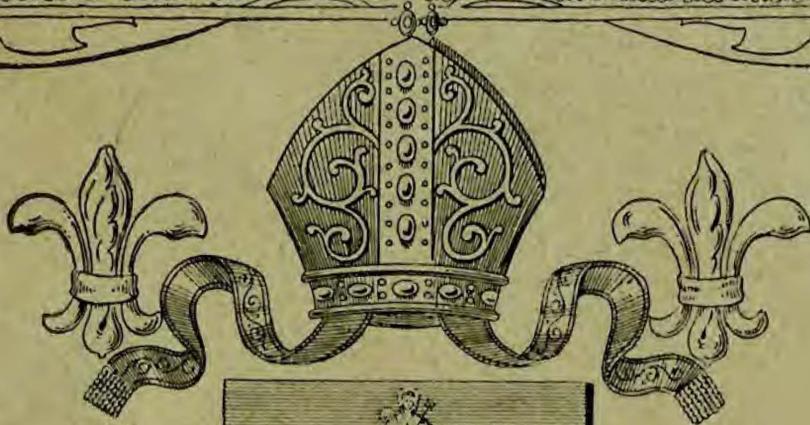
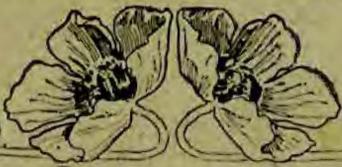


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

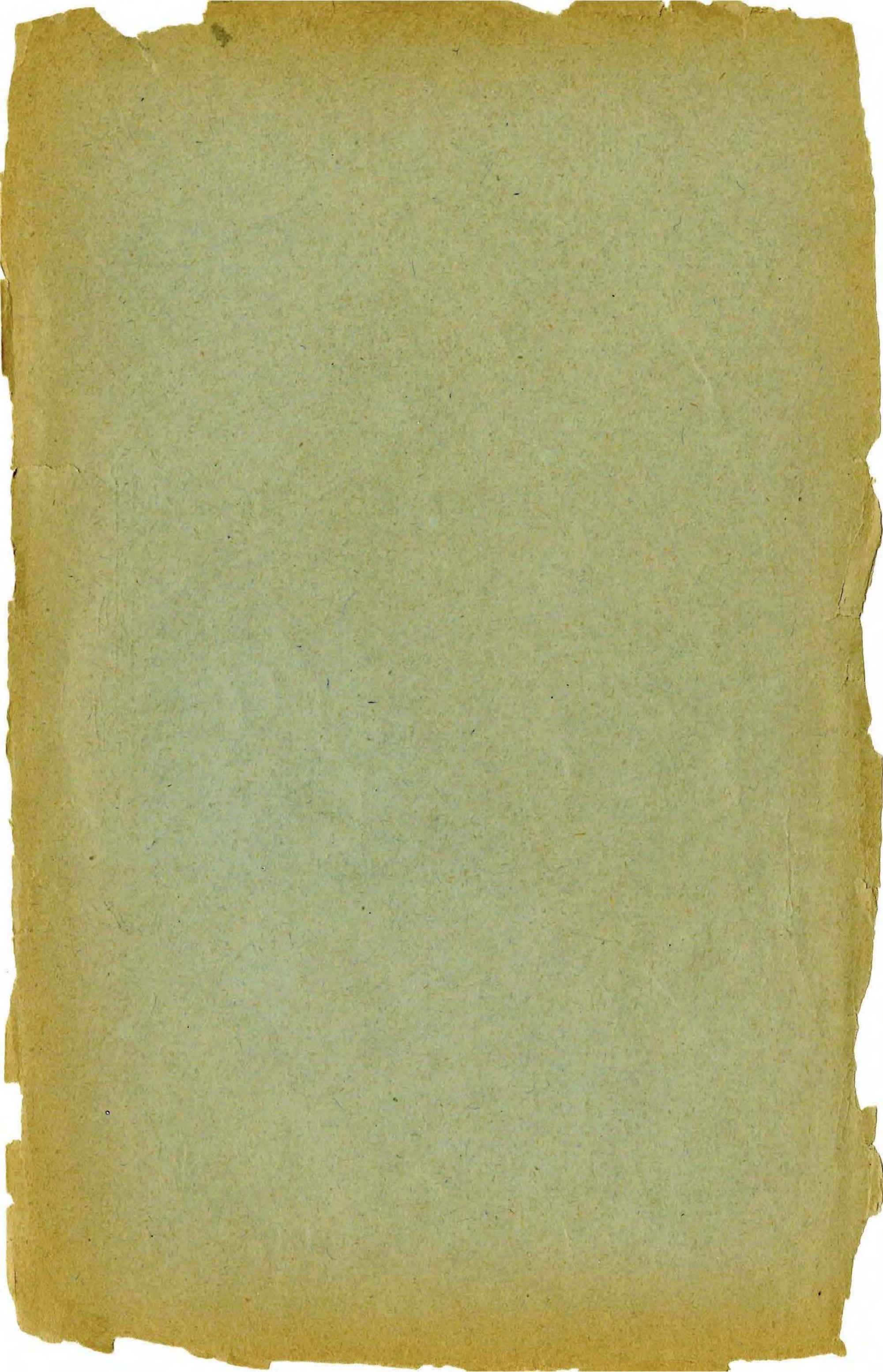
MAGAZINE



April,

1914.





Principal's Letter.

DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS,

By the time this magazine reaches you the great Mystery of Spring will be working before our eyes. We shall see the latent life in the seed awakened by the baptizing sunlight, till it clothes itself in beauty, for "God giveth it a body." We shall see the living plant, with ever increasing energy, drawing more and more of the dead things around it into the stream of life, purifying all that is corrupt, redeeming for a great purpose all within reach : imaging the Eternal Life as it works "ohne hast, ohne rast."

And as we see these wonders life will have no distracting anxieties, and death no terrors for us, for we know that though we fade as a leaf and are cut down as a lily, it is that the Life within us may quicken and energize and "make all things new," so that we too may join the chorus of the increasing hosts of Spring.

I hope that many of you will come back this Whitsuntide, to revive the memory of happy days spent here together, to purpose great things for the future : you will find a very hearty welcome in our hearts.

W. TODHUNTER.

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 in silver 5/3 (pendant), 6/3 (brooch), including postage, can be obtained through the Secretary, Miss Turner.

Affiliated Nonconformist Branch.

Rules of Membership

- 1.—Members shall endeavour to fulfil their religious obligations faithfully.
- 2.—They shall use the College prayer said daily in the Chapel.
- 3.—They shall regard the profession of a teacher as a definite vocation to religious service.
- 4.—They shall pay a yearly subscription of 2s. 6d.—1s. of which will be given to the N.U.T.B. & O. Fund.

Association Correspondents

<i>College</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
	*1864-1896	Miss Elwell ..	The Rowans, Beverley, Yorks.
	1897	Miss E. Ayres ..	17 Milman Road, Lincoln.
	1898	Mrs. Gibson (W. Brown)	243 Monks Road, Lincoln.
	*1899	Miss Ada Brown ..	38 Thorpe Road, Melton Mowbray.
	1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road Lincoln.
	1901	Miss Jessie Drake ..	c/o Miss Cotton, 78 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Nr. Nottingham.
	1902	Mrs. Pearce (E. Barker)	Wayside, Swallowbeck, Lincoln
	1903	Miss Ada Doodson ..	15 Charles Street, Bolton Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
	1903	Miss Elinor Stewart ..	Holly Bank, Croston, Lancashire
	1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	Cymba, Burton Road, Lincoln
	1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith ..	Wilmhurst, Manor Rd, Aylesbury
	1905	Miss Ida Gibbon ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Heights, Manchester.
	1905	Miss Jessie Stringer ..	24 North Parade, Lincoln.
	1906	Miss Gertrude Border	25 Sibthorp Street, Lincoln.
	1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
	1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	c/o Mrs. Marsden, Colt Lane, Birdwell, Nr. Barnsley
	1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	"Whynscar," Yarborough Road, Lincoln.
	1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs ..	108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester.
	*1908	Miss Winifred Marden	33 Elliston Road, Redland, Bristol
	1909	Miss Margaret Heath..	9 Hewson Road, West Parade, Lincoln.
	1909	Miss Lottie Reddish ..	Ivydene, West Skirbeck, Boston.
	1910	Miss Evelyn Cockshaw	Lindum; Gilda Crescent Road, Eccles, Manchester
	*1910	Mrs. Templer ..	19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln
		(M. Redfern)	
	1911	Miss Ella Pigott ..	"Cymba," Burton Rd., Lincoln.
	1911	Miss Louie Williams ..	4 Sandy Grove, Pendleton, Manchester
	1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb ..	77 Mildenhall Road, Clapton, London, N.E.
	1912	Miss Dorothy Kemp ..	10 Church Lane, Lincoln.
	1913	Miss Marion Cockshaw	Lindum; Gilda Crescent, Eccles, Manchester
	1913	Miss Dora Hartley ..	18 Newport Terrace, Lincoln

* Please note change of address.

Editorial Notice

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

Miss Turner will be glad if Subscriptions are 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 present the Magazine does not quite 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.

Miss Turner would be grateful if the Correspondents would kindly compare their own lists of Association Members with the printed one which appears at the end of this number of the Magazine, and let her have any corrections or omissions which require to be made.

She also wishes to say that she will be very glad to receive from the Correspondents and other Members any interesting information with regard to Old Students.

Annual Subscription to Magazine, 1/- for Non-Association Members.

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

It is most important that all changes of address should 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 Turner 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.

M. TURNER, }
F. A. ELWELL, } *Joint Editors*

Whitsuntide Re-union

THE Annual Re-union of Past Students will be held from Saturday, May 30th, to Monday evening, June 1st. Invitations are being sent out to :—

1. The two years who have left most recently, viz., 1912 and 1913.
2. All Association Members living in Lincoln.
3. The Correspondents of the various years.
4. All Association Members previous to and including 1885.
5. The Students of 1905 and 1906.

We should like to call attention to the request of the Principal that any Student not coming within the invited sections, but who for any reason wishes to be present this year, may write to Miss Turner, who will at once forward her an invitation.

Old Students' Pages

Marriages

GULLEY—BURNHAM. On December 31st, 1913, at the Baptist Church, Princes Risborough, by the Rev. C. Harold Dodd, M.A., of Warwick, assisted by the Rev. J. Neighbour, Henry Gulley (Bangor Normal College, 1901-3) to Maude Elizabeth Burnham (Lincoln, 1908-10).

Lyndhurst, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

ENGLISH—FIELD. On May 19th, 1913, at All Saints' Church, Holbeach, by the Rev. F. W. Hutchinson, vicar, Maurice William (Peterborough, 1906-8), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William English, Woodlane House, Fleet, to Dorothy Kate (Lincoln, 1906-8), third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Field, "Dunton" Holbeach.

The School House, Fosdyke, Boston.

SUTHERLAND—ELLIS. At All Saints' Church, Grimsby, by the Vicar, Rev. W. E. Bott, Charles John Sutherland, of Port Bannatyne Bute, Scotland, to Ivy Mary Ellis, of Legsby Avenue, Grimsby. (Lincoln, 1907-9.)

TEMPLER—REDFERN. On January 10th, 1914, at St. Nicholas Church, Lincoln, by the Vicar (the Rev. Sub-dean Leeke), assisted by the Rev. Canon Akenhead and the Rev. E. J. Leeke, Percy John Tee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Templer, of Richmond Road, Lincoln, to Florence May, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Redfern, of "Overseale," Lincoln. The bridesmaids were the Misses D. and B. Redfern (sisters of the bride). The bridegroom was attended by Mr. W. D. Wroe, as best man. The service was choral and a reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's parents. The newly-married couple spent their honeymoon at Brighton.

BUTLER—BLAKE. On February 7th, 1914, at St. John's Church, East Dulwich, by the Rev. A. Howe-Browne, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Eglington, Frank Douglas Butler to Gladys Kathleen Blake (Lincoln, 1907-9).
Riseholme, Woodwarde Road, Dulwich.

GILROY—BEDFORD. On February 9th, 1914, at Birkenhead, Thomas R. Gilroy to Ada M. Bedford.

Births

On February 8th, 1914, at Newton Priory, Chapeltown, Leeds, to Herbert and Grace Callon (*née* Hirst), a daughter.

On July 2nd, 1913, to James and Helen Sanderson (*née* Marden) (1901-3), a daughter.

On December 1st, 1912, to John James and Sarah Kirk (*née* Kenworthy), a daughter, Hannah.

On October 12th, 1913, at Manila, Philippine Islands, to Charles and Ruth Clear (*née* Wilkinson) a son, Michael Charles.

Deaths

On Tuesday, October 28th, 1913, at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Amy, the beloved wife of Thomas Atkinson (Amy Tassell, in Lincoln 1893-5).

Maud Mary Withersby (Lincoln 1895-7). Passed away February 6th, 1914. Interred in Deptford Cemetery. "Till the dawn break and the shadows flee away."

Re-Appointments

Miss F. A. Stephenson, Grecian Street, Salford. Head.

Miss G. Clapp, Hamlet Lane Council School, South Normanton, Derbyshire. Head.

Miss M. A. Ellisson, Christian Church School, Bury. Head.

Miss Daisy Banks, St. Matthew's Senior Mixed, Yievesley, Middlesex.

Presentation to Mrs. Howe

PRESENTATION to an old Student (Mrs. Howe, *née* Alice Kent) 1870-1. An interesting ceremony took place at Bracebridge Heath, on Friday, January 30th, when Mr. and Mrs. Howe retired from the position of teachers in the Council Schools, after eighteen years' service. The parents and friends presented a purse of gold, and the children a pair of silver candlesticks. The Chairman of the Managers presided, and after a most eulogistic speech presented

the gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Howe, expressing his great appreciation of their services and hoping that the evening of their lives would be peaceful and happy. They both responded with great feeling.

Presentation to Miss Etchells

MISS ETCHELLS has for forty years been connected with the Great Paxton School, and during that time she has had at heart the best interests of the village and has striven her utmost in many ways for the welfare of the residents. She has had an uninterrupted series of excellent reports from H.M. and the Diocesan Inspectors. In the last eighteen months three of her pupils have gained County Council Scholarships.

The N.U.T. has appreciated Miss Etchell's work by appointing her President of the County Branch, an honour not previously conferred on a woman.

To show appreciation of her splendid work a presentation was made to her by many of the residents and by the scholars past and present. The Rev. A. G. Cave (Chairman of the Managers) spoke most eulogistically of Miss Etchell's life and work among them, and to Archdeacon Vesey fell the pleasant duty of handing to her a purse containing £30 and an album containing the names of the subscribers. Miss Etchells briefly responded and specially thanked the Archdeacon for the sound advice he had often given her.

After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," cheers were given for Miss Etchells, Archdeacon Vesey, and the Managers.

Miss Etchells is a member of our College Association. She was in the Acting Teachers' School in connection with the College, Mrs. Hemsley being the first Head Mistress.

Old Students will be pleased to hear that Miss Elwell (who has now quite recovered from her accident) hopes to start for Switzerland in Whit-week, and thus realize her great desire to be there when the meadow-flowers, for which the Swiss Alps are so justly famous, are in their first freshness and glory. The remembrance that this great treat is largely due to the generosity of her old Lincoln friends will greatly enhance her enjoyment of this Spring holiday abroad.

