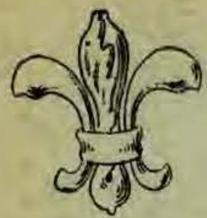


College Copy

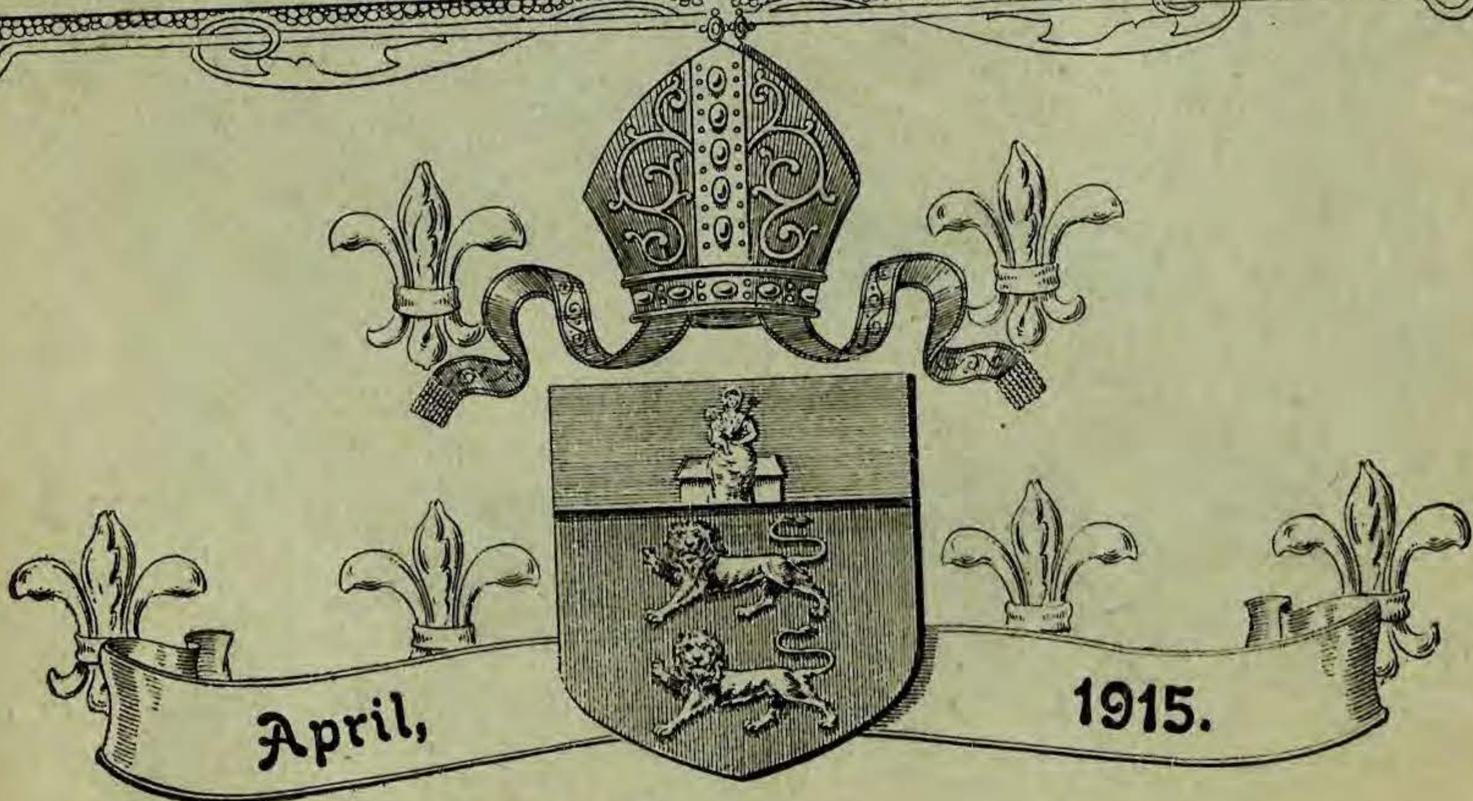
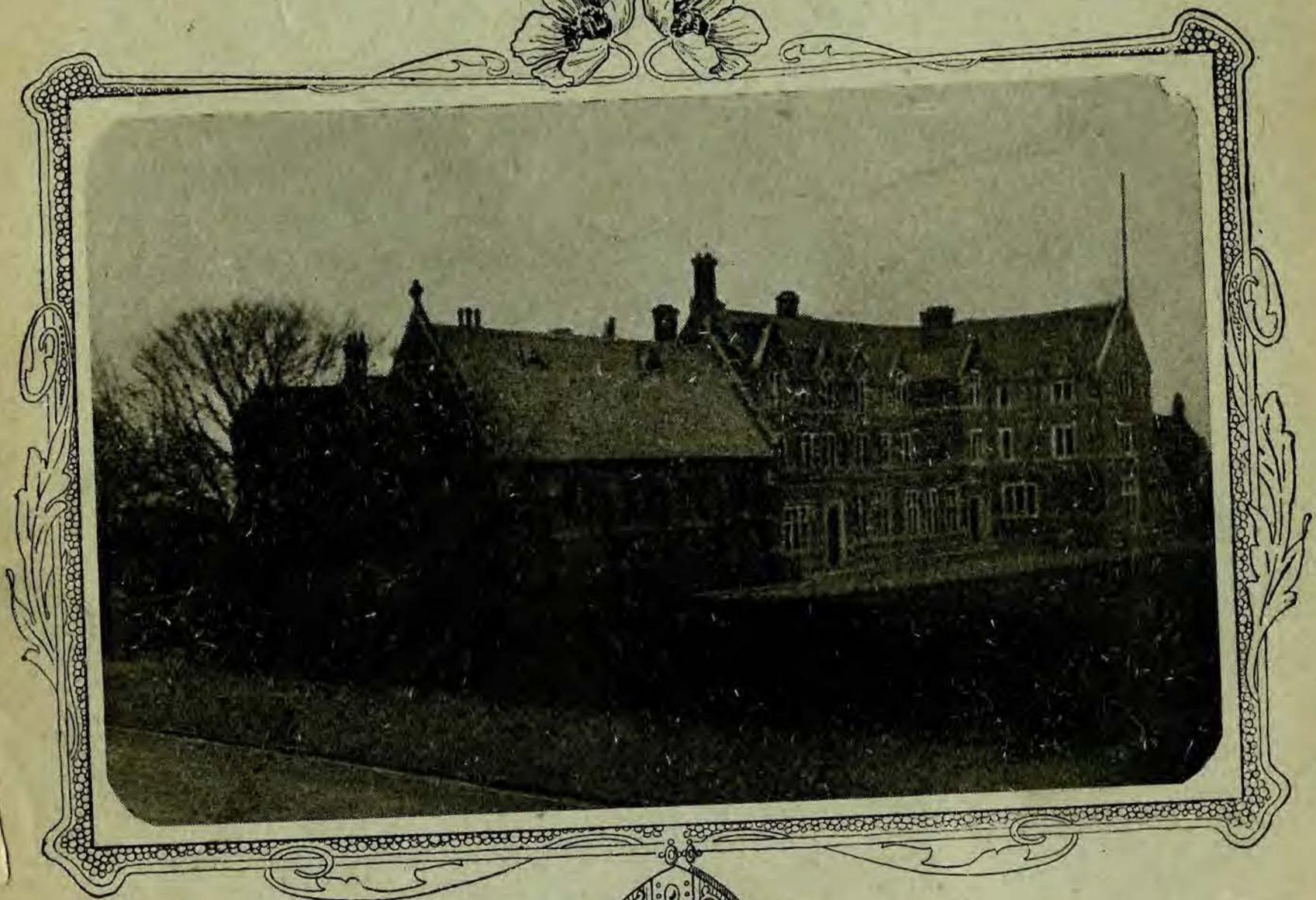
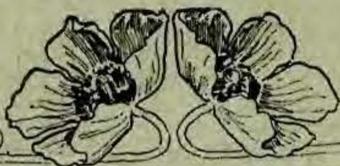


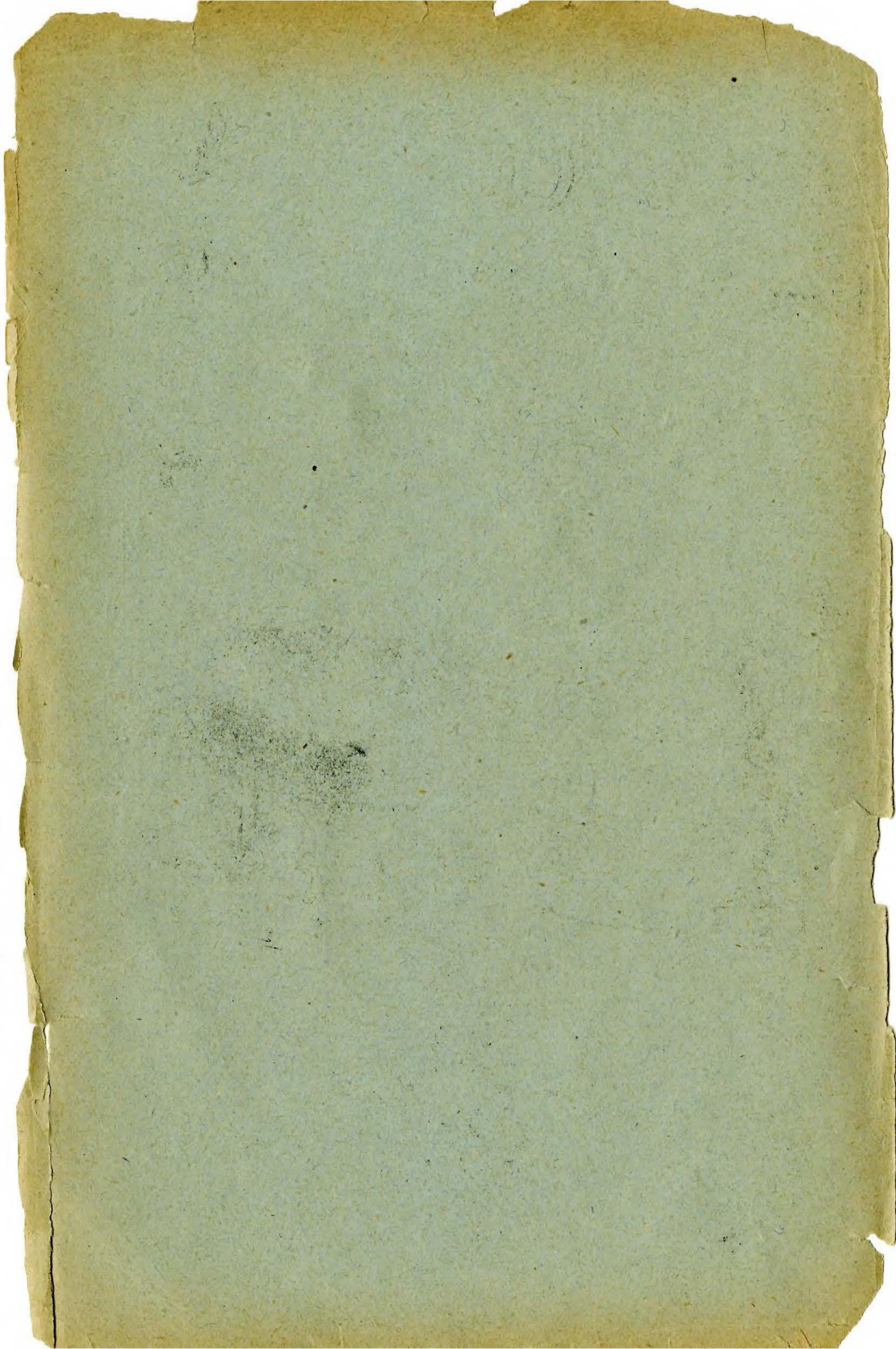
LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE





Principal's Letter

LADY DAY, 1915.

DEAR STUDENTS, PAST AND PRESENT,

Since I last wrote to you we have realized the war more nearly, as it has brought sorrow to some of our number. There is all the more reason, therefore, why we should not flag in any support we may be trying to give in the fight, in the consciousness that we can only really serve the king in the spirit of homage to the King of kings, since the lesser fealty is included in the greater.

And as war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace, when peace shall at last dawn, the future of England will be in the hands of the teachers, and especially of the women teachers: and for the great constructive work of peace they must see the vision of a new heaven and a new earth, in that order: so that we can say with the poet:

“ Whither this leads I know not: but far
Beyond the shores of the sounding sea
For ever aspiring, for ever at war
With sloth and indulgence, I look for the star
Of the Englands to be.”

Yours very sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

Principal's Notes

There will be no Re-union this year on account of the war, but the Principal will be very pleased to see to dinner on Whit-Monday the students of 1912-1914, and any others who care to come. All accepting this invitation are asked to send a post card to the Principal in the week preceding the holiday.

The Principal is hoping to invite all correspondents and representatives of branches to discuss the organisation of the Benevolent Fund. Dates either at the beginning or at the end of the summer vacation have been suggested, and it would be a help to hear from correspondents which dates will suit them best. Hospitality will be offered at the College.

Hearty congratulations to Miss Janet Reade, Miss Dorothy Kemp, and Miss Ivy Moss on their success in the recent Higher Froebel Examination.

Miss Phœbe Bury has kindly presented Romanes' "Animal Intelligence" to the library. Miss Cora Coates has presented a beautifully printed copy of the College prayer to the Chapel.

Interesting letters have been received from various former students describing early school experiences. Miss C. Lewis writes, "my four-year-olds think they are no longer babies because they have been moved up, but they can scarcely manage to wriggle in and out of their desks."