Miss Elwell asks us to say that all Students previous to and including 1896 should send their Association or Magazine subscriptions to her as Association Correspondent. The various correspondents forward their collective subscriptions to Miss Turner. She also asks us to give her warmest thanks to those old students who so kindly sent her Christmas greetings. It was a great joy to hear from so many friends, and she had hoped to reply individually, but she still has to curtail her writing, and begs that this acknowledgement may be accepted.

Four Years in Auckland, N.Z.

“ Last, loneliest, loveliest, apart,
 On us, the unchanging season smiles,
 Who wonder, mid our fern, why men depart
 To seek the Happy Isles.”

So Kipling describes Auckland, and if you are ever fortunate enough, as I have been, to enter that exquisite harbour on a glorious midsummer day, you will be inclined to think he does not exaggerate. Island after island comes into view, vivid green, bush-clad to the water's edge, with here and there gnarled grey pohutu-kawa trees overhanging the cliffs, ablaze with crimson flowers, all under a sky of Italian blue relieved by great rolling masses of soft white cloud. The narrow channel takes you close to the foot of Rangitoto, the 900 ft. high extinct volcano with its curious cinder cone rising abruptly from the centre of the old grey lava crater whose sides slope so gradually that you can almost fancy you see the lava stream flowing slowly down them still.

The wharves and town of 100,000 inhabitants are indeed remarkable when one remembers that less than a hundred years ago a few Maori huts alone marked the spot. There are some fine solid-looking public buildings, but most of the houses are wooden, which no doubt accounts for the curious unpermanent look that characterises any general view. Electric trams run nine miles across the narrow isthmus which separates Auckland harbour on the east from Onehunga on the west—a busy little isthmus it must have been once, since no less than five perfect volcanic craters remain to tell the tale of its past activities.

The climate is sunny and beautiful, perhaps too “ unchanging ” to one used to a bracing English winter. One misses the bare trees and at times longs for a grey day. But it is a joy to have the gardens always full of flowers, roses and sweet peas in profusion, arum lilies wild in the ditches and swamps, masses of fresasias, great bushes of hydrangia, fairy-like cosmias, eight and ten feet high, tree tulips and richly scented magnolias, all growing luxuriantly in the warm, moist atmosphere. The nights are cool and pleasant even in midsummer, though then the sky is almost tropical in glory. The Milky Way stretches, a great white path, across the dark; the Southern Cross hangs low, and the stars seem to stand out at varying distances from great depths and spaces in the sky.

There is little real Bush left near Auckland, all is cleared and under grass, so in our first long Christmas holiday we took a little coasting steamer up to the north. Opononi appeared attractive on the map, at the mouth of a winding river, so we wrote for rooms to the hotel. We arrived early one morning, to find the hotel and nothing else; just one long wooden building consisting of hotel, store, post office and hall under one roof, and no township at all! We fished and bathed, looking out carefully for sharks, and had one

glorious ride through the Bush. We forded streams, and skirted gorges under tall kauri pines and graceful tree ferns whose rough trunks were generally covered with little, delicate maidenhair and other ferns. The tracks were often nothing but logs of wood or bundles of scrub, and one would rather not think of what they must be like in flood time! There are no flowers in the Bush except the scarlet rata, and orange and red kowai, all of which are great trees, and the white clematis which climbs above them all. We rode twenty-three miles that day, escorted by our Maori hosts, up to a timber camp and back along the sea-shore, splashing just in the water's edge. I had never ridden anything but a seaside donkey before, and was not a little proud that I neither fell off myself nor gave my horse a sore back. I was advised to have a swim in the warm seawater that evening "to take the stiffness out." I can only say—it didn't. I ached for a solid week, but it was well worth it.

We then had two days' coaching across to Whangaroa, a lonely little island-studded harbour on the east coast. Here we watched a number of Maoris sending off their M.P. to take his place in the House at Wellington. It was curious to see dark brown men and women in European dress solemnly shaking hands and rubbing noses at the same time.

The Maoris are a splendid race, well made, tall and upright. They have black, glossy hair, which the girls keep beautifully. They have the manners of kings, and can be graceful in their dances, though the native "haka," in which they still indulge, mostly for the amusement of the white man, is a most grotesque performance. In it they shout, shoot out their tongues, brandish weapons, beat the ground, and howl horribly. The native dress, seldom worn now, consisted of a woven flaxen mat decorated with feathers; it was fastened over one shoulder or round the waist. Their houses are decorated with elaborate carving. The Maori oven consists of a hole in the ground in which flat stones are heated. Fern leaves are placed on the stones, fish, meat, vegetables, puddings, etc., are placed in layers separated by more leaves, and a sack is thrown over all, held in place by a few spadefuls of earth. Everything keeps its own flavour to itself, however, and nothing seems either overdone or underdone!

We made an expedition into the Bush, hoping to see a big pine felled, but arrived to find the trunk already sawn into great logs. These we saw dragged by oxen to the top of a steep bush-clad hill and from thence shot charging through the trees into a rushing stream below. We had tea in the bush-fellers' camp, tasting excellent bread, baked in an iron cauldron hung gipsy-fashion over a wood fire.

Rotorua is a ten hours' journey from Auckland, but that seems nothing after a six weeks' voyage; so we made a pilgrimage to the Hot Lakes district. It seems impossible to give any real idea of this extraordinary region. Imagine a district at least the size of

the West Common at Lincoln, all crusted over with a whitish looking substance which gives in places under your feet like cracking ice. Across it run little streams of boiling water, here and there are hot pools, and clouds of steam hang over all. If you are lucky you may see three or four geysers playing at once, sending up great columns of boiling water and steam, like huge fountains glistening in the sunlight. All this is at the village of Whaka-rewa-rewa, where the Maoris still live native fashion, putting their dinner in tins to be cooked in the boiling streams, likewise their clothes to be washed and boiled in the same convenient copper.

A drive to Tiki-tiri shows the same sort of thing, only here are also lakes of boiling mud, of a dull grey colour, bubbling like porridge, smelling strong of sulphur. The largest lake is called Satan's Delight, a name which seems to suit it!

Waimangu, the largest geyser, has been quiet for some years. By the side of its great gravel crater is a "cauldron." When the water reaches a certain height in the cauldron the geyser plays. So they tried to start the geyser again by filling up the cauldron. The geyser remained quiet, but a great piece was blown out of the side of Mt. Tarawera some few miles away. The experiment was not repeated!

It was during the last eruption of Mt. Tarawera that the pink and white terraces were destroyed and a whole village was buried under boiling mud. We steamed across Lake Rotomahana, the lake of the terraces. It is a lovely opal sort of colour, probably because the water is always boiling at the bottom and so keeps the sediment rising. One bank is always steaming and as you near it the water begins to bubble and boil against the side of the boat. One great Blow Hole is most alarming. You see a big hole in the cliff and hear the sound as of approaching thunder, and with a final roar out rushes the steam. The guides like a party to be photographed in front of the hole at this particular moment, but it is difficult to maintain a photographic expression under the circumstances!

New Zealand has had a Labour Government for over twenty years. Apparently perfect machinery exists for settling labour disputes, Arbitration Courts, minimum wages in most trades, etc. Yet we hear of strikes and unrest, as I suppose we shall until men, as well as machinery, are perfect. The late shipping strike was settled by the country farmers, who rode in, armed with revolvers and truncheons, took possession of the wharves one early morning whilst the strikers slept, and loaded and unloaded the boats themselves. Twelve hundred special constables camped out in the Domain, one of Auckland's public parks, and maintained order.

What struck me most was the absence of dreadful poverty. If a man (or woman) has reasonable health and will work hard at any honest job, he never need starve. Rents are high, the cost of bread is about double what it is at home, but the cost of meat is only about

half. There seems to be a better proportion between the rate of wage and the cost of living.

The women whom I knew all exercised their vote as a matter of course and did not appear to be unsexed by so doing.

Every three years a Referendum is taken on the question of National Prohibition and also Local Option, i.e., the closing of public-houses in any district. National Prohibition must be carried by a four-fifths majority, and if so carried will remain in force for twenty years.

The Church of the Province of New Zealand is governed on the wise lines laid down for it under the direction of its first great Bishop, George Augustus Selwyn. Every year Synod meets in each diocese, presided over by the Bishop, and attended by all the clergy and lay representatives from every parish. Synod elects a new Bishop and settles all Church matters. It gives one a strange thrill to see the fine company of Maori priests taking their places side by side with their English brothers.

New Zealand needs keen Churchmen and women to give her children the priceless blessing of a religious education; she needs more clergy to join the heroic band who minister to the lonely settlers in the back blocks. She has done marvellous things in the last fifty years and great opportunities lie before her. She talks of England always as "Home," and I defy anyone to live with her and not love her.

M. VAUGHAN.

Letter from Miss Searby

PUUNENE, MAUI,
TERRITORY OF HAWAII,
February 25th, 1914.

MY DEAR MISS TURNER.

You and most of my Lincoln friends know that for many years it has been one of my most cherished "castles in Spain" to visit this Paradise of the Pacific, and it is good to know that you rejoice with me in the realisation of my dream.

The journey across the Atlantic, the weeks in the East visiting New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the transcontinental train journey, the short stay in California, and the brief visit to Laura Curti in San Francisco, were all full to the brim of interesting experience, yet all the time I was longing to get on to my goal, Hawaii. Once started on the second ocean journey the magnetism of the Islands soon made itself felt through the music provided by some Hawaiian youths returning home. The native music has a peculiar charm of its own, one song in particular captivating every newcomer with its haunting melody. "Aloho-oe," which appears to be the "Auld Lang Syne," the "Home, Sweet Home," the "Annie

Laurie," of Hawaii, is the most lovely song. It was written by the Queen, and is most characteristic of the Hawaiian temperament.

After seven days' journey over an increasingly blue ocean, we landed at Honolulu, the principal city of the Islands and the centre of all Pacific commerce. It was most strange to see at last in concrete form all my vague imaginings of "the tropics." Except in the strictly business part of the town, private gardens line all the streets, from which they are separated only by low hedges of hibiscus adorned with their brilliant red or pink blooms, making the whole place appear like a private park. The luxuriant trees and shrubbery generally mask the houses, but here and there one catches a glimpse of the broad vine-covered verandas or "lanais," as they are called here, which are the most noticeable and characteristic features of many of the houses. The glory of the gardens is their palms—royal palms and date palms principally, but also wine palms and fan palms—and their flowering trees and vines. Amongst these latter are the Poinciana Regia with its huge flaming umbrellas of orange or scarlet or crimson; the Golden Shower, somewhat like our laburnum; the Cacia Nodessa, its sheaves of shell-pink and white blossoms making it like a glorified apple-tree; bougainvillea, climbing trees and barns and making mounds of magenta or cherry-colour; orange-coloured curtains of bignonia; walls of purple or yellow alamanda, and many others. There are shrubs of all descriptions, with coloured foliage, and in addition gigantic banyans throwing cool masses of purple shade, algarobas with their feathery leaves, and near the coast the indigenous hao, half tree, half creeper, builds natural summer-houses. The cocoa-nut trees which fringe the shores do look, as Mark Twain said, "like feather dusters struck by lightning," but they have a charm for the visitor and native alike, and seem to intensify the tropical note. The numbers of Japanese and Chinese in the streets, each in their national costume, add considerably to the strangeness and interest of the place and make one realise that Honolulu is also a gateway to the Orient.

During my stay in Honolulu I visited one of the largest pineapple plantations, and the historic Pali, a precipice 1,600 ft. high over which the conqueror Kamehameha I. drove the army of the King of Oahu. I bathed at various places round the island, tried surf-riding at the famous Waikiki beach, and visited the Aquarium. This Aquarium has the most wonderful collection of fish. They are indescribably beautiful, and that the brilliance of their colouring and the extraordinary blending and striping and spotting are natural, seems almost unbelievable even when one actually sees them. There are fish with brilliant blue heads remarkably like parrots, and others of deep orange colour with what look like palest yellow chiffon scarves floating around. Some of them, too, are very funny in their actions and expressions and the queer Hawaiian names are also amusing. One little fish, for example, is named the Humukumunukunakeapuaa.

From Honolulu I had to take another steamer and a night journey to Maui, and at last my final destination was reached and I could rest once more amongst a Searby family.

So far I have been content to enjoy the every-day life here, leaving the regular sight-seeing trips till later, but at first even "every-day life" is full of interesting and novel happenings. We live part of the time at Puunene on the sugar plantation, and part of the time at the beach, where the bathing is the most perfect thing imaginable. The ocean is always a glorious ultramarine, with a line of white surf far out where the coral reef protects the bay from the heavy breakers. The water is never cold and it is possible to spend several hours each day, at any season of the year, in bathing suits, swimming, surf-riding, canoeing, etc. The temperature varies from lowest winter 55° to highest summer 85° , but most of the time it stays between 70° and 75° . We get rain, too, at times, but it generally comes for a day or two together and then is over for several weeks.

"Maui, best of all," as the Mauians say, is the second largest island of the group and has more diversity of scenery than any of the others, but the wonderfully changing views of mountain, sea and sky are beyond my powers of description. "Our" plantation, that is, the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company's plantation, is the largest in the world and covers the low plain or isthmus between the wild and rugged West Maui mountains and the domelike crater of Haleakala at the eastern end of the island. Naturally I made a point of visiting the mill, and saw the sugar in all its stages of manufacture from the cane to the finished product. The mill had been shut down for two or three months during the summer, and I had the honour of moving the lever which set the whole machinery in motion for another season's work. The cane fields too are full of interest in their various stages. It was only a week or two ago that I first witnessed a cane fire. Before the cane is cut, all the dried and dead leaves at the base of the plants are burnt away, leaving the cane clean and ready to be handled more easily. It seemed to me as though the whole field was ablaze and that the cane would be destroyed, but the fires are kept well under control and do just as much as is needed and no more.

The scenery everywhere is lovely and the whole life delightful, but it is the people who interest me most. When I say *people* I do not mean those we meet socially, though they are interesting and cordial to a degree and from all parts of the world, but I mean particularly the working people.