* * *

Miss Collenette, formerly head of the domestic science department attached to the Croydon High School, has joined the staff, and takes charge of needlework and handwork. We offer her a hearty welcome.

The Governing Body have installed an electric organ-blowing apparatus in the Chapel.

Visitors to the College this term have included the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Bishop of Leicester, the Hon. E. Hanbury, Dr. Woodhouse (Principal of Bingley College), Miss Casswell from China, Miss Wickham from India, and Miss Richmond from New Zealand, where she has organized a system of free kindergartens.

The Ven. the Archdeacon of Lincoln has very kindly given us a course of instructions (reported elsewhere) on the Fridays in Lent, and the Ven. the Archdeacon of Stow has also addressed us.

Present students have given their Saturday evening dancing hour and other free time to knitting socks and comforters. About seventy pairs of khaki wool socks have been already dispatched, besides other garments.

Editorial Notice

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

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

The Annual Subscription to the Magazine for Non-Association Members is 1/-.

Magazines cannot be sent to subscribers whose subscription is more than **two years in arrear**.

The Editor would be grateful if the Members would at once notify the Correspondent of any changes of address.

The following communication concerning the supply of badges has been received from the jeweller, Mr. W. Gadsby, of 46 Silver Street, who undertakes to provide them:—In future all the college badges will be silver or silver-plated, instead of the cheaper ones being gilt. Since I have had the cheaper silver ones so few buy the gilt, I decided to get them silver-plated so that all will be alike. If they are required gilt I can supply as usual.

* * *

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; Fishponds; Avery Hill; Ripon; Tottenham (St. Catherine's); St. Mark's; Edgehill; Goldsmith; Lincoln High School; Warrington; Derby; Cheltenham (St. Mary's); Homerton; Grahamstown; Home and Colonial.

M. TURNER.

Old Students' Pages

Association Correspondents

College

Years.	Name of Correspondent.	Address.
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 ..	35 Acresfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester
1903	Mrs. Broome .. (Elinor Stewart)	.. Penshurst, Hill Cliffe, Warrington
1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	Cymba, Burton Road, Lincoln
1904	Mrs. W. F. Frith .. (E. Sheckell)	.. Wilmhurst, Manor Rd, Aylesbury
1905	Miss Ida Gibbon ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlam 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, Mosely, 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
(Annie Bailey) | .. | 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 | Mrs. Foulkes
(Lottie Reddish) | .. | 4 Grosvenor Road, Jesmond,
Newcastle-on-Tyne |
| { | 1910 | Miss Evelyn Cockshaw | | Lindum, Gilda Crescent Road,
Eccles, Manchester |
| { | 1910 | Mrs. Templer
(M. Redfern) | .. | 19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln |
| { | 1911 | Miss Ella Pigott | .. | "Cymba," Burton Rd., Lincoln |
| { | 1911 | | | |
| { | 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 |
| { | 1914 | Miss Ada Hallam | .. | c/o Mrs. Brown, 3 Eastgate, Lincoln |
| { | 1914 | Miss Gladys Lennon | .. | Glen House, Rivelin, Sheffield |

* Please note change of address

Marriages

NAYLOR—READER. On May 28th, 1914, at the Church of St. Helen's, Escrick, York, by the Rev. C. H. B. Trollope, Rector of Escrick, Edwin, third son of the late Ex.-Councillor Edwin Naylor and Mrs. Naylor, of Oak House, Halifax, to Madeleine, daughter of Joseph and Mrs. Reader, of Leghorn House, Escrick (Lincoln, 1903-5).

SMITHERS—OGDEN. On June 2nd, 1914, at Scopwick, Cecil Smithers to Maria Ogden (Lincoln, 1907-9).
15 Courtenay Street, Kennington, London.

PHILLIPS—PINCK. On July 28th, 1914, at St. Philip's Church, Blackburn, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Whalley, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Phillips (father of the bridegroom), and by the Rev. J. Dimmock, the Rev. Stanley William Phillips, M.A., only son of the Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Phillips, of Elvington, York, to Mary Beatrice, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Pinck, of Griffin Vicarage, Blackburn (Lincoln, 1904-6).
27 West Cliff, Preston, Lancs.

WARD—STANIFORTH. On August 26th, 1914, at Owlerton Church, Sheffield, Sydney G. Ward, of Lyndhurst, Birley Carr, to Dorothy Staniforth (Lincoln, 1907-9).
Fern Villa, Birley Carr, Sheffield.

READ—FISHER. On October 3rd, 1914, at St. Michael and All Angels' Church, Sutton-in-Ashfield, by the Rev. A. D. Allen, William Read, of Dursley, Gloucester, to Alice Fisher (Lincoln, 1906-8).
25 Woodland Road, Southall, Middlesex.

LOACH—ARSCOTT. On November 28th, 1914, at Christ's Church, Vancouver City, B.C., by the Rev. C. C. Owen, George Howard Loach, to Margaret Fisher, daughter of Mr. W. Arscott, of Lincoln (Lincoln, 1902-4).
Mount Lehmann, British Columbia.

FOULKES—REDDISH. On December 24th, 1914, at St. John's Church, Grantham, by the Rev. H. Norman Nash, Harold Foulkes, to Lotty Reddish (Lincoln, 1907-9).
6 Grosvenor Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHEWRING—ROSS. On December 26th, 1914, at St. James's Church, Sea Point, Capetown, Harold Sidney, fourth son of Lieutenant and Mrs. Shewring, Chiswick, to Magdalene, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross, Carnarvon (Lincoln, 1905-7).
45 Esselen Street, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Births

On February 26th, 1914, at Sunderland, to John William and Gertrude Burnicle (*née* Judd. Lincoln, 1901-2), a daughter, Kathleen.

On March 5th, 1914, at Claremont, Manor Court Road, Nuneaton, to Charles and Edith Betts (*née* French. Lincoln, 1907-9), a son, William John.

On May 14th, 1914, at the School House, Kirmington, to Arthur J. and Eleanor M. Vickers (*née* Donson), a son, John Bernard.

On October 29th, 1914, at Sylvester, Harcourt Road, Redland, Bristol, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Leonard Driver (*née* Marion Percy), a son.

On November 17th, 1914, at Riseholme, 66 Woodwarde Road, Dulwich, to Mr. & Mrs. Frank Butler (Gladys K. Blake) a daughter (Kathleen Alice).

On February 8th, 1915, to Howard and Florence R. Baron (*née* Tue. Lincoln, 1905-7), a son.

Deaths

On August 5th, 1914, at Cross Cliffe Hill, Lincoln, Helen Simons (Lincoln, 1897-99).

On January 20th, 1915, at Wrangle, Boston, Ada Williams, after eighteen months of patient suffering (Lincoln, 1910-12).

On Sunday, February 28th, 1915, at Pendleton, Manchester, Louie Williams, after a very brief illness (1909-11).

We are very grieved to have to record the death of one of our Association Correspondents, Louie Williams. The news came as a great shock to those of us who had known her at Lincoln, and cast a deep gloom not only over the colleagues of her "year," but over the large circle of fellow-teachers in Manchester. A severe attack of double pneumonia proved fatal after only a few days' illness in spite of the devoted efforts of nurses and doctor.

Copied from the Parish Magazine

In Memoriam**LOUIE WILLIAMS**

Fell asleep February 28th, aged 23 years

A Day and Sunday School Teacher
of great promise and peculiar
sweetness.

A Letter from Miss Elwell

THE ROWANS,

BEVERLEY,

March, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS TURNER.

You asked me last summer to write for the College magazine some account of my journeyings in Switzerland and Italy, and I fully intended to do what you asked. Then the terrible war began, and somehow it seemed impossible, amidst all the horror and shock of those first anxious days, to attempt to tell with any brightness the story of our light-hearted, joyous wanderings. The contrast of those peaceful, smiling towns and villages through which we passed in the dawn of an early June morning, with the grim ruin and desolation which September brought, was too terrible!

You know how early in the New Year a great sorrow befel me, and that my sister, the dear companion of my travels, was taken from me, suddenly and most unexpectedly, and again I feel myself out of tune for writing anything like a connected account of what we did and saw. But I do desire to thank those old students and friends who made it possible for me to have a time of sheer and absolute enjoyment, a vision of the glorious beauty of Switzerland and Northern Italy in the perfect days of June—days which will be a perfect memory of pure joy so long as memory lasts. For, in a wonderful way, our tour was free from the small worries and troubles which are often inseparable from foreign travel. Hotels were good and we had not the crowds who in happier times come in August; travelling companions were pleasant, and the weather was generally delightful. Only once, on Monte Generoso, did it prove unkind, and even then we had a glimpse of the wonderful view of the Lombardy plain and the lakes before the rain descended.

Our first few days were spent at Lugano, the little town which is so essentially Italian, though politically Swiss. It was all a feast of colour—the green or, as it might be, the turquoise blue of the lake, the quaint red-roofed villages dotted about in sheltered corners, the snowy mountains in the distance—and was wonderfully satisfying. From Lugano we went to familiar quarters, the Villa d'Este at Cernobbio on Lake Como. It was ten years since I had stayed there, and I was anxious to prove how far, if at all, distance had lent enchantment. But no, it was all more beautiful and fascinating than I had remembered—the house, an old Italian palace with its white marble stairs and corridors and “Napoleon” room, the gracious courtesy of the host and hostess, the spacious park and gardens, and the cypress grove in which the fire-flies glanced and glittered and the nightingales sang.

We had a perfect week there, and on one lovely day we sailed to Bellagio, on another to Caddenabbia, where we spent the time chiefly in the wonderful garden of the Villa Carlotta, a garden where the vegetation must be sub-tropical and even tropical. Tree-ferns filled one glade, yellow arum lilies flowered in great beds, huge bushes of flame-coloured azaleas made a blaze, and below the garden terraces lay the blue lake, with the blue mountains beyond. How many times did we cross and re-cross the lake on our return in the evening! I *think* we were timed to call at something from eighteen to twenty-three villages, and wonderful splashes of colour they made in the glow of sunset. At the end of our week in Cernobbio we returned to Lugano for the night, preparatory to an early start for a long journey to Zermatt. One could not complain of monotony on that journey—a long sail on the lake to Ponte Tresa, a funny little railway ride to Luino, a sail on Lake Maggiore past Pallanza and the Borromean Islands to Baveno, a drive to the station on the Simplon Railway, the

Simplon Tunnel, and lastly, the mountain railway to Zermatt, to our old quarters at the Hotel Mont Cervin. Shall I ever forget that first walk among the pastures of the high Alps? The fields lay before us like a rich Persian carpet, and lovely as the pale yellow of sheets of the globe ranunculus were, truth compels me to say that gorgeous distant effects of deep-glowing yellow turned out, on a nearer view, to have been painted by what, I must say, were uncommonly fine specimens of "English" dandelions. Higher up at the Riffel-alp, of course, we got gentians, anemones, and primulas.

After a quiet, restful Sunday, with the services of the little English church, where the inscription which calls on the "Mountains and Hills," the "Ice and Snow" to "bless the Lord," seems to speak with a deeper significance than in any other place, we had our big day up the Gomer-Grat, where, going up the mountain railway past the Riffel-alp and the Riffel-berg to a height of 10,200 feet, the whole panorama of the High Alps, from Monte Rosa to the Matterhorn, lies before one. That is to say, it *should* lie before one. As a matter of fact, when we reached the summit a snowstorm was raging, and it might have been the polar regions we were beholding. But suddenly, one of those marvellous transformations which *can* come in mountain regions, visited us, and in a trice, the sky was blue, the sun was shining, and we gazed at the silvery, shining Alps.

We left Zermatt on a lovely June morning, and started for Chamonix by way of the Rhone Valley and the railway over the Salvan Pass. It is a wonderful railway with wonderful views, and after passing through rain clouds we descended in brilliant sunshine to the valley of Chamonix, and the Mont Blanc range, with its glaciers, lay before us. We stayed at Chamonix for six days, and had magnificent views all the time—morning, noon, and evening, where even the important rite of dinner must needs be interrupted so that one could catch the last sunset glow upon the snowy summits, meanwhile tolerant and maybe amused waiters were patiently awaiting our pleasure. At Chamonix again the pastures were at their best, many of the flowers were new to me, but the loveliness of them all, new and old friends alike, was very satisfying. And very satisfying, too, to another part of one's nature, it was to meet, quite accidentally, on the railway station, an old Lincoln student, Christine Skinner, who, with her mother, was travelling in Switzerland.

The return journey was again by the Salvan Pass down to Martigny and on to Territet, where we had a pleasant, restful Sunday before the long journey home. And so, refreshed in mind and body, with hosts of lovely recollections, we landed at Charing Cross.

Once again, my thanks, *our* thanks, to the dear friends who made it all possible.

Ever yours affectionately,

MARGARET ELWELL.

Student-life in Paris

PAPER II

The work at the *Guilde* is most interesting, as must always be the study of the language, writings, and customs of another nation. A special delight is that of meeting other students of many different nationalities. One takes lessons with Americans, Russians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Poles, Germans, Scandinavians, Swiss, Dutch, and others, so that in reality an insight is gained into the customs not of one but of many nations. It is extremely interesting, to say the least, to find oneself during class sitting in the same row with a Russian, a German, an American, a Spaniard, and a Hungarian.

One's education in French is of course by no means confined to the set study at a centre of learning, for boarded with a French family or at a *pension* with other students, also *étrangères*, one finds that there is a great deal to be learnt from the inner side of a student's life. At first, of course, all is strange; the surroundings are so unlike those at home. Everybody in Paris lives in flats, so that one large house may contain as many as forty different families, each of which has its own *appartement* and is quite shut off from everybody else, except in the use of the common stair-case, court and entrance. The richer live in the front part of the house overlooking the street, while those not so rich cross the court and mount *Escalier B*. Here the windows look upon a side-street if the house is so situated, or upon the back-windows of other flats. There is, of course, the caretaker, the *concierge*, who lives on the ground floor in a very small and often very dark *appartement*.

Then the days are very differently divided from the usual student's day at home. The French *petit déjeuner*, which consists of *café au lait*, roll and butter, or chocolate and bread, is a very light meal compared with the usual English breakfast. The morning is not very long, for *déjeuner* comes at *midi*, 12 o'clock, then a long extended afternoon and *dîner* at 7 p.m. The English section of the community misses the cheering cup of tea, but it is surprising to find how common the cup of tea is in Paris. "Five o'clock" and "The Lyons" are advertisements often seen. Some people take nothing between *déjeuner* and *dîner*, whilst others take their *goûter* about four o'clock.

Croissant et chocolat is a common form of *goûter*—a kind of fancy bread in the form of a crescent eaten with a piece of chocolate. The first sight of French bread amuses the English person accustomed to the compact loaves at home, for the rolls are any length from two metres downwards, and any width from about half a metre to three centimetres.

One discovers that many common English comforts are luxuries with the French, as a story heard a short time ago will show. A domestic was heard to say that she thought a certain lady richer

than people thought, because she had a fire in her room each day, and kept cut flowers as ornament! The constant and cheerful English fire would be an extravagance in France, whilst artificial flowers are a common ornament, for of course they last longer! There is also much more of the *laissez-aller* spirit about the French household. Its cares do not weigh so heavily upon its mistress as do those of an English household upon a careful English housewife, to whom dust and cobwebs are perfect nightmares.

Thursday in France is a recognised holiday, when the Romanist children go to their *catéchisme*, and the Protestant children to their *Ecole de Dimanche*, and when students have a splendid opportunity of visiting unexplored parts of Paris, and, in the fine weather, the surroundings, such as the Bois de Boulogne, Versailles, St. Denis, and St. Germain. A trip to St. Cloud and Sèvres forms a very pleasant outing. The passenger-boats, which run regularly up and down stream, convey one to St. Cloud for four sous only, and the river trip is very enjoyable on a fine day. The river becomes very pretty as one approaches St. Cloud, the wooded hills, dotted with gay chalets, forming a picturesque background. There are the Park and Castle to be seen at St. Cloud, after which a pleasant walk may be taken to Sèvres, and it is a delight to see really wild grass and weeds growing freely in the open country. The chief attraction, of course, about Sèvres, is its porcelain factory, attached to which is an exceedingly beautiful exhibition of porcelain-ware. Here are vases of all shapes, sizes, and patterns, plates, cups, and so forth, exquisitely designed by hand. The exhibition also includes copies of famous pictures executed on porcelain, and an extensive display of china-ware of all periods. The privileged visitor is also allowed to see the various processes of manufacture, from the first moulding of the clay to the extremely delicate designing.

On Shrove Tuesday, of course, all Paris was in holiday mood, and the crowded boulevards were literally strewn with confetti. The prettiest sight, however, was that enjoyed by visitors to the Luxembourg Gardens, for here tiny children dressed in fancy costume walked about and covered each other with confetti, which, together with the sunshine and crowds of holiday-makers, gave to the gardens a very festive air.

Mi-carême, however, was a sad contrast. Rain poured in torrents, so that the Queen of the day, chosen from amongst the market-girls, was fain to ride in a covered carriage on her journey to the President's house, there to be presented with some gift. The rest of the cavalcade also was of course entirely spoilt by the *vilain temps*.

On the feast of the Annunciation we were fortunate enough to see a *Prise de Voile* in the chapel of a convent in the vicinity of the Luxembourg. Two black and two white veils were taken, that is to say, two novices who had worn the white veil for two years, completed their vows and took the black veil; whilst two

others became novices. The former were already in the chapel before the beginning of the service, but the latter entered in procession wearing the garb of brides—white dresses, veils, and crowns of flowers. Four priests officiated, and after a short time, when the “ formal declaration ” of the wish to become novices had been made, the “ brides ” left the chapel to return after some time robed in the black gown and white veil of the novice. Those who had already been novices for two years were given by the priest the black veil, cord, crucifix, and chaplet, and crowned with a wreath of flowers ; after which they went to receive the kiss of peace from the Mother Superior, and to give the kiss of peace to the rest of the sisterhood seated in their respective stalls.

When the half of our sojourn in Paris had passed, a few of us Board students had a *petite réunion* to celebrate the occasion. Needless to say, it was not quiet ! Each one contributed to the programme a song or recitation, and after having had tea together we gave three cheers for half-time and three cheers for the British Government which had enabled us to spend such an interesting *séjour* in Paris. In the evening we went to the Opéra Comique to see a performance of “ Carmen,” which was very well played and of which the music was very enjoyable. On another occasion we went to the Grand Opéra, where we saw “ Samson et Dalila.” This also was very well performed, and the representation of the sunset, the falling night, and the storm were perfectly marvellous. The piece, being short, was followed by a ballet in which the colours of the scenery and of the dresses can only be described as magnificent—gorgeous without being gaudy. It was extremely interesting, also, to go down between the acts to the foyer—a large hall, beautifully decorated in marble and dull gold, where the audience *se promène* during the intervals.

A veritable paradise for students is the Student Hostel, Boulevard St. Michel, an affiliated branch of the British and American Young Women’s Christian Association, by joining which one is entitled to an infinite number of privileges : lectures, meetings, concerts, tea in the very pleasant tea-house opening on to the garden, and to the use of the light and well-stocked library. Everybody here is exceedingly kind, and one passes many a pleasant hour with students of almost every nationality under the sun, Greek and Japanese included. A tiny Jap girl, studying art in Paris, looked very charming at the Hostel dinner on Christmas day, when she wore for the occasion her national costume. One is indeed grateful to those good people who give so freely of their time and possessions in order to promote the welfare and happiness of those who without them would in many cases be very lonely students.

La Nostalgie, that terrible *mal de pays*, wears away, of course, in time, nevertheless, a visitor from England is always most welcome. One who knows and understands, among so many strangers, proves, of course, a great comfort. For my

part, I was fortunate enough to welcome to our *pension* shortly after Easter, "*mon Professeur de Français à Lincoln*"—Miss Turner, and a delightful few days we spent together. Each afternoon after *déjeuner* we betook ourselves to some beautiful spot near Paris—to the Bois de Vincennes, to the Bois de Boulogne, where after many adventures, and much consulting of the map, we arrived at Bagatelle, to find the most lovely little Park-garden, bedecked with tulips of the most varied hues, and lilac from a dark mauve to a most delicate shade of pink. On Wednesday, the day before Miss Turner's departure, we paid a visit to Versailles. After the long but pleasant tram-ride we went round a part of the gorgeous palace of the great Louis XIV. Other little delights of Miss Turner's visit I will leave to the imagination. Thursday came all too soon, and with it S. Lazare, where we said "*Au revoir jusqu' à juin.*"

The visit of King George and Queen Mary to Paris was a time of great festivity. How it rejoiced our hearts to see *notre cher Union Jack* flying side by side with the French *drapeau Tricolore*! On the day of their Majesties' arrival we joined the crowds which lined the Champs Élysées, to see the procession pass on its way from the station. Spectators were even clinging to the chimney pots of the very high houses, and the crowds below were enormous. With the assistance of half a chair very kindly lent to me by a French woman standing near I was fortunate enough to obtain a very good view of Their Majesties, the President and Madame Poincaré, and indeed of the whole procession. What a fine military figure was presented by the chief of the Parisian Guard, as he rode past on horseback in his gorgeous uniform, and how the Parisians cheered him! their applause was quite remarkable.

On their way to the races at Vincennes the King and Queen passed down the Boulevard St. Germain, not far from our *pension*. This time, mounted on a baker's trolley, my friend and I were again fortunate in seeing Their Majesties.

The decorations and illuminations were positively gorgeous, and never have I been in such a crowd as that which thronged the Parisian streets on the evening of Their Majesties' visit to the Grand Opéra. Until then I had never realised the significance of being "crushed to death in a crowd," but now, we ourselves getting into a blockade in which movement either way was impossible, I fully understood its meaning. Paris really gave to our Sovereigns a most splendid welcome, and we were proud to see them so cordially received.

A visit to Fontainebleau, with its extremely interesting palace, in which lived so many historical personages of the most recent times, and its glorious forest, afforded a most enjoyable outing, and as it was my good fortune to be seated, during our drive through the forest, near the driver, who related most interesting details in

connection with the district and affairs in general, my pleasure was much the more increased.

One Saturday, accompanied by some English and Swiss girls, I went to see the Catacombs at Paris. We descended a staircase fifty-nine feet down into the earth, together with about 300 other visitors. At the foot of the staircase candles were lighted and we started on our long walk through dark, damp passages, on and on until at length we arrived at the catacombs, not, as we fondly imagined, to see the worshipping places of the early Christians—but to see one of the *ossuaires* of Paris—the receiving place of the human bones dug up from various cemeteries and church yards. In very early times these catacombs had been a quarry.

The walls in the narrow passages of the *ossuaire* are formed of skulls and human bones arranged in rows; many in the form of a cross; while here and there on the walls are inscriptions with reference to life, death, and so forth. The sight of the long procession of twinkling candles was the only relief to the grimness of the spectacle. It is said that the *ossuaire* contains the bones of 6,000,000 people.

One afternoon we paid a most instructive and interesting visit to the "Monnaie"—the mint on one of the quays of the Seine. First we saw the collection of coins and medals of all periods, then we were conducted through the workshops, where we saw the processes of making the various coins from the raw material to the finished article. It was most interesting to watch the coins being stamped. A workman with a basket of plain metal discs would feed his machine with a pile of these, which after being stamped automatically would shoot out into another receptacle on the opposite side. Each quantity of money is weighed before and after passing through the hands of the workmen. We also saw Greek coins, with a hole in the centre, being stamped, Greece not manufacturing her own coinage.

Owing to the kindness of the French girl with whom I exchanged lessons, I had the good fortune to obtain the necessary permission to be present at a sitting of the *Chambre des Députés* shortly after the formation of the present Viviani ministry, just after the period of unrest when the ministry changed so many times. The members sat in a semi-circular gallery before the tribune, where M. le Président de la Chambre (M. Deschanel) presided. The members talked, wrote, and moved about. A speech was made by a member with regard to the much-discussed budget; applause and opposition intermingled; in vain did M. le Président ring his much-needed bell; at last a silence, and the business of the day proceeded peaceably, for a time at least.

Owing to this being my last afternoon in Paris I was obliged to leave *la Chambre* after a short time. My place was eagerly taken by one of a crowd of waiting people, all eager to be present at a

part at least of *une séance*. It was a glorious, warm afternoon, so after leaving *la Chambre* I walked across the road to the Pont de la Concorde, and there said "Good-bye" to the beautiful Seine.

One of the most interesting friendships I formed during my sojourn in Paris was that with an Alsatian girl from Colmar. Marie Thérèse proudly and boldly asserted her French nationality, but had come to Paris to improve her French, for, of course, having received a German education, her French, though the language most natural to her, had been much neglected. She gave most enlightening information on the grim determination of the Germans to make Alsace thoroughly German, even to the extent of forbidding the use of any French words or expressions in the signs over shops. She spoke of the extremely rare occurrence of an Alsatian soldier remaining in the German army as an officer after the period of enforced service, and of the extreme disdain with which such a one was regarded even by small children; who understood that here was a case of support being given to the detested "Allemands."

One wonders what has become at such a time as this, of acquaintances of various nationalities who intended remaining in Paris, or of travelling before returning to their own country, and who, unlike myself, were unable to leave *la belle ville* before the actual outbreak of the war, which some people whispered was not far off, at any rate between France and Germany.

Many other things might be written about Paris—the resting place of the great Empereur, the Louvre, the shops, and so forth,—but a personal visit to Paris is of course worth much more than a great deal of description.

JENNIE ARSCOTT.

Country Life

THERE *are* people who imagine that country life is dull—who pity their country cousins from the bottom of their hearts, looking upon them as sojourners in the desert, dwellers in the "Never, Never Land."

My home is in one of the tiniest of English country villages—city friends look upon it as a mild Sahara, and wonder we do not die of monotony—we find it exciting enough.

Our family, as a rule, is three in number: my father, mother, and myself. Our house, a Rectory, stands in its own extensive grounds, so we are able to keep a great many pets which, besides being faithful friends and companions, furnish a good deal of fun and sensation.

Many a time and oft have I been out, lighted by the silver moon and a slightly dilapidated stable lantern to hunt straying rabbits among the potatoes, or in the dead of a pouring wet night, robed in romantic and picturesque costume, to rescue a goat and

kid from the thunderstorm. Oftener still have I chased my pony through neighbour's fields of corn, and "thereby hangs a tale." He's a terror of a pony—there is no keeping him in anywhere. He unties cords, pulls out bolts, lifts latches, and jumps rails—but at last my father and the groom contrived a means by which he *could* be kept in his own meadow at night. They secured the gate with a long chain, fastened out of "Bob's" reach on the opposite side. Then all went well, and we had *peace*.

One night, however, I had been holding a choir practice in the house. Mindful of Bobby's extreme agility at slipping past while the gate is being undone, I saw the boys safely through, myself, chained up after them securely, and after receiving a polite neigh from the old campaigner, lurking in ambush, retired to bed.

I was awakened when the moon was at its highest by angry voices, and disturbances in the next room.