Most of the primitive Hawaiian life has disappeared, and the people themselves are more sophisticated, but they have kept their simplicity of manner and with it many of the customs so deeply rooted in their nature. Their love of colour is ineradicable. Universally they wear wreaths or "leis" of flowers or of feathers. The women dress in the "holoku," which literally means "run stand,"

that is, a dress in which they can run and stand. It is a kind of Mother Hubbard gown of bright red, blue, purple, or black. Still, especially in the country districts, the men sit in front of their grass huts pounding "poi," the national dish. The fishermen cling to the picturesque but heavy dugout canoe with its huge outrigger of lighter wood. We often see these men along the beach clad only in a loin cloth, their brown skins wet from the ocean and shining like polished bronze. The native "luaus," real Hawaiian feasts, with all the dishes cooked in the ancient way, are very popular entertainments for visitors. I attended one. The tables were spread with fern leaves instead of linen and there were no forks, knives or spoons. Poi was the staple food, and in order that you may appreciate it fully, I must tell you what it is. It is the root of the taro plant boiled or steamed until soft, pounded with stone pestles into a paste, mixed with water and allowed to ferment slightly. It is the national food, very healthful, and, to those who are accustomed to it—I am not one of these—very good. It may be noted that the glutinous qualities are such that it is also used as a paste in hanging wallpapers. The poi was served in individual bowls instead of in one huge calabash into which all dip their fingers—this, a sop to modern ideas of hygiene. Real training is necessary to eat this paste gracefully, to wind it round the fingers with just the right twist and in just the right amount, and to convey it from the bowl to the mouth without spilling. There was fish wrapped in ti leaves and cooked in underground ovens, and raw fish; meats of all kinds, also baked in ti leaves; whole pigs which had been stuffed with hot stones and allowed to steam for hours in the underground ovens; but we had none of the poi-fed puppies of which I had been told. There was a thick, gritty, strong-tasting paste made of pounded kukui nuts; also sweet potatoes, yams, baked bananas, breadfruit, a pudding made of sweet potatoes and cocoanuts, and the milk of young cocoanuts to drink. The Hawaiian liquor, made from sugar-cane or the ti root, is a fiery liquid and almost pure alcohol. Instead of it a light Honolulu beer was served. Truly a sumptuous feast, and yet I came away hungry! But the luau is stored up as a memorable experience. Its green tables, loaded with queer food wrapped in queer brown bundles, polished calabashes of grey-blue poi, the dim light of the Chinese lanterns, and through it all the poetic strains of Hawaiian songs, made an impression never to be forgotten.

Although this is Hawaii, it is not with Hawaiians that one comes most into contact in ordinary life. The house-servants, store-keepers, pedlars, etc., are almost all Japanese or Chinese. The mill hands and field workers, too, are mostly Orientals, though there are also many Portuguese, Porto Ricans and Filipinos. Of the imported labourers Japanese are the most numerous. They live together in camps on the plantations or in small houses in the gardens of their employers. They make very good servants, being strong,

clean and trustworthy, but it must be very difficult for a newcomer to start housekeeping with them as they do not learn to speak English but rub along with a mixture of Japanese, Hawaiian and pidgin-English, and the employers have to do likewise. They nearly always answer a question with "Yes, no," sometimes "Yes, no, yes," so that one is seldom any wiser after the interrogation. The mistakes that are made through partial understanding of the language are often very ludicrous. The other day a Chinese butcher was beating his horse unmercifully and the schoolmistress came out to expostulate with him. He did not stop until she cried indignantly, "Haven't you any heart?" when he at once replied, "No, missy, no got heart to-day, plenty liver, kidney, to-morrow I bring heart."

There is one High School in Maui, opened last September. Children who cannot get to it are educated at home or are sent away to school. The American state schools are filled with children of eight different nationalities. I am hoping to visit some soon and find out how the poor teachers manage to get along with them. The Japanese children, besides attending these schools from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m., which is compulsory, go also to the Japanese schools, where they are taught in their native tongue, from 7.30 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. to 5 p.m., and all day on Saturday.

Everything is so full of interest, it is difficult to write connectedly about any one phase of the life here, but I should like to correct a few wrong impressions which I know exist about these Islands. First of all, we are not savages, and we do not live in any "wilds" or have to "rough it." The white people live a happy, healthy life, mostly out of doors. There are Churches of almost every religious denomination, and we have a Church Guild and other parish activities. The houses are built for comfort and fitted with every modern convenience. We have telephones, electric lights, fans, toasters, etc., and no stairs to climb. We play tennis and bridge and dance the tango, and study history and art. We pay afternoon calls, dine out and so on, and wear clothes—some of them very smart and up-to-date—and are altogether quite civilized.

My "handwork" is not altogether a thing of the past, though of rather a different nature now. Quite recently I made a level crossing over a railroad track, and am now helping to build a motor-boat, learning how to cook frogs' legs, and make ice-cream. I have dabbled in the Japanese, Hawaiian and Spanish languages, but have deserted them all for my latest study, learning to drive an automobile. I am beginning to feel myself an accomplished chauffeur and it is a very satisfying sensation. Altogether I am enjoying the whole experience out here immensely, and my one regret is that I cannot share it all with my friends at home. Foreign mail day is still an exciting event and Lincoln letters are eagerly welcomed. It has been impossible to write letters to all who have written to me, but I am trying to get some personal message to each. Some letters

come with a 2½d. stamp, which is a pity, as the postal rate is 1d. per ounce.

I cannot find a more fitting close than to give you the most familiar Hawaiian word, "aloha," which means "greeting" and "good-bye" and "love" and "best wishes for all happiness," and all good things generally. So to all Lincoln friends, Aloha!

VIOLET A. SEARBY.

Milton and Dante—A Contrast

JOHN MILTON was born in 1608, while the warnings and mutterings of the Gunpowder Plot were still sounding in men's ears, and he died in 1674, before the echoes of the Dutch guns up the Thames and the flames of the burning English ships in the Medway had faded from men's memory. In the interval the lives of all men were thrown into strong relief by the great Constitutional and Religious struggle of the 17th century. The atmosphere of the time was fraught with great issues, and men's minds were attuned to great deeds. Milton's disposition made him peculiarly susceptible to religious influences. As a school-boy at St. Paul's he wrote a paraphrase of Psalms 114 and 136 which is still printed in collections of his poems; as an undergraduate at Cambridge he wrote the beautiful "Ode on the Nativity"—the most perfect of our Xmas hymns. It is not surprising, therefore, that the great work which he felt that he was commissioned to achieve should assume a religious character; the Arthurian legend for a time held his Muse in thrall; but the age was too largely rife with problems that touched the very essence of politics and religion for the charm to endure: henceforward his Muse was true to her destined fulfilment, and in delineating the conditions under which our world was created, and mankind enslaved to the powers of evil, Milton's sublime imagination, expressing its powerful imagery in harmonious language, controlled and chastened by a vigorous intellect, has moulded in "Paradise Lost" the popular theology for over 200 years, and has enriched the English language with an epic which ranks with those of Homer and Dante.

With both these giants Milton has an affinity: the legendary stories that cluster round the British King were the first to attract his wandering Muse, and a National epic, under other circumstances, might have added lustre to our literary record. To the great Italian, Milton is bound by closer ties, arising from the similarity of their subjects: but the connection is one of great contrast in method and in point of view.

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in 1265, he thus lived during the time when Italy was torn asunder by the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the supporters of the supremacy of the Pope

and Emperor respectively. Dante was born and bred a Guelph, and twice fought against his Ghibelline neighbours, but being exiled from his native city on a false charge of peculation and disloyalty he found a refuge with his enemies, though he never professed to be a staunch adherent of their cause. His temperament was moody, introspective, and bitterly revengeful: his extraordinary power of imagination and strength of mind early displayed themselves. Wherever he went in his wandering exile these powers commanded respect, but a respect which the moroseness of his temper prevented from blossoming into affection. The sufferings that he endured, acting on such a temperament, produced a self-centred vindictive spirit which seized with avidity on the popular theology of the day as a vehicle, ready to the hand of his genius, by means of which his friends might be glorified and his enemies pilloried in a form more enduring than brass or marble. The passionate intensity of detail with which he has pursued his object too often disgusts us as much by the grotesque and fiendish ingenuity which he displays as by the relentless hatred which peopled Hell with friends and foes alike. For Dante is a photographer: every aspect of the unknown spiritual world is described with the precision of the camera; he delights in numbers; his word-pictures are the work of one who has visited the spot and to whom the details of the road are as familiar as the turnings of the streets in Florence: the boys, indeed, of that city would point at him as he passed along, "See, there is the man that has been in Hell." Milton, on the other hand, is suggestive rather than full in his description of the Unseen: his imagery is remote from that of ordinary life: it is drawn either from the unfailing storehouse of the Bible or from the treasury of classical mythology. He suggests the Unseen and the Unknown by reference to that which is only dimly visible and imperfectly known; he avoids the precision of numbers; he describes scenes and landscape as a spectator from *afar*, not with the minuteness of a traveller on the spot. Thus Milton lifts our mind to a sublime conception, fraught with tragic interest, by a calm and majestic flight: we gaze with awe and wonder at the scenes which he successively calls up before us as the tragedy moves irresistibly to its conclusion. The play of passion excites our sympathy; the stupendous issues involved strike us with awe; we realise that we are in contact with another and a higher world on "more removed ground." Dante, on the other hand, thrills us with the intensity of horror; we hear the agonising shrieks of human beings; we see their writhing forms; and listen to their endless woe, their warning, their despair, with the clearness and familiarity of a hospital ward. He is a painter who spares us no gruesome feature, no revolting scene, but lays horror upon horror with a brush that depicts even the quivering flesh, and fills our nostrils with the noisome stench. He fascinates us by his intense earnestness, we are chained to the spot with him; with

him we cross the lake; with him we climb the mountain slopes, and traverse the whole region of Hell as in a dreadful nightmare.

Milton in his description of Satan walking through Hell thus pictures his progress: "His spear, to equal which the tallest pine, grown on Norwegian strand to be the mast of some great amiral, were but a wand, he used to support his uneasy steps over the burning marl." Let us compare this with Dante's description of the same region: "In the third circle I arrive, of showers ceaseless, accursed, heavy, and cold, unchanged for ever, both in kind and in degree, large hail, discoloured water, sleety flaw, through the dim midnight air streamed down amain, stank all the land whereon the tempest fell," and we are conscious at once of the difference in point of view and in method of treatment.

If we turn to personal description, place this of Milton's before us: "He trusted to have equalled the most High if he opposed: Him the Almighty power hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition, there to dwell in adamant chains and penal fire. . . . A dungeon horrible, on all sides round as a great furnace, flamed. Thus Satan, with head uplift above the wave, and eyes that sparkling blazed: his other parts besides prone on the flood extended long and large, lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge as whom the fables name of monstrous size, Titanian or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove: forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature: on each hand the flames driven backward slope their pointing spires in billows and leave in the midst a horrid vale and then with expanded wings he steers his flight aloft." How much more effective is this in raising our minds to the level of its subject than Dante's: "(Lucifer) that Emperor who sways the realm of sorrow at mid-breasts from the ice stood forth: . . . oh what a sight, how passing strange it seemed when I did spy upon his head three faces, one in front of hue vermilion, the other two with this midway each shoulder joined and at the crest—under each shot forth two mighty wings enormous—no plumes had they but were in texture like a bat and with these he flapp'd in the air that from him issued still three winds wherewith Cocytus to its depths was frozen. At six eyes he wept, the tears adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam. At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd." If Dante represents the Mediæval conception of the Unseen world, with its spiritual life and penal suffering, how much grander and more satisfying to our highest aspirations and thought is the conception of the Puritan Milton let this soliloquy of Satan suffice to show: "Horror and doubt distract his troubled thought and from the bottom stir the hell within him. 'I fell warring in heav'n against heaven's matchless king, ah! wherefore? he deserved no such return from me,—yet all his good proved ill in me and wrought but malice. O had his powerful destiny ordain'd me some inferior angel . . . no unbounded hope had raised ambition. Yet why not?' 'Others

as great fell not, hadst thou the same free will and power to stand? Thou hadst. Me miserable, which way shall I fly: which way I fly is hell, myself am hell, and in the lowest deep a lower deep still threat'ning to devour me opens wide, to which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. O then at last relent! is there no place left for repentance, none for pardon left? None left but by submission, and that word disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame among the spirits beneath. . . . So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, farewell remorse: all good to me is lost: Evil, be thou my good.' "

In this sublime conception of the spiritual character of Evil we find the root of that larger and living Puritanism—the true and lasting memorial of Milton's greatness—which ever seeks, amid the progressive phases of our social and religious life, that righteousness which exalteth a nation: while Dante, "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd" by a narrower yet more intense exercise of power, remains the eternal expression of a spirituality deadened by the weight of the material form with which it is clothed.

J. T. TULL.

Heva! Heva!

"Hi, hip, my auld sons, yo-ho-o-o! Stiddy now, stiddy, and d-o-own she co-o-omes"! The Harbour-master, with furrowed brow and anxious look, filled with an added sense of his own importance, vainly tries to infect the gangs of hilarious men with solemnity befitting the occasion! But they are incorrigibly and riotously jolly—and why not, indeed? Is not this "June month," golden June, the month of roses—and of pilchards!

The mind of the Cornish fisherfolk is ever turned towards those long sunny days, when the herring and mackerel drivers shall be laid up, and the light, gaily-painted pilchard boats take their place upon the placid green waters of the harbour. And now, after weary waiting, the time has arrived; winter is gone, with its howling gales and thundering seas—"when last the winds of heaven were unbound"—and down the grating pebbles come the boats, one after another: the entire village assembled in holiday mood!

The work of refitting and repairing goes on merrily—a constant stream of men tramping to and fro between loft and harbour, bringing masts and spars, nets and footline.

News reaches the Coastguards that pilchards are in the home waters—hurry, hurry with the final preparations! Out sail the boats in their hundreds, through the gaps—up with the brown and red sails, and away with the wind, to "shoot" in the gathering twilight! The sky flames red and orange, pales, and slowly darkens.

*"Heva"—An old Cornish cry heralding the approach of a school of pilchards.

Out of the velvet depths the stars twinkle, and the silver track of the moon slants across the ripples.

On the wide-curving quays the folk wait, silent, patient, expectant—there ! A light ! Yet another : the whole dim horizon shews a myriad lights—dancing, twinkling, swaying, with the motion of the waves : a gorgeous enchanted city set suddenly in the waste of waters !

Time passes, and the magic city comes nearer, nearer, as the boats drift with the tide ; it loses its orderly compactness, groups form, and separate—and now, here and there, comes a lonely light, bobbing and dipping towards the harbour.

“ Lok, you—a boat ! ” “ Tes Tom Treleven’s, as I do live ! Got any pilshers, Tom ? ” “ Ess, my son, good enuff. ” “ Fish to oal haands, ’es ’a ? ” “ Well, simmin’ so—you ! ”

More boats, amidst the joyful excitement of this news—the whole fleet advances irregularly, to the rattle and creak of reefing sails, and the eager hails of the waiting ones.

The boats are moored, gear stowed away, the fish taken from the nets, counted, and packed into baskets, ready for carting away in the early morning to the local fishcellars—where they are pressed, to get rid of the peculiarly pungent oil they contain, packed, with brine, into barrels, and exported direct to Italy—and then is heard the hollow tramp of seaboots, as the men seek their homes and resting beds. Night after night, for four or five months, is this fairy city, this Fata Morgana, to be seen ; coming nearer and nearer, now against this shore, and now that, as the fish come further into the bay. For the pilchard loves the shallow waters, and congregates on rocky beds close to the sheltering cliffs. When the season is a good one, his number is legion, and there is no prettier sight in the world than that of a boat, laden to the gunwale with this living silver, shimmering through the brown of the nets in the fitful gleams of the lanterns. Occasionally, the surface of the sea presents a curious appearance, a sort of dancing iridescence confined to one area. The boats put out at their best speed, amidst breathless excitement—for here is a school of pilchards, in which all may share ! The long narrow “ seine boats,” with their special nets, form a circle round the school, shooting the nets so as to imprison it in a complete ring. This net has a rope threaded through the bottom—and suddenly this line is drawn tight, the net is pulled in under the school : and there is the whole mass of fish securely caught in a sort of huge bag ! Secure, that is, if the “ bag ” break not with the struggling weight ! This process is known as “ tucking the seine.”

The rest of the craft are standing by to carry away the pilchards, which are ignominiously baled out of the net in baskets, buckets, pans, and any other vessel to hand ! To the boat or boats which succeed in “ shooting the seine,” all the fish belongs, and the other boats receive a fixed carrying fee.

Long ago, the entire bulk of the fish was carried between boat and fishcellar by the Cornish fishwife—a strong, hardy, quaint figure, tramping tirelessly with her heavy burden on her back. Amongst these, was famous Dorothy Pentreath, a queer old body said to be the last of those who spoke the ancient Cornish. The gaunt grey skeleton of her old dwelling stands within sight of me as I write, and in the churchyard wall is a Cornish cross of granite, inscribed to her memory ; unveiled by—O, Spirit of the Fitness-of-Things !—a scion of the house of Buonaparte !

The pilchard is a handsome blue and silver fish, somewhat smaller than a herring, and greatly beloved of the Cornish. It is not very popular to the English taste in general, owing to its strong flavour and penetrating odour—but it would seem to be a staple part of Italian diet, judging by the huge steamer-loads sent overseas !

ETHEL CLAYTON,
MOUSEHOLE.

A-Growing and A-Blowing !

Walking homeward along the cliff the other day, with a friend newly arrived in Cornwall, we were obliged to stop and scramble into the hedge to allow a string of carts to pass. I watched my friend's face ; it reflected astonishment, incredulity, and extraordinary pleasure in rapid transition : and when we once more took the road, she drew a long breath and exclaimed :

“ Oh, what a perfectly glorious procession ! Can this actually be England—and February ? ”

The sight was one which I had seen daily since Christmas, and consisted of a number of carts and lorries, laden with huge baskets of scilla whites, and sol d'ors ; whilst behind followed from twenty to thirty men and boys, each carrying, slung from their shoulders, three great baskets of golden daffodils ! A beautiful sight indeed, and one to be seen nowhere else in all England. Few people have even heard of this winter bulb industry, practised so successfully on these southern shores of Mount's Bay. It was introduced here, doubtless, from Scilly—once joined to this long narrow peninsula, so legend says, by the lost kingdom of Lyonesse ; and since the soil is fertile, and the climate exceptionally genial, it should prove to be a growing industry.

This shore, sloping gently down to the giant rocks and the blue, blue sea, presents a very curious appearance, whether seen from above, or from the bay. It is cut up into tiny plots—“ field ” is altogether too dignified a term !—of every imaginable shape ; and often of such a terrific slope that one cannot help wondering why the poor bulbs don't suddenly lose all sense of gravity, and tumble headlong into the sea !

To break up the soil, preparatory to “ teeling ” the bulbs, as

the Cornish term is, is a work of much patience and some ingenuity ! Each spadeful, turned smartly over, requires tactful persuasion (administered by the labourer's foot !) before it will consent to stay quietly in its own particular niche !

Round each plot bristles a thick formidable hedge, of escallonia, veronica, fuchsia, elder, and the gnarled black-berried ivy trees, to protect the bulbs from cold, stormy winds.

Every ledge and terrace of ground, no matter how small, has been rescued and fertilised, even down to the very rocks and pebbles, and those nearest to the sea shew the earliest blooms. Surplus fish, and seaweed, mixed with due proportions of stable products and silver sand, prove to be very potent—and pungent!—manures ! Besides the bulbs, violets are very largely cultivated, and one comes across perfect jungles of arums in the most sheltered corners.

(By the way, although I know I am wandering from the subject a little, I saw a huge orchard, the other day, near Gulval ; the whole surface of the ground, undulating from my feet as far as my eye could reach, being thickly covered with rich brown wallflowers ! And the fragrance !)

Long before Christmas the violets are in bloom, followed in quick succession by the bulbs, of which the scillas come first.

The blooms are not allowed to come to full perfection in the open ; as soon as the buds open, they are cut, and placed in water under glass for a night or so. They are then arranged in bunches and packed for transit.

The tying and packing is done by women and girls, in the long, light glass houses.

Here and there amongst the fields is a wooden erection, where the bulbs are stored out of season. High on the walls, and in the roof, are light wooden frames, in tiers, in which seedling potatoes are set to sprout ; for as soon as the flower season is over, the ground is used for the growing of early vegetables.

ETHEL CLAYTON.

An Open-Air School

THE most interesting school in Lincoln is to be found on the South Common. It is quite a small school—there are only about 50 children in it—and the buildings are, although it is difficult to believe when one sees them, “adapted stables.” The children who attend it are all “below par” as regards health, and consequently many of them are backward. The aim of the school is, therefore, to make them physically and mentally fit. The happy children who are there now are a sufficient proof that this aim is being accomplished.

Some of the children look ill, most of them look delicate, and yet

in spite of this they look also happy. The school provides them with congenial work, healthy activity, rest, food, and fresh air, which last is what most of them need above all things. One is struck by the absence of the "school atmosphere" and the presence of a home atmosphere there.

The school opens at nine o'clock in the morning, and after prayers the children have a simple, substantial breakfast. The older girls help in the laying of the tables and the washing up. The time-table provides for a handwork lesson every morning and plenty of physical activity. When dinner-time comes the children prepare for it. Each has a brush and comb, tooth-brush, mug, and towel, and all are taught when and how to use them. After dinner they rest. Each has his or her own stretcher, which somewhat resembles a deck chair. They curl themselves up on these, cover themselves with their own blankets, and rest in the open air quite comfortably for an hour. A part of the grounds is covered in, and so this part of the curriculum is carried on even in wet weather. After rest come games; two more lessons, and then tea-time at 3.30 p.m., and then the children return to their homes.

The time-table provides for two arithmetic, two reading lessons during the week. Other secular subjects, excepting handwork, come only once during the week, and they are never longer than half-an-hour. This short time given to academic work may give educationalists a shock, especially as some of the children are thirteen years old. Mental development must in this case give way to physical, but it is evident from the instruction given that the former is by no means neglected. The happy children are a credit to the kindly care of the founders of the school, and the adapted stables are as great a credit to their ingenuity. The actual stables have been converted into two class-rooms, with one side quite open. A disused vinery has been utilized in making a glass roof for the verandah adjoining the open side of the class-rooms. Beyond this is the garden (small parts of which the children cultivate themselves) and beyond that the open Common. The one-time harness-room has been successfully converted into a cloak room, and a shed has been turned into an admirable kitchen, while another shed is now a woodwork shop for the boys. Every detail has been carefully thought out for the child's comfort and everything available utilized.

This school must be a great boon to the parents of sickly children. They only pay quite a small fee, graduated according to their means, in return for which their children are taught and cared for. The School has only been opened since October, but in the short time that has elapsed the children have improved greatly.

Let us hope that the good work done will continue to prosper.

D. F. JOHNSON.

College Notes

Change in Staff

AT the end of Christmas term Miss Smith, B.Sc., left (after many years' work at Lincoln) to undertake more advanced work at the Crewe Training College, for which she was selected from many applicants.

The Science Teaching is now in the hands of Miss D. Counsell (First Class Oxford Hons. Sch. of Nat. Sc.)

Presentations to Miss Bedford and Miss Smith

At the close of the Christmas term the students of both years presented Miss Bedford with a most useful spirit kettle and stand, and Miss Smith with an equally useful leather suit case. The different members of the staff gave them various other presents.

Oxford Literature Extension Lectures

(Autumn Term, 1913).

Subject—"SHAKESPEARE."

Lecturer—J. SLINGSBY ROBERTS, ESQ., M.A.

Examiner's Report.

"The papers sent in on this course were of a very uniform quality. There was hardly anything in them that could be called bad; on the other hand it was difficult to discover anything in them that could be called positively good or original. There were many signs of industry, but few signs of thought. Most of the candidates were content to repeat what they had been told. I mention these things, not because the candidates did badly as candidates (out of thirty-three who had entered only one failed), but because it was evident that they could have done better with a little less memorizing and a little more thought."

GEORGE S. GORDON,
Examiner.

List of Successful Candidates.

Passed with Distinction.

Prize winner—Elsie Butcher. *Prize*: "Classical Myths of the Middle Ages."

Isabel Armstrong
Clara Bagot
Florry Burridge
Edna Clarkson

Mabel Howe
Edith Mellor
Winifred Sullivan

Satisfied the Examiner.

Marian Armitage	Hilda Marsh
Elizabeth Binns	Gladys Needham
Charlotte Brown	Dorothy Nichols
Clarice Crawshaw	Mabel Ogle
Edith Crosby	Bertha Pearce
Margaret Giles	Miriam Pexton
Ada Hallam	Louie Poole
Mabel Higgs	Florence Rampton
May Holloway	Carletta Shrewsbury
Norah Jabet	Annie Thomas
Dorothy Johnson	Mabel Topham
Mabel Lynch	Norah White

(*Autumn Term—1912. By Special Request.*)

Subject—“ENGLISH NOVELISTS.”

WHAT could tend more to make any lectures a real success than an interesting subject and an interesting lecturer? It was, therefore, merely a natural order of things, when Mr. Ashe-King came to College to lecture on “The English Novelists,” that each lecture was eagerly anticipated, and the close of the course regretted.

The wide range of the subject made it necessary for the lecturer to confine his remarks to the outstanding types amongst writers. In tracing the history of the novel the lecturer took us right back into the shadowy centuries, when stories like the “Beowulf” were sung. The necessity for the poetic form in our earliest stories, as being an invaluable aid to memorization, was shewn. Our attention was next drawn to what may be termed a revolution in the literary world—the introduction of the printing press. This, we were told, marked the change from poetry to prose as the more customary form in our literature.

Caxton has, indeed, struck the keynote of the situation when he says, in his preface to Malory’s “Morte D’Arthur,” “that *all* should take the good and honest acts to their remembrance.” Literature was no longer the privilege of a wealthy few but the heritage of the many. The floating literature of former times was now anchored, and, once launched, a book either sank or sailed fair, unmutilated, or bedecked with alien trappings. The lecturer almost made us tremble to think of possibilities! Had Shakespeare lived before this revolution—most probably that which makes his works live on in fame and popularity would have been lost by this time!

The lecturer then passed on to a more definite study of the novelists themselves, and spoke in some detail upon such representative types as Defoe and Swift, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, the Bronte sisters, and George Eliot. The work of the women novelists in English literature was especially emphasized. Among the domestic novelists Jane Austen was placed first, both in time

and merit. The charge of tediousness, which is often levelled at this authoress, was vigorously refuted. Although she ever describes that which is always under our eyes, she makes it as though we saw it for the first time—and therein, it is claimed, lies her genius; therein it is that she has performed the most difficult of all tasks. When it is considered how atrociously narrow was the experience of the Brontes, the results which they accomplished are marvellous. Their minds, it was said, may be likened to a puddler's furnace, in which everything was not only clarified but intensified. It was claimed for George Eliot that she surpassed all other women novelists in the strength of her genius. She was philosopher and scientist, as well as a great literary artist.

The other two writers who were treated in detail were Dickens and Thackeray, and, as usual, these were treated as companion subjects. Both authors were social reformers; both felt themselves able to effect a remedy, but each chose his own method.

Dickens moulded public opinion by making his characters not so much actual beings as personifications of some vice or virtue predominant at that period. In all Thackeray's works, social foibles, individual weaknesses, the lesser sins of society, are all shewn up and treated with quiet satire. *That* was his means of reform—satire, but never cynical observation.

No reference to this delightful course would be complete without some mention of the personality of the lecturer; it seemed to shew itself in every word he uttered. Perhaps the most striking feature was his wonderfully apt use of the anecdote, to present an otherwise difficult situation in a clear and lucid way. We were given full benefit of his native wit. He seemed to possess that "personal touch" which is always so convincing; we were made to feel that we were listening to first-hand knowledge and not to uninteresting book-lore.

Lincoln students always are lucky as regards the Extension Lectures, but we, undoubtedly, were exceptionally so.

BEATRICE A. SMITH.

Practical School Work

A NEW experiment, and one that seems to promise well, has been tried in the practical work this term.

Old students will remember the 45 or 60 minutes devoted to criticism lessons on one afternoon per week, and will probably agree with us in feeling that from many points of view they were unsatisfactory—the shortness of the time resulting so often in work being left in an unfinished condition, the difficulty experienced in arranging for anything in the form of a correlated or application lesson because of the lapse of time before the next allotted period, and the fact that when we needed to be particularly keen and alert we were all apt to be more than a little drowsy—all these drawbacks led

us to evolve the idea of giving up a whole morning once a week to practical work.

Our plan, made with the full approval of H.M.I., has now been in work for about six weeks, and we have found it provides opportunities for much more systematic and profitable work than did the old one.

Acting on the advice of the Inspectress, we are arranging to let all the students see something of the work at all stages, from that with the newly arrived five-year-olds to that with the girls of thirteen who are shortly to leave school.

So far, the time between a quarter-past-nine and twelve o'clock has been allotted to two or more members of the Staff to use for their special subjects, and the following hour has been used for discussion of the methods employed and the difficulties that have arisen.

When preliminary work has been done in all the chief subjects the demonstration lessons will often be given by students.

Perhaps examples of the work of one or two mornings will show how it is possible to connect and deepen impressions.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>I. <i>Nature Myth</i>—Narcissus and Echo.
 <i>Observation</i> of Narcissus flower.
 <i>Modelling</i> of Narcissus in plasticene.</p> | } | <p>With Standard I
by Miss Bibby.</p> |
| <p>II. <i>Handwork</i>—Preparation of coins, making of purses and account sheets, weighing out of materials, tying-up and labelling, pricing, ticketing, and arrangement of goods.
 <i>Geography</i>—Journey to Grantham for shopping, use of railway guide, use of model of Lincolnshire, and railway map of England.
 <i>Arithmetic</i>—Shopping at draper's, grocer's and stationer's shops, making out of personal accounts.</p> | } | <p>With Standard IV, by Miss Butterworth.</p> |
| <p>III. <i>Geography</i>—Descriptive lesson on Venice.
 <i>Reading</i>—1. Illustrations of Venice in Literature
 2. <i>Reading Lesson</i> on simplest of extracts distributed (from Roger's "Italy").
 <i>Picture Study</i>—In Groups.
 <i>Composition</i>—20 mins. : As preparation for :—
 1. Oral Work.
 2. Written Work (subject and title being chosen by individuals).</p> | } | <p>With Standard VI, by Miss Turner.</p> |
| <p>IV. <i>Adoption of a plant</i>, bush or tree in garden by each child in Standard IV.
 <i>Entering of Notes</i> on above in Nature Study book, previously made by children.</p> | | |

Observation Lesson on Horse-Chestnut buds, by Miss Counsell.

Drawing of Horse-Chestnut buds in pastel, by D. Taylor (1st year).

Various types of *Scripture lessons* have preceded each morning's secular work.

Nature work in the garden has provided opportunity for Child-study, since each student has been responsible for one child. (It was rather laughable to find that when the second morning arrived the children had "adopted" *students* as well as plants—certain individuals absolutely refused to go out with anyone but "my" student !)

This is already bearing valuable fruit in the conclusions which have been reached with regard to characteristics of child life at different stages and the discovery that some practical adjustment of matter and method is necessary to meet these.

A. MARTIN }
A. BIBBY } Mistresses of Method.

Half-Term Holiday

HALF-TERM commenced early, very early on Saturday morning, November 1st. The thirty-three unfortunates, with smiling faces, in spite of lingering regrets, saw their comrades leave for "home," and then turned bravely and cheerfully to the preparations for the first item in the series of entertainments which Miss Davies with great kindness and enthusiasm was organizing.