Mother, sleepily: "But I'm sure she fastened it herself."

My father, fairly spluttering with rage: "Nonsense, she can't have done, those boys have left it, they shall never come here again. I tell you I heard him plainly, galloping under the window. *Where* are my boots? !!!"

Me—feeling it my duty to defend my guiltless and much maligned boys: "You must have been dreaming—I *did* chain up, Bob can't possibly be out."

"I tell you I *heard* him." Bang, bang, bang—wrathful exodus of the paterfamilias downstairs. Mother went on, still sleepily: "You did chain up, didn't you?"

"Of course I did, most securely—its Daddy's fancy—he can't *possibly* be——"

Just then there was an awful thundering of hoofs, under the window!

"Oh Lor," I said, "he *is*," and jumping out of bed rushed to the window.

I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. Standing in the very middle of his beloved geranium bed was my father, like one turned to stone. Also standing on the geranium bed, and equally petrified, was an enormous white bullock!!

It was a prize animal belonging to a neighbouring farmer—how it had escaped I know not, but there it was.

Well, Daddy was rather apprehensive of the bullock, the bullock was equally apprehensive of him, so they gazed at each other some time, Mother and I peering from our windows after the manner of Roman ladies watching a gladiator scene.

At length Daddy tried to perform a flanking movement, which frightened the bullock, which in its turn began to gambol and bellow. This frightened them both, and for a few moments we watched a very graceful "ladies to the centre" figure among the geraniums. Eventually Daddy made an heroic dash, and getting past his partner made off to the cottage of its custodian. The bullock paused a

moment to consider, then, with a flourish of heels, and a bellow loud enough to raise Cain, followed at top speed. "After that the dust rose, and sort of shut out the panorama." Mother and I listened, and at last heard the sound of voices—a scuffling in the Churchyard, and a triumphant "I've got 'um, Sir." Soon after Daddy returned to his rest, jaded but victorious. The bullock, I believe, was none the worse for his outing, and fetched a good price at Christmas time. He had got in through the Churchyard, not by Bobby's gate, which was quite intact.

Time and space will not allow me to tell of how Bobby (who, up to this time, had feigned dead lameness, extreme old age, and utter prostration) kept his master, and two of his master's men, and a neighbour's eldest son, together with the neighbour's head man, and seven boys, chasing him for $2\frac{1}{2}$ consecutive hours in one of the neighbour's fields. Nor must I tell at length of the kid who jumped on the tea table one Sunday afternoon, or of the billy goat who kept the luckless groom sitting for hours one night upon the coachhouse roof, and who eventually paid the forfeit of his obstinacy with his own life. These are only *some* of the joys of country life.

There are *no* shops in B——, not even a public-house. The advantage of this is shown when callers arrive suddenly, and you are "out" of something. Some awfully grand people came one day, and Mother politely offering to show them round the Church said sweetly to me, "You see about tea."

Well, I knew there wasn't a scrap of butter in the house, and wouldn't be till postman brought it two hours later! However, I quite unconcernedly set forth on a borrowing expedition.

The first house I called at was as "out" as we were! It was unfortunate, but couldn't be helped. I must try the *cottages by the Church!* Here I was in full view of the architecting party, but unabashed and fortunate. Mrs. B. would let me have all the butter I wanted, and wrapping up about half-a-pound in "The Illustrated Police News" handed it to me with her blessing. So while the party admired the *front* of the Church, the "Illustrated Police News" and I escaped round the *back*, and soon had tea ready.

Accidents are plentiful—only a few months ago the shafts broke off a farmer's cart, depositing its load of 500 eggs into the road! "I never seed such a slaughter of eggs in my life," a rustic onlooker explained to me afterwards.

A Church, three farms, besides countless stacks in the neighbourhood, were burned down last winter, each fire mysteriously pointing to the same hand, but that hand unfindable. I can see my town friends flying from the village—but not on account of its dullness.

It's getting late now, so I mustn't speak of the Aborigines of the parish—some other time, perhaps, if Miss Turner is kind enough,

and my readers are not too bored; if there are any Aborigines left then, for the cry with us now, as with all loyal parishes, is:

"Glenmuire's gone to the war, lady.
Glenmuire's gone to the war."

The lads are enlisting, the Rectory is a convalescent Home, and all that is left of the Church Choir sings: "*God Save the King.*"

A.H.

Recruiting in Northamptonshire

[BY AN OLD STUDENT]

IN time of war strange things happen, people being put to indiscriminate uses, and thus it occurred that I became a public speaker on recruiting platforms.

The Northamptonshire lad is not one easily moved, nor is he in any way emotional. His reserve is great. It takes at least five years before he ceases to regard you as a stranger, and ten or more must pass before you count as a friend. You must have known him from childhood and, better still, his remote ancestors before him as well, or you may for ever remain as an outcast in the land.

Then, again, he has the gift of silence. He has, by those who do not know him, even been accounted stupid, and designated as a lout. This is due to his regulating himself, his appearance, his words and looks, entirely by public opinion, or rather by the opinion of his kind. This tends to silence, for custom forbids any utterance that has not been sanctioned by general use, therefore silence remains the only alternative. Moreover, he distrusts his own class, and though abiding in all outward observance by the unwritten laws of his class, does not place in any of them undue confidence, a wise precaution, for the tongues of the countryside are apt to wax malignant.

Nor is he to be rushed or hurried. Deliberation in thought and action is not a distinguishing mark in the district, as everyone is deliberate. The following true stories are very typical. A really clever boy, who has since done brilliantly in the Royal Navy, showed himself dull among the dullest in all the classes where it was hoped he would shine. His sister accounted for it: "Of course Alfred never answers, he is afraid the other boys might think him clever." Again, it was suggested to the head members of a choir that they should collect the necessary sum for an organ. No answer was given of any sort, and the idea appeared to pass into entire oblivion. Three months later, on meeting the organist casually, one of these men remarked, without any reference to the previous conversation and continuing the topic as if it were mentioned

for the first time that day, "Then you think we could do it?" The organist being a Northamptonshire man himself, of course was in no way taken aback, and in fact approved of his suggestion receiving due consideration, responded, and forthwith the organ was collected for and built.

Not very likely ground for recruiting unless there is another side to the character of the Northamptonshire lad. There is. If slow to give his affection, once given it is yours for life. Not quick to respond, when really assured that he is being offered what he values most of all, justice with friendship, he accepts it gladly, and for the very reason that he never entirely trusts his own peers, he is glad to be able to give his confidence, once he is absolutely assured it will never be betrayed. As a child in school the boy is like other children, malleable and not irresponsive; but when the dust of the school is shaken off, from that minute he loses the veneer more or less rapidly, and adjusts himself to the point of view, or rather to the heredity and environment, of his surroundings.

But let him who runs take heart and read, real education sticks, not necessarily that approved by "My Lords." Possibly because his emotions are not lightly stirred, and that which appeals to him must appeal to his very level judgment and logical mind, if he sees a point he does not forget it, and if slow to act upon it, yet when he moves, it is surely. Perhaps this is why the Northampton are known as the Steelbacks, and at the Front they have justified their name.

Now as to recruiting meetings themselves. The first essential is to be properly dressed. No one can justify their presence in public to their own conscience, who cannot present an irreproachable front with regard to shoes, gloves, and a becoming hat. The agreeable consciousness that one's apparel is as it should be, not only gives confidence to the wearer, but no doubt re-acts favourably on the audience. It is a pity that clever women are stupid enough sometimes to neglect this vital point, and so throw away one of their strongest weapons. It is amusing, but not edifying, to watch a gifted orator, knowing it is even chances whether she will shake all her hairpins out in the vehemence of her rhetoric before the end of her eloquence, or whether one or two will be left to retain her hair on the nape of her neck.

With regard to nervousness—everybody is nervous; the question is, will the nerves act as a stimulus when controlled, or will they lead to public disaster? It is well, too, to ignore the kindly hints given by relatives who are certain to offer advice "not to make a fool of yourself" suitably timed five minutes before arriving at the destination. Certainly those of us who faced the ordeal of criticism in the old days, when it was a trial of mettle, and not tempered to the shorn lamb as in these softer times, will feel that if they could in young and callow years

surmount such a trial of coolness, they can with equanimity face an ordinary mixed audience.

But the final question is, whether or no the speaker can so touch his hearers from the very beginning that he carries them with him, and—the men go forth. If the prepared remarks fall flat because you are not the right person to utter them, or because you do not say the right thing, or present it in the right way, a priceless opportunity may be lost, possibly some may miss their chance of showing themselves to be Englishmen ; if so, it is your fault. Such thoughts act as spurs : you must present the best, in the best possible manner, wasting no time in nerves or self-consciousness, feeling the absolute vitalness of the issue at stake, and the privilege of being allowed to say a word which may help a man to find himself.

The mistake of " talking down " must above everything be avoided. The subject of patriotism is one that calls for nobler treatment, the audience is one worthy of the best. Those who really understand the country lad know well he is not hanging back because he is effete. He has not gone, because he did not feel the need. How should he? He has not had time nor opportunity to have a working knowledge of politics. His newspaper, except the weekly local one, is often two days old, and even then he does not see it regularly. Therefore those who blame him hastily as being supine should realize that their superior knowledge is a privilege ; it should be their part to share it with him, knowing that when he understands he will do his duty.

This is the first time since the Napoleonic Wars that England has been in a death-grapple, and we must overcome the inertness necessarily bred by long years of peace. Wars there have been, whether in Russia, South Africa, or elsewhere is all the same to the average working lad. But now it is the duty of those who know, to see that he also realizes that this is no task for the Regulars alone, but that England is calling for her every son.

When victory and a glorious peace come, bitter will be the regrets of those who failed to help her in her hour of need. Grant that their abiding sorrow may not be, too, our eternal shame, because we might have helped them to go—and did not.

JUDITH HOPKINSON.

A Phonetics Course

A CHANGE of work is said to be as good as a rest, but though I do not altogether believe that, I certainly found, when I attended a fortnight's course in Phonetics at University College last summer, that to do the very opposite of what one usually does is at least an excellent tonic. To have exercises set *and to do them* was indeed a change from setting exercises for other people and seeing that they do them—and much easier, too.

The course was under the charge of Mr. Daniel Jones—known to many years of Lincoln students as the author of a certain green book—and the twenty-nine students attending it were all lecturers in Training Colleges from various parts of the United Kingdom. Naturally we made an ideal class! Not only did our number include useful people who could give practical demonstrations of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Yorkshire, and other interesting pronunciations, but we all had our theories at least as to how the ideal student ought to behave.

The classes occupied from ten o'clock to one each day, Saturdays included, and three or four hours out of class were usually needed for preparation. The work was very interesting and indeed at times absorbing. One would, for example, find oneself dropping into phonetic symbols in the course of a friendly letter to one of the phonetically unenlightened, or begin mechanically to raise and lower one's soft palate while riding on the top of a 'bus. (*N.B.* For the benefit of the uninitiated I must add that this operation can be performed silently and invisibly, so we did not necessarily expose ourselves to public ridicule in our aberrations.)

The lectures had the effect of confirming in their faith those who already believed in the value of phonetics, and of convincing the indifferent and most of the doubting. We heard of the wonderful "cures" that had been wrought by phoneticians in many cases of speech defects which had been given up as hopeless by doctors and elocutionists; we saw how valuable a practical knowledge of phonetics could be to missionaries trying to learn and reduce to visible form native languages which had never before been written; and were amazed to learn that a means had been discovered by which even the deaf could be taught pitch and intonation. We gained some idea of the possibilities of advanced research work in the subject by seeing various delicate instruments which could demonstrate such things as, for example, the degrees of voicing in different sounds. We had the inevitable heated discussions as to why certain pronunciations and not others should be called "standard," coming round always to the same conclusion—that they were so simply because they were accepted as such, and were told, to our horror, that the "Cockney" of one age always became the standard pronunciation of the next. It was interesting to hear various people's pronunciations of some of the comparatively little-used words or place-names about which differences of opinion are permissible, and to debate the claims of "hydrangea" with a short "a" and "hydraingea" with a long one, or of "Himala'ya" or "Him'alaya." It was satisfactory to learn in some cases that whichever of two rival pronunciations one practised one had the countenance of some great speaker; that we might, if we liked, decide whether to say "i'llustrate" or "illu'strate" according to our political convictions, since Mr. Asquith said one and Mr. Balfour the other. (In case this should

fall into the hands of either of these gentlemen, I will not vouch for it that "illustrate" was the actual example given of their disagreement.)

The course was not without its humorous aspects; indeed, it abounded in them. This side was particularly prominent when we divided into small classes of ten to practise the production of all kinds of outlandish sounds. I am sure that if one of our lecturers were ever to meet me again I should be disappointed if his greeting were a conventional "How do you do?" and not "How is your uvular 'r'?"

One was hailed on entering the cloakroom in the morning by cries from eager fellow-students of "Do listen and tell me if I get these cardinal vowels right," or, "Can you do that voiced 'h'? My throat is absolutely sore with trying," or again it would be—"Now how would you write this phonetically?"—and the speaker would proceed to reproduce a conversation on the morning's war news between two London cabmen or newspaper boys, which he had overheard.

Prolonged attempts to acquire new vowel sounds were particularly productive of strange noises. One member of the class, in a farewell speech, said that she had tried to think of a motto for the course and had decided on "Sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not." I profanely thought of, though I didn't utter, another, less flattering but quite as descriptive,—"What is this bleating of sheep and lowing of oxen that I hear?" It must have been some similar feeling that one day prompted my neighbour in the practical class to say to me, "Don't you think it would be interesting to go to the Zoo and study the voice production of the animals?"

Its serious interest and its humours combined to make the course a delightful experience and it was with mingled regret and eagerness that we said "Good-bye" to our teachers and fellow-students at the end of the fortnight, and went on our various ways to teach instead of studying phonetics.

M. DOBSON.

Reminiscences of Belgium

PAPER I

AT the moment when Belgium's historic towns—such of them as have so far escaped devastation—are in grave danger of destruction, memories of happy hours spent there come crowding back to my mind. Visions, too, of the once peaceful Ardennes fill my mind's eye, but all beclouded and inexpressibly saddened by the thought of what is now and of what may be in the near future. Shall we ever again be permitted to enter that storehouse of art, to gaze admiringly on the wonderful belfries, the stately

town halls, the quaint guild houses, the strong gates of those old cities? Shall we be allowed to revisit the interior plain, to enjoy the homely, pastoral scenes, to penetrate the romantic hill country of these Southern Netherlands? It matters little whether we, mere foreigners and tourists, shall be thus privileged, but it matters much that those who have been dispossessed of their rich heritage should return thither, and be left in undisputed enjoyment of their rights.

A suggestion of something of what that return will be to them is made by Arnold Bennett in his tribute to King Albert: "And now, what I imagine is the ultimate return, by Ostend, by Zeebrugge, by Antwerp, and by the trains from the south, of exiled Belgians into Belgium! Their thrill will far outdo the thrill of the eager ingenuous tourist. I imagine their gaze from the sea towards the whiteness of Ostend, and from the Scheldt towards the steeples of Antwerp. They will pass through emotions—at once tragic and triumphant, terrible and exquisite—such as fate has accorded to no other people in the modern age. Confronted by ruin and desolation, appalled by the immense task of reconstruction that lies before them, saddened by the recollection of indescribable woe, impoverished and bereaved but not enfeebled, they will be heartened by the obstinate courage which through every disaster has kept them a nation, and by the living splendid hope of the future. Not into a museum will they be entering, but into a house and an environment which their ancestors and they themselves created, and of which they profoundly comprehend the secret significance and which, however defaced and blackened, they will slowly restore again to the full expression of the soul of a nation."

Such is his "living splendid hope of the future," but what of the past! What have been the glories of Belgium, and what are her glories still? Let us take the liberty of sharing again with King Albert the tribute from the gifted English author: "Ostend and Belgium hold a unique place in my souvenirs. From Ostend, I went to Bruges, and there understood for the first time what a historical city of art could be. Bruges was to me incredible in its lofty and mellow completeness. It was a town in a story; its inhabitants were characters out of unread novels; its chimes were magic from the skies. It had not a street that was not a vision. Even the railway station at Bruges had some of the characteristics of a cathedral. Thence to Ghent, where the same kind of wondrous picturesqueness was united to the spectacle of commerce. Thence to Brussels—the capital. What boulevards, what parks, what galleries, what cafés, and above all what restaurants! The symmetry and the elegance of the civic organism! England held nothing like it. 'A continental capital'! I felt as though I could live in Brussels for ever. Thence to Malines, of the unequalled carillon. Thence to Antwerp, a kind of complimentary and utterly different sister-capital to Brussels.

Thence southwards to Roulers, with its industry, and the unique Ypres, with its cloth-hall and its ramparts. Thence to Namur, with the first glimpse of the Meuse! Thence to Dinant, with its cliffs and its tower. The whole country was a museum of architecture, art, and history."

It is over ten years ago that on holiday rest intent we found ourselves at Namur *en route* for the Ardennes. Our itinerary had brought us thither because the town is one of the keys of that charming region and admits the beauty-seeking tourist by the broad Meuse and its affluents to the innermost vales and hills. By its citadel-crowned hill it dominates not only the valley route to north-east and to south-west but also the important western waterway of the Sambre, which here ends its course and joins the major stream almost at right angles, after threading its way through a network of mining towns, where the lofty chimneys of furnaces, foundries, and glassworks bespeak one of the busiest industrial regions of the country. To realize that the upper part of this stream, the Sambre, courses through the French fortress town of Maubeuge, whence a railway run of 13 miles brings a traveller to the Belgian Mons, both of "Great War" fame, is no less interesting at the present moment than to remember that the Upper Meuse washes the foot of the Verdun fortress in French Lorraine before it passes on to Sedan, Dinant, and Namur. Small wonder that Namur has ever been considered a place of great strategic importance, and that rails as well as roads now accompany the watercourses and add their quota to the highly-developed system of communications. It is a natural centre, and one of the important junctions of the Belgian railway system. Downstream lies Liège, which has for long been the busiest industrial town of Belgium, dominated, like Namur, by its citadel-crowned hill—a hill which towers 500 feet above sea-level. Upstream is a third citadel, perched like the others on the top of a hill, at the foot of which nestles pretty, but ill-fated, Dinant.

Bruges, "the town in a story," drew us as it has drawn thousands of others and cast over us the spell of its quiet sleepiness, or was it the spell of its antiquity—the spell of its ancient greatness, when it was not Bruges la Morte, but Bruges the Living, the renowned mart of the great Hanseatic League, the Northern Venice, in short, the emporium of Northern Europe. Even in those early days, its harbour was connected with the North Sea by a deep canal, and at its quays were moored the vessels of the great Venetian fleet from the Adriatic, and of the Hansa fleet from the Baltic, and here those vessels harboured long, for navigation was as yet in its infancy and a return journey to their distant destinations in one season impossible. Hence it was that Bruges had become an intermediate station at which a Hansa "factory" was established for housing and warehousing goods. Here, too, maritime trade met overland trade, for the latter had long focussed itself at this

point, where converged the stream of commerce that flowed down the Rhine from Italy and the East, a route that served as a land-link between the two great European "manufactories," the Flemish of the north and the Italian of the south. Thus it was that this sleepy Bruges was once a veritable Liverpool—where wool took the place of cotton—or rather a London, a world-famed centre for foreign commerce.

What a scene the annual fair must have presented! What an experience for any worthy wool-merchant of London and East Anglia who dared to fare forth over the unfamiliar seas, to encounter his brother merchants, Flemish, Hansa, Lombard, and Venetian, to barter English raw wool and hides for the beautiful cloths and linens of the Flemings, for the rich silks and velvets and rare Oriental goods of the Venetian cargo. How he would enjoy the new and high privilege of selling English merchandise in this continental mart, the first foreign *staple* to which English wool had been allowed access. The blasé holiday-makers of the twentieth century in quest of pastures new would surely find an irresistible attraction in this wonderful fair, could it be held in Bruges as of yore, in the living, mediaeval Bruges, and could they be sure of mingling there with the fascinating, mediaeval throng! The varied craft of the Venetian and Baltic fleets in the harbour, the crowd of traders and the bales of goods in the spacious *halles*—Cloth Hall and others—the Ambassadors and envoys of foreign courts domiciled here, the retinue of the splendour-loving Ducal Court of the country—for Bruges then enjoyed the honour of being the chosen capital of the reigning family of the Netherlands—the substantial Flemish burghers, and the ubiquitous weavers, must have made a motley spectacle which doubtless provided the adventurous English merchant with an endless store of travellers' tales, and would as certainly provide the globe-trotters of to-day with a wealth of piquant anecdote.

Surely it must be the thought of its wonderful history, the memories of its ancient greatness, the spirit of antiquity which according to Wordsworth is here enshrined, that make Bruges so absorbingly interesting.

"In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old
and brown,

Thrice consumed, and thrice rebuild'd, still it watches
o'er the town."

And it watches o'er me, too, this old and brown sentinel, and as I gaze on it in the intervals of writing these reminiscences, I hear again its musical carillon, and I see again the narrow, cobbled streets and quays, the dingy canals, the slow-moving boats, the fine old bridges, and the quaint, gabled houses rising sheer out of the water, Venetian fashion, for this was a Venice in its waterways as well as in its trade.

What an imposing tower it is, "so enormous in height and yet so broad and castle-like!" and what a proud symbol of growing power and independence it was for the wealthy city in the busy days before its privileges were lost and its channel to the sea dried up. Flanking the grim old belfry on one side in my little picture gallery is a characteristic Flemish gateway, the port of Gand (Ghent), a stumpy round tower with the typical extinguisher top; on the other is the Quai Vert, the Green Quay, so dear to the artist, where is epitomised the quaint picturesqueness of the city.

The Cathedral of St. Sauveur, the Chapelle du Saint Sang, the beautiful Town Hall, the old Hospital of St. John, with its famous collection of Memling's pictures, all merit a visit, for all are monuments in which is writ large the wonderful history of the sleepy old town. Sleepy and quiet as Bruges normally is, on days of pageant and procession, religious or secular, something of the splendour of the spectacular displays of the Middle Ages has been wont to fill the narrow streets. Instead of knights in glittering armour on the stout Flemish war horses, squadrons of cavalry, and bands of music accompanied the images, shrines, crucifixes of the various churches as they were carried through the streets; heralds attired in historical costume, headed the cortège, and pilgrims, young girls in white bearing wreaths, garlands, and palms, chanting choristers, tiny children dressed as angels and saints with flowers on their heads and tapers in their hands, brought up the rear. With these last were numerous female relatives, proud yet anxious supporters of their tiny kinsfolk. Stoppages, *repositoires* for the burning of incense in front of sacred images or shrines, prolonged the procession. As it wound its way along the gaily beflagged streets, crowds followed in its wake, the joyous carillon of bells pealed out, and everything seemed *en fête*.

The national love of pageantry is gratified in every town of the country by a series of processions annually. Various events of ordinary life, successes of individuals or "teams," are made the occasion for these displays, for music, dancing, feasting. The carnival processions are fewer than they used to be and there is less masking and fancy dress, but the carnival is still a time for much gaiety, for masked balls and various other forms of enjoyment.

The town type of the famous summer fair of Belgium, the *Kermesse flamande*, commended itself to our notice during our stay at Bruges, as did *la fête villageoise*, the village conception of this time of jollity and revelry, during an earlier visit at Durbuy, a remote village of the Ardennes. The *carnavalesque* Kermesse seems to be a very ancient Belgian custom of *fêtes paroissiales*, parish rejoicings, a mere pleasure fair, not the lineal descendant of the wonderful mediaeval fair. In the villages it is the great fête of the year for children and grown-ups alike. Stalls fill the village street, and travelling showmen take possession of any open *terrain* for their merry-go-rounds and other wonders. Evenings

are given up to dancing and singing at the public-houses, where the thump and scrape of the heavily shod feet on the sanded floor, the music, the boisterous laughing and talking continue far into the night and make an astounding din. Sleep is reduced to a minimum on these occasions, as we discovered to our cost while staying at the village of Durbuy, when the Kermesse focussed itself on the *place* in front of the hotel in which we were *pensionnaires*.

Summer holidays abroad have of course afforded no opportunity of sharing in the fêtes of the winter time, but it may not be out of place here to make a passing mention of some of the customs of that season.

As in France, New Year's Day is as much a family festival as Christmas Day is with us. It is *de rigueur* for all Belgians to call on their friends and acquaintances on that day, and many spend the whole of it in motoring, driving, or walking to the different houses. A large social circle makes this duty a somewhat arduous one, but as all one's friends are *en route* at the same time, it is considerably lightened by the "not-at-homes." A card suffices to intimate the kindly intentions of the caller to offer the wishes of the season in person. Failure to pay the call bears a far more serious meaning than with us and is taken as a sign that one wishes the acquaintance to drop.

Shop windows towards Easter-time have familiarised foreigners with "the chief event in the life of a Belgian child," the *Première Communion*. Complete toilettes of white garments of more grown-up type than hitherto for the little girls, together with wreaths and veils, are on view in all the drapers', and at the tailors' black suits and white gloves and ties are also to be seen. The whole family dons new attire on that day, but the dress of the children is of paramount importance. Coiffeurs have a specially busy time, dressing the coiffures of many of the little girls. *La Première Communion* takes place on the second Sunday after Easter, and confirmation follows on the Monday. After this, the little communicants are taken to call on their various relatives to receive the gifts that will have been bought in readiness for them, and then there is the happy home-feast in honour of the auspicious occasion.

Distances are not great in Belgium, and half-an-hour's train excursion brought us within sight of the extensive nursery gardens and numerous hot-houses of Ghent, *la Ville de Flore*, whose busy horticulturists have been wont to export cargoes of camellias, azaleas, orange-trees. Neither its stately Cathedral of St. Bavon, nor the old keep of the restored château of the Counts of Flanders, nor the great modern factories, attracted us so much as those monuments of citizen privileges, the Belfry and the Town Hall. To be allowed to summon people to council, to debate, and even to war by the brazen tongue of their own bell, hanging in their own watchtower, was indeed a privilege in the feudal days when these belfries were erected. Among the forty-four bells now

hanging there is the famous old Roland, bearing the bold inscription of his title and his functions: "My name is Roland, when I toll, there is a fire, when I peal there is a victory in Flanders." How often it has pealed also to call together the turbulent weavers and traders of the city, to give ardent expression against unjust taxation of their rulers. Truly "these noble bell-towers give a surprising character to the Flemish towns and better help us to know the life of three or four centuries than any records."

The canal system and harbour works developed much in the nineteenth century during the modern revival of the city's industries. Sea-going vessels can sail up the deep canal excavated by the Dutch 1862-67 from the Scheldt Estuary at Terneuzen (Holland) to Ghent, while another canal connects its river, the navigable Lys, with the canal that unites Bruges and Ostend. The Hotel de Ville reminds us anew of civic progress in Flanders. The wealthy burghers adorned the principal square of their town with one of the most beautiful pieces of Gothic architecture in Belgium—there, in a vast Council Hall, with lofty Gothic windows and imposing and most artistic chimney-pieces, they sat and deliberated weighty matters of commercial interest, and, on occasions that were by no means rare, the momentous issues of daring opposition and revolt. This edifice was the city arsenal and the storehouse of the archives which must contain stirring records of the bold struggles of these sturdy burghers for new privileges, new charters and rights of self-government.