Saturday night was given to a "Book Social," and great secrecy was observed as to the titles of the books to be represented, several girls choosing afresh at the last moment. The first hour was devoted to discovering what books were represented by each of us. The library was choice and indicated the thoughtful study that had been given to the Common Room book-shelves. The most successful "nut cracker" was Cissie Lewis, and she carried off the prize. The book she represented was effectively portrayed by exhibiting a passage of music, the notes, etc., of which were cut out of silver paper and pasted on a dark back-ground—"A Melody in Silver." Another bore a simple inscription "Miss Davies," and thus represented "Our Mutual Friend." Another wore a large picture of a big and a little donkey. Beneath was the algebraical formula " $+M B - N K$." After much mathematical effort we arrived at the correct title, "Dombey & Son." Other books represented were "A Book of Months," "Lays of Ancient Rome" (chiefly eggs) "A Ship of Stars," and various editions of "A Tale of Two Cities." A visitor carried off the Booby Prize.

Progressive games next engaged our attention, and many of them were most ingenious. The "pea-bottling" table and that at which we had to stick pins into a cork with the aid of a pair of scissors provoked considerable mirth, especially for the onlookers.

That observation needs most careful training was proved at the "observation" and "advertisement" tables. The prize in this competition went to Edith Mellor. So ended a very jolly day, in spite of the fact that thoughts would sometimes wander homewards. Sunday was spent in much the usual way, and the earlier hours of Monday were devoted to planning, tacking, or pinning together fancy dresses for the Evening Fancy Dress Dance. These were not to cost their wearers more than twopence, therefore much ingenuity was called into action, and the advice of Polonius to Laertes, "neither a borrower nor a lender be," would not have found much favour with us on this particular day.

At 8 o'clock we assembled in the Common Room—a motley crowd. Before dancing commenced we had a grand parade in order that everyone might judge of her (or his) neighbour's costume and incidentally show off her (or his) own. Prizes were to be given to the two most effective representations, and these were awarded by vote to May Holloway, who made a very excellent "Pied Piper," and Mabel Coltman, who had evidently smothered all natural girlish pride in her appearance by her realistic character "Black Dinah." Clarice Crawshaw, most picturesquely and correctly arrayed (even to the papoose) as an Indian Squaw, arrived later and was awarded a special prize for her successful efforts. Taste and ingenuity were displayed, and all the characters deserved much praise. Amongst those who met at the dance and paired off in the Grand Parade were "Scotty" (E. Walsh) and the "Fisher Girl" (Miss Davies), who might well have been dubbed "Dignity and Impudence"; "Rebekah at the Well" (D. Taylor) and Ivanhoe's "Rebecca" (R. Rees); "Dawn" (very daintily personated by M. Howe), merged into "Night" (F. A. Elwell, robed in black, star-spangled, and attended by creatures of the night, e.g., cats, bats, etc.); "David" (E. Butcher) and "Goliath" (A. Boucher, 5ft. 9in.) were the best of friends; so were "Ophelia" (N. Jabet) and "Shylock" (H. Reynolds). We did not lack the youthful element at the Revels, for "Algernon" (A. Thomas), "Carrots" (G. Amott), with his nurse (G. Donkin), and "Oliver Twist" (O. Hutchinson) were there. A "Sailor" (A. Storey) and the "Pied Piper" (May Holloway) were present and danced vigorously, although the Piper lost "half of yellow and half of red" owing to his exertions. The "Queen of Hearts" (C. Barr) and a "Squaw" (C. Crawshaw) were on the best of terms, the latter providing the witchery of the evening, while "Jane Austen" (E. Vincent) and "Dinah Morris" (L. Foster) talked most amicably to "Mrs. Pankhurst" (W. Dixon).

Dancing was continued till 10 o'clock with great zest, in spite of the incongruity and unsuitability of some of the costumes.

Much of Tuesday was spent in preparing for the return of the wanderers, who seemed rather surprised at the joyful happy faces of those they had left behind them. But when they were told of all Miss Davies' kind efforts to make the holiday a happy one their surprise vanished.

F. ELWELL.

N. JABET.

The Northgate Girls' Club Concert

IT was with feelings of delight, after many days of suspense and patient anticipation, that we welcomed the announcement that we might all attend the Northgate Girls' Club Concert, which was held in the Drill Hall of the College, on Thursday evening, November 12th, 1913.

A full programme had been arranged, which augured a very pleasant evening, for not only was the College Dramatic Society giving scenes from Sheridan's "Rivals," which alone would have made us wish to be present, but songs and country dances by outside artistes were to form the first part of the programme.

Visitors came in large numbers and were welcomed by us, and when we had all taken our places the hall was filled with an appreciative audience, which, from the excellent programme, expected, and felt confident in passing, a delightful and instructive evening.

Before beginning the country dances, which were given under the direction of the Folk Dance Society, Mr. Denmar, the leader of the party, gave us a short and interesting introduction to make the dances more generally understood by the audience. They were of a dim remote origin, he said, and were handed down to us by tradition. The oldest form is the Sword Dance, which is performed every year by the fishermen of Flamborough Head. It is a survival of Pagan observances, dating further back than the Stone Age, and was the ceremonial form of slaying the victim. In time this gave rise to the Morris Dance, which is a purely ceremonial and one-sex dance. In conclusion Mr. Denmar brought the Folk Dance Society to our notice and assured us that recruits would be heartily welcomed amongst them. The simple, effective dress of the country dancers made us almost imagine we were watching their revels on the village green. The Sword Dance, by boys of King Edward VI Grammar School, Retford, was much applauded, and consequently repeated. Between the dances, songs were admirably rendered by Mrs. Martelli, the Rev. C. D. Foster and Mr. G. H. Taylor.

The second part of the programme consisted of scenes from "The Rivals," as already stated.

Ada Hallam, as Mrs. Malaprop, in her early Victorian gown and side curls, was most emphatic on matters of decorum, and in setting forth what "don't become a young woman"; and throughout poured forth a torrent of characteristically misused and mispronounced words, which invariably convulsed the audience. Elsie Baguley, as Sir Anthony Absolute, the stern old martinet, played her part splendidly, and firmly convinced us that if Jack did not come back "Stark mad with rapture and impatience" after his visit to Lydia, "Egad! he would marry the girl himself!" Doris Shipman, as the gallant young ensign and lover, and Winnie Sullivan, as the boastful, swaggering Bob Acres, and Louie Poole, as Sir Lucias, with his maxim "Foh, foh, be aisy," were the three ardent

rivals for the hand of Lydia, which rôle was charmingly taken by Edith Crosby. Carletta Shrewsbury, as Lucy or "Miss Simplicity," was extremely artful in her management or rather mismanagement of the love affairs of the other characters, but refused to give her hand to Fag, whose devotion and lover-like qualities were splendidly brought out by Blanche Bannister. Annie Thomas played the part of the servant in a most dignified manner, whilst Elsie Butcher, as Acre's valet-de-chambre, David, shared to the full his master's terror of fire-arms and fighting.

The whole effect of the play was exceedingly good, and once again the College Dramatic Society had proved to us that Realisation can be better than Anticipation.

EDITH MELLOR.

MARTHA LEWIS.

Second Years' Entertainment

WITH what joy we juniors hailed the news that the Dramatic Society was going to give a further and fuller performance of "The Rivals" to the College on November 30th! For the preceding fortnight, the first-years had been grievously tormented by the worries of school practice, and the thought of the treat in store for us came as a gleam of sunshine on this dark and stormy path, and kept up our spirits during the previous days. Although wearied with the labours of the day, on this Thursday evening we gladly decked ourselves in holiday attire, and all wended our way to the Drill Hall with the intention of thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and of showing our seniors how much we appreciated them. The few scenes we witnessed at the second year concert served to stimulate our curiosity as to what they were capable of in the dramatic line, and the excellent way in which they acted on that occasion led us to expect very great things indeed.

Mrs. Malaprop conducted herself as a very proper and dignified ornament of society, and we felt very real sympathy with her in her tragic love episode with the ungrateful Sir Lucius. Far from being the "weather-beaten old she-dragon" that Captain Absolute described her, she was most charming and youthful, with her corkscrew curls and erect bearing, while she kept the audience in roars of laughter by her "Malapropisms."

Sir Anthony Absolute played the part of the irate father of the scapegrace lover splendidly, and we quite trembled for Jack, the "impudent, insolent reprobate" who had to endure such strong paternal lectures for daring to fall in love with Miss Lydia Languish. Captain Absolute made an ideal lover, very gallant yet never to excess. Being sure of Lydia's love, he had no occasion for the anxiety of less lucky suitors, and so could afford to take his father's treatment quite coolly. Bob Acres was most attractive as Captain Absolute's rival, and we could easily imagine that anyone but the constant Lydia would have immediately succumbed to his charms, particularly to his good English legs and his hair, which, after an

extensive course of training, really looked most charming. Although Lydia would not make any answer to his advances, there were many others who would have been only too glad of the opportunity.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger was a delightful Irish character, and although his treatment of his Delia was rather unkind, we all admired his gracious generosity in offering to bestow her on Captain Absolute. Fag, David, and James proved good and faithful servants, reflecting great credit on their up-bringing. We all hoped that Fag was not in any way hurt by Sir Anthony's treatment of him when coming down the bannisters.

Miss Lydia Languish was so charming that we quite understood her having so many suitors for her hand, yet we all admired her constancy to her Beverley, and were correspondingly joyful when, in the end, she obtained the object of her affections. Lucy won everybody's confidence under the most winning pretence of simplicity, and we were all captivated by her vivacity, in spite of the way she betrayed everyone's secrets.

The characters played together splendidly and reflected great credit on Miss Turner's careful training, while the picturesqueness of the scene was considerably enhanced by the tastefully chosen dresses, for which many thanks are due to Miss Davies, who spared no trouble in her efforts to borrow them.

ISABEL KAY.

Girls' Friendly Society

On November 20th, we enjoyed an interesting and inspiring address by Miss Maude Thompson.

Miss Thompson spoke chiefly of the work of the Girls' Friendly Society as "the servant of the Church," and especially aroused enthusiasm by her account of the help which its members had given towards buying Church sites in Western Canada.

On February 20th, an Admission Service was held in the College Chapel, at which the following new members joined the Society: Cora Coates, Gertrude Collins, Olive Goy, Mary Grimshaw, Dorothy Johnson, Isabel Kay, Maud Pitcher, Edith Pratt, Alice Storey, Ethel Varlow.

Sewing meetings have been held on Saturday evenings during Lent from 5.30 to 7, when members were occupied in making garments to be given to St. Swithin's Mission and St. Nicholas' Parish.

M.D.

Confirmation in Chapel

ON the Sunday afternoon of November 23rd, 1913, at 4 p.m., the Lord Bishop of the Diocese confirmed nine of our friends in the College Chapel, the first Confirmation Service that has been held here.

The beautiful hymn, "Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come," was sung as a processional—part by a few students, accompanied by four

violinists and the organist, Miss Bedford, and part by all the students.

The Bishop gave an address, showing in a very beautiful way how God's loving hand is continually stretched out to hold and guide everyone who turns to Him. Afterwards the candidates were confirmed and the *Veni Creator* was sung.

At the end of the service the inspiring hymn, "Faithful Warriors," was sung, and every one of us felt that a New Year's Day had dawned for us as well as for our friends. The service was altogether very beautiful and impressive.

Miss Martin had made the Altar look lovely with beautiful white chrysanthemums.

Some of the senior Art Students had painted illuminated copies of the hymns for the Bishop, the Principal, the Chaplain, and for the candidates, who will always keep them in remembrance of this very important and serious event in their lives.

HILDA MARSH

ALICE MOXON

Chapel Wardens.

The Empire Guild

THE Annual Meeting of the Empire Guild of Teachers was held on November 27th, at the Training College, by the kind invitation of the Principal. There was a fairly good attendance, and the members were glad to welcome Miss Sturge amongst them again. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Wharhirst (Hon. Sec.) the balance sheet and report were read by a member of the Committee, showing that the Guild now includes over thirty members.

After refreshments and pleasant social intercourse, Miss Sturge and Miss Todhunter read papers on Education which could not fail to widen the outlook of those present, and enrich them with new ideas. Canon and Mrs. Rowe also spoke, and then followed a discussion on such topics as "The Method of Non-interference," "Self-government in School," and "Associations of Old Scholars."

Thus closed a most enjoyable and helpful meeting.

A. MEADOWS.

Handwork in a Sheffield School

ON Wednesday, January 21st, the Senior Students, accompanied by several members of the Staff, visited the following Sheffield Schools for the purpose of observation: Abbeydale Girls', Hillsbro' Girls', Western Road Senior and Infants', Huntsman's Gardens Senior, Woodseats Infants', Whitby Road Infants, Highfield Special School, and Carter Knowle Senior.

Many interesting methods and much excellent work were seen in the above schools, but the height of enthusiasm appears to have been reached by those of us who were privileged to visit Carter Knowle School in the afternoon.

Almost the last thing seen in the morning was the "Babies" classroom at Woodseats Infants' School, where the little ones were energetically polishing their own chairs, tables, doors, etc., even the rocking-horse getting its share and themselves hardly escaping. There had been a pervading odour of furniture cream, with its foreshadowings of the great annual effort, and our thoughts had soared above the fog and drizzle of outside Sheffield to Spring days and sunshine. Then on our arrival at the school chosen for our afternoon visit, expecting soberer things and earnest, after the manner of the Upper Department, we found ourselves in the middle of a scene of bustle and activity quite equal to the morning's experience. We sniffed! This time a smell of glue! Truly the Sheffield schools are not troubled by conventionality! We looked around: boys all over the room, apparently doing as they pleased, desks at varying angles and in seeming disarrangement, swinging glue pots, piles of material—and—one master to manage it all. We gave him our hearty sympathy, but as he came to greet us we saw it was not needed, for he was serene and smiling and, as we found, in full control of all the varying activities of the room.

Looking closer we discovered that the apparent disorder was only the exercise of those watchwords of the method lectures—"spontaneous activity," "self expression," "initiative," and "individual effort." The boys were working alone or in groups, making appeals for help only when and as needed, either to a comrade or the teacher, and we went from one to the other, interested and attentive, the boys readily explaining and demonstrating as we required.

Most of them were busy over cardboard modelling and its development, bookbinding. In the former, each boy was making objects of his own choice, either copying one or designing for himself, and many were doing little presents—a stiff back for a reporter's notebook, a blotting pad, or a calendar. In the bookbinding, school-books were being re-bound, and dilapidated music re-backed. It was interesting to hear that master and pupils had together penetrated the secrets of bookbinding, pulling apart old books to find out the process, and then re-making, setting up their own stitching frames, and perfecting and elaborating as needed, suggestions being made by either boys or teacher. Some boys, who had either finished a model or had left it to "set," were building with "Meccano," and we heard that, before long, there was to be a set actually belonging to the school. Meanwhile, those boys possessing a box of this delightful constructive material were encouraged to bring it and share with a less fortunate friend.

Our only regrets when the lesson ended were for the shortness of the time and our inability to take an active share in the work, and we felt that until a similar scene had been enacted in College with staff and students in place of boys and master we should remain unsatisfied.