Imposing as is the Town Hall of Ghent, it is, or, sad to say, *was* far surpassed by the stupendous Hotel de Ville of Ypres—whose outlines have of late become so familiar—surpassed in size, in beauty, and in richness of decoration. May it be spared a like fate! And may old Roland, of Ghent, respond again "to the wild alarum of war" as he "responded o'er lagoon and dike" in Longfellow's dream: "I am Roland, I am Roland; there is victory in the land," while gay carillons from every steeple that has escaped the pitiless foe, echo the glad peal of triumph.

M. TURNER.

College Notes

Addresses by the Archdeacon of Lincoln

ON the first four Fridays in Lent the Archdeacon of Lincoln gave a series of addresses with the object of helping us to clear our minds as to the meaning of some of the terms commonly used in speaking of religion.

The first address, on the idea of God, showed where the polytheistic, fatalistic, or "natural" conceptions of God failed as substitutes for a belief in a Personal God Who thinks and wills.

In our thoughts about the Divine Personality it is important that we preserve the right balance of teaching. Children often appeared to have the idea of God as a great policeman, or as easy-going from an exaggeration of the idea of His mercy and love, at the expense of the thought of His justice and faithfulness.

Our duty as teachers is to give an idea of God which will *wear*, so that the children realize that the Ruler of all, the "Wielder of forces," *cannot* do things which are inconsistent with His character. The problem of pain as allowed by God cannot be fully understood by us.

Considering man, as the subject of the second address, it was pointed out that man at his best is seen in love and unselfishness, and at his worst in sin which is selfishness. Love may be mere pride in possession, or it may be absorbed in itself or another, but at its highest it is self-sacrifice.

We must be very careful in teaching the children about our Lord, that His Divinity is not mentioned as a kind of afterthought. The Son of God was not an exceptional Man, Who without sin suffered trial, pain of mind and body, desolation, and death: but God taking Humanity into union with the Godhead.

The third address, on duty, showed that duty is something which is *owed* to a person. Various moral sanctions have been used for right-doing—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—obligation to humanity—self-regard—and duty to posterity. The Christian faith alone makes a claim which covers satisfactorily the whole of life. Our duty to our neighbour will follow if we fulfil our duty to God. For example, all sin which arises from a breach of the fourth commandment is a thinking of some part of our life as apart from God. All our days are His, since we *owe* all our life to Him; again, the eighth commandment shows us that we must not take our neighbour's goods, because we must only possess what God has given us.

We must avoid appealing to reward and punishment as a basis of duty: and we must also remember that honesty is not generosity, so that though we *owe duty* to God, yet we must offer much more—love—to One Who has loved us infinitely.

Grace is God's help given to mankind, and like other spiritual gifts comes to us through the material. It is a mistake to suppose that only that which may be weighed, measured, and handled is real: on the contrary the spiritual is the only *real* thing: but just as thought (the immaterial) is transferred through ether waves (the material), so the spiritual works, as it were, through the machinery of the material.

The human body, for example, is the symbol of the soul, and is its means of expression. We have never seen each other really, and even the looking-glass does not show a man *himself*. In accordance with this His law, God, to make Himself known to us, has taken a human body, so that grace came at the Incarnation,

which brought to us the Sacraments. Concerning the Holy Sacrament, two ways in which devout people have tried to disconnect the spiritual and the material were considered. On the one hand a great reverence for the spiritual Reality has led some Christians to do away with the thought of the presence of the material, which is regarded as in itself inferior. But this not only destroys the nature of a Sacrament, but is contrary to the way God Himself treats the material. Others, for example the Zwinglians, emphasize the material and so make the Sacrament man's act alone.

The Church stands in the middle way, keeping the reality of the spiritual and the material, and the close connexion between the two.

Address by the Archdeacon of Stow

THE Archdeacon of Stow, in an address following the above, emphasized the fact that each man is like (or tends to grow like) his idea of God : hence we must keep our ideas of God " very large." The only *definition* of God given by the Church is in the Athanasian creed, for when we speak of justice, power, etc., as the attributes of God, or on the other hand say that God *is* Love, we are not using a *definition*.

The essential thing for every man is to know God, and a right belief about Him depends largely on a man's dispositions and attitude of mind.

A realization of the holiness of God brings also the conviction of the fact that the human soul which is out of grace has been wrenched and twisted like the sapling in the hedgerow.

The vital question, therefore, is how this state of things may be repaired, and no satisfactory answer may be had to this question from the various sham religions which are so well personified by Bildad the Shuhite and others of the " friends " of Job. Religion is neither a kind of respectability, nor is it a gloomy thing : it is the devil who tries to make religion melancholy and succeeds in cases like that of the Puritan Sunday ; it is not indeed (as is often said) so much the observance of Sunday which we must safeguard, as the keeping of Friday which we need to recover, so that we may get the contrast between the day of our Lord's Sacrifice on the Cross and the day of His joyful Resurrection.

True religion is a *binding to* God in the sacramental life : the soul may die gradually without clamorous protest, and it is for this reason that we are apt to foolishly regard the death of the body as more important : we must make the definite choice of God our goal and say, " I am sworn and am *steadfastly purposed* to keep Thy righteous judgments."

W.A.T.

Half Term

HALF TERM! For how many weeks those words sounded in the ears of the second years like the magic words that one reads in children's old fairy tales, that caused the doors guarding the Palace of Bliss to be thrown invitingly open to the Prince, who had overcome unnameable horrors while pursuing his goal. For the Seniors, those horrors were summed up in three weeks of school practice, which came immediately before half term; and no doubt the Juniors, having outlived the first novelty of being away from home, also eagerly looked forward to once more joining their friends, if only for one short week-end.

All work finished on Friday morning. Some of the second years went straight from school to the station—let us hope that the excitement of looking forward to home ensured that there should be "no twilight," which had been the maxim one and all had endeavoured to follow while the days of the last week dragged themselves painfully along. The remainder joyfully relinquished the ride in the "chariot" and bravely mounted the Steep, rejoicing in the rosy prospect of either a week-end at home or a rest from labour in College. After dinner, while the happy majority went to prepare for their journeys, about thirty girls adjourned to the art room, there to consider, under the chairmanship of Miss Davies, the means to adopt in order to make the week-end pass as happily as possible. For economical reasons resulting from the war, it was decided that only King House should be used for sleeping, dormitory bell was to go at 10 p.m., and breakfast bell at 8.30 a.m. So much for the minor arrangements. As regards definite schemes for passing the evenings, it was agreed to follow the arrangements which proved so successful the previous year, namely, on Saturday evening to hold a social evening with progressive games, and on Monday evening to have the grand climax of the week-end, a fancy dress dance, at which everyone was to turn up in fancy costume concocted out of the contents of her sleeping apartments and twopence. Miss Davies appointed Alice Storey as M.C. for the week-end, a choice unanimously approved. An invitation sent by Miss Martin to all the girls to meet her in the library that evening, to break the ice by impromptu games, was received with acclamation, and thus it was with joyous confidence that the "stay-at-homes" disbanded to make their preparations for the festivities. After those who were homeward bound had been sent on their way, all applied themselves industriously to removing their goods and chattels to their temporary abode on King, and even so soon one came upon girls whispering mysteriously to each other anent the important matter: what costume to adopt for the dance. From 7 o'clock, after an early supper, most of the girls joined Miss Martin, Miss Davies, and Miss Watson in the library, where the evening was spent most enjoyably in dumb and rhyming

charades. Saturday being the first whole day in the term in which no work had to be done, most of us did full justice to it now the opportunity had arrived, and passed the time walking, reading, or trying to finish interminable green overalls until 6 o'clock, which was the hour fixed for the games to begin. On arriving, each person was presented with a scrap of paper on which was inscribed the name of either a male or a female with a well-known counterpart such as Jack and Jill, and Romeo and Juliet. When every Jack had found his Jill, who was to be his partner for the evening, the couples were requested to seat themselves at the tables—two at each table and, on the ringing of a bell, to carry out the instructions contained thereon. Weird and wonderful were the things we were expected to do, and if only it had been an Infants' School instead of a library for grown-ups, one might have called it a sense-training lesson. Recognising the contents of packages by their smell, fishing for buttons, feeling in a bag to find out what it contained, picking up peas with knitting pins and threading little needles with thick cotton were some of the feats we were asked to perform. All heartily congratulated M. Edmondson and H. Allman, who were the first to finish, and who for their prowess were decorated with patriotic badges. We then had supper, which all agreed we deserved, and after supper the more energetic members of the company returned to the library to dance. Sunday, being a damp, unpleasant day, was spent very quietly after breakfast at the usual time—9 o'clock. Early on Monday morning, however, all was bustle and stir, and one heard muffled shrieks of laughter as friend helped friend with the costume for the night's dance. Ribbons, buckles, laces, and all manner of articles were being borrowed at every turn for purposes unknown to the owner: the only one who knew everybody's secrets being the M.C., whose duty it was to pair off the characters as suitably as possible. Great was the excitement when it was time to dress, and when all appeared in the dining hall for supper at 7 p.m. everyone agreed that the costumes were a credit to the girls' originality and power of adaptability. Norwood especially was in evidence and it was surprising how many and varied were the uses to which an ordinary sheet, suitably decorated, could be put. Some very successful costumes were those impersonating nursery rhymes, but everyone agreed that the palm for originality was easily gained by the penguin, which created quite a sensation on descending suddenly into our midst, and whose costume, from the beak to the feet, was most immaculate. In the intervals between the dances, the lights were turned off, and the various couples took turns in sitting in front of the fire to find out by means of roasting chestnuts, what the future held in store for them. Unhappily for most people, the chestnuts fell into the fire, thus predicting that they would come to a bad end. All too quickly the time passed and before reluctantly retiring to bed, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung

and very hearty cheers given to Miss Davies, who with the assistance of Alice Storey had catered so well for our happiness and enjoyment during the week-end.

The next day was chiefly spent in removing to one's ordinary place of abode and in returning the hosts of borrowed articles to their different owners. By 8.30 p.m., the time fixed for roll call, those who had been home had had time to hear our glowing accounts of the week-end in College, and in spite of their incredulity, we who had experienced it were confident that, next to a week-end at home, one spent under such circumstances as these had been, must be the happiest possible ; and half term will certainly be one of the shining oases to which we shall look back when College days are left far behind. Our sincerest thanks are due to Miss Davies for her untiring efforts to make our brief holiday a thoroughly pleasant and enjoyable experience.

ISABEL KAY.

Two Morality Plays

On Saturday evening, 14th November, 1914, Miss Todhunter, with the prefects, her reading division of the second year, and the certificated students, had planned a very enjoyable evening for us all as a means of raising money for the Belgian Relief Fund. The entertainment took the form of two morality plays, the first by Lady Gregory, entitled, "The Travelling Man"; the second entitled, "The Hour-Glass," written by W. B. Yeats.

The first play introduced us to a typical Irish cottage, where the mother (H. Witty) was preparing for a long-expected but unknown Guest from the Golden Mountain, who would arrive on some Sanheim Night. In spite of busy preparations the mother finds time to talk of her expectations to her small son (I. Kay), who becomes equally anxious to greet the Guest who can bring branches bearing blossom and fruit. The mother finds it necessary to go out and leaves the child to count the sticks by the fire ; but soon the Travelling Man (E. Goodall) enters and his grave yet gentle and loving manner when he plays with the child prepares us to learn that he is the long-expected Guest, and when he sings very beautifully of the Golden Mountain we are quite convinced.

Great is our sorrow when the mother, on her return, becomes very angry and hurriedly turns him from the house. In her concern for her best plates, which the child has been using to make a garden like that described by the Travelling Man, she does not notice that the boy has followed the Man. She scoffs when, on his return, the child describes how the Man walked across the stream, but soon her anger turns to the greatest grief when she sees the branch bearing blossom and fruit, which the Man has given to the child. She realizes too late that the Travelling Man

was her long-expected Guest, and that she has refused to welcome him, nay, more, has driven him from her home.

In the second play we found ourselves in a mediæval University where the Wise Man (E. Sullivan) is thinking what he shall teach his pupils. He is interrupted by Teague the Fool (E. Alderson), who begs for a penny and promises to tell a great secret in return. He finally obtains three pennies from the Wise Man, and then tells how, when the fishermen have spread their nets overnight to catch the angels' feet, he has, early in the morning, cut the meshes to set the captives free. The wise man scoffs and Teague leaves him, but he is not alone for long, his next visitor being an Angel (E. Surfleet), with the message that his soul is required of him because of all the wrong he has taught and the faith he has destroyed. The wise man begs for mercy, which will be granted him if he can find one who believes. His life will run out with the hour-glass. In the hope of obtaining mercy the wise man calls his pupils and eagerly questions them about their faith, but he has taught them too well to have left any doubts in their minds, and not one of them can save him. He dismisses them and calls his wife (B. Newbound), but she, also, has learnt her lesson from him too well. He becomes hopeless, but suddenly remembers his children. The boy and girl are sent to him by their mother but they have learnt the same lesson, and their father in desperation roughly dismisses them and calls his pupils once more. They laugh at the idea of any educated person holding any belief but that taught by their master. The wise man is quite hopeless, when Teague reappears, with his request for a penny; the fool is quite frightened when the old man implores him to tell all about his faith. Teague is so frightened that he refuses until the wise man falls on his knees and begs him to tell all. Teague gives way, and tells of a simple but very beautiful faith. No sooner has he completed his account than, the hour-glass having run out, the wise man lets his head fall on his book. Teague rings the bell for the pupils and they, thinking their master has fallen asleep, try to rouse him jokingly. A sudden change comes over them when they realize that they are in the presence of Death, and the appearance of the angel, who bears his soul to Paradise, shows them that the wise man has been saved by the wisdom of the fool.

These plays alone would have afforded great pleasure, but their charm was enhanced by music. Rubenstein's beautiful duet, "The Angel," was charmingly rendered by the Second Year Optional Music Girls, C. Barr, C. Whitaker, M. Field, and G. Seymour, as was also the chorus to the Travelling Man's song; and E. Smith's fine voice was heard at its best in Handel's "Weeping for Ever."

Enthusiasm was in no way lacking from the applause which by request was reserved until the acting was over. We all felt

that we should have lost something of the deeper meaning of the plays, and some of their charm, if we had shown our appreciation earlier.

We most sincerely hope that the money raised brought as much pleasure to some unknown Belgian as the entertainment afforded to us.

GERTRUDE AMOTT.

Patriotic Concert by the College Musical Society

ON November 28th, 1914, the College Musical Society gave a patriotic concert as an entertainment for a number of blind people of Lincoln, who were under the care of the Rev. C. E. Bolam. After tea in the dining hall, the visitors were taken across to the drill hall by willing helpers. The hall had been decorated for the occasion with bunting, and although the visitors could not see the decorations, there must have been something of the spirit of the concert in the atmosphere, for they joined in the singing very heartily. The Musical Society, in party frocks and tricolours, filled the platform, while Miss Bibby and B. Cooper accompanied at the piano. Of course the entertainment began with the National Anthems of the Allies, which were sung by all with great gusto. Most of the music was rendered by the whole chorus, but there were also several solos which were greatly enjoyed. Our blind friends appreciated to the full the singing of "Angus Macdonald," by Stephanie Hunt, and she repeated the last verse. There was a suggestion of mystery about the nameless "Final Chorus" and great was the joy on discovering that it was the well-loved "Tipperary." For a few minutes everyone was a soldier, singing with true "Tommy" vigour, and the finishing touch was the military salute with which the chorus and concert concluded.

It was easy to judge the degree of success of the entertainment by the happy faces of the departing guests.

DOROTHY TAYLOR.

The Christmas Party

IT was thought better owing to the great distress caused by the present war not to have the usual dance at Christmas, so the members of the staff kindly invited us to tea in the dining hall at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, December 16th. The rest of the evening was devoted to games in the Drill Hall. No trouble was spared to make the evening enjoyable. The programme provided for all kinds of amusements. We began with an Advertisement Competition. How we had to rack our brains to discover the missing names of the gay placards that we see every day in the street! We were in the midst of this when suddenly we found that certain figures arrayed in the familiar red blanket were marching in procession around the room, led

by a young lady resplendent in ermine muff and fur, made from a pair of white stockings with the help of a few threads of black cotton. This was the Adaptation Competition.

Then followed dances of various kinds.

Miss Bibby very kindly sang an old folk-song, which was greatly appreciated and which caused much amusement—"Oh no! John."

But what of the "Staff Competition"! Every member retired during the Highland Schottische, behind the green curtains on the platform. The curtains were drawn. Oh the horror! We were greeted with the awful vision of mummies, and were given papers and told to name them! Some of the girls evidently forgot that although deprived of their human appearance, the Members of the Staff had not lost their powers of hearing.

The "Silent Cat and Mouse" game caused much fun.

At 10 o'clock we joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Afterwards we all tried to show our appreciation of one of the most enjoyable evenings of the term in a hearty cheer.

A. STEPHANIE W. HUNT.

Shrove Tuesday—A Ramble

THE students of Lincoln Training College looked forward with eager expectation to February 16th, their Shrove Tuesday holiday. The weather during the preceding week had certainly been far from cheering, but fortune favoured us, for, when the much-longed-for time arrived, it brought with it the glories of a beautiful spring day.

Our first care before starting was to pack up our lunch, and by half-past nine the dining hall was full of happy, chattering girls, who were busily gathering together into parcels the precious food.

By half-past ten our party, thirteen in all, was ready to start. After leaving the city in a south-westerly direction we felt free to wander wherever chance led us. We crossed the Witham by a bridge, and then wended our way in the direction of the Pine Woods.

We were by no means critical of the monotony of the Lincolnshire scenery, for we could not shut our eyes to the welcome signs of the oncoming spring. The larks were singing overhead, the hazel catkins adorned the hedges, and the tiny lambs frisked about their mothers; everything in nature proclaimed the advent of spring.

After crossing many fields and stiles we at length arrived at the Pine Woods. On entering we were welcomed with the peculiar yet pleasant scent of the resin. One of us boasted a "Kodak," and so the first of a series of snapshots was taken while we ate our lunch, of which we partook in a most picturesque spot in the side of the road. After having eaten and thoroughly enjoyed our meal

in the open air we once more resumed our way without having any definite ideas as to our destination.

The Pine Forest charmed us, so, on seeing some men, woodcutters, as we imagined them to be, emerging from the wood, we asked if we might be allowed to go through. The answer was "nous ne sommes pas Anglais," and so we learned that the men were Belgians, from Brussels and Malines, who could speak very little English. Our sympathies at once went out to them and they eagerly enjoyed the lunch we gave them. It is at such a time as this, that some knowledge of French, however little it may be, proves to be very useful. We were pleased that the Belgians could understand our French and that we could understand all they said, provided they did not speak too quickly. When we had been conversing for quite a long time, the leader, as he seemed to be, of the woodcutters appeared, and offered to show us the road through the wood. We gladly accepted the offer, and soon found ourselves in the middle of the wood, which was the private property of Lord Liverpool, and appeared quite different from, and altogether more charming than, the one through which we had already passed. In a very short time a huge fire was lighted where the trees had been cleared, the pine branches forming excellent fuel. Quite near to the fire was a quaint hut of very primitive structure, which "les Belges" jokingly told us was "chez eux." We all gathered round the fire and made the wood ring with the national anthems of the Allies, while our Belgian friends favoured us with singing "La Brabaçonne" in Flemish. The scenery of the Pine Wood was quite strange to all of us; we could not help imagining ourselves in some interesting foreign country.

Shortly after, no one would have recognized the staid and dignified students of Lincoln Training College, in the merry crew of laughing girls riding through the Pine Forest in woodmen's carts. Again the air rang with song and merriment as we rode in between and under the trees, whose branches brushed over our heads as we passed. When our enjoyable ride was over we thanked our friends and once more made for the road.

We tramped merrily along for about four miles until we saw in the distance the tiny but picturesque village of Skellingthorpe, with its quaint, red-tiled roofs and grand old church. The village children were just coming from school and stared open-mouthed to see so jovial a party. While our tea was being prepared in a small cottage, some of us went to view the church more closely, while others sat down in the garden and rested.

Feeling refreshed and rested after our tea, we once more set out. This time making for College, we took an easterly direction towards the Ferry. The Cathedral looked magnificent in the distance, although presenting to us only its western front with the two small towers; the air was beautifully still and calm, except when disturbed by the wheeling flight of the plovers.

Having crossed the Ferry our road lay alongside the Fossdyke, and thence over the West Common. We finally arrived in College just in time for roll-call—a tired yet happy and joyful party.

Then to our joy we remembered that the pleasures of the day were not yet all over, for we were still to enjoy a most social evening, when we were entertained by the Principal and the members of the Staff. The eventful day ended with loud cheers for the Principal, who had arranged so pleasant a holiday for us all.

REBECCA REES.

Shrove Tuesday—Another Ramble

“If you want to take any lunch with you, you had better go to the dining-room quickly,” some one called to us, and off we hurried. A bag and portmanteau were speedily packed, and after much excitement and running about, our little party ventured forth.

The beautiful sunny morning, with just a touch of frost in the air, filled all of us with the true holiday spirit, and it was a merry little party which descended the Steep and boarded the tramcar. The fact that we had hidden behind a garden wall, from the threatened onslaught of some approaching cows (some one very indignantly vowed they were bulls) did not damp our spirits.

Now it may seem terribly carnal, but we could not possibly have gone on our travels without the promise of tea, so we called at an inn and ordered it.

We soon left houses and shops behind, and passers-by became fewer and fewer. We hurried on, for we longed to get right away from the town and the people. A high road, long and straight and lonely, is not the freest place imaginable, so as soon as we reached an opening we entered the pinewoods. I had often read descriptions of the pleasure of walking on the soft springy earth, but had never imagined it to be quite so delightful. After walking on the hard, unyielding stones, and looking along the straight white road, the woods seemed to be a place of rest and quietness and, more important still, freedom.

The portmanteau was beginning to feel heavy, so we found a clearing and, seating ourselves on some pinelogs, we brought forth, and solemnly distributed, the first course. Clutching a sausage in one hand, and bread in the other (and I was going to say, “cheese in another,” but I suppose that isn’t strictly true!) we began to satisfy our needs. It was several hours since breakfast; we had had a long walk, and we were all in splendid health, so further details as to “our needs” are scarcely necessary. (It is a solemn fact that I saw one individual in possession of six very different articles of food at the same time. This is told in confidence.)

Feeling ready to face anything, we commenced to ramble about, leaving behind the two who could not refrain from satisfying

the instincts of their arboreal ancestors. Our path led us out of the woods towards a river, on the surface of which was a thin layer of ice. Quite by accident some one threw a pebble across the ice. The silence of a moment ago was broken by a beautiful musical sound, like the singing of a bird. Pebble after pebble was thrown, handful after handful, until the glorious melody of the birds which fills the woods in summer time seemed to be marvellously and mysteriously foretold. The atmosphere of wonder and the beauty of the scene fascinated us, and it was with difficulty that we at last left the river bank.

"Oh, we must just walk along these railway lines." It was no sooner said than done, and we proceeded to perform the splendid balance exercise of walking along a single line. The leader reached a railway carriage, and with much difficulty mounted the step. The next tried to follow suit, but the carriage door, her sole support, flew open, and—well, she relaxed her hold, and the river was just below, and she felt a sudden shock of cold and a sinking feeling. One desperate jump, and she again reached terra firma—if you can honour a solitary railway line by such a name—only to find the others convulsed with laughter.

We had previously arranged to have a paper chase, so we thought that this would be a sensible time. The two hares trotted off with the confetti. The sun was shining brightly, and it proved so hot that we soon slackened our speed and finally turned into the cool, shady pinewoods. Our store of confetti had come to an end, so we found a tree trunk, and waited for the hounds to reach us. After a time we caught sight of them, so down we popped into a hollow. It was most amusing, especially when they came to the painful conclusion that they must jump a stream, and even more so when one of them jumped *into* the stream (that fatal love of water!). Nothing could damp our spirits, water, at least, had failed to do so, and soon the woods were ringing with our songs, as we swayed and see-sawed on the logs, totally forgetting that we were no longer little children.

True to our promise we reached the inn in good time. We all examined critically an instrument bearing the name of "Pennyuno." One of the party expended a penny and we listened with rapture (?) to the strains of music produced. Peeping into our room we discovered a piano, and rapidly decided that this would be a cheaper and more melodious instrument.

Tea was soon ready, and we certainly did it justice. Conversation never flagged, but all the time we were conscious of one refrain, repeated again and again, and forcing itself upon the ear, "Two lumps, please." Six times she spoke, six times she passed, and six cups she received. (This is only a reference to one very thirsty member.)

The day was nearly over, but the last hour was even happier than those which had passed. We gathered round the roaring

fire and to all of us it seemed very like home. We talked and sang in the firelight, songs full of beauty, the memory of which will live long after the other incidents of the day are forgotten. At last, very reluctantly and very slowly we prepared to return, and it was a tired but happy party which turned into the College gates at the end of the day.

BARBARA PICTON.

A Battle—First Year versus Second Year

THERE were many forebodings, the night before, as to the weather, but to the joy of all the momentous day dawned bright and clear. The 1st Year Captain, no doubt taking into consideration the tremendous odds against which they were to fight (?), and having also the present crisis in her mind, chose her colours judiciously. Her supporters wore with conscious pride their artistic knots of yellow, black, and red.

The remarkable enthusiasm displayed on the field reminded one forcibly of election times; members for each year were canvassing for their sides the neutral or impartial spectators with praiseworthy perseverance. The most outstanding feature of the afternoon was the presence of a somewhat eastern-looking pair who sat in dignified state on the back of an unsteady seat. They were protected from the fierce rays of the sun by an imposing and dazzling canopy—one could not call it an umbrella. The identity of the Royal couple was only discovered when they deigned solemnly to make a tour of the field, followed by their attendants.

The match itself proved sufficiently exciting to cause one to spring on to the Grand Stand vacated by their Majesties, and alternately shriek and groan, accordingly as the tide of fortune turned. The play was very even at first, and the shrieks from both sides of the field were equally strong in volume. Then—the 2nd Years began to go ahead, and groans were lavishly intermingled with the sounds of triumph. However, the 1st Years—encouraged by the flow of appeals from all sides—not forgetting that from the swings—made a desperate effort.

The two captains eyed each other grimly, with the light of battle in their eyes, and then fell to. It was really magnificent play. Within a few minutes of "time," two more goals were splendidly won by the 1st Years, amid ear-piercing shrieks, sufficient to unnerve less dauntless spirits than theirs. The great battle ended with a victory of 5—4 for the Juniors. There were general congratulations all round as to the fine play of everybody, and compliments were exchanged between the two teams.