We all came away feeling that though, as had been said, the school owes much to the introduction of handwork for its self-discipline and purposeful effort, yet it also owes much more to the Headmaster for its high ideals and the stimulus of a fine example of courtesy and kindness to all around him.

A. BIBBY.

The Missionary Circle

THE meetings have continued steadily and enthusiastically all the year. During the present term we have had the additional excitement of rehearsals for the performance of "Ivanhoe," and in spite of the demands made by a three weeks' "school practice" immediately preceding it, the performance really took place with clash of arms, on February 21st. The members were indefatigable in their efforts to make it a success, and as they generously insisted on paying the cost of the play themselves, the Circle emerged with a clear profit of £2 12s. od. towards the needful £7.

Enthusiasm is not, however, confined to resident members, for although the "reminders" to "past-student members" have not yet been sent out for the present year, it is cheering and very helpful to find that several generous contributions have already been sent.

One last suggestion to the whole Circle! The boy Jusuf Chaka is now at the critical age of sixteen, and members are especially asked to remember his spiritual needs.

E.M.B.

Dramatic Entertainment by the Missionary Circle

ON Saturday evening, February 21st, the College Missionary Circle performed "Scenes from Ivanhoe," in aid of the Fund for the African boy in whom we are all largely interested.

We had heard much of red blankets being borrowed; we had seen spears, hatchets and animals' heads carefully collected, and finally rumours had gone round of a huge Cottage Loaf being borne in triumph to the Drill Hall. So, it was with much excitement and great expectation that we crowded into the Hall promptly at seven o'clock.

While we were waiting for the curtain to "rise" the time was very pleasantly whiled away by Miss Bibby, who took the place of an orchestra. We enjoyed this very much, and take this opportunity of thanking her.

Simultaneously with a sepulchral "All right" the curtains were drawn aside, and we found that the stage had been converted into a veritable Saxon Hall, furnished in true Saxon style, with long rough tables and seats, while the walls were decorated with arms and trophies of the chase. One end of the Hall was hung with arras, and here stood "the High Table" covered with red "homespun," and laid for the evening meal. (Now we were able to account for that Cottage Loaf.)

The other table was suitably laid with large earthenware vessels, for those whose station in life compelled them to sit "below the salt."

The noble Cedric now came and dispensed the hospitality which had been asked by the hated Normans, in a spirit which we greatly admired.

The Lady Rowena also made her appearance, looking every inch the true descendant of English Kings, and we did not wonder at the ardent glances which Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert cast on this lovely Saxon maid.

In this scene, too, we made the acquaintance of the Pilgrim, who later proved to be Ivanhoe, and the Old Jew, Isaac of York.

When the curtain fell at the close of the first scene, our interest, far from abating, had been doubled, and after eagerly discussing its merits with our neighbours, we settled down for the next scene, which the programme prophesied to be "A Woody Pass on the Road to Ashby." This was a short merry scene, in which we were transported to the band of Robin Hood's Merry Men, who, with foaming cup and rollicking song, passed along the road to the Tournament.

The "Tournament" scene is naturally a very difficult one to reproduce, but the actresses managed to make it most realistic and really exciting. Anxiously we watched the struggle between "The Disinherited Knight" and the Knights Templars; and shared Rebecca's emotions when the young man sank down at the feet of his opponents, but only for a moment—for, suddenly, in dashed a tall dark figure who, with his mighty axe, turned aside the weapons of the Templars—and we heaved a big sigh of relief.

The whole of this scene was most impressive, and we were all intensely excited.

The succeeding acts were all very interesting, especially "the Dungeon" scene, where the faithful fool, Wamba, came to take the place of his master, in order that Cedric might escape. Another stirring scene was that in which Rebecca found Ivanhoe a prisoner in the Castle of Tonquilstone, and in which she bravely exposed herself to the view of the enemy who were beseiging the castle, in order that she could give the wounded knight every detail of the attack.

The excitement was at its height when Rebecca waited anxiously for the arrival of some champion of her honour, as she stood accused of sorcery by the Grand Master of the Templars. At the very last moment, Ivanhoe rushed in and challenged Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert to mortal combat. They fought—the Templar was slain—and Rebecca was free to return to her father.

To produce such a play as this, real dramatic ability is essential; and of this the Missionary Circle seem to have an abundance. All the characters were excellently portrayed, but some deserved special praise. Hilda Marsh's rendering of "Isaac the Jew" was really admirable. The struggle in his mind between his gratitude

to Ivanhoe and his care for his money was remarkably well brought out. Dorothy Johnson and Freda Ollerhead formed a marked contrast in their respective parts as "Rebecca" and "Rowena": their appearances suited the parts extremely well, and they certainly played them very happily—Dorothy as the impulsive, warm-hearted Jewess, and Freda as the cool, unemotional Saxon. Annie Thomas made a very chivalrous "Ivanhoe," while Norah Williams filled us with amazement at her war-like appearance as "the Black Knight." Blanche Bannister is to be congratulated on her spirited rendering of "Sir Brian," and Edith Mellor on her portrayal of the scornful "Grand Master." The more amusing characters came in the lower orders. Alice Magnall, as "Friar Tuck," kept us all in roars of laughter as she "tipped" and sang in "the merry greenwood." Ethel Darnell made a charming "Wamba" and amused everybody by her smart repartee, while Florrie Burridge, as the stalwart "Gurth," formed a great contrast to her fellow-serf.

At the conclusion of the play, a vote of thanks was proposed by the Principal to the Missionary Circle. The members themselves then gave three hearty cheers for Miss Butterworth, who had so successfully coached the troupe; these cheers were followed by more from the audience for the College Missionary Circle.

Thus closed a very enjoyable evening.

MABEL OGLE.

Shrove Tuesday

DAYS of joyful anticipation had preceded the whole holiday given us for Shrove Tuesday. Little groups of friends might be heard discussing the relative merits of various little villages round Lincoln and discussing possible routes.

At last the morning dawned. The earliest risers looked out of their windows with mingled anxiety and distrust as to the state of the weather, but soon the news spread that it was a glorious morning. Soon after Chapel, parties left the College gates and scattered in all directions, and one heard the names Greetwell, Waddington, and Saxilby through the buzz of cheerful conversation.

We might follow the adventures of those who went to Waddington and had tea with Mrs. S——, a dear old lady whom I can personally certify to be the greatest living authority on the most intimate affairs of every other person in the parish, living or dead; or those of the Saxilby group, which included a ride in a pig-cart, a wedding, and wayside meals wherever they found suitable logs to sit on.

Let us instead go with the eleven pilgrims who set out for New Jerusalem. They passed through the town on to the path along the Fosse bank, and one of the party, whose home is by the Trent, was heard apostrophising the Fosse and the Witham as a "dirty little ditch." Nevertheless the still, green water, flowing between level green banks, was beautiful with reflections of blue sky, fleecy

cloud and stiff grey-green gorse-bushes jewelled with golden flower-buds. At Skellingthorpe Ferry a queer old ferryman waited, like a very slightly modernised Charon, to ferry them over the flood. He declared with a wealth of reminiscent detail that he remembered the students whom he ferried over on Ascension Day last year. Leaving the big, cumbersome, old ferry-boat they passed through Skellingthorpe village and entered the woods, where a halt for dinner was made. The scent of eleven sausage-rolls pervaded the air and, as if in answer to it, there immediately appeared a pack of hounds in full cry. They came to a dead halt and with waving tails and eager eyes made careful investigation as to the personal character of the Pilgrims and their readiness to satisfy hunger. Through the bare stems of the trees the rest of the hunt was seen approaching. A vivid impression of scarlet coats and beautiful horses, and they had passed, the hoofs making little sound on the dry brown leaves and pine-needles that carpet the ground. After dinner the Pilgrims pressed forward again, and early in the afternoon arrived at Jerusalem. They were disappointed to find only a dirty little hamlet described by the Musician as "six houses and a Bethel." The party got milk here but no honey, and at once travelled on to Doddington, which proved decidedly more interesting than Jerusalem.

The village is half enclosed in woods, where myriads of primrose roots foretold the coming glory. Doddington has an old Hall reputed to be haunted by very noisy ghosts, and the Pilgrims, assured by a gardener that they might "see round as the family was away," entered the grounds. They were shown round a quaint flower garden set out in orderly beds round a green lawn, in the centre of which stood an old grey sundial.

The house was next shown to them. They were taken first up a narrow spiral staircase which they ascended madly at break-neck pace in vain pursuit of an elusive pair of legs, which was all they saw of their guide until they emerged panting and breathless upon the leaded roof. Below, cut up into patterns by hedges and dykes, lay the level plain like a piece of crazy patchwork, and in the distance Thorpe Church crowned a little wooded hill.

On descending they saw the haunted room and the very bed that "the Duke of Argyll slept in the night before he was killed at Culloden."

In the picture gallery they were alarmed by suddenly encountering knights in armour with menacing weapons uplifted. They saw, too, hosts of beautiful and curious treasures, brought from foreign lands by one of "the family" who was a wanderer, and also a very unprepossessing portrait of Nell Gwynne.

The Musician meantime had found an old spinet and from the dim corner floated tiny tinkling notes like a melody from the Past. She played the Schummerlied, and the grey ghosts crowded down from picture frame, staircase and gallery, pressing round the player

till her face caught the mystery and light of another world. Very quietly the Pilgrims passed out into the open air.

Tea was the order now, and after an amusing meal with an old lady who regarded her unexpected visitors with open suspicion, the weary wanderers returned to College.

A happy day was ended by a heated debate, held in the Common Room, on Home Rule. Good papers were given, and after a fierce and very interesting discussion the proposition was put to the vote and the day carried against Home Rule.

The more energetic spirits then attended a short but very enjoyable dance in the Drill Hall, whereafter, weary and happy, all retired to a night of sound sleep.

EDNA CLARKSON.

The Paper Chase

THE Map of Lincoln, usually considered a very dull and uninteresting piece of furniture, has suddenly become an important item in College life. Instead of being honoured only by the most cursory glance, it has been subjected to the closest scrutiny and deepest attention. Bypaths and turnpikes, meadows and ploughed fields, hawthorn hedges and ditches, have assumed a position of vital interest, have become subjects for eager and heated discussion.

Hockey matches are stale, badminton boring—what can better take their place than a paper-chase?

A small but competent committee arranged preliminaries with the rush and bustle of an American Revue. It remained only for the weather to play its part with equal gusto.

The day before the chase was spent in a state of excitement, which gradually increased till Saturday morning, when the state of the weather seemed the only thing that mattered. The day dawned bright and clear, the sun shone brilliantly in an unclouded sky, as if promising a glorious day. The dreary round of monotonous study passed even more slowly than usual, but it did come to an end eventually, as all things do, and excitement rose to fever-pitch as the eventful hour drew near. Then, suddenly, it began to rain. Anxious eyes scanned the windows throughout dinner-time, and the possibilities of scrambling through hedges with mackintoshes and umbrellas were discussed with due weight and gravity. However, by two o'clock, galoshes were returned to their accustomed resting-places, and the corridors and lobbies began to be alive with girls in full drill costume and black hair-ribbons, all eager and panting for the chase.

By half-past two the hares were ready to start, with beaming faces, enigmatical looks, and wicked twinkles in their eyes. No amount of coaxing or hinting could drag a word from them as to their route, and the hounds could only possess their souls in patience as they watched them start away down the Drive, with school-bags filled with confetti slung in business-like fashion from their shoulders.

Never were twelve minutes spent in such a fever of impatience by Collegiates before. At last they started in real earnest, sweeping round the corner of Donkey Lane in fine style. The trail was laid with care and cunning, throwing the whole pack off the scent at every gate and corner. Every ditch became a possible lurking-place for a handful of confetti, every fence a possible means of deluding the anxious and panting pack. Browning and Shakespeare appeared to have written their poems with the sole idea of providing suitable quotations for "paper-chasers"—" 'Tis here, 'tis here, 'tis gone," murmured one poetic hound, on losing sight of the trail. "We are baffled to fight better," exclaimed another literary genius, after laboriously plodding across a ploughed field on a false scent.

The species of shrub called by Rudyard Kipling a "wait-a-bit thornbush" seemed to thrive with remarkable life and vigour in the fields through which the hares laid their track. To be caught by the hair, dragged by the tunic, and scratched down the legs at the self-same moment was no uncommon experience for the intrepid pathfinders of L.T.C. Matters reached a climax when the hounds discovered that they were expected to climb a tottering fence, slide down a slippery, muddy bank, jump across a ditch with the assistance of a stray bucket, kindly left there for the purpose, and precipitate themselves face foremost on to the opposite bank, upon which the green and tender spring nettles grew in lavish profusion. Was this what Shakespeare meant when he said: "Thorough bush, thorough briar, over park, over 'pail' "? After this, with the exception of struggling over a few rickety fences ornamented with barbed wire, the run was without any striking incident till Riseholme Park was reached, and the trail lost. Far and wide the pack scattered, now finding, now losing the precious pieces of blue and pink paper. The calm, placid beauty of the lake, the fleecy clouds floating high in the azure sky, the tall aspens quivering in the breeze, formed an enchanting picture for those with eyes to see such beauties. The eyes of the pack, however, were too firmly glued to the green sward beneath their feet to notice such insignificant things as water, sky, and trees. At last the trail was discovered, and a timely "Tally-ho" called the hounds together for the run home. Not more than two miles remained to be covered now, and the way was so direct that the confetti was scarcely needed. All were tired, weary, and footsore, but the excitement of being near home, and the desire to be "in first," lent wings to the jaded hounds.

It was rather disconcerting to find the hares looking most insultingly cool, calm, and collected at the College gate, and to hear such remarks as "What are you running for?" "You do look hot!" but everyone voted it a splendid run, and a ripping way of spending Saturday afternoon. It might be of interest to many who sneer at girls' sports to know that everyone managed the whole round, and oh! unbelievable fact! nobody's hair came down.

WINNIE SULLIVAN.
CLARICE CRAWSHAW.

War

THE old moon was on the wane. For many days peace had reigned in the land. Suddenly College was startled by a great challenge which appeared on the notice-board—"The Ancient Britons propose to do battle with Modern Society: weapons to be hockey-sticks."

The new moon was almost full. For the winds arose, and the rains came, and many days passed before the challenge could be answered. Then, when the storm subsided, the forces met in "Ye Olde Landrie Passe," and the great battle was fought in "Ye Olde Roman Dytche." (Admission 1d. Proceeds for the Waifs and Strays Society.)

As the hostile armies drew up in battle array the sky became overcast, the wind moaned in the trees, and the sun passed behind a cloud. On the field the warriors took up the strongest positions. The mighty warrior Caradoc held the goal for the Ancient Britons; while Boadicea and Caractacus held the ground at the back. Terrible and awful indeed they looked—Boadicea in cubicle curtains and straw; Caractacus in flowing robe with venerable beard and shield, like the snail's house, on his back.

In the van, grim determination written in every face, were two white-sheeted Druids and ferocious-looking members of the tribe.

Even more terrible and awe-inspiring were the members of Modern Society. The goal-keeper, in Parisian attire, with huge red pom-poms on her shoes, resisted the savage onslaughts truculently. A lady in blue, with a dainty white frill round her waist and the regulation head-dress of one feather, together with her companion, a truly modern "Flapper," presented a force as strong as that of Boadicea and Caractacus.