Speculations as to the probable result of the return match were rife, but the leaders of the fray did not voice any sentiments. One could see a mighty resolve forming in the mind of each, but "Who can unveil the mysteries of the future?"

EDITH SULLIVAN.

Lecture on Roman Lincoln

ON January 29th, the Rev. A. Hunt, M.A., gave us a very interesting lecture on Roman Lincoln. He began by showing on the screen a map of England as it was at the time of the first invasion—with the different lines of forts—and from there he went on to show pictures of many of the relics from the different Roman occupations. Of course we all knew that Lincoln had been a Roman city, but perhaps some of us hardly realized the numerous remains that there are, nor yet that many of them were so close to College.

One picture especially interested us—the one showing Newport Arch as it was originally, with a double gateway, and the smaller arch on just the same level as the main one.

Beyond the Arch in Bailgate, but below the level of the road, are the remains of what must have been one of the finest Roman buildings in England, the Basilica or Hall of Justice. The bases of three of the columns of this stately building are to be seen under the house No. 29 on payment of an entrance fee, but only the position of the bases of some nineteen others is now distinguishable. As they were discovered under the roadway it was necessary to cover them up again after excavation and examination. The "setts" or white circles of mosaics that dot the road at regular intervals indicate to the passer-by the exact whereabouts of the columns.

Mr. Hunt suggested that if we showed a keen enough interest to go in a body, we might be allowed to enter at a practically nominal entrance fee.

L.T.C. claims a very special antiquity, a memorial of the ancient British settlement, in its recreation ground. This is the ditch that is such a bane in the life of the poor left wing in hockey, and which is supposed to be all that remains of the old moat surrounding the mother city. Hockey players are apt to speak most disrespectfully of this deep depression, but when they remember that early Britons dug it out they realize the importance of retaining this relic of ancient Lincoln.

These are only a few of the interesting details that Mr. Hunt poured out for our benefit. We enjoyed every minute of the lecture and went away feeling that we knew much more of our own town, than previously. We only hope that on some future date a German professor will not be giving a similar lecture in the Drill Hall on Lincoln—or whatever they might call it—"at the time of the English."

D. E. READE (1st Year).

Missionary Circle

THE Missionary Circle continues to flourish, and there are now thirty-six present students who are members.

It has been decided that we should make a corporate communion each College term, and this arrangement will, I think, be possible. We have recently reorganised our meetings so that they now centre in a monthly meeting for missionary study, which all members attend and for which the Principal has kindly offered us the use of her drawing room.

There are other voluntary meetings for work and social intercourse.

The Rev. Chaplain and Mrs. Tull very kindly asked the members of the circle to tea on Saturday, March 13th, when we spent a very enjoyable time. The merriment caused in the effort "not to smile" proved too great even for the croquet enthusiasts, and we have now a new conundrum which members of the circle will be pleased to supply.

In the next magazine we hope to be able to give a good account of the year's work.

E. M. BUTTERWORTH.

Dramatic Society

The Society much regrets the postponement of the performance of "The Critic," which was to have taken place on Shrove Tuesday evening. Influenza and the unavoidable absence from College of some of the "principals" were responsible for the delay, rehearsals being constantly incomplete or put off. They hope to be more fortunate with regard to Saturday, May 1st, the date fixed for the play.

Games

HOCKEY

		FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES		GOALS	
1914			FOR	AGAINST	
Oct.	17	College v. Sheffield Training College	.. 12	..	0
Nov.	13	College v. High School 1st XI	.. 10	..	3
„	31	College v. Nottingham University	.. 3	..	0
		College v. Lindum Ladies	.. 8	..	2
1915					
Jan.	27	Second Year v. High School 1st XI	.. 1	..	1
Feb.	27	College v. Lindum Ladies	.. 2	..	7
Mar.	6	College v. Nottingham University	.. 4	..	0
„	13	College v. Sheffield Training College	
		Captain	N. Tate

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES

1914

Dec.	2	College v. High School 2nd XI	..	6	..	1
„	12	College v. South Lincoln Ladies	..	3	..	1

1915

Feb.	27	College v. Newark Ladies	..	2	..	6
Mar.	13	College v. South Lincoln Ladies	
		Captain G. Seymour				

HOUSE MATCHES, ETC.

(Winner placed first)

First Year v. Second Year	5	..	4
Nelson v. Wickham	2	..	2
King v. Nelson	14	..	1

First Eleven

(left wing) P. Lever. A fast reliable wing and often gets in good shots. Less one-handed play would improve her style.

(left inner) O. Goy. Only played once this season owing to illness.

(centre forward) D. Nixon. Plays a nice game and is neat with her stick, but needs a little more "dash" in her efforts.

(right inner) D. Taylor. Although still a quick player and at times makes good runs, she has not come up to her form of last year and her shots have not been so telling.

(right wing) H. Allman. Has improved during the season, is fast and keeps her place well, but is inclined to overrun the ball and to take it up too far before passing.

(left half) B. Picton. Is enthusiastic and works hard, but is too slow for a half and seldom looks where she is passing.

(centre half) N. Ellerby. Has been a valuable member of the team; she is very quick, has a clean, sure stroke, and her stick work is good.

(right half) N. Tate (captain). Has proved a very useful half, is hardworking and dependable, and quick both at attack and at defence.

(left back) M. Laurence. A neat player who has done steady work as back. Tackles well and follows the ball through after clearing.

(right back) K. Beard. Has shown considerable improvement this season, follows well up the field and is quick to get back, but is not very sure at stopping the ball.

(goal) D. Burrows. Has developed into quite a useful goalkeeper. Stops well and is usually quick at clearing.

Second Eleven

(left wing) V. Willet	(centre half) D. Tweed
(left inner) M. Fairhurst	(right half) B. Foster
(centre forward) G. Seymour (captain)	(left back) E. Dale
(right inner) N. Newbound	(right back) E. Higgs
(right wing) A. Hall	(goal) L. Collier
(left half) A. Jackson	

We started the season with fewer fixtures on our List than usual and owing to bad weather several of these have had to be scratched. Weather and influenza have likewise lessened the practices, but in spite of this play on the whole has been well up to the usual standard. N. Tate has fully realized her responsibilities as Captain and has never spared herself in any necessary work.

The two First Year Captains elected are :

P. Lever, *Hockey*.

B. Foster, *Netball*.

E.B.R.

NETBALL

DURING the early part of the Netball Season great enthusiasm was shown, especially by the Juniors, who deserve praise for the keen interest they showed in the game. The first match was played against the Grimsby Municipal College team in November last, the result being 7 goals to 5 for Grimsby.

Owing to bad weather and also the interval for school practice, the enthusiasm died down, and we have not yet played off all the House matches.

King House have played Wickham and Nelson, winning both times. They thus have the honour of being first to win the new Netball Shield. We hope to finish off the house matches early next term, and are also looking forward to meeting the Juniors then.

The Juniors are to be congratulated on their choice of a captain, and we feel quite sure that under such a leader the popularity of the game is bound to increase.

H. HALL (*Captain*).

Magazines

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

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), Rose Dyson, 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), Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Sarah Dawes, Eleanor Castle (Mrs. Yates), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Kate Barker, Emily G. Mayall (Mrs. Taylor), 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), Eliza Dyson (Mrs. F. T. Clarke), Minnie Potts, Frances Crombie, Alice Greening, Frances Bishell (Mrs. Banks), Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Mary Crowther, Ethelen King.
- 1897 Kate Whattam, Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Eleanor Walker, Annie Taylor (Mrs. Woods).
- 1898 Alice Falkinder (Mrs. Handley), Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, 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, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Ethel Rose Stapleton (Mrs. Hunter), Alethea Hildred, Emily Wales (Mrs. T. Wayman), Mildred Vaughan, Ada Miriam Johnson (Mrs. Waugh), 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, 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, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Alice Langford, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury.

- 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, Phœbe Bury, Elsie Dawtrey, Eleanor Donson (Mrs. A. J. Vickers), Minnie Fèvre (Sister Minnie Theresa), May Hulse (Mrs. Twigg), Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Mary Parkes, Margaret Partridge, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Annie Schofield, Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Ruth Spencer, Kate Webb, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 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), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Beatrice Leighton, Gertrude Machan (Mrs. Frank Hepworth), Ethel Ogden, Ethel Peacock, Gertrude Pearson, Helen Marden (Mrs. Sanderson), Agnes Marriott, Jane Pollard, Mary Rawcliffe, Gertrude Salt (Mrs. Bennion), Christine Skinner, Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart (Mrs. Broome), Mabel Stuttle, Margaret Toulmin, Annie Turner (Mrs. Thickett), Nellie Walker, Bessie Watson, Annie Waugh, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams.
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott (Mrs. Loach), Bertha Bannister, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Frederica Clissold, Maud Collitt, Ethel Dent, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Eleanor Ives, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Ethelind Morris, Hilda Oliver (Mrs. Arthur Smith), 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.
- 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), Jessie Jones, Beatrice Mortlock, Mabel Noble (Mrs. Batton), Violet Nuttall, Elizabeth Polwarth, Madeline Reader (Mrs. Naylor), Lily Richardson (Mrs. Sweetman), Isabel Rigby, Lilian Rosson, Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Maud Stimson (Mrs. J. V. Howard), Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Edith Tomlinson, Gertrude West, Louisa White, Sarah Winnall.
- 1906 Violet Bedford, Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, May Burgess, Minnie Callender, Bessie Corfield, May Fenton, Charlotte Gallimore, 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 (Mrs. Phillips), 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, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Florence Dixon, Beatrice Dobson (Mrs. C. W. Waller), Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson,

1907—*contd.*

Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague (Mrs. Cox), Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell, Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Wilhelmina Nunn, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Annie Reddish (Mrs. Leeson), Magdalen Ross (Mrs. Shewring), Annie Royce, May Shapley, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Florence Tue (Mrs. Baron), Edith Wand, 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 (Mrs. Read), Nancy Flowers, Annie Gawthorpe, 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 (Mrs. Robson), 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, Emily Baldock, Beatrice Bambridge (Mrs. Neaverson), Jennie Beevers, Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake (Mrs. Butler), Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Field), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Florence Dickens (Mrs. Foster), Ivy Ellis (Mrs. Sutherland), Ruth Flowers, Ethel Fountain, Edith French (Mrs. Betts), Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Etta Hollywood, Eva Hudson, Rosa Jackson, Clara Jordan (Mrs. Fisher), Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Milner, Edith Mobley (Mrs. H. T. Eggleston), Winifred Moss, Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Mabel Newton, Elsie Norris, Maria Ogden (Mrs. Smithers), Kate Ogle, Margaret Parks, Lucy Parry, Lottie Reddish (Mrs. Foulkes), Gladys Reville, Winifred Searby (Mrs. Binsted), Dorothy Staniforth (Mrs. Ward), Amy Stimson, Dorothy Taylor, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson, Lucy Watson, Florence Webb, Mary Wilkinson, Emmie Winkup (Mrs. Ashbrook), 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, Annie Fort, 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), Eveline Nicholson, Emily Parratt, Amy Peake, Winifred Penzer, Lilian Preston, May Redfern (Mrs. Templer), Emma Richardson, May Robson, Olive Scott, Olive Smalley, Elsie Stevenson, Clarissa Stokes, 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, Edna Binns, Hilda Birkett, Constance Brayford, Helen Carless, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Elsie Edwards, Annie Gouge, Hebe Gray, Bessie Guy, Mary Hardwick,

1911—*contd.*

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, Gertrude Walker, Leila Walsh, Alice Walton, Dorothy Webb, Brenda Willett, 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, Beatrice Goodin, Laura Hooper, Jessie Hudson, Edith Hughes, Adeline Ireton, Dorothy Kemp, Violet Laman, Rose Laycock, Gladys Littlefair, Elsie Lawson, Alice Lowther, Winifred Marsh, Mabel Martin, 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, Mary Williamson, Marguerite (Cissie) Wortley, Edith Wright, May Yeomans.

1913 Kathleen Allen, Jennie Arcott, Gwendoline Atherton, 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, Gladys Stocks, May Thompson, Hilda Tooley, Constance Travis, May Unwin, Joyce White, Clarice Woodward, Mary Wragg, Mildred Yates.

1914 *Charlotte Brown, Elsie Butcher, Edith Crosby, Norah Jabet, Martha Lewis.

Marian Armitage, Isabel Armstrong, Clara Bagot, Elsie Baguley, Blanche Bannister, Elizabeth Binns, Florry Burrige, Grace Burt, Millicent Cank, Dora Carrington, Edna Clarkson, Mabel Coltman, Ada Coop, Ethel Darnell, Muriel Entwisle, Florence Farmer, Margaret Giles, Winifred Greensmith, Mary Grimshaw, Eva Hakes, Ada Hallam, Mabel Higgs, May Holloway, Mabel Howe, Isabel Humphries, Dorothy Johnson, Winifred Larder, Annie Laughton, Gladys Lennon, Mabel Lynch, Hilda Marsh, Edith Mellor, Fannie Metcalf, Alice Moxon, Gladys Needham, Dorothy Nichols, Mabel Ogle, Alfreda Ollerhead, Bertha Pearce, Ethel Pexton, Maud Pitcher, Louie Poole, Florence Rampton, Dorothy Sammons, Carletta Shrewsbury, Lilian Staveley, Elsie Street, Edith Tear, Annie Thomas, Mabel Topham, Nora White, Lizzie Wightman, Jessie Wilson, Ada Woodcock.

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, Clarice Crawshaw, Hilda McCabe, Doris Shipman, Winifred Sullivan.

*These members have expressed their intention of keeping the old conditions.