The forward line was adorned by ladies whose garments vied with the rainbow for colour-combinations; and whose head-dresses closely resembled those of their opponents, the Ancient Britons. Especially to be commended was one lady, who, although considerably past her first youth, and apparently not unfamiliar with the inside of the City Police Court, yet battled away in an heroic and frisky manner,

"Where you see my red plume waving,
Amid the ranks of war, etc."

One shrill whistle and the deadly onslaught began. A deep silence ensued, broken only by the crash of weapons as they struck the ball. Darker and darker grew the heavens: suddenly the air was rent by a wild shriek. It was Boadicea cheering her troops to victory. Again a silence: then a Druid priest was seen jumping wildly in the air and waving his weapon. The whole tribe gave forth their wild war-cry and yell of victory: "A goal!"

Grim determination was seen on the faces of the Moderns as they drew up again. The lady with the cigarette bit the end viciously,

and the toy puppy was jammed farther down in the arms of its mistress. Its sufferings were not in vain, for a minute later the Moderns, with one voice, claimed a goal.

This warfare continued till half-time. Then, after rest and refreshment, the forces mustered all their strength and resumed the deadly contest. All hindrances, such as tight skirts, flowing hair, muffs and puppies, were forgotten in the grim earnestness of the fight. The heavens themselves partook of the fury of the combatants—and relieved their feelings by a gentle fall of snow. Regardless of this they still fought on, the Savages not sparing to cast away their outer garments when their progress was likely to be impeded by them.

Ever and anon there broke from the Ancients yells of victory as they — got a goal. Each success on the part of the savages was followed by a gallant rally on the Modern side, who quickly carried away the "ball of contention" to the other end of the field, despite the efforts of Boadicea and her willing fellow-warriors.

Then a last shrill whistle, and peace fell upon both armies. The Moderns had proved the better warriors, yet the Britons had shown themselves brave and fearless, and were not down-hearted. Three loud war-whoops proclaimed their respect for their conquerors: three delicate hurrahs showed the Moderns' appreciation of the Ancient Britons, and their admiration of the bravery of the savage tribes. Soon the victors left the field, and as the Britons sought their primitive homes beyond the Laundry Passe, the air was filled with the strains of their tribal song, "Britons never shall be slaves."

Lest the veracity of this history should be doubted, and in order to assist future historians in drawing up a correct account of the site of the battle and of the combatants, a famous artist has made reliable representations of the armies just before the battle. These may still be obtained, and will no doubt be invaluable to those who wish to instruct the youth of the country in the greatest event of Modern History, the famous battle between the Ancient Britons and Modern Society.

ADA HALLAM.

DOROTHY JOHNSON.

MABEL LYNCH.

A Lantern Lecture on Egypt

On Saturday evening, March 21st, 1914, we had the great pleasure of listening to a lantern lecture on Egypt, given by Miss Turner.

"Egypt! that strange land of paradoxes, with its clear warm air and wonderful moonlight scenes. What is it that holds our senses and rivets our attention? The Pyramids, which the imagination and wonderland of childhood surround with mystery and awe—is it mass, age, or———? Well, perhaps, we shall see!"

Egypt is not exactly an Oriental country. Its position lies where East and West meet. Its cities have the glamour of the

Orient combined with the conveniences of the more civilized West. The first picture, however, took us back to the days of the Ptolemies, when Egypt was a powerful country, famous still, as it had long been, for its great builders. We seemed to be standing before a huge pillar, the only one remaining of a number of similar columns forming a temple. This is known as Pompey's Pillar, named after a governor of Egypt and not, as one would expect, after the great rival of Cæsar.

It is from these strange old monuments, with their grotesque decoration, that we learn so much of Egypt's history. A picture of the "Rosetta Stone" was shown, with its three different forms of writing, only one of which was legible to modern scholars, being Greek. This we saw in the British Museum, much to our dismay, but a touch of Miss Turner's magic wand soon transported us once more to the East.

From Alexandria we passed on to Cairo at the head of the Nile Delta. Here are the remains of an old citadel built in the 12th century. The Arab conquerors also added a beautiful mosque within the walls but, like so many of the old mosques of the city, it has been allowed to fall into hopeless decay.

These Mohammedans not only built places of worship but also tombs for their bodies after death. These old ruins of once magnificent shrines, with numerous domes, tall minarets and isolated pillars amongst the scattered fragments of the buildings, presented a very impressive scene.

On the left bank of the river we found the old town of Memphis, but of a very different nature from her modern sister Cairo. There we found sleek, well-fed donkeys on the river bank and a sense of vitality and general prosperity that is associated with the "busy hum of men." At Memphis, on the other hand, we lived in by-gone ages. Beautiful lattice windows, for which "Arabian" Egypt is so famous, which are still to be found in old Cairo, recall vividly Crusading days, when two beautiful eyes above the snowy "yashmak" would watch their lover through the delicate tracery.

We approach the tawny desert, with its "lone and level sands" stretching far beyond the reach of human vision. Yet it is not level, for the monotony is broken by the huge triangular pyramids with their inscrutable guardian, the Sphinx. Even those who have not ventured beyond our own sea coasts know the calm, serene gaze of this wonderful Being, so let us pass on to its rival in size—the Great Pyramid.

Here stands both mass and age; if we could fully realize the combined heights of the Western and Central Towers of our own Cathedral, we might arrive at a dim conception of the immensity of this wonderful tomb. The length of one single stone is thirty feet! What must it have been like in the "glory of its prime," with the smooth shining surface of enamel glittering in the intense sunlight!

In and under the centre of this "mountain of stone" lies the

King's Chamber, in which the embalmed body of the mighty Cheops was laid to rest. Below her lord's is the smaller Queen's Chamber, long since left desolate, while the presence of ventilating shafts and constructing chambers, makes us realize more clearly how civilised these ancient buildings were. Some distance away from the Pyramids of Gizeh lie others of almost equal importance and fame, at Sakkara. Amongst these is to be seen the Step Pyramid, thought to be the oldest in Egypt.

Back again in Memphis we passed through a beautiful grove of palms, which shelter the fallen statue of Rameses II, whose mummy was unwrapped at, and is now to be seen in, the Cairo Museum.

Time pressed, and we reluctantly followed our fascinating guide for a brief visit to Heliopolis, the famous City of the Sun. Here was once a great metropolis, where Joseph ruled and married; but the only indication of past glories is one solitary obelisk.

Amid the stupendous ruins at Thebes on the west bank of the Nile stand two immense colossi—statues of an arrogant Egyptian monarch. There are also some wonderful storied columns in colours, which centuries of time and weather have not faded. On one column a series of pictures relate the story of the Israelitish oppression and their departure for the "promised land."

Passing on to other Theban ruins on the east bank, at Karnak and Luxor we see even greater wonders. Here is an old temple with a frontage of nearly a mile, and an avenue of approach both sides of which are bordered with Sphinxes in a good state of preservation. A mighty pylon rears its proud head aloft before the temple, its storied sides depicting the history of this ancient race. How clearly the picture of the famous Queen Hatasu and her noble guest from the south passes before our eyes, as they pass with sumptuous train beneath its massive archway!

At Abu S. mbel we saw another phase of Egyptian civilisation in the mighty rock temples and their guardian statues at the entrance. Colossi, temples and all are hewn out of the solid red rock, and we again marvelled at the mass and size. In her own wonderful way, Miss Turner filled us with vivid impressions of these remarkable temples. Inside they are most beautifully decorated with the bright colours of the East so beloved by the Egyptian.

Our last picture showed a triumph of modern architecture and mass. At Assuan we saw the famous Nile dam, by means of which the waters of the mighty river are controlled by man. This, however, is the crystallised idea of men's thoughts for centuries back, for long before the science of engineering was ever invented one enterprising Pharoah attempted to control and conserve the waters of the Nile by a canal through which surplus water could pass into a large depression a short distance to the West of the river. The result of this is still to be seen in the lake and canal, which remain to the present day.

ELSIE J. BUTCHER.
Second Year.

Stainer's Crucifixion

ON March 29th, the last Sunday of term, the Evening Service in Chapel assumed a form which was a fitting climax to our Lenten preparation services.

After shortened Evensong, the Musical Society gave selections from Stainer's "Crucifixion."

The soloists were F. Farmer, E. Hakes, H. McCabe, D. Nichols, B. Pearce, D. Shipman, and C. Shrewsbury. About 20 visitors were present, and the whole service was one to be remembered by all those who attended it.

The earnestness of the singers and the intensely sympathetic rendering of both solos and choruses made us feel that we were indeed taking part in an act of worship, and not merely listening to a performance.

Miss Bibby and the members of the Society need no further praise or thanks. A.M.

Additions to the Fiction Library

The Moonlight Sonata—*Johan Nordling*. The Moss Troopers—*S. R. Crockett*. Queen of the Guarded Mounts; Mary All Alone—*John Oxenham*. The Strength of the Hills—*Halliwell Sutcliffe*. The Odd Farm House—*by the Odd Farm Wife*. Eldorado—*Baroness Orczy*. The Love Pirate—*C. N. & A. M. Williamson*. Michael Ferrys—*Mrs. De La Pasture*. Happy-Go-Lucky—*Ian Hay*. Court of the Angels—*Justus Forman*. Because of Jane—*J. E. Buckrose*. Polly Anna—*Eleanor H. Porter*. Sunia and Other Stories—*Maud Diver*. The Amateur Gentleman—*Jeffrey Farnol*. Taken from the Enemy—*Henry Newbolt*. The Folliotts of Red Marley—*L. Allen Harker*. Miss Nobody—*Ethel Carnie*. Stella Maris—*W. J. Locke*. Heart of the Hills—*J. Fox*. Open Road—*H. Sutcliffe*. Waitstill Baxter—*K. Douglas Wiggin*. The Stolen Emperor—*Mrs. Hugh Frazer*. A Prisoner in Fairyland—*Algernon Blackwood*. Chronicles of Avonlea—*F. Montgomery*. Red Wrath—*J. Oxenham*. Out of the Dark—*H. Keller*. Hagton—*Mary Johnsorn*. Judgment of the Sword—*Maud Diver*. T. Tembarom—*F. J. Burnett*.

The College Magazine Club takes the following magazines and papers: Cornhill, Scribner's, Harper's, The Treasury, The Captain, The Bookman, Woman's Magazine, Pearson's Magazine, Chamber's Journal, The Quiver, Lectures Pour Tous, The Weekly Graphic, Westminster Gazette, Church Times, Punch.

The College Committee provide: Daily Graphic, Daily Telegraph, Spectator, Lincolnshire Chronicle, Lincolnshire Gazette, Journal of Education, and Musical Times.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Magazines from the following Colleges and Schools: Sheffield (The Crescent and the Holly Leaf); Saffron-Walden; Cheltenham (St. Mary's); Goldsmith; Ripon; Homerton; Lincoln High School; Home and Colonial; Grahamstown; Avery Hill; Tottenham (St. Katharine's); Warrington.

Chapel Offertory Balance Sheet

JUNE, 1912 TO JUNE, 1913.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Offertories for year	24	13	7
Offertory at Summer School for Sunday School Teachers	0	10	9

£25 4 4

MARY TURNER, *Treasurer.*

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Flowers for the Altar	1	15	6
Balkan Relief Fund	1	0	0
Lincoln County Hospital	1	1	0
S.P.G. Women's Work	1	1	0
Sheffield Orphanage	2	0	0
The Dean's Cathedral Restoration Fund	1	1	0
Brabazon Employment Society—Lincoln Branch	0	10	0
National Society	1	1	0
Truro College Chapel	1	1	0
Special case of poverty	1	9	0
Universities Mission, Central Africa	1	1	0
Chota Nagpore Mission, S.P.G.	1	1	6
British and Foreign Bible Society	0	10	6
Church Missionary Society	1	1	0
S.P.G.	1	1	0
Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	0	10	6
Waifs and Strays	0	10	6
Blue Kneeler for Chapel	1	5	0
Box for Chaplain	0	15	6
Missionary Intercession Papers (2 quarters)	0	8	8
Special Service Forms	0	4	4
Repairs in College Chapel	1	11	6
Balance for Chapel Improvement Fund	£22	0	6
	3	3	10
	£25	4	4

J. T. TULL, *Chaplain.*

Games

HOCKEY.

			FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.		GOALS.	
			FOR	AGAINST		
1913.						
Oct.	18th.	College v. Sheffield University ..	2	..	4	
,,	25th.	College v. Weelsby	4	..	2	
Nov.	15th.	College v. Nottingham University	3	..	4	
,,	24th.	College v. Lincoln Ladies	3	..	4	
,,	29th.	College v. Gainsborough	3	..	2	
Dec.	6th.	College v. Sheffield Training College	3	..	5	
1914.						
Jan.	17th.	College v. Weelsby	1	..	2	
,,	24th.	College v. C. Wortley's Team ..	2	..	1	
Feb.	7th.	College v. Newark	8	..	2	
,,	14th.	College v. Nottingham University	2	..	2	
,,	21st.	College v. Sheffield Training College	4	..	2	
,,	28th.	College v. Newark	14	..	1	
Mar.	7th.	College v. Sheffield University ..	5	..	1	
,,	18th.	College v. Lincoln High School ..	9	..	2	
,,	23rd.	College v. Lincoln Ladies	2	..	11	
,,	28th.	College v. Gainsborough	6		3	

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.

1913.					
Dec.	13th.	College v. Boston	3	..	2
1914.					
Jan.	28th.	College 1st Year v. Lincoln High School	4	..	2
Feb.	14th.	College 1st Year v. South Lincoln Ladies	2	..	7
,,	18th.	College v. Lincoln High School 2nd XI.	6	..	1

THIRD ELEVEN MATCH.

Mar.	28th.	College v. South Lincoln 2nd XI.	7	..	1
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HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.

(Winner placed first).

First Year v. Second Year	6	:	1
King v. Sheds	2	..	0
Wickham v. Nelson	5	..	1
King v. Wickham	3	..	1
Wickham v. Sheds	1	..	0
King v. Nelson	9	..	4

The College is proud of their goalkeeper, G. Lennon, who has this season played for Lincoln Ladies v. Spilsby and for Lincolnshire v. Yorkshire.

The Games' Club is very fortunate in having Miss Counsell as a valuable addition to their number. Wickham is now expecting to do great things and to be a dangerous opponent in the House Matches.

Our 1st XI. Captain has unfortunately been able to play very little hockey this season, but she has given valuable aid in the organisation, and been available as a most useful referee. Although unable to play herself, she has helped her team with praise and encouragement, and has shown keen interest and enthusiasm in all practices and matches.

E.B.R.

First Eleven. □

(left wing) O. Goy. Is a neat player, and her stick play is often good, but she does not centre well.

(left inner) M. Giles. Plays a careful game, and follows up well in the circle, but her passing to the right is weak.

(centre forward) E. B. Row.

(right inner) N. Tate. Is a quick and keen player, and has improved in shooting, her passes to her wing are too straight up the field, owing to the fact that she does the work of a half.

(right wing) D. Taylor. A very fast wing, can centre and shoot well. She stays too far up the field, and depends too much upon the inner to supply her with the ball.

(left half) M. Field. Is a steady player, and works hard, but does not keep her place sufficiently.

(centre half) N. Ellerby. A fast and useful half, has improved in judging her passes, and with practice should make a good player.

(right half) W. Sullivan. Plays well at times, and her strokes are clean and strong. She is too slow in getting over the ground to make a really good half.

(left back) E. Butcher. Is a persevering player, and has been quite useful in matches. She needs to clear better in the circle, and to tackle sooner.

(right back) K. Beard. A reliable back who hits well, but is also too slow in tackling. She is fast, and so could afford to follow the game much further up the field.

(goalkeeper) G. Lennon. Has been a most valuable goalkeeper during the whole season. She uses her feet to advantage and stops well, but is rather too slow in clearing.

Second Eleven.

(left wing) A. Thomas	(centre half) D. Burrows
(left inner) L. Wightman	(right half) H. Marsh
(centre forward) G. Seymour	(left back) H. McCabe
(right inner) M. Holloway	(right back) M. Entwistle, captain
(right wing) M. Lawrence	(goalkeeper) F. Metcalf
(left half) M. Armitage	

NETBALL.

HOUSE MATCHES (Winner first).

Dec., 1913 ..	King v. Nelson ..	9·4	King 22
1914.			
Feb. 25th ..	Wickham v. Nelson ..	8·7	Wickham 12
Mar. 3rd ..	King v. Wickham ..	13·7	Nelson 11

OTHER MATCHES.

Feb. 26th ..	Seniors v. Juniors ..	14·11	Seniors 16
Mar. 6th ..	Juniors v. Seniors ..	4·2	Juniors 15

A match was played at Grimsby with the Municipal College, on Saturday, March 28th, 1914.

Amy Hall was elected as Captain by the 1st years.

The season opened with promises of good play and frequent practices. Towards Christmas time the number of players decreased considerably, and it was difficult to organise games.

From the beginning of February practices have been frequent, and it is now possible to arrange one whenever weather permits.

Although the play is still lacking in style, it shows a considerable improvement on that at the beginning of the term.

A. G. THOMAS, *Captain.*

OFFICERS FOR GAMES.

Hockey Captains—

1st Eleven	D. Sammons
2nd „	M. Entwistle
3rd „	N. Jabet
1st Year	N. Tate

Houses—

King	G. Lennon
Wickham	F. Metcalf
Nelson	D. Sammons
Sheds	W. Sullivan

Netball Captains—

1st Team	A. Thomas
1st Year	A. Hall

Houses—

King	G. Needham
Wickham	M. Lewis

Badminton—

Captain	E. Mellor
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Tennis—

Captain	M. Armitage
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Cricket—

Captain	E. Butcher
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Notice

DURING the summer cleaning of the building the Principal came across Birth Certificates for the following years :—1899, 1900, 1903, 1907. She is most anxious to return these to their owners, and will be much obliged if they will send her a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose.

We are sorry to say the promised letter from Paris has not arrived in time for publication, but we hear it is on its way, and so will appear in the next Magazine.

Association Members

College Year.

Before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Mary Rawding (Mrs. Smith), 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, (Mrs. Edward Done), Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Ellen Crowther (Mrs. Ralphs), Clara Brummitt, Fanny Burton (Mrs. Milner), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt), 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, Eliza Bass, Mary Ellerington (Mrs. Blamey), Eunice B. Turner, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley, 1885), Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), 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), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker, Mary Bell,

Before 1897 — *contd.*

- Emily G. Mayall (Mrs. Taylor), Gertrude Whattam (Mrs. Mackinder), Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Kate Hoggard (Mrs. Slater), Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Margaret Moreton, Albina Elston, Agnes Radford (Mrs. Hobson), Edith Dawes, Lucy Gill (Mrs. Tomlinson), Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Eleanor Johnson (Mrs. Chester), Emma F. Whattam, Sarah Calver, Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Margaret Freeborough (Mrs. Foster-Williams), Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Bessie Dawson (Mrs. Whitfield), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Annie Taylor (Mrs. Charles Woods), Marian Trevitt (Mrs. Stevens).
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Margaret Harrison, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Ada Rimmington, Rose Naylor (Mrs. Tom Carter), Winifred Brown (Mrs. Gibson), Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899 Ada Brown, Bertha Wilding (Mrs. Moxon), Florence Howard, Annie Amelia Harrison, Augusta Tanner, Margaret A. Glenn, Helen M. Simons, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Ethel Rose Stapleton (Mrs. Hunter), Marian S. Grundy (Mrs. Watson), Alethea Hildred, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman,) Mildred Vaughan, Ada Miriam Johnson, Alice Child, Gertrude Stallibrass (Mrs. A. C. Clark), Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock, Mary Simmonds.
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Rose Knowlson, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Amy Wright, Lucy Roberts, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry), Edith Newton (Mrs. Williams), Alice Shirley (Mrs. Garner), Florence Scarlett.
- 1901 Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Cerise Cameron, Margaret Cooper, Kate Chapple, Jessie Drake, Henrietta Griffiths, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Alice Langford, Ethel March (Mrs. Umeauff), Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury, Ethel Riley, Jessie Wilson (Mrs. N. R. Hilton).
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker (Mrs. Pearce), Gertrude Bradwell, Mary Brewer (Mrs. Glossop), Emma Brewin Mabel Bromhall (Mrs. Meech), Ethel Budd, Mary Burley, Phoebe Bury, Frances Clarke, Elsie Dawtrey, Annie Drury, Eleanor Donson (Mrs. A. J. Vickers), Minnie Fèvre, May Hulse (Mrs. Twigg), Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Sarah Parkes, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Ethel Radford, Annie Roberts, Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Ruth Spencer, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Graëme Armstrong (Mrs. Luke Dixon), Ada Ashton, Emily Barker, Elsie Beeching, Edith Berry, Elsie Botterill (Mrs. Stewart), Edith Burley, Margaret Clarke (Mrs. Vaughan Jones), Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Doodson, Amelia Gascoigne (Mrs. Berry), Irene Gelsthorpe (Mrs. S. G. Turner), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Margaret

1903—*contd.*

Heritage, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Elsie Hunt, Julia Jarvis, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Elsie Newill, Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Helen Marden (Mrs. Sanderson), Agnes Marriott, Edith Millard, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt, Christine Skinner, Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart, Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner (Mrs. Thickett), Maggie Walker, Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams, Ruth Wilson (Mrs. A. E. Jones).

1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott, Bertha Bannister, Eveline Best, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Florence Davies (Mrs. Hargrave), Ethel Dent, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Edith Halliday, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Alice Muddimer, Hilda Oliver (Mrs. Arthur Smith), Edith Parlett, Elsie Penzer, Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley, Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell (Mrs. W. F. Firth), Gertrude Smith, Florence Tipping, Theodora Trotter, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Winifred Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Elsie Wilkinson, Constance Williams, Emily Wood.

1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Elizabeth Bunting, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Elizabeth Comer, Florence Dawe, Bertha Dickens, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Lily Gouldthorpe, Ida Hartley, Margaret Harvey, Lilian Henchcliffe, Ethel Heslop, Eva Hinton (Mrs. A. Dodd), Ellen Hornsby, Jessie Jones, Laura Mann, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble (Mrs. Batton), Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader, Lily Richardson, Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Maud Stimson (Mrs. J. V. Howard), 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 (Mrs. Oke), Bessie Corfield, Christabel Crossland, May Fenton, Charlotte Gallimore, Isobel Greene, Gertrude Hipwell, Florence Hotham, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marden, Kerr Maxwell, Viola Moore (Mrs. Allsop), Beatrice Newbould, Esther Newton (Mrs. G. E. Perry), Kate Oldfield (Mrs. Clew), Mary Palmer, Ellen Perks, Mary Pinck, Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer, Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton, Louie Vezey, Edith West, Ruth Wilkinson (Mrs. Clear), Amy Wyatt.

1907 Margaret Antcliffe, Edith Atkin, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Emily Clayton (Mrs. Tingley), Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Mary Coxon, Frances Crompton, Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson (Mrs. C. W. Waller), Mary Dodgson (Mrs. Melhuish), Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson, Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague, Ethel Henry, Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper,

1907— *contd.*

Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Clara Mountford, Wilhelmina Nunn, Mary Palin, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Dorothea Playl, Annie Reddish (Mrs. Leaman), Magdalen Ross, Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Frances Thomas, Florence Tue (Mrs. Baron), Edith Wand, Gertrude Watson (Mrs. W. F. Morriss), Lilian Westland, Margaret Wickham, Margaret Wilson, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.

1908 Edith Aliband, Annie Bailey (Mrs. J. Lees-Stubbs), Emily Bielby, Bessie Burrans, Hannah Burton, Elsie Clifton, May Clifton, Lilian Clifton (Mrs. Walter Watson), Mary Cox, Vera Cross, Ada Evans, Edith Farmer, Dorothy Field (Mrs. English), Alice Fisher, Nancy Flowers, Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Annie Hutchinson, Maude Jackson, Katharine Johnson, Jennie Kitchen, Lena Little, Jessie Maguire, Winifred Marden, Beatrice Marshall, Phyllis Paget, Alice Payne, Clara Poole, Etta Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Esther Rawcliffe, Elsie Roberts, Gertrude Rowe, Clarice Rushforth, May Samuels, Kessie Sanders, Katie Searby (Mrs. A. Stammers), Nora Seward, Elsie Shoubridge, Gertrude Spencer, Jean Stewart, Ethel Stokes (Mrs. Wardle), Emily Taylor, Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead, Annie Whitham, Hilda Willett, Rose Wilson (Mrs. R. Kaspar), Bessie Withey

1909 Mary E. Atkin, Margaret Baker (Mrs. Bacon), Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge, Jennie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake (Mrs. Butler), Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Stacey), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Florence Dickens, Ivy Ellis (Mrs. Sutherland), Ruth Flowers, Ethel Fountain, Edith French, Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Etta Hollywood, Eva Hudson, Rosa Jackson, Clara Jordan, Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Milner, Edith Mobley (Mrs. H. T. Eggleston), Winifred Moss, Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Elsie Norris, Maria Ogden, Kate Ogle, Margaret Parks, Lucy Parry, Lottie Reddish, Gladys Reville, Winifred Searby, Dorothy Staniforth, Amy Stimson, Dorothy Taylor, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Lucy Watson, Florence Webb, Mary Wilkinson, Emmie Winkup, Alice Wood, Dora Wright, Jessie Wright.

1910 Lucy Anderson, Mabel Auber, Clara Baguley, Nellie Baker, Daisy Banks, Florence Bannister, Winifred Barton, Marion Beck, Florence Belton, Kate Brooks, Maude Burnham (Mrs. Gulley), Beatrice Burrell, Marie Butt, Daisy Butterworth, Mary Byron-Scott, Helen Cary, Lily Cleve, Evelyn Cockshaw, Elsie Coppen, Jennie Donson, Minnie Drew, Gladys Fell, Molly Field, Mary Fordie, Annie Fort, Winifred Grassam, Florence Hague, Elsie Hall, Maud Hartshorne, Annie Herrick, Gertrude Hipwell, Edith Howarth, Lily Isaac, Lilian Knight, Clara Lacey, Elsie Lever, Marjorie Mackman, Frances McCormack, Evelyn Merchant, Jennie Miller, Edith Mosley, Margaret Moulds (Mrs. Holder), Ethel Newton, Eveline Nicholson, Emily Parratt, Amy Peake, Winifred Penzer, Lilian Preston, May Redfern (Mrs. Templer), Emma Richardson, May Robson, Constance Sandiford, Olive Scott, Olive Smalley, Elsie Stevenson, Clarissa Stokes, Doris Stone, Helen Streader, Annie Sutcliffe, Maud Till, Dorothy Ward, Hettie Warren, Annie Watts.

1911 Elsie Adderley, Elsie Allen, Edith Archer, Alice Atkin, Vera Banks, Edith Barwell, Gladys Bentley, Edna Binns, Hilda Birkett, Constance Brayford, May Brooks, Helen Carless, Annie Carter, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Elsie Edwards, Annie Gouge, Hebe Gray, Bessie Guy, Mary Hardwick, Edith Hardwick, Louisa Hardy, Jessie Herringshaw, Annie Hicks, Mabel Jabet, Gertrude Jeans, Bertha Jenkyns, Margery Kirk, Majorie Lomax, Annie Lovell, Rosamond Maltby, Kate Marriott, Teresa McCormack, Muriel Mills, Amy Moore, Ivy Moss, Elizabeth Oulton, Annie Palin, Ella Pigott, Jean Polwarth, Elsie Price, Bessie Rowson, Blanche Sampson, Tilly Stanley, Florence Stott, Greta Taylor, Alice Topham, Gertrude Walker, Leila Walsh, Alice Walton, Dorothy Webb, Brenda Willett, Louie Williams, Edith Wood, Florence Wright.

1912 Lucy Andrew, Cecilia Antcliffe, Clarice Armitage, Mabel Atkinson, Iris Banks, Ethel Bennett, Dorothy Binner, Maud Border, Dorothy Bown, Annie Bowskill, Eleanor Brown, Winifred Brown, Doris Buck, Mary Button, Margery Carless, Gladys Castle, Edith Chambers, Hilda Clifton, Dorothy Clubb, Matilda Cooke, Bessie Craven, Christabel Cutts, Edith Dobson, Gladys Drewry, Margaret Ette, Mabel Evans, Marjorie Gilliat, Gladys Glossop, Beatrice Goodin, Laura Hooper, Jessie Hudson, Edith Hughes, Adeline Ireton, Dorothy Kemp, Violet Laman, Rose Laycock, Gladys Littlefair, Elsie Lowson, Alice Lowther, Winifred Marsh, Mabel Martin, Gwynn Miell, Nellie Moreton, Lily Moss, Edith Musson, Beatrice Pack, Jessie Parry, Elsie Periam, Maggie Podmore, Elsie Power, Janet Reade, Ethel Robson, Ethel Sergeant, Emily Shoemith, Emily Shrewsbury, Gladys Smethurst, Edith Southwell, Elsie Spencer, Dora Staples, Janet Tate, Phyllis Taylor, Lydia Village, Phyllis Warner, Mabel Wheldon, Effie Wilcock, Ada Williams, Mary Williamson, Marguerite (Cissie) Wortley, Edith Wright, May Yeomans.

1913 Kathleen Allen, Jennie Arscott, Gwendoline Atherton, Margaret Bentley, Dorothy Blamey, Dorothy Bradley, Helen Brewster, Eva Buswell, Florence Carter, Hilda Cocking, Marion Cockshaw, Mary Cooling, Bridget Cooper, Kate Franks, Nelly Gambles, Elsie Garlick, Dora Hartley, Winifred Hewson, Florence Kesteven, Mary Lake, Alison Penzer, Shirley Piggott, Amy Pigott, Jessie Pinches, Ethel Pottage, Ethel Rodgers, Madeline Shires, Beatrice Smith, Sissie Smith, Violette Sparrow, Gladys Stocks, May Thompson, Hilda Tooley, Constance Travis, May Unwin, Joyce White, Clarice Woodward, Mary Wragg, Mildred Yates.

Affiliated Branch of Nonconformists.—Elizabeth Bartram, Constance Bingham, Maud Brockbank, Freda Chisholm, May Fish, Doris Hayes, Gladys Henry, Ethel Hutchinson, Edith Lockwood, Ella Lyon, Ethel Martin, Emma Searby, Jennie Stafford, Annie Weeden.

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